



Photo by Herbert Bell, Amsterdam, taken from the painting.

The
Complete Works
of
William Wordsworth.

With
Introduction and Notes
by
Charles Kennett Burrow.

With Four Black and White Illustrations.

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We need not linger over Wordsworth's college career, though something must be said of the vacations. In 1788 he revisited Hawkshead, and stayed at the house of his old landlady, where he revived memories and gathered new impressions with a boyish zest and inexhaustible delight. All this is recorded in "The Prelude" with extraordinary amplitude. "The Prelude," indeed, is one of the completest autobiographies in our literature, and no student of Wordsworth should leave a line of it unread. Dull passages it has in plenty; but the whole leaves an impression of curious and profound exaltation, of that "dedicated spirit" which came upon him at sight of a splendid sunrise. A year later, in 1789, he again journeyed to the Lake District, exploring, on his way to Penrith, the banks of the Dove. At Penrith he met his beloved sister Dorothy, from whom he had been long separated, and who was destined to be to him almost as much as Mary Lamb was to Charles, though in the case of Wordsworth it was the sister who played the part of guardian and most devoted friend. Dorothy at this time was eighteen, and often the brother's and sister's rambles were joined by the maiden whom the poet was to marry thirteen years later. Mary Hutchinson's "exulting outside look of youth" was to follow him to his life's end.

In 1790 Wordsworth had his first taste of foreign travel. He seems by that time to have come to the conclusion that the academic ways were not for the treading of his feet; and so, instead of devoting his last vacation to packing his mind with facts, he set forth with his friend, Robert Jones, afterwards Fellow of St. John's, to see the Alps. It was an unusual proceeding for those days, and likely still further to disturb those conscientious guardians who, naturally enough, wished Wordsworth to choose a career. But the time for that choice was not yet. The pair took with

them a matter of £20 a-piece, walking-sticks, and such necessities as occurred to them done up in a pocket-handkerchief. Thus slenderly equipped, they landed in Calais on the eve of the Federation, when France was awaking to that passion for liberty which was to be drowned in blood. But the travellers, although they were welcomed as representative of English liberty, did not enter into the spirit that was surging about them. Wordsworth then was too engrossed with the joy of living, and of strangeness, to feel the full force of the growing storm which a little later was so strongly to affect his mind. The course of that journey need not here be followed in detail: it had, however, one great effect—it gave to Wordsworth's thought a more human and active direction.

In January, 1791, Wordsworth graduated B.A. without honours. Nominally, his education was completed; practically, and in the wider sense, it was beginning. Already he had seen something of the world—already he had fixed his heart upon the girl of his choice—but he was still hopelessly adrift so far as practical considerations were concerned. The future, for him, was only full of dreams and beautiful imaginings. He was already convinced that his vocation was to be a poet; but poetry, as a vocation, did not represent food and clothing and a water-proof roof. His guardians must have had a somewhat difficult time with the obstinate young man, who first refused to go into the Church because he was too young for ordination; and then, when time had removed that difficulty, had conscientious reasons for a second refusal. He thought vaguely of many things: the law, a tutorship, the army, and even journalism. But these were mere ideas, and came to nothing. Once having travelled, he wished to travel always. That, however, was not a passion to endure with any great strength. I

Indeed, though he did travel considerably for those days, his experiences, save those in the Highlands, have left no really strong marks upon his verse. But, at any rate, he was determined not to go against his convictions, or even against his personal inclinations; so for some years he pursued a course of inaction, and, apparently, of rather pronounced wrong-headedness. Yet the end was to justify the means.

After taking his perfunctory degree, Wordsworth lived in London for a time: but he was no Londoner, either by temperament or even secondary appreciation, and his London verse, with the exception of the one magnificent "Westminster Bridge" sonnet, misses both fire and often, almost, sound sense as well. But, at least, he walked about the streets, and saw something of the splendid vigour of our great city, though he applied to it standards rather those of the sectarian minister than those of a man conversant with a living world. As Mr. Myers very justly says: "He became, as one may say, the poet not of London considered as London, but as London considered as a part of the country." Soon, however, he left the London which he never quite understood, to go through an experience from which it took him long wholly to recover—the experience, that is to say, of the early stages of the active Revolution in France.

In that year of 1791, he was coming very near to the end of his resources; the Lonsdale debt was still unpaid, and his guardians, naturally, were growing more and more impatient. He went to Cambridge in the middle of the Long Vacation to be near the libraries, but soon he grew tired of that unreal pretext, and started for France on one hardly less real—that of learning French and Spanish by way of qualifying for a tutorship. So to France he went, reaching Paris towards the end of November, and

from there he passed to Orleans and Blois. At the latter place he met Beaupuy, an aristocrat, who was a Republican general, and under Beaupuy's influence he was aroused to an active belief in the justice of the Republican ideal. How far Wordsworth was intellectually convinced it would be difficult to say, but the fiery zeal and devotion of Beaupuy carried his heart and his imagination. The word Liberty was an evangel to strike the world awake, even though it was to march through slaughter to the desired peace:

Lo! from th' innocuous flames, a lovely birth!
With its own Virtues springs another earth;
Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign
Begins, and Love and Truth compose her train.

He returned to Paris full of dreams concerning the new Liberty, and would have cast in his lot with the Girondins had not his funds, fortunately, run out. Necessity took him back to England in December, 1792.

There followed a period of restlessness and heart-searching which seemed, for a time, all darkness. War was declared between France and England early in 1793; poor Liberty was already dust-stained and bedraggled, and had sacrificed a king. The poet could neither reconcile himself to England, nor find comfort in the conduct of affairs in France. The gospel of Reason was, in fact, breaking down.

But soon Wordsworth was ~~turning~~ back to peace, and that mainly through the influence of his sister Dorothy. In 1794 he was back in the Lakes, discussing his prospects with her. For a time he stayed with his friend Raisley Calvert, at Windybrow, near Keswick. Calvert was dying, and Wordsworth nursed him. Calvert had faith in the genius of his friend—a genius which he considered was only kept from fruition by poverty and its attendant anxieties, and when Calvert died, in January, 1795, Wordsworth found himself in possession of a legacy of £500.

Fortune here, at least, was kind beyond the common way of fortune. In the history of poets there is no more happy instance of the hour supplying the need, and Wordsworth at once grasped the chance and used it worthily. He was used to economy—it was, indeed, bred in him both by heredity and circumstance, and decision was instant. To his own slender fortune was added what little Dorothy possessed, and in 1795 they settled together at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. With the Racedown days Wordsworth's true life-work commenced. It is true that the verse written there was small in quantity (if we except "The Borderers," a tragedy for which one reader at least can find no enthusiasm), and it is also true that it was inveterately gloomy in character: but the cure had commenced, and the certainty of his vocation grew stronger day by day.

Dorothy, as has been said, was the prevailing and beautiful instrument of that cure. Perhaps it is hardly just to apply the word "sacrifice" to her life-long association with her brother; and yet to the student of life who looks below mere facts, the element of sacrifice can hardly be counted out. She was herself almost a woman of genius, and she certainly possessed the intuitive genius of sympathy and appreciation which tells so strongly in a world of moods and blindness. Coleridge said of her: "She is a woman indeed! In mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! . . . In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw would say:

Guilt was a thing impressible with her."

Her information is various. Her eye watchful in minutest observation of Nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer. It bends, protrudes, and draws

in at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults."

But perhaps De Quincey's final summing up of her is even more suggestive: "She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her most fervid heart."

Dorothy Wordsworth's personality completed, as it were, the imperfect circle of her brother's; she had a lightness, gaiety, and alertness which he lacked; and even the illness which weighed so heavily both upon mind and body in her later years, was probably due to the fact that she overtaxed her strength in keeping pace with the poet in his strenuous mountain rambles. Under this lovely influence Wordsworth returned to Nature with purged eyes.

"The Borderers" was offered to Covent Garden in 1797, and was, quite naturally, rejected: the truth is, that Wordsworth had no faculty for drama: he lacked, indeed, almost all the essentials. But that year was to mark an association and a departure of far greater importance than the failure of "The Borderers" to find a home. In June, Coleridge, who was living at Nether Stowey, visited the Wordsworths, and in July, in order to be near that compelling genius, they moved to Alfoxden, some three miles from Coleridge's home. The change was in every sense fortunate: it brought Wordsworth into contact with a mind more brilliantly speculative than his own, enlarged his views, and gave a new impulse to his powers. At the same time, Alfoxden had natural beauties which Racedown lacked. The house was large, its park was stocked with deer, and it was within sight, almost within sound, of the sea. The Coleridge circle, too, included men of ideas, such as George Burnett, Charles Lloyd, and John Thelwall, and in Coleridge's house at Nether Stowey he first met Charles Lamb.

The story of the inception of the idea of the "Lyrical Ballads," the joint venture of Coleridge and Wordsworth, has been often told, but it must once more be repeated, and it can best be done in Wordsworth's own words:—

"In the autumn of 1797, Mr. Coleridge, my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton, and the Valley of Stones near to it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. In the course of this walk was planned the poem of 'The Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which was to bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's 'Voyages,' a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. We began the composition together, on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

And listened like a three years' child;
The Mariner had his will.

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As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly, our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. 'The Ancient Mariner' grew and grew, till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects, taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium."

The "Lyrical Ballads" were published by Cottle, of Bristol, in September, 1798, the authors receiving the not ungenerous sum of thirty guineas. The volume was a failure, and Cottle transferred the copyright to Wordsworth, who brought out a new edition in 1800 containing the celebrated preface on poetic diction. Of the poems contained in the "Lyrical Ballads," infinitely the finest was "The Ancient Mariner," though, curiously enough, Wordsworth never had a full appreciation of that wonderful piece of work. Indeed, he even attributed to its inclusion in the volume the failure of the "Lyrical Ballads;" but it was retained in the second edition. Wordsworth's narrowness of appreciation is shown very characteristically in his attitude towards "The Ancient Mariner;" it was not that he refused to admire it, but that he was incapable of grasping its heart of mystery and terror and elusive beauty. There was, indeed, little in common between the imagination which produced "The Ancient Mariner" and the imagination which produced "The Idiot Boy." Already Wordsworth was on the track of that theory of realism which was to influence all his more elaborate work—a theory, however, from which he sometimes fortunately escaped into the freedom which is the kingship of poetry.

The "Lyrical Ballads" contained much which served for a long time to keep Wordsworth both from critical and popular favour. It was easy to laugh at such poems as "Goody Blake" and "The Idiot Boy," and even to-day the most serious student of Wordsworth can hardly read them without amusement. Such a verse as this calls up the smile which it was never intended to provoke:—

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?

What is't that ails young Harry Gill?

That evermore his teeth they chatter,

Chatter, chatter, chatter still!

Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,

Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;

He has a blanket on his back,

And coats enough to smother nine.

Wordsworth, indeed, was lamentably lacking in the sense of humour; he was not alive to the spirit of the incongruous. In reading him, one feels continually that even an elementary sense of fun would have saved him from the solemn and portentous dreariness into which he too often declined. It is all very well to take the poet's office seriously, but Wordsworth took it too seriously. He had, in fact, far too high an opinion of the entity William Wordsworth, and his work is coloured by that opinion more strongly than has usually been recognised. In many of his dalesmen, who have been accepted as close character studies, there is more of Wordsworth's individuality than of theirs. He did not, in fact, study life at first-hand, as a detached and sympathetic observer. But this, after all, is only to say that he was himself.

One poem, however, the "Lyrical Ballads" contained which is typical of the mood that Wordsworth was to adopt—had even then adopted—towards Nature. The "Lines composed above Tintern Abbey" are, in effect, a confession and a creed, full of restrained and lofty passion, and an exquisite sense of beauty. The "aching joys" of the old time, with "its dizzy raptures, had passed:—

Not for this

Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
That rolls through all things.

There we have both thought and expression in magical union.

After the publication of the volume, Wordsworth, with his sister and Coleridge, went to Germany. The reason for this visit was ostensibly that the brother and sister might perfect their German, and Goslar was selected as a suitable place for the experiment. On the way, a few days were spent in Hamburg—days which Dorothy recorded in her Journal, but nothing of more importance than her being swindled by a Hamburg baker seems to have occurred. At Goslar the Wordsworths were left alone, the restless Coleridge going on to Ratzeburg and Gottingen. Coleridge has recorded that at this time Wordsworth was hypochondriacal and unsocial—conditions to which he seems to have been always more or less subject; but they were conditions not unfavourable to the poet's work. At Goslar it does not appear that the pair made any friends: they lived a secluded life, and read German books together. Wordsworth wrote there, however, some of his finest and most characteristic verse—such poems as "Lucy Gray" and the "Poet's Epitaph." Concerning the composition of the latter, the poet has left his own record:—

"So severe was the cold of this winter, that when we passed out of the parlour warmed by the stove, our cheeks were struck by the air as by cold iron. I slept in a room over a passage that was not ceiled. The people of the house used to say, rather unfeelingly, that they expected I should be frozen to death some night; but with the protection of a pelisse lined with fur, and a dog's-skin bonnet, such as was worn by the peasants, I walked daily on the ramparts or on a sort of public ground or garden, in which was a pond. Here I had no companion but a kingfisher, a beautiful creature that used to glance by me. I consequently became much attached to it. During these walks I composed 'A Poet's Epitaph.'"

The "Epitaph" is complementary to the "Lines written above Tintern Abbey," and has that perfection of simplicity which was Wordsworth's gift to the world:—

But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper hirth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave.

Wordsworth was very conscious that he had "been an idler in the land," but he was also conscious of the divine impulse which inspired his message to mankind.

It was at Goslar that Wordsworth planned "The Prelude," and he began the poem on the day of his departure from that place. It was finished in 1805, but was not published until after the poet's death. The title was supplied by Mrs. Wordsworth, the poem being literally a prelude to "The Excursion," which was never finished. The inception and commencement of "The Prelude" just at this period throw considerable light upon the poet's state of mind. Always introspective, always eager logically to justify himself, he turned his mind, with its astonishing strength and reconstructive power, back upon the way over which he had travelled. The result, as I have said, was a poem of unexampled self-revelation, marked on every page with a kind of manful sincerity. In spite of its length, its unnecessary minuteness, its egoism, its didacticism, "The Prelude" is a success—ininitely more successful than the unfinished "Excursion." Mr. F. W. H. Myers very truly says of the poem:—"The Prelude" is a book of good augury for human nature. We feel in reading it as if the stock of mankind were sound. The soul seems going on from strength to strength by the mere development of her inborn power. And the scene with which the poem at once opens and concludes—the return to the Lake country as to a permanent and satisfying home—places the poet at last amid his true surroundings, and leaves us to contemplate him as completed by a harmony without him, which he of all men most needed to evoke the harmony within."

Wordsworth's wanderings were now almost at an end. Early in 1799 he returned to England, and stayed for a time at Stockton-on-Tees. Later in the year he, with Dorothy, his brother John,

and Coleridge, made an excursion to the Lakes, and before Christmas of that year the poet and Dorothy were settled in Dove Cottage, Grasmere.

From this point the poet's life runs smoothly to its end. Many things, of course, were to happen, and much work remained to be done, but with the establishment of the little household at Grasmere the door was closed upon uncertainties and doubts. That life of quiet contemplation amongst his native fells and waters which had always, since the Hawkshead days, been Wordsworth's dream, opened out before him in a delightful prospect. The selection of Dove Cottage was an inspiration, and round it, rather than round Rydal Hall, are gathered the most intimate Wordsworth associations. Even to-day, when the house has been turned into a museum, and the best bed is disguised in an embroidered coverlid (the gift of indiscreet admirers), one may summon up authentic and touching emotions. Days of greater prosperity were in store, as well as public recognition: also for Wordsworth at least, days of completer happiness in marriage; but one likes to dwell particularly upon the first two years at Dove Cottage, when brother and sister had found rest in the desired haven.

In 1800, Coleridge settled at Greta Hall, Keswick, and the old familiar intercourse was resumed. Wordsworth, of necessity, lived the simplest of lives; he worked in his garden, wrote, walked, and occasionally entertained visitors. In this year the first book of "The Recluse" was completed and many of the Pastorals written; also "The Prelude" slowly grew. The manner of the life at Dove Cottage may be gathered from almost any entry in Dorothy's Journal:—

"Friday, 1st August (1800).—In the morning I copied 'The Brothers.' Coleridge and Wm. went down to the lake. Mary returned, and we all went together to Mary Point, where we sate in the breeze,

and the shade, and read William's poems. Altered 'The Whirlblast,' etc. We drank tea in the orchard."

"Saturday morning, 2nd.—Wm. and Coleridge went to Keswick. John went with them to Wytheburn, and staid all day fishing, and brought home two small pikes at night. I accompanied them to Lewthwaite's cottage, and on my return papered Wm.'s rooms. . . . About eight o'clock it gathered for rain, and I had the scatterings of a shower, but afterwards the lake became of a glassy calmness, and all was still. I sate till I could see no longer, and then continued my work in the house."

A simple pastoral life, and in the case of Dorothy, a life full of patient and loving service.

The next event to be recorded is the poet's marriage to Mary Hutchinson, which took place at Brompton, near Scarborough, on October 4th, 1802. No happier marriage is to be found in the annals of poets. Mrs. Wordsworth united placidity and the faculty for self-effacement with a keen poetical appreciation; she was, indeed, herself capable of genuine poetical production, and Wordsworth himself stated that the finest lines in "The Daffodils"—

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,

were his wife's. She was also entirely free from the little jealousies of women, so that her old companionship with, and love for, Dorothy was in no wise affected. Dorothy still continued to live under the same roof, devoting herself, as before, to the service to which she had voluntarily dedicated her life. Wordsworth was clearly fortunate above the ordinary lot of mortals in his womenkind. His worldly prospects, too, were now safe from shipwreck. Lord Lonsdale's successor had repaid the money, with interest, which the arbitrary old peer had dragged from his unfortunate agent. The poet's

and Dorothy's share of this amounted to about £1800 each. To them this represented riches and peace.

The year 1803 was marked by three important events—the birth of the poet's first child, John; the beginning of his friendship with Sir George Beaumont, of Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire; and the first Highland tour. Sir George Beaumont was staying at Greta Hall with Coleridge when he first met Wordsworth, and his desire to bring Wordsworth to Keswick resulted in the gift to the poet of a piece of land at Applethwaite, below Skiddaw. But the plan fell through. More important than this gift, however, was the friendship to which it led, for Sir George Beaumont brought Wordsworth into contact with a world which he was always rather prone to neglect. Also, he inspired in Wordsworth that interest in landscape-gardening which resulted in certain practical and beautiful experiments, which may be seen in full development in the Lake District to-day.

The Highland tour was fruitful in another way—it produced some of Wordsworth's most perfect work, notably "The Highland Girl" and "The Solitary Reaper." Of the last-named poem nothing remains to be said; it is there for all time—a piece of simple music, full of passion that hardly understands itself, and a yearning which must always find an echo in the hearts of men. This Highland girl, indeed, always haunted his thoughts, so that even in his seventy-third year he said, "I have a most vivid remembrance of her, and the beautiful objects with which she was surrounded."

In the following year, 1804, "The Prelude" was continued, and Dora, the dearly-loved, was born. The year 1805 saw the first of the losses which were later to darken the poet's life; in February, his brother John, who had spent some months with him at Grasmere a few years before, was drowned in the wreck of the *Abergareenny*, the

East Indiaman of which he was captain. The pilot failed in getting the ship out of the Channel, and she struck on the Shambles. This loss hit the poet hard. "For myself," he said, "I feel that there is something cut out of my life which cannot be restored. I never thought of him but with hope and delight. . . . I never wrote a line without a thought of giving him pleasure; my writings, printed and manuscript, were his delight, and one of the chief solaces of his long voyages." But from this discipline of sorrow he learnt only an added tenderness.

The remaining incidents in Wordsworth's life need not be dwelt upon in such full detail. We have seen him pass safely through an unsettled youth to the quiet of conviction and the content of an ideal home life. The remainder of his life-story is concerned mainly with his work, and the slow, the very slow, growth of public recognition. In 1805 "The Prelude" was finished, and in 1807 "Poems in Two Volumes" was published. The "Poems" were violently attacked in the *Edinburgh Review*, for no more reason than usually inspired the violent attacks for which the *Edinburgh* of those days was notorious. Yet the volumes contained some of the best of the Sonnets, and the magnificent "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." In 1808, Wordsworth moved from Dove Cottage to Allan Bank, where he continued the composition of "The Excursion." At Allan Bank he saw much of Coleridge and De Quincey, and in 1810 occurred that unfortunate estrangement between Wordsworth and Coleridge which was to continue for two years. These, indeed, were dark days for the poet; his best had gone unrecognised save by the few; his family was increasing, and money, in spite of the strictest economy, was running short. In this predicament he bethought him of the successor of his

father's old employer, Lord Lonsdale, to whom, in 1812, he applied for some office carrying reasonable emolument. This was secured to him in 1813 by his appointment as Stamp Distributor for Westmoreland, a position which implied only very trifling duties, such as could be discharged by a clerk, and added about £100 a year to the poet's income. It was thus that the whirligig of time was pleasantly revenged on the obstinate old peer.

In the year of this good fortune Wordsworth moved to Rydal Mount, the house which was to be his home till the end. The year before, while living at the Rectory, he had lost two of his children, both very young. A second tour in Scotland was planned and executed in 1814, but of this not much record was left in verse. In that year also "The Excursion" was published, and in 1815 the first collected edition of the "Poems" appeared. The reviews of "The Excursion" were not particularly encouraging, though the fault was not always the reviewer's. Lamb's notice in the *Quarterly* was terribly hacked about by Gifford. Writing to Wordsworth on the subject, Lamb said: "The *language* he has altered throughout. Whatever inadequateness it had to its subject, it was, in point of composition, the prettiest piece of prose I ever writ: and so my sister (to whom alone I read the MS.) said. That charm, if it had any, is all gone: more than a third of the substance is cut away, and that not all from one place, but *passim*, so as to make utter nonsense. Every warm expression is changed for a nasty cold one." But, after all, "The Excursion" was not built for popularity: it had, of necessity, to grow slowly into recognition, and even to-day not many people, I imagine, have read it through. Yet it holds infinite beauties in its sometimes hoddenn-grey, like gems shining against a background earth.

In 1817 Wordsworth was in London, staying with his brother, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, at Lambeth Rectory, and on the occasion of that visit to town he met Keats at Haydon's "immortal dinner." A couple of years later the poet was made a J.P. for Westmoreland, an office not inconsistent, perhaps, with poetry, but one which seems peculiarly unfitted for such a poet as Wordsworth. The powers that were, however, doubtless regarded him not so much in his true vocation as poet, as in his official capacity of Distributor of Stamps.

The remaining thirty years of Wordsworth's life were years of increasing fame and recognition. His best verse, indeed, was done, but he never ceased to write or to revise what he had already written. No poet was ever more careful, more patiently laborious over the perfection of his work. From this time on both new work and various editions of the old appeared. In 1820, with his wife and sister, he made a tour through Switzerland to the Italian Lakes, which he recorded in verse by no means at his highest level, and in the same year his "Miscellaneous Poems," in four volumes, were published, besides a second edition of "The Excursion." The "Ecclesiastical Sketches," that remarkable series of sonnets, were produced in 1822.

Three things only of importance remain to be recorded. In 1834 died Coleridge and Charles Lamb, two men who had been of infinite service to Wordsworth's intellectual life. Coleridge, indeed, had been the first outside the poet's immediate circle to recognise and acclaim his genius, and to Lamb he owed the sanest of criticism, as well as the humanizing influence which all felt who came into contact with that beautiful spirit. In 1843, Wordsworth then being 73 years of age, he was appointed to the Laureateship, an appointment which was the proper culmination of the honour in which the old

poet was then held, putting the crown, as it were, upon the enthusiasm of the audience to whom Keble introduced him as honorary D.C.L. of Oxford University four years earlier. Four years later the poet's daughter, Dorá, who had married Edward Quillinan in 1841, died. With that event Wordsworth's life may be said to have come to an end. For three years he lived to mourn her loss, but not as those who sorrow without hope.

Many accounts of Wordsworth's personal appearance and character are extant, and, on the whole, they agree surprisingly. All observers are agreed as to the tall, gaunt figure, the lined and rugged face, and the force and fire of the eyes. His temper was naturally headstrong, but he kept it well under control; his habit of violent physical exercise was in this respect a safeguard and a cure. To those with whom he came into close personal contact he was sympathetic and communicative, but he had small faculty for projecting himself. He had, unquestionably, the power of sympathetic imagination, but it was almost wholly subjective. Much as he loved the people who were about him in the countryside, much as he wrote about them, he does not seem to have entered into their lives and ways with any actual enthusiasm. In this connection some of the most interesting statements on record have been collected by Canon Rawnsley. The butcher boy, who once carried meat to the Rydal Mount kitchen, said: . . . "as for Mister Wordsworth, he'd pass you, save as if yan was nobbut a stean. He niver cared for childer, however; yan may be certain of that, for didn't I have to pass him four times in t'week, up to the door wi' meat? And he niver onest said owt. Ye're well aware, if he'd been fond of children he 'ud 'a spoke." Another witness, who had once been gardener's boy at Rydal Mount, said: "He wa's ter'ble thrang wi' visitors and folks, ye mun kna, at times, but if he

could git awa fra them for a spell, he was out upon his gres walk; and then he would set his head a bit forrad, and put his hands behint his back. And then he would start a bumming, and it was bum, bum, bum, stop; then bum, bum, bum, reet down till t'other end, and then he'd set down and git a bit o' paper out and write a bit; and then he git up, and bum, bum, bum, and goa on bumming for long enough right down and back again. I suppose, ya kna, the bumming helped him out a bit." And another man who had known him, being asked whether Wordsworth had any friends amongst the shepherds, replied: "Naay, naay, he cared nowt about swoak, nor sheep, nor dogs (he hed a girt fine yan, weighed nine stone, to guard t' hoose), not nae mair than he did aboot claes he hed on—his hobby was potry." All of which goes to prove that Wordsworth did not mingle with his kind, and write from the actual experience only so to be acquired, but that he idealised and wrote subjectively. And this is very important to remember in view of certain statements to the effect that Wordsworth was a faithful delineator of the character of the dalesmen. Faithful he was, but it was to an ideal.

* So much has been written about Wordsworth, so much, too, which in no way tended to enlightenment, that one approached a recent new study of his work and personality with some uneasiness. But in the case of Professor Raleigh's Wordsworth there was no cause for such uneasiness. Professor Raleigh appears to have had no aim other than that of illustrating and illuminating his author by means of careful, sincere, and profound study of his work. He refused to separate Wordsworth, the supreme poet, from Wordsworth the uninspired

* The concluding part of this introduction is practically reprinted from an article contributed by the writer to *The Academy* for March 24th, 1903.

and indifferent versifier; he declined to accept the attitude practically adopted by some critics that there were two Wordsworths, the "less loquacious of the two" being inspired, which leads to the assumption that "the poet is no longer a man speaking to men, but a reed through which a god fitfully blows." This position, with many poets, could hardly be defended; but with Wordsworth, who was essentially a single-minded and philosophical poet, it only needs postulating for the instant perception of its truth. It may be said, of course, with justice that when Wordsworth was least philosophical, when he was overwhelmed with a sense of beauty or caught up by a divine memory, he was greatest as a poet. But, after all, those supreme visitings were not too common: Wordsworth was a poet rather of passionate contemplation than of direct lyrical impulse: he glorified memory by experience, and touched the past, his own past, with the almost unimaginable glow of accumulated perceptions. And out of this method there came forth a sublimated truth founded actually upon experience and life itself—a narrow life and narrow experience it may be, but nevertheless capable of infinite adjustments to human needs because of its most profound sincerity.

Professor Raleigh writes:—"Of Wordsworth . . . it is hardly true to say that his strength and his weakness are closely knit up together; rather they are the same; his strength at its best is weakness made perfect, his weakness is the wasteful ebullition of his strength. It may be just and necessary to pronounce some of his poems childish, and others dull or silly; it cannot be right to neglect them on that account, if we remember that the teachers whom he most revered, and from whom he learned the best part of his lore, were children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits."

In that statement the author, I think,

goes too far, though he corrects it somewhat in his later chapter on "Poetic Diction." There is really no reason in the world why poems inspired by "children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits," should be either "childish, dull, or silly." Often these results were brought about by Wordsworth's persistent use of a vernacular which was not a vernacular at all; in aiming at a simplicity based upon an impracticable theory, he often landed himself in the depths of bathos. The fault, indeed, lay not with his teachers but with himself, and mainly in a lack of humour and the absence of a sense of the incongruous. And it has always appeared to me that Wordsworth's knowledge of individuals stopped short of real knowledge; I am always haunted by the feeling that his rustics are not studies from within. We see the philosopher by the roadside or on the mountain asking questions, and giving us the answers which he received after passing them through the crucible of his own personality. Children, we are told, were rather afraid of him, and the instinct of the rustic and the child are often one. We do not conceive of Wordsworth as an actor in fire-side revels, an explorer of actual motive in others, a searcher after emotions in the very heat of action. He had no spirit of adventure. When, in the Fourth Book of "The Prelude," he meets with the soldier who "tells in few plain words a soldier's tale," he merely finds shelter for the man in a wayside cottage, and leaves him with the entreaty that he will not linger in the public highway, but ask for help when he needs it. There, I always feel, was an opportunity wasted; at once the poet's eye is turned in again upon himself. Wordsworth's treatment of the Cumberland dalesmen, says Professor Raleigh, "would have been suitable enough for royalty itself." That is to say, that Wordsworth hardly approached them in the best spirit, and though we must respect him for his

aloof tenderness and consideration, we feel assured that it was not intimate enough for the knowledge which touches to the life. I have said so much concerning this phase of Wordsworth's personality because both Professor Raleigh and Mr. Myers lay great stress upon the poet's truthful delineation of country character. Mr. Myers went so far as to say:—"We may almost venture . . . to assert that no writer since Shakespeare has left so true a picture of the British nation"—an assertion with which I cannot at all agree.

As a self-interpret, and as an interpreter of nature through the medium of a personality which had trained the inner vision to the utmost of sane capacity, if I may use the phrase, Wordsworth stands supreme. No other such honest poetical autobiography exists as "The Prelude;" it is the story of a development glorified indeed by memory, but never swerving from the plain road of truth. It was Wordsworth's way to treasure memories and experiences until some later flash of insight set them in their true relation, or shed upon them the glory which was their proper consummation; he waited, in a kind of rapt humility, "for the light from heaven to fall."

Professor Raleigh well says:—"True vision, he held, is not to be attained by any sort of intellectual elaboration, but by a purging of the eye, an intense and rare simplicity of outlook. He was haunted by a sense that truth was there, directly before him, filling the whole compass of the universe—the greatest and most obvious and clearest of all things, if only the eye could learn to see it. But the tricky and ill-trained sense of man moves vacantly over its surface and finds nothing to arrest attention; sees nothing, indeed, until it is caught by the antics of some of its old accomplices. . . . For himself,

he sought admittance to the mystery by two principal means. It is something to rid the mind of petty cares and to be still and attentive, but it is not enough. There are guides to the heights of contemplation; and there are fortunate moments of excitement that roll away the clouds against which the traveller has long been straining his baffled eyesight."

It was for "the illumination which comes from the transfiguring power of high-wrought emotions" that Wordsworth waited. He sometimes mistook the illumination; in a mind so self-centred, the light evolved from within was now and then accepted as an authentic visitation from without. Yet sometimes the two lights seemed to meet and mingle in a beauty which was both of earth and spirit; so they mingled in "Lines written above Tintern Abbey," and in the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." In those two poems we have Wordsworth at a best unapproached, and it may well be unapproachable.

There is no danger nowadays that Wordsworth will be given a lower place than he deserves, and it is true that those who know him best grow into an increasing love and reverence for him. Even in his most pedestrian moments, even when the very technicalities of his art seem to have slipped beyond his reach, we feel the breathings of an august spirit and the glimmerings of some not wholly forgotten "clouds of glory." He lived, indeed, for the joy of beauty. No poet ever devoted himself more singly to his life-work than Wordsworth, and no poet ever had a fuller reward. He outlived his impulse, and his old age was practically songless; the ashes of his youth could not be fanned into more than the most fitful flame. But that youth was splendid and immortal.

CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

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In the rough fern-clad park, the herded
 deer
 Shook the still-twinkling tail and glanc-
 ing ear;
 When horses in the sunburnt intake*
 stood,
 And vainly eyed below the tempting
 flood,
 Or tracked the passenger, in mute dis-
 tress,
 With forward neck the closing gate to
 press—
 Then, while I wandered where the
 huddling rill
 Brightens with water-breaks the hollow
 ghyll †
 As by enchantment, an obscure retreat
 Opened at once, and stayed my devious
 feet.
 While thick above the rill the branches
 close,
 In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
 Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy
 green,
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-
 weeds between;
 And its own twilight softens the whole
 scene,
 Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams
 shine
 On withered briars that o'er the crags
 recline;
 Save where, with sparkling foam, a
 small cascade
 Illumines, from within, the leafy shade;
 Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
 Where antique roots its bustling course
 o'erlook,

* The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain-inclosure.

† Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country: ghyll and dingle have the same meaning.

The eye reposes on a secret bridge,*
 Half gray, half shagged with ivy to its
 ridge;
 There, bending o'er the stream, the
 listless swain
 Lingers behind his disappearing wain.
 —Did Sabine grace adorn my living
 line,
 Bandusia's praise, wild stream, should
 yield to thine!
 Never shall ruthless minister of death
 'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel
 unsheath;
 No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned
 with flowers,
 No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy
 bowers;
 The mystic shapes that by thy margin
 rove
 A more benignant sacrifice approve—
 A mind that, in a calm angelic mood
 Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
 Beholds, of all from her high powers
 required,
 Much done, and much designed, and
 more desired,—
 Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth
 refined,
 Entire affection for all human kind.

Dear Brook, farewell! To-morrow's
 noon again
 Shall hide me, wooing long thy wild-
 wood strain;
 But now the sun has gained his western
 road,
 And eve's mild hour invites ^{my} steps
 abroad.

* The reader, who has made the tour of this country, will recognise, in this description, the features which characterise the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydal.

While, near the midway cliff, the
 silvered kite
 In many a whistling circle wheels her
 flight ;
 Slant watery lights, from parting clouds,
 apace
 Travel along the precipice's base ;
 Cheering its naked waste of scattered
 stone,
 By lichens gray, and scanty moss, o'er-
 grown ;
 Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or
 thistle's beard ;
 And restless stone-chat, all day long, is
 heard.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to
 view
 The spacious landscape change in form
 and hue !
 Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
 Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood ;
 There, objects, by the searching beams
 betrayed,
 Come forth, and here retire in purple
 shade ;
 Even the white stems of birch, the
 cottage white,
 Soften their glare before the mellow
 light ;
 The skiffs, at anchor where with um-
 brage wide
 Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-
 house hide,
 Shed from their sides, that face the
 sun's slant beam,
 Strong flakes of radiance on the tremu-
 lous stream :
 Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty
 cloud
 Mounts from the road, and spreads its
 moving shroud ;

The shepherd, all involved in wreaths
 of fire,
 Now shows a shadowy speck, and now
 is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the breezes
 sink,
 A blue rim borders all the lake's still
 brink ;
 There doth the twinkling aspen's foli-
 age sleep,
 And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy
 deep :
 And now, on every side, the surface
 breaks
 Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening
 streaks ;
 Here, plots of sparkling water tremble
 bright
 With thousand thousand twinkling points
 of light ;
 There, waves that, hardly weltering, die
 away,
 Tip their smooth ridges with a softer
 ray ;
 And now the whole wide lake in deep
 repose
 Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror
 glows,
 Save where, along the shady western
 marge,
 Coasts, with industrious oar, the char-
 coal barge.

Their panniered train a group of
 potters goad,
 Winding from side to side up the steep
 road ;
 The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful
 edge
 Shot, down the headlong path darts
 with his sledge ;

Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse illumine

Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings,"* and broom;

While the sharp slope the slackened teams confounds,

Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds;

In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,

Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps along;

From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet

Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat;

Sounds from the water-side the hammered boat;

And *blasted* quarry thunders, heard remote!

Even here, amid the sweep of endless woods,

Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs and falling floods,

Not undelightful are the simplest charms,

Found by the grassy door of mountain-farms.

Sweetly ferocious,† round his native walks,

Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks;

Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread;

A crest of purple tops the warrior's head.

* "Vivid rings of green."—GREENWOOD'S *Poem on Shooting*.

† "Dolcemente feroce."—TASSO.—In this description of the cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in *L'Agriculture, ou Les Géorgiques Françaises*, of M. Rossuet.

Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-ball hurls

Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls;

On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion throat,

Threatened by faintly-answering farms remote:

Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings,

While, flapped with conscious pride, resound his wings!

Where, mixed with graceful birch, the sombrous pine

And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks recline,

I love to mark the quarry's moving train,

Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and numerous wains:

How busy all the enormous hive within, While Echo dallies with its various din!

Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking sound?)

Toil, small as pygmies in the gulf profound;

Some, dim between the lofty cliffs descried,

O'erwalk the slender plank from side to side;

These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring,

In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.

Just where a cloud above the mountain rears

An edge all flame, the broadening sun appears;

A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,

And breaks the spreading of its golden tides;

And now that orb has touched the
purple steep,
Whose softened image penetrates the
deep.
'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the
cliffs aspire,
With towers and woods, a "prospect all
on fire;"
While cores and secret hollows, through
a ray
Of fainter gold, a purple gleam
betray.
Each slip of lawn the broken rocks
between
Shines in the light with more than
earthly green:
Deep yellow beams the scattered stems
illuminate,
Far in the level forest's central
gloom:
Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the
vale,
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to
scale,—
The dog, loud barking, 'mid the
glittering rocks,
Hunts, where his master points, the
intercepted flocks.
Where oaks o'erhang the road the
radiance shoots
On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted
roots;
The druid-stones a brightened ring
unfold;
And all the babbling brooks are liquid
gold;
Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens
still,
Gives one bright glance, and drops
behind the hill.*

*From Thomson.

In these secluded vales, if village fame,
Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may
claim;
When up the hills, as now, retired the
light,
Strange apparitions mocked the shep-
herd's sight.

The form appears of one that spurs
his steed
Midway along the hill with desperate
speed;
Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight,
while all
Attend, at every stretch, his headlong
fall.
Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show
Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro;
At intervals imperial banners stream,
And now the van reflects the solar
beam;
The rear through iron brown betrays a
sullen gleam.
While silent stands the admiring crowd
below,
Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward
way,*
Till the last banner of their long array
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendour—save the beacon's spire
head
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning
red.

Now, while the solemn evening
shadows sail,
On slowly-waving pinions, down the
vale;

*See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, accompanied by vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the reader.

And, fronting the bright west, yon oak
 entwines
 Its darkening boughs and leaves in
 stronger lines;
 'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to
 stray
 Where, winding on along some secret
 bay,
 The swan uplifts his chest, and back-
 ward flings
 His neck, a varying arch, between his
 towering wings:
 The eye that marks the gliding crea-
 ture sees
 How graceful, pride can be, and how
 majestic, ease.
 While tender cares and mild domestic
 loves
 With furtive watch pursue her as she
 moves,
 The female with a meeker charm suc-
 ceeds,
 And her brown little-ones around her
 leads,
 Nibbling the water-lilies as they pass,
 Or playing wanton with the floating
 grass.
 She, in a mother's scare, her beauty's pride
 Forgetting, calls the wearied to her
 side;
 Alternately they mount her back, and rest
 Close by her mantling wings' embraces
 prest.

Long may they float upon this flood
 serene;
 Theirs be these holms untrodden, still,
 and green,
 Where leafy shades fence off the bluster-
 ing gale,
 And breathes in peace the lily of the
 vale!

Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-
 maid's feet,
 Yet hears her song, "by distance made
 more sweet,"
 Yon isle conceals their home, their hut-
 like bower;
 Green water-rushes overspread the
 floor;
 Long grass and willows form the woven
 wall,
 And swings above the roof the poplar
 tall.
 Thence issuing often with unwieldy
 stalk,
 They crush with broad black feet their
 flowery walk;
 Or, from the neighbouring water, hear
 at morn
 The hound, the horse's tread, and mel-
 low horn;
 Involve their serpent-necks in changeful
 rings,
 Rolled wantonly between their slippery
 wings,
 Or, starting up with noise and rude de-
 light,
 Force half upon the wave their cum-
 brous flight.

Fair Swan! by all a mother's joys
 caressed,
 Haply some wretch has eyed, and called
 thee blessed;
 When with her infants, from some shady
 seat
 By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the
 noontide heat;
 Or taught their limbs along the dusty
 road
 A few short steps to totter with their
 load.

I see her now, denied to lay her
 head,
 On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-
 built shed,
 Turn to a silent smile their sleepy
 cry,
 By pointing to the gliding moon on
 high.
 —When low-hung clouds each star of
 summer hide,
 And fireless are the valleys far and
 wide,
 Where the brook brawls along the
 public road
 Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching
 broad,
 Oft has she taught them on her lap to
 lay
 The shining glow-worm; or, in heedless
 play,
 Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted;
 While others, not unseen, are free to
 shed
 Green unmolested light upon their
 mossy bed.

Oh! when the sleety showers her path
 assail,
 And like a torrent roars the headstrong
 gale;
 No more her breath can thaw their
 fingers cold,
 Their frozen arms her neck no more
 can fold;
 Weak roof a cowering form two babes
 to shield,
 And faint the fire a dying heart can
 yield!
 Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly
 fears
 Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its
 tears;

No tears can chill them, and no bosom
 warms,
 Thy breast their death-bed, coffined in
 thine arms!

Sweet are the sounds that mingle
 from afar,
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the
 folding star,
 Where the duck dabbles 'mid the
 rustling sedge,
 And feeding pike starts from the water's
 edge,
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck
 and bill
 Wetting, that drip upon the water
 still;
 And heron, as resounds the trodden
 shore,
 Shoots upward, darting his long neck
 before.

Now, with religious awe, the farewell
 light
 Blends with the solemn colouring of
 night;
 'Mid groves of clouds that crest the
 mountain's brow,
 And round the west's proud lodge their
 shadows throw,
 Like Una shining on her gloomy
 way,
 The half-seen form of Twilight roams
 astray;
 Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild
 and small,
 Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom
 fall;
 Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres
 pale
 Tracking the motions of the fitful
 gale.

With restless interchange at once the
bright
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the
light.
No favoured eye was e'er allowed to
gaze
On lovelier spectacle in faery days;
When gentle Spirits urged a sportive
chase,
Brushing with lucid wands the water's
face:
While music, stealing round the glim-
mering deeps,
Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted
steeps.
—The lights are vanished from the
watery plains:
No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
Unheeded night has overcome the vales:
On the dark earth the wearied vision
fails;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone black fir, forsakes the faded
plain;
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke,
no more,
Lost in the thickened darkness, glim-
mers hoar;
And, towering from the sullen dark-
brown mere,
Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps
appear.
—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart
we feel
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
The soft gloom deepening on the tran-
quil mind.
Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions,
stay!
Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade
away:

wv

Yet still the tender, vacant gloom re-
mains;
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear
retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading
light, to thread
Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's
bed,
From his gray re-appearing tower shall
soon
Salute with gladsome note the rising
moon,
While with a hoary light she frosts the
ground,
And pours a deeper blue to Æther's
bound;
Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of
clouds to fold
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and
gold.

Above yon eastern hill, where dark-
ness broods
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns,
and woods;
Where but a mass of shade the sight
can trace,
Even now she shows, half-veiled, her
lovely face:
Across the gloomy valley flings her
light,
Far to the western slopes with hamlets
white;
And gives, where woods the chequered
upland strew,
To the green corn of summer, autumn's
hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her
blessed horn
Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's
own mom,

Till higher mounted, strives in vain to
cheer

The weary hills, impervious, blackening
near;

Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the
while

On darling spots remote her tempting
smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant
scene,

(For dark and broad the gulf of time
between)

Gilding that cottage with her fondest
ray,

(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of
my way;

How fair its lawns and sheltering woods
appear!

How sweet its streamlet murmurs in
mine ear!

Where we, my Friend, to happy days
shall rise,

Till our small share of hardly-paining
sighs

(For sighs will ever trouble human
breath)

Creep hushed into the tranquil breast
of death.

But now the clear bright Moon her
zenith gains,

And, rimy without speck, extend the
plains:

The deepest cleft the mountain's front
displays

Scarce hides a shadow from her search-
ing rays;

From the dark-blue faint silvery threads
divide

The hills, while gleams below the azure
tide;

Time softly treads; throughout the
landscape breathes

A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by
wreaths

Of charcoal-smoke. that, o'er the fallen
wood,

Steal down the hill, and spread along
the flood.

The song of mountain-streams, un-
heard by day,

Now hardly heard, beguiles my home-
ward way.

Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,

Broke only by the slow clock tolling
deep,

Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from
sleep,

The echoed hoof nearing the distant
shore,

The boat's first motion—made with
dashing oar;

Sound of closed gate, across the water
borne,

Hurrying the timid hare through rustling
corn;

The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;
And at long intervals the mill-dog's

howl;

The distant forge's swinging thump
profound;

Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely
hound.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT
AT EVENING.

How richly glows the water's breast

Before us, tinged with evening hues,

While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!

And see how dark the backward stream!
A little-moment past so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so
sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-
morrow?

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS,

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES
NEAR RICHMOND.

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Such as did once the Poet bless,
Who, murmuring here a later* ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

* Collins' Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

Now let us, as we float along,
For *him* suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet's sorrows more.
How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
—The evening darkness gathers round
By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR
AMONG THE ALPS.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy
ground
Where from distress a refuge might be
found,
And solitude prepare the soul for
heaven;
Sure, nature's God that spot to man had
given
Where falls the purple morning far and
wide
In flakes of light upon the mountain-
side;
Where with loud voice the power of
water shakes
The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man
shall roam,
Who at the call of summer quits his
home,
And plods through some wide realm
o'er vale and height,
Though seeking only holiday de-
light;
At least, not owing to himself an
aim
To which the sage would give a prouder
name.

No gains too cheaply earned his fancy
 cloy,
 Though every passing zephyr whispers
 joy;
 Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,
 Feeds the clear current of his sym-
 pathies.
 For him sod-seats the cottage-door
 adorn;
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening
 bourn!
 Dear is the forest frowning o'er his
 head,
 And dear the velvet green-sward to his
 tread:
 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's
 flaming eye?
 Upward he looks—"and calls it luxury?"
 Kind Nature's charities his steps at-
 tend;
 In every babbling brook he finds a
 friend;
 While chastening thoughts of sweetest
 use, bestowed
 By wisdom, moralise his pensive road.
 Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide
 bower,
 To his spare meal he calls the passing
 poor;
 He views the sun uplift his golden fire,
 Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's
 lyre;*
 Blesses the moon that comes with
 kindly ray,
 To light him shaken by his rugged
 way.
 Back from his sight no bashful children
 steal;
 He sits a brother at the cottage-meal;

His humble looks no shy restraint
 impart;
 Around him plays at will the virgin
 heart.
 While unsuspended wheels the village
 dance,
 The maidens eye him with enquiring
 glance,
 Much wondering by what fit of crazing
 care,
 Or desperate love, bewildered, he came
 there.

A hope, that prudence could not
 then approve,
 That clung to Nature with a truant's
 love,
 O'er Gallia's wastes of corn my foot-
 steps led;
 Her files of road-elms, high above my head
 In long-drawn vista, rustling in the
 breeze;
 Or where her pathways straggle as they
 please
 By lonely farms and secret villages.
 But lo! the Alps, ascending white in air,
 Toy with the sun and glitter from afar.

And now, emerging from the forest's
 gloom,
 I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn
 thy doom.
 Whither is fled that Power whose frown
 severe
 Awed sober Reason till she crouched in
 fear?
 That Silence, once in deathlike fetters
 bound,
 Chains that were loosened only by the
 sound
 Of holy rites chanted in measured
 round?

* The lyre of Memnon is reported to have
 emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was
 touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

—The voice of blasphemy the fane
alarms,
The cloister startles at the gleam of
arms.
The thundering tube the aged angler
hears,
Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps
away his tears.
Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their
troubled heads,
Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner
night o'erspreads;
Strong terror checks the female
peasant's sighs,
And start the astonished shades at
female eyes.
From Bruno's forest screams the
affrighted jay,
And slow the insulted eagle wheels
away.
A viewless flight of laughing Demon's
mock
The Cross, by angels planted* on the
aerial rock.
The "parting Genius" sighs with
hollow breath
Along the mystic streams of Life and
Death,†
Swelling the outcry dull, that long
resounds
Portentous through her old woods'
trackless bounds,
Vallombre,‡ 'mid her falling fanes,
deplores,
For ever broke, the sabbath of her
bowers.

* Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the
spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every
appearance of being inaccessible.

† Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

‡ Name of one of the valleys of the Char-
treuse.

More pleased, my foot the hidden
margin roves
Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut
groves.
No meadows thrown between, the giddy
steeps
Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow
deeps.
—To towns, whose shades of no rude
noise complain,
From ringing team apart and grating
wain—
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the
water's bound,
Or lurk in woody sunless glens pro-
found,
Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive
cling,
And o'er the whitened wave their
shadows fling—
The pathway leads, as round the steeps
it twines;
And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.
The loitering traveller hence, at evening,
sees
From rock-hewn steps the sail between
the trees;
Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-
eyed maids
Tend the small harvest of their garden
glades;
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to
view
Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad
and blue,
And track the yellow lights from steep
to steep,
As up the opposing hills they slowly
creep.
Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed
In golden light; half hides itself in
shade:

While, from amid the darkened roofs,
the spire,
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like
fire:

There, all unshaded, blazing forests
throw

Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
Slow glides the sail along the illumined
shore,

And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious
sighs,

And amorous music on the water dies.

How blest, delicious scene! the eye
that greets

Thy open beauties, or thy lone
retreats;

Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood
that scales

Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy
vales;

Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the
shore,

Each with its household boat beside
the door;

Thy torrents shooting from the clear-
blue sky;

Thy towns that cleave, like swallows'
nests, on high;

That glimmer hoar in eve's last light,
descried

Dim from the twilight water's shaggy
side,

Whence lutes and voices down the
enchanted woods

Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten
floods;

—Thy lake that, streaked or dappled,
blue or gray,

'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from
morning's ray

Slow-travelling down the western hills,
to enfold

Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of
gold;

Thy glittering steeples, whence the
matin bell

Calls forth the woodman from his
desert cell,

And quickens the blithe sound of oars
that pass

Along the steaming lake, to early mass.
But now farewell to each and all—
adieu

To every charm, and last and chief to
you,

Ye lovely maidens that in noontide
shade

Rest near your little plots of wheaten
glade;

To all that binds the soul in powerless
trance,

Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing
dance;

Where sparkling eyes and breaking
smiles illumine

The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.

—Alas! the very murmur of the streams
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous
dreams,

While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind
to dwell

On joys that might disgrace the cap-
tive's cell,

Her shameless timbrel shakes on
Como's marge,

And lures from bay to bay the vocal
barge.

Yet are thy softer arts with power
indued

To soothe and cheer the poor man's
solitude.

By silent cottage-doors, the peasant's
 home
 Left vacant for the day, I loved to
 roam.
 But once I pierced the mazes of a wood
 In which a cabin undeserted stood;
 There an old man an olden measure
 scanned
 On a rude viol touched with withered
 hand.
 As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie
 Under a hoary oak's thin canopy,
 Stretched at his feet, with steadfast
 upward eye,
 His children's children listened to the
 sound;
 —A Hermit with his family around!

But let us hence; for fair Locarno
 smiles
 Embowered in walnut slopes and citron
 isles:
 Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's
 stream,
 Where, 'mid dim towers and woods,
 her* waters gleam.
 From the bright wave, in solemn gloom,
 retire
 The dull-red steeps, and, darkening
 still, aspire
 To where afar rich orange lustres glow
 Round undistinguished clouds, and
 rocks, and snow:
 Or, led where Via Mala's chasms
 confine
 The indignant waters of the infant
 Rhine,
 Hang o'er the abyss, whose else imper-
 vious gloom
 His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.

* The river along whose banks you descend
 in crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

The mind condemned, without re-
 prieve, to go
 O'er life's long deserts with its charge
 of woe,
 With sad congratulation joins the
 train
 Where beasts and men together o'er the
 plain
 Move on—a mighty caravan of pain:
 Hope, strength, and courage, social
 suffering brings,
 Freshening the wilderness with shades
 and springs.
 —There be whose lot far otherwise is
 cast:
 Sole human tenant of the piny waste,
 By choice or doom a gipsy wanders
 here,
 A nursing babe her only comforter;
 Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy
 rock,
 A cowering shape half hid in curling
 smoke!

When lightning among clouds and
 mountain-snows
 Predominates, and darkness comes and
 goes,
 And the fierce torrent at the flashes
 broad
 Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring
 road—
 She seeks a covert from the battering
 shower
 In the roofed bridge;* the bridge, in
 that dread hour,
 Itself all trembling at the torrent's
 power.

* Most of the bridges among the Alps are of
 wood, and covered: these bridges have a heavy
 appearance, and rather injure the effect of the
 scenery in some places.

Nor is she more at ease on some *still*
 night,
 When not a star supplies the comfort of
 its light;
 Only the waning moon hangs dull and
 red
 Above a melancholy mountain's head,
 Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant
 sighs,
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her
 weary eyes;
 Or on her fingers counts the distant
 clock,
 Or to the drowsy crow of midnight
 cock
 Listens, or quakes while from the
 forest's gulf
 Howls near and nearer yet the famished
 wolf.

From the green vale of Urseren
 smooth and wide
 Descend we now, the maddened Reuss
 our guide;
 By rocks that, shutting out the blessed
 day,
 Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as
 they;
 By cells * upon whose image, while he
 prays,
 The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to
 gaze;
 By many a votive death-cross † planted
 near,
 And watered duly with the pious tear, †

That faded silent from the upward eye
 Unmoved with each rude form 'of peril
 nigh;
 Fixed on the anchor left by Him who
 saves
 Alike in whelming snows and roaring
 waves.

But soon a peopled region on the
 sight
 Opens—a little world of calm delight;
 Where mists, suspended on the expiring
 gale,
 Spread rooflike o'er the deep secluded
 vale,
 And beams of evening, slipping in
 between,
 Gently illuminate a sober scene:—
 Here, on the brown wood-cottages *
 they sleep,
 There, over rock or sloping pasture
 creep.
 On as we journey, in clear view dis-
 played,
 The still vale lengthens underneath its
 shade
 Of low-hung vapour: on the freshened
 mead
 The green light sparkles;—the dim
 bowers recede.
 While pastoral pipes and streams the
 landscape lull, [dull,
 And bells of passing mules that tinkle
 In solemn shapes before the admiring
 eye
 Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
 Huge convent domes with pinnacles
 and towers,
 And antique castles seen through gleamy
 showers.

* The Catholic religion prevails here: these
 cells are, as is well known, very common in the
 Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman
 tomb, along the road side

† Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of
 travellers, by the fall of snow and other acci-
 dents, are very common along this dreadful
 road.

* The houses in the more retired Swiss
 valleys are all built of wood.

From such romantic dreams, my
 soul, awake
 To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's
 lake,
 In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
 Winds neither road nor path for foot to
 tread:
 The rocks rise naked as a wall, or
 stretch
 Far o'er the water, hung with groves of
 beech;
 Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
 Nor stop but where creation seems to
 end.
 Yet here and there, if 'mid the savage
 scene
 Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
 Up from the lake a zigzag path will
 creep
 To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly
 on the steep.
 —Before those thresholds (never can
 they know
 The face of traveller passing to and fro,)
 No peasant leans upon his pole, to
 tell
 For whom at morning tolled the funeral
 bell;
 Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark
 forgoes,
 Touched by the beggar's moan of
 human woes;
 The shady porch ne'er offered a cool
 seat
 To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.
 Yet thither the world's business finds its
 way
 At times, and tales unsought beguile
 the day,
 And *there* are those fond thoughts
 which Solitude,
 However stern, is powerless to exclude.

There doth the maiden watch her
 lover's sail
 Approaching, and upbraid the tardy
 gale;
 At midnight listens till his parting
 oar,
 And its last echo, can be heard no more.

And what if ospreys, cormorants,
 herons cry,
 Amid tempestuous vapours driving by,
 Or hovering over wastes too bleak to
 rear
 That common growth of earth, the
 foodful ear;
 Where the green apple shrivels on the
 spray,
 And pines the unripened pear in sum-
 mer's kindest ray;
 Contentment shares the desolate domain
 With Independence, child of high
 Disdain.
 Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom
 flies,
 And grasps by fits her sword, and often
 eyes;
 And sometimes, as from rock to rock
 she bounds,
 The Patriot nymph starts at imagined
 sounds,
 And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs
 aghast,
 Whether some old Swiss air hath
 checked her haste,
 Or thrill of Spartan life is caught be-
 tween the blast.

Swoln with incessant rains from hour
 to hour,
 All day the floods a deepening murmur
 pour:

The sky is veiled, and every cheerful
sight:
Dark is the region as with coming
night;
But what a sudden burst of over-
powering light!
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
Glances the wheeling eagle's glorious
form!
Eastward, in long perspective glittering,
shine
The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the
lake recline;
Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams
unfold,
At once to pillars turned that flame
with gold:
Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to
shun
The *west*, that burns like one dilated
sun,
A crucible of mighty compass, felt
By mountains, glowing till they seem to
melt.

But, lo! the boatman, overawed.
before
The pictured fane of Tell suspends his
oar;
Confused the Marathonian tale appears,
While his eyes sparkle with heroic
tears.
And who, that walks where men of
ancient days
Have wrought with godlike arm the
deeds of praise,
Feels not the spirit of the place control,
Or rouse and agitate his labouring
soul?
Say, who, by thinking on Canadian
hills,
Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,

On Zutphen's plain, or on that high
land dell,
Through which rough Garry cleaves:
his way, can tell
What high resolves exalt the tenderest
thought
Of him whom passion rivets to the
spot,
Where breathed the gale that caught
Wolfe's happiest sigh,
And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's
eye;
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup
retired,
And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas
expired?

But now with other mind I stand
alone
Upon the summit of this naked
cone,
And watch the fearless chamois-hunter
chase
His prey, through tracts abrupt and
desolate space,
* Through vacant worlds where Nature
never gave
A brook to murmur or a bough to
wave,
Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred
keep;
Thro' worlds where Life, and Voice
and Motion sleep;
Where silent hours their death-like
sway extend,
Save when the avalanche breaks loose
to rend

* For most of the images in the next sixteen
verses, I am indebted to M. Raymond's in-
teresting observations, annexed to his trans-
lation of Cox's Tour in Switzerland.

Its way with uproar, till the ruin,
 drowned
 In some dense wood or gulf of snow
 profound,
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf
 abortive sound.
 —'Tis his, while wandering on from
 height to height,
 To see a planet's pomp and steady
 light
 In the least star of scarce-appearing
 night;
 While the pale moon moves near him,
 on the bound
 Of ether, shining with diminished round,
 And far and wide the icy summits
 blaze,
 Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:
 To him the day-star glitters small and
 bright,
 Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,
 And he can look beyond the sun,
 and view
 Those fast-receding depths of sable
 blue
 Flying till vision can no more pursue!
 —At once bewildering mists around
 him close,
 And cold and hunger are his least of
 woes;
 The Demon of the snow, with angry
 roar
 Descending, shuts for aye his prison
 door.
 Soon with despair's whole weight his
 spirits sink;
 Bread has he none, the snow must be
 his drink;
 And, ere his eyes can close upon the
 day,
 The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her
 prey.

Now couch thyself where, heard with
 fear afar,
 Thunders through echoing pines the
 headlong Aar;
 Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
 Of pensive Underwalden's * pastoral
 heights.
 —Is there who 'mid these awful wilds
 has seen
 The native Genii walk the mountain
 green?
 Or heard, while other worlds their
 charms reveal,
 Soft music o'er the aerial summit
 steal?
 While o'er the desert, answering every
 close,
 Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes
 and goes.
 —And sure there is a secret Power
 that reigns
 Here, where no trace of man the spot
 profanes,
 Nought but the *chalets*,† flat and bare,
 on high
 Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky;
 Or distant herds that pasturing upward
 creep,
 And, not untended, climb the dangerous
 steep.
 How still! no irreligious sound or
 sight
 Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
 An idle voice the sabbath region fills
 Of Deep that calls to Deep across the
 hills,

* The people of this Canton are supposed to
 be of a more melancholy disposition than the
 other inhabitants of the Alps; this, if true,
 may proceed from their living more secluded.

† This picture is from the middle region of
 the Alps. *Chalets* are summer huts for the
 Swiss herdsmen.

And with that voice accords the
 soothing sound
 Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling
 round;
 Faint wail of eagle melting into
 blue
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's
 steady *sigh*;^{*}
 The solitary heifer's deepened low;
 Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling
 snow.
 All motions, sounds, and voices, far
 and nigh.
 Blend in a music of tranquillity;
 Save when, a stranger seen below, the
 boy
 Shouts from the echoing hills with
 savage joy.

When, from the sunny breast of open
 seas.
 And bays with myrtle fringed, the
 southern breeze
 Comes on to gladden April with the
 sight
 Of green isles widening on each snow-
 cld height:
 When shouts and lowing herds the
 valley fill.
 And louder torrents stun the noon-tide
 hill.
 The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to
 scale,
 Leaving to silence the deserted
 vale;
 And, like the Patriarchs in their
 simple age.
 Move, as the verdure leads, from stage
 to stage:

High and more high in summer's heat
 they go.
 And hear the rattling thunder far
 below;
 Or steal beneath the mountains, half-
 deterred.
 Where huge rocks tremble to the
 bellowing herd.

One I behold who, 'cross the foam-
 ing flood,
 Leaps with a bound of graceful hardi-
 hood;
 Another high on that green ledge;—he
 gained
 The tempting spot with every sinew
 strained;
 And downward thence a knot of grass
 he throws,
 Food for his beasts in time of winter
 snows.
 —Far different life from what Tradition
 hoar
 Transmits of happier lot in times of
 yore!
 Then Summer lingered long; and honey
 flowed
 From out the rocks, the wild bees' safe
 abode:
 Continual waters welling cheered the
 waste.
 And plants were wholesome, now of
 deadly taste:
 Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had
 piled.
 Usurping where the fairest herbage
 smiled:
 Nor Hunger driven the herds from
 pastures bare.
 To climb the treacherous cliffs for
 scanty fare.

^{*}Such, a Scotch word expressive of the
 sound of the wind through the trees.

Then the milk-thistle flourished through
 the land,
 And forced the full-swoln udder to
 demand,
 Thrice every day, the pail and welcome
 hand.
 Thus does the father to his children
 tell
 Of banished bliss, by fancy loved too
 well.
 Alas! that human guilt provoked the
 rod
 Of angry Nature to avenge her God.
 Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

'Tis morn: with gold the verdant
 mountain glows;
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues
 of rose.
 Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted
 hills,
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
 A solemn sea! whose billows wide
 around
 Stand motionless, to awful silence
 bound:
 Pines, on the coast, through mist their
 tops uprear,
 That like to leaning masts of stranded
 ships appear.
 A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy
 blue,
 Gapes in the centre of the sea—and,
 through
 That dark mysterious gulf ascending,
 sound
 Innumerable streams with roar pro-
 found.
 Mount through the nearer vapours
 notes of birds,
 And merry flageolet: the low of herds,

The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling
 bell,
 Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-
 tower knell:
 Think not the peasant from aloft has
 gazed
 And heard with heart unmoved, with
 soul unraised:
 Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor
 less
 Alive to independent happiness,
 Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at
 even-tide
 Upon the fragrant mountain's purple
 side:
 For as the pleasures of his simple
 day
 Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
 Nought round its darling precincts can
 he find
 But brings some past enjoyment to his
 mind;
 While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's
 urn,
 Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers
 his return.

Once, Man entirely free, alone and
 wild,
 Was blest as free—for he was Nature's
 child.
 He, all superior but his God dis-
 dained,
 Walked none restraining, and by none
 restrained:
 Confessed no law but what his reason
 taught,
 Did all he wished, and wished but what
 he ought.
 As man in his primeval dower arrayed
 The image of his glorious Sire dis-
 played,

Even so, by faithful Nature guarded,
 here
 The traces of primeval Man appear;
 The simple dignity no forms debase;
 The eye sublime, and surly lion-
 grace:

The slave of none, of beasts alone the
 lord,
 His book he prizes, nor neglects his
 sword;
 —Well taught by that to feel his rights,
 prepared
 With this "the blessings he enjoys to
 guard."

And as his native hills encircle
 ground
 For many a marvellous victory re-
 nowned,
 The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
 With few in arms,* innumerable foes,
 When to those famous fields his steps
 are led,
 An unknown power connects him with
 the dead:
 For images of other worlds are there;
 Awful the light, and holy is the air.
 Fitfully, and in flashes, through his
 soul,
 Like sun-lit tempests, troubled trans-
 ports roll;

*Alluding to several battles which the Swiss
 in very small numbers have gained over their
 oppressors, the House of Austria; and, in par-
 ticular, to one fought at Næfels near Glarus,
 where three hundred and thirty men are said to
 have defeated an army of between fifteen and
 twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the
 valley are to be found eleven stones, with this
 inscription, 1333, the year the battle was
 fought, marking out, as I was told upon the
 spot, the several places where the Austrians,
 attempting to make a stand, were repulsed
 anew.

His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers,
 amain,
 Beyond the senses and their little
 reign.

And oft, when that dread vision hath
 past by,
 He holds with God himself communion
 high,
 There where the peal of swelling
 torrents fills
 The sky-roofed temple of the eternal
 hills;
 Or, when upon the mountain's silent
 brow
 Reclined, he sees, above him and
 below,
 Bright stars of ice and azure fields of
 snow;
 While needle peaks of granite shooting
 bare
 Tremble in ever-varying tints of
 air.
 And when a gathering weight of
 shadows brown
 Falls on the valleys as the sun goes
 down;
 And Pikes, of darkness named and fear
 and storms,*
 Uplift in quiet their illumined
 forms,
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him
 spread,
 Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy
 red—
 Awe in his breast with holiest love
 unites,
 And the near heavens impart their own
 delights.

*As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror;
 Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, etc., etc.

When downward to his winter hut he
goes,

Dear and more dear the lessening circle
grows;

That hut which on the hills so oft
employs

His thoughts, the central point of all
his joys.

And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,
Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,
So to the homestead, where the grand-
sire tends

A little prattling child, he oft descends,
To glance a look upon the well-matched
pair;

Till storm and driving ice blockade
him there.

There, safely guarded by the woods
behind,

He hears the chiding of the baffled
wind,

Hears Winter calling all his terrors
round,

And, blest within himself, he shrinks
not from the sound.

Through Nature's vale his homely
pleasures glide,

Unstained by envy, discontent, and
pride;

The bound of all his vanity, to deem,
With one bright bell a favourite heifer's
neck;

Well pleased upon some simple annual
feast,

Remembered half the year and hoped
the rest,

If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard,
Of three ten summers dignify the
board.

—Alas! in every clime a flying ray
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way;

And here the unwilling mind may more
than trace

The general sorrows of the human race:
The churlish gales of penury, that blow
Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of
snow,

To them the gentle groups of bliss deny
That on the noon-day bank of leisure
lie.

Yet more;—compelled by Powers which
only deign

That *solitary* man disturb their reign,
Powers that support an unremitting
strife

With all the tender charities of life,
Full oft the father, when his sons have
grown

To manhood, seems their title to dis-
own;

And from his nest amid the storms of
heaven

Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was
driven;

With stern composure watches to the
plain—

And never, eagle-like, beholds again!

When long familiar joys are all
resigned,

Why does their sad remembrance haunt
the mind?

Lo! where through flat Batavia's wil-
lowy groves,

Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;
O'er the curled waters Alpine measures
swell,

And search the affections to their
inmost cell;

Sweet poison spreads along the listener's
veins,

Turning past pleasures into mortal
pains;

Poison, which not a frame of steel can
brave,
Bows his young head with sorrow to
the grave.*

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song
resume!
Ye flattering eastern lights, once more
the hills illumine!
Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious
morn,
And thou, lost fragrance of the heart,
return!
Alas! the little joy to man allowed
Fades like the lustre of an evening
cloud;
Or 'like the beauty in a flower
installed,
Whose season was, and cannot be
recalled.
Yet, when opprest by sickness, grief, or
care,
And taught that pain is pleasure's
natural heir,
We still confide in more than we can
know;
Death would be else the favourite
friend of woe.

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow
that shine,
Between interminable tracts of pine.
Within a temple stands an awful
shrine,
By an uncertain light revealed, that
falls
On the mute Image and the troubled
walls.

* The well-known effect of the famous air,
called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the
Swiss troops.

Oh! give not me that eye of hard
disdain
That views, undimmed, Einsiedlen's*
wretched fane.
While ghastly faces through the gloom
appear,
Abortive joy, and hope that works in
fear;
While prayer contends with silenced
agony,
Surely in other thoughts contempt may
die.
If the sad grave of human ignorance
bear
One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave
it there!

The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine
spire.
Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of
fire:
Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day
Close on the remnant of their weary
way;
While they are drawing toward the
sacred floor
Where, so they fondly think, the worm
shall gnaw no more.
How gaily murmur and how sweetly
taste
The fountains† reared for them amid
the waste!
Their thirst they slake:—they wash
their toil-worn feet,
And some with tears of joy each other
greet.

* This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of
relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the
Catholic world, labouring under mental or
bodily afflictions.

† Rude fountains built and covered with
sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims,
in their ascent of the mountain.

Yes, I must see you when ye first
behold

Those holy turrets tipped with evening
gold,

In that glad moment will for you a
sigh

Be heaved of charitable sympathy;

In that glad moment when your hands
are prest

In mute devotion on the thankful
breast!

Last, let us turn to Chamouny that
shields

With rocks and gloomy woods her
fertile fields:

Five streams of ice amid her cots
descend,

And with wild flowers and blooming
orchards blend;—

A scene more fair than what the Grecian
feigns

Of purple lights and ever-vernal
plains;

Here all the seasons revel hand in
hand:

'Mid lawns and shades by breezy
rivulets fanned,

They sport beneath that mountain's
matchless height

That holds no commerce with the
summer night.

From age to age, throughout his lonely
bounds

The crash of ruin fitfully re-
sounds;

Appalling havoc! but serene his
brow,

Where daylight lingers on perpetual
snow;

Glitter the stars above, and all is black
below.

What marvel then if many a Wan-
derer sigh,

While roars the sullen Arve in anger
by,

That not for thy reward, unrivall'd
Vale!

Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal
gale;

That thou, the slave of slaves, art
doomed to pine

And droop, while no Italian arts are
thine,

To soothe or cheer, to soften or
refine.

Hail Freedom! whether it was mine
to stray,

With 'shrill winds whistling round my
lonely way,

On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-
clad moors,

Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scot-
land's shores;

To scent the sweets of Piedmont's
breathing rose,

And orange gale that o'er Lugano
blows;

Still have I found, where Tyranny pre-
vails,

That virtue languishes and pleasure
fails,

While the remotest hamlets blessings
share

In thy loved presence known, and only
there;

Heart-blessings—outward treasures too
which the eye

Of the sun peeping through the clouds
can spy,

And every passing breeze will
testify.

There, to the porch, belike with jasmine bound	All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes . . .
Or woodbine wreaths, a smother path is wound ;	Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
The housewife there a brighter garden sees,	Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide
Where hum on busier wing her happy bees ;	Through rustling aspens heard from side to side,
On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow ;	When from October clouds a milder light
And gray-haired men look up with livelier brow,—	Fell where the blue flood rippled into white ;
To greet the traveller needing food and rest ;	Methought from every cot the watchful bird
Housed for the night, or but a half- hour's guest.	Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard ;
	Each clacking mill, that broke the mur- muring streams,
And oh, fair France! though now the traveller sees	Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful dreams ;
Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on the breeze ;	Chasing those pleasant dreams, the falling leaf
Though martial songs have banished songs of love,	Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief ;
And nightingales desert the village grove,	The measured echo of the distant flail
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's alarms,	Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale ;
And the short thunder, and the flash of arms ;	With more majestic course* the water rolled,
That cease not till night falls, when far and nigh,	And ripening foilage shone with richer gold.
Sole sound, the Sourd* prolongs his mournful cry ;	—But foes are gathering—Liberty must raise
—Yet hast thou found that Freedom spreads her power	Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze ;
Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage- door :	

* An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

* The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to tower!—
 Nearer and nearer comes the trying hour!
 Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's perverted ire
 Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy fields in fire:
 Lo, from the flames a great and glorious birth;
 As if a new-made heaven were hailing a new earth!
 —All cannot be: the promise is too fair
 For creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial air:
 Yet not for this will sober reason frown
 Upon that promise, nor the hope disown;
 She knows that only from high aims ensue
 Rich guerdons, and to them alone are due.

Great God! by whom the strifes of men are weighed
 In an impartial balance, give thine aid
 To the just cause; and, oh! do thou preside
 Over the mighty stream now spreading wide:
 So shall its waters, from the heavens supplied
 In copious showers, from earth by wholesome springs,
 Brood o'er the long-parched lands with Nile-like wings!
 And grant that every sceptred child of clay
 Who cries presumptuous, "Here the flood shall stay,"

May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
 And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand;
 Or, swept in anger from the insulted shore,
 Sink with his servile bands, to rise no more!

To-night, my Friend, within this humble cot
 Be scorn and fear and hope alike forgot
 In timely sleep; and when, at break of day,
 On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,
 With a light heart our course we may renew,
 The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew.

LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore, commanding a beautiful prospect.

NAV, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands
 Far from all human dwelling: what if here
 No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
 What if the bee love not these barren boughs?
 Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,
 That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind

By one soft impulse saved from vacancy. And juniper and thistle, sprinkled
 —Who he was o'er,
 That piled these stones and with the Fixing his downcast eye, he many an
 mossy sod hour
 First covered, and here taught this A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing
 aged Tree here
 With its dark arms to form a circling An emblem of his own unfruitful
 bower, life:
 I well remember.—He was one who And, lifting up his head, he then would
 owned gaze
 No common soul. In youth by science On the more distant scene,—how lovely
 nursed. 'tis
 And led by nature into a wild Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it
 scene became
 Of lofty hopes, he to the world went Far lovelier, and his heart could not
 forth sustain
 A favoured Being, knowing no The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor,
 desire that time,
 Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst When nature had subdued him to
 the taint herself,
 Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and Would he forget those Beings to whose
 hate, minds
 And scorn,—against all enemies pre- Warm from the labours of benevo-
 pared, lence
 All but neglect. The world, for so it The world, and human life, appeared a
 thought, scene
 Owed him no service; wherefore he at Of kindred loveliness: then he would
 once sigh,
 With indignation turned himself Inly disturbed, to think that others
 away, felt
 And with the food of pride sustained What he must never feel: and so, lost
 his soul, Man!
 In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy On visionary views would fancy
 boughs feed,
 Had charms for him; and here he Till his eye streamed with tears. In
 loved to sit, this deep vale
 His only visitants a straggling He died,—this seat his only monument.
 sheep,
 The stone-chat, or the glancing sand- If Thou be one whose heart the holy
 piper: forms
 And on these barren rocks, with fern Of young imagination have kept
 and heath, pure,

Stranger! henceforth be warned; and
 know that pride,
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
 For any living thing, hath faculties
 Which he has never used; that thought
 with him
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
 Is ever on himself doth look on one,
 The least of Nature's works, one who
 might move

The wise man to that scorn which
 wisdom holds
 Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!
 Instructed that true knowledge leads
 to love;
 True dignity abides with him alone
 Who, in the silent hour of inward
 thought,
 Can still suspect, and still revere
 himself
 In lowliness of heart.

REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father of the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

A very hunter did I rush
 Upon the prey:—with leaps and
 springs
 I followed on from brake to bush;
 But she, God love her! feared to brush
 The dust from off its wings.

FORESIGHT.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight!
 A little longer stay in sight!
 Much converse do I find in thee,
 Historian of my infancy!
 Float near me; do not yet depart!
 Dead times revive in thee:
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
 A solemn image to my heart,
 My father's family!

THAT is work of waste and ruin—
 Do as Charles and I are doing!
 Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,
 We must spare them—here are many:
 Look at it—the flower is small,
 Small and low, though fair as any:
 Do not touch it! summers two
 I am older, Anne, than you.

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
 The time, when, in our childish plays,
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together chased the butterfly!

Pull the primrose, sister Anne!
 Pull as many as you can.
 —Here are daisies, take your fill;
 Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower:
 Of the lofty daffodil
 Make your bed, and make your bower;
 Fill your lap, and fill your bosom;
 Only spare the strawberry-blossom!

Primroses, the spring may love them :
 Summer knows but little of them :
 Violets, a barren kind,
 Withered on the ground must lie ;
 Daisies leave no fruit behind
 When the pretty flowerets die ;
 Pluck them, and another year
 As many will be blowing here.

Forth-startled from the fern where she
 lay couched ;
 Unthought of, unexpected, as the stir
 Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow
 flowers :
 Or from before it chasing wantonly
 The many-coloured images impressed
 Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

God has given a kindlier power
 To the favoured strawberry-flower.
 Hither soon as spring is fled
 You and Charles and I will walk ;
 Lurking berries, ripe and red,
 Then will hang on every stalk,
 Each within its leafy bower ;
 And for that promise spare the flower !

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

LOVING she is, and tractable, though
 wild ;
 And innocence hath privilege in her
 To dignify arch looks and laughing
 eyes ; [round
 And feats of cunning ; and the pretty
 Of trespasses, affected to provoke
 Mock-chastisement and partnership in
 play.
 And, as a faggot sparkles on the
 hearth, -
 Not less if unattended and alone
 Than when both young and old sit
 gathered round
 And take delight in its activity,
 Even so this happy creature of her-
 self
 Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her
 Is blithe society, who fills the air
 With gladness and involuntary songs.
 Light are her sallies as the tripping
 fawn's

ADDRESS TO A CHILD DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

BY MY SISTER.

WHAT way does the wind come ?
 What way does he go ?
 He rides over the water and over the
 snow,
 Through wood, and through vale ; and
 o'er rocky height,
 Which the goat cannot climb, takes his
 sounding flight ;
 He tosses about in every bare tree,
 As, if you look up, you plainly may
 see ; [goes
 But how he will come and whither he
 There's never a scholar in England
 knows.
 He will suddenly stop in a cunning
 nook
 And ring a sharp 'larum !—but if you
 should look,
 There's nothing to see but a cushion
 of snow
 Round as a pillow and whiter than
 milk,
 And softer than if it were covered
 with silk. [rock,
 Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a
 Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard
 cock ;

—Yet seek him,— and what shall you
find in the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars
or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow,
with me

You shall go to the orchard, and then
you will see

That he has been there, and made a
great rout,

And cracked the branches, and strewn
them about;

Heaven grant that he spare but that
one upright twig

That looked up at the sky so proud
and big

All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful
show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge
rattle

Drive them down like men in a battle;
—But let him range round; he does
us no harm,

We build up the fire, we're snug and
warm;

Untouched by his breath see the
candle shines bright,

And burns with a clear and steady
light;

Books have we to read,—but that half-
stified knell—

Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight
o'clock bell.

—Come now, we'll to bed! and when
we are there

He may work his own will, and what
shall we care?

He may knock at the door,—we'll not
let him in;

May drive at the windows,—we'll
laugh at his din;

Let him seek his own home wherever
it be; [and me.

Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY THE SAME.

A MONTH, sweet little ones, 'is passed
Since your dear mother went away,—
And she to-morrow will return;
To-morrow is the happy day.

Oh, blessed tidings! thought of joy!
The eldest heard with steady glee;
Silent he stood; then laughed amain,
And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near;
"Nay, patience! patience, little boy!
Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel
through;—

He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast:
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day,
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister's glee;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower ;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—
Our rambles by the swift brook's side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
Of birds that build their nests and
sing,

And "all since mother went away."

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goslings green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But, see, the evening star comes
forth!

To bed the children must depart ;
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart :

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run up stairs in gamesome race ;
I, too, infected by their mood,—
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, oh, the
change!

Asleep upon their beds they lie ;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye.

LUCY GRAY ; OR, SOLITUDE.

OfT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb ;
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of
wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward,
cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet :"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's
edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn
hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

ALICE FELL ; OR, POVERTY.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had
drowned ;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound—and more and
more :

It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before

WO.

At length I to the boy called out ;
He stopped his horses at the word ;
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and
fast
The horses scampered through the
rain ;
But, hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
"Whence comes," said I, "this piteous
moan ?"

And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak !" no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break ;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child ?" She sobbed,
"Look here !"

I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed ;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed !

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night along these lonesome ways ?"
"To Durham," answered she, half
wild—
"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

B

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
 She checked herself in her distress,
 And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
 I'm fatherless and motherless."

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."
 Again, as if the thought would
 choke

Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
 And all was for her tattered cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's
 end

Was nigh; and sitting by my side.
 As if she had lost her only friend,
 She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;
 Of Alice and her grief I told;
 And I gave money to the host,
 To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil gray,
 As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
 Proud creature was she the next day,
 The little orphan, Alice Fell!

WE ARE SEVEN.

—————A SIMPLE child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
 She was eight years old, she said;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad:
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
 Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
 How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said
 And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you
 tell."

She answered, "Seven are we;
 And two of us at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 My sister and my brother;
 And, in the churchyard cottage, I
 Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea,
 Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
 Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
 "Seven boys and girls are we;
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
 Your limbs they are alive,
 If two are in the churchyard laid,
 Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be
 seen,"

The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my
 mother's door,
 And they are side by side:

"My stockings there I often knit,
 My kerchief there I hem:
 And there upon the ground I sit,
 And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
 When it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with
snow,

And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"

Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are
dead!

Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the
glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—and each
trace
Of inward sadness had its charm;
Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,
And so is Liswyn farm."

My boy beside me tripped, so slim
And graceful in his rustic dress!
And, as we talked, I questioned him,
In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"
I said, and took him by the arm,
"On Kilve's smooth shore, by the
green sea,
Or here at Liswyn farm?"

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so;
My little Edward, tell me why."
"I cannot tell, I do not know."
"Why, this is strange," said I.

"For here are woods, hills smooth and
warm:
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Liswyn
farm
For Kilve by the green sea."

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

SHOWING HOW THE PRACTICE OF LYING
MAY BE TAUGHT.

I HAVE a boy of five years old;
His face is fair and fresh to see;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.

At this my boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made
reply ;
And three times to the child I said,
“Why, Edward, tell me why?”

His head he raised—there was in
sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
Upon the housetop, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply :
“At Kilve there was no weathercock,
And that's the reason why.”

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

THERE'S George Fisher, Charles Flem-
ing, and Reginald Shore,
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the
highest not more

Than the height of a counsellor's bag,
To the top of Great How* did it please
them to climb;

And there they built up, without
mortar or lime,

A man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up
as they lay;

They built him and christened him all
in one day,

An urchin both vigorous and hale;

* Great How is a single and conspicuous hill,
which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on
the western side of the beautiful dale of Legber-
thwaite, along the high road between Keswick
and Ambleside.

And so without scruple they called him
Ralph Jones.
Now Ralph is renowned for the length
of his bones:
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied
forth,

And, in anger or merriment, out of the
north

Coming on with a terrible pothor,
From the peak of the crag blew the
giant away.

And what did these school-boys?—

The very next day

They went and they built up another.

Some little I've seen of blind boister-
ous works

By Christian disturbers more savage
than Turks,

Spirits busy to do and undo :

At remembrance whereof my blood
sometimes will flag;

Then, light-hearted boys, to the top of
the crag,

And I'll build up a giant with you.

THE PET-LAMB: A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars
began to blink;

I heard a voice; it said, “Drink, pretty
creature, drink!”

And, looking o'er the hedge, before
me I espied

A snow-white mountain lamb with a
maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb
was all alone.

And by a slender cord was tethered to
a stone;

With one knee on the grass did the
little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave
its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he
thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears;
and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she
said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into
my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a
child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were
a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden
turned away;
But ere ten yards were gone her foot-
steps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked;
and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings
of her face:
If nature to her tongue could
measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little
maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young one? what?
Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for
bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as
grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't
that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What
is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs, are they not strong? And
beautiful thou art:

This grass is tender grass; these
flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling
in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but
stretch thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert
thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain storms! the
like thou need'st not fear—
The rain and storm are things that
scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast
forgot the day
When my father found thee first in
places far away,
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou
wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for
evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity
brought thee home.
A blessed day for thee! then whither
wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam
that did thee yearn
Upon the mountain tops no kinder
could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have
brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear
as ever ran,
And twice in the day, when the ground
is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm
milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as
stout as they are now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a
pony in the plough;

My playmate thou shalt be; and when
the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house
shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is
working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to
thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou
canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain tops that look so
green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness
that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime
and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions
for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the
raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our
cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so
at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will
come to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went
with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes
repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad
line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one
half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat
the song;

"Nay," said I, "more than half to the
damsel must belong,

For she looked with such a look, and
she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into
my own."

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS; OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.*

A PASTORAL.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never-ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind—or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail;
Their rusty hats they trim;
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.
Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee; and more than all,

* *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

Those boys with their green coronal;
 They never hear the cry,
 That plaintive cry! which up the hill
 Comes from the depth of Dungeon-
 Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
 "Down to the stump of yon old yew
 We'll for our whistles run a race."

—Away the shepherds flew.

They leapt—they ran—and when they
 came

Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
 Seeing that he should lose the prize,
 "Stop!" to his comrade Walter
 cries—

James stopped with no good will:
 Said Walter then, exulting; "Here
 You'll find a task for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—
 Come on, and tread where I shall
 tread!"

The other took him at his word,
 And followed as he led.

It was a spot which you may see
 If ever you to Langdale go;

Into a chasm a mighty block
 Hath fallen, and made a bridge of
 rock:

The gulf is deep below;
 And in a basin black and small
 Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
 The challenger pursued his march;
 And now, all eyes and feet, hath
 gained

The middle of the arch.

When list! he hears a piteous moan—
 Again!—his heart within him dies—
 His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
 He totters, pallid as a ghost,
 And, looking down, espies

A lamb, that in the pool is pent
 Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
 And safe without a bruise or wound
 The cataract had borne him down
 Into the 'gulf profound.

His dam had seen him when he fell,
 She saw him down the torrent borne;
 And, while with all a mother's love
 She from the lofty rocks above
 Sent forth a cry forlorn,
 The lamb, still swimming round and
 round,

Made answer to that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was,
 That sent this rueful cry; I ween,
 The boy recovered heart, and told
 The sight which he had seen.
 Both gladly now deferred their task;
 Nor was there wanting other aid—
 A poet, one who loves the brooks
 Far better than the sages' books,
 By chance had thither strayed;
 And there the helpless lamb he found
 By those huge rocks encompassed
 round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
 And brought it forth into the light:
 The shepherds met him with his
 charge,

An unexpected sight!
 Into their arms the lamb they took,
 Whose life and limbs the flood had
 spared;

Then up the steep ascent they hied,
 And placed him at his mother's side;
 And gently did the bard
 Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid,
 And bade them better mind their
 trade.

TO H. C. SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are
brought;

Who of thy words dost make a mock
apparel.

And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-
born carol;

Thou faery voyager! that dost float,

In such clear water, that thy boat

May rather seem

To brood on air than on an earthly
stream;

Suspended in a stream as clear as sky

Where earth and heaven do make one
imagery!

O blessed vision! happy child!

Thou art so exquisitely wild,

I think of thee with many fears

For what may be thy lot in future
years.

I thought of times when pain might
be thy guest,

Lord of thy house and hospitality!

And grief, uneasy lover! never rest

But when she sate within the touch of
thee.

Oh! too industrious folly!

Oh! vain and causeless melancholy!

Nature will either end thee quite;

Or, lengthening out thy season of
delight,

Preserve for thee, by individual right,

A young lamb's heart among the full-
grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,

Or the injuries of to-morrow?

Thou art a dewdrop, which the morn
brings forth.

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks;

Or to be trailed along the soiling
earth!

A gem that glitters while it lives,

And no forewarning gives;

But, at the touch of wrong, without a
strife

Slips in a moment out of life.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL
OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHEN-
ING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD
AND EARLY YOUTH.

[This extract is reprinted from "The Friend."]

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!

Thou soul, that art the eternity of
thought!

And giv'st to forms and images a
breath

And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star light, thus from my first
dawn

Of childhood did'st thou intertwine
for me

The passions that build up our human
soul;

Not with the mean and vulgar works
of man,—

But with high objects, with enduring
things,

With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of
thought,

And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recog-
nise

A grandeur in the beatings of the
heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed
to me

With stinted kindness. In November
days,

When vapours rolling down the valleys
made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among
woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer
nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling
lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I
went
In solitude, such intercourse was
mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day
and night,
And by the waters, all the summer
long;
And in the frosty season, when the
sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight
blazed,
I heeded not the summons:—happy
time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture!—Clear and
loud
The village clock tolled six—I
wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired
horse
That cares not for his home.—All
shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in
games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding
horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted
hare.
So through the darkness and the cold
we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
wo.

The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant
hills

Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while
the stars, [the west
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I
retired

Into a silent bay,—or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous
throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star,
Image, that, flying still before me,
gleamed

Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,

When we had given our bodies to the
wind, [side

And all the shadowy banks on either
Came sweeping through the darkness,
spinning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary
cliffs

Wheeled by me—even as if the earth
had rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn
train, [watched

Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO —.

LET us quit the leafy arbour,
And the torrent murmuring by:
For the sun is in his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

TO H. C. SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are
brought:
Who of thy words dost make a mock
apparel.

And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-
born carol;

Thou faery voyager! that dost float,
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brings forth.

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks;
Or to be trailed along the soiling
earth!

A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a
strife
Slips in a moment out of life.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL
OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHEN-
ING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD
AND EARLY YOUTH.

[This extract is reprinted from "The Friend"]

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
Thou soul, that art the eternity of
thought!

And giv'st to forms and images a
breath

And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star light, thus from my first
dawn

Of childhood did'st thou intertwine
for me

The passions that build up our human
soul;

Not with the mean and vulgar works
of man,—

But with high objects, with enduring
things,

With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of
thought,

And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recog-
nise

A grandeur in the beatings of the
heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed
to me

With stinted kindness. In November
days,

When vapours rolling down the valleys
made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among
woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of sum-
mer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling
lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I
went
In solitude, such intercourse was
mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day
and night,
And by the waters, all the summer
long;
And in the frosty season, when the
sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twi-
light blazed,
I heeded not the summons:—happy
time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture!—Clear and
loud
The village clock tolled six—I
wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired
horse
That cares not for his home.—All
shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in
games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the re-
sounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted
hare.
So through the darkness and the cold
we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
wo.

The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant
hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while
the stars, [the west
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I
retired
Into a silent bay,—or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultu-
ous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star,
Image, that, flying still before me,
gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and often-
times,
When we had given our bodies to the
wind, [side
And all the shadowy banks on either
Came sweeping through the darkness,
spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary
cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth
had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn
train, [watched
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO —.

LET us quit the leafy harbour,
And the torrent murmuring by:
For the sun is in his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light ;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career ;
For the day that now is ended
Is the longest of the year.

Laura ! sport, as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free ;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee !

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnet's song ?
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong ?

Yet at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason,
Might exalt the loveliest cheek ;

And, while shades to shades suc-
ceeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of " Good night ! "

Summer ebbs ;—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In his providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not ;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have
blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden !
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in
slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number ;
Look thou to eternity !

Follow thou the flowing river
On whose breast are thither borne
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn.

Through the year's successive portals ;
Through the bounds which many a
star

Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast
travelled
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the mazy stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings ;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown ;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen ;

And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year !

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

THE BROTHERS.

"THESE tourists, Heaven preserve us!
 needs must live
 A profitable life: some glance along,
 Rapid and gay, as if the earth were
 air,
 And they were butterflies to wheel
 about
 Long as the summer lasted: some, as
 wise,
 Perched on the forehead of a jutting
 crag,
 Pencil in hand and book upon the
 knee,
 Will look and scribble, scribble on and
 look,
 Until a man might travel twelve stout
 miles, [corn
 Or reap an acre of his neighbour's
 But, for that moping son of idleness,
 Why can he tarry *yonder*?—In our
 churchyard
 Is neither epitaph nor monument,
 Tombstone nor name—only the turf
 we tread
 And a few natural graves."

To Jane, his wife,
 Thus spake the homely Priest of
 Ennerdale.

It was a July evening; and he sate
 Upon the long stone-seat beneath the
 eaves
 Of his old cottage,—as it chanced,
 that day,
 Employed in winter's work. Upon
 the stone [wool,
 His wife sate near him, teasing matted

While, from the twin cards toothed
 with glittering wire,
 He fed the spindle of his youngest
 child,
 Who, in the open air, with due accord
 Of busy hands and back-and-forward
 steps,
 Her large round wheel was turning.
 Towards the field
 In which the parish chapel stood alone,
 Girt round with a bare ring of mossy
 wall,
 While half an hour went by, the priest
 had sent
 Many a long look of wonder: and at
 last,
 Risen from his seat, beside the snow-
 white ridge
 Of carded wool which the old man had
 piled
 He laid his implements with gentle
 care,
 Each in the other locked; and, down
 the path
 That from his cottage to the church-
 yard led,
 He took his way, impatient to accost
 The stranger, whom he saw still lin-
 gering there.

'Twas one well known to him in
 former days,
 A shepherd-lad;—who ere his six-
 teenth year [trust
 Had left that calling, tempted to in-
 His expectations to the fickle winds
 And perilous waters,—with the
 mariners
 A fellow-mariner,—and so had fared

That it was not another grave; but
 one
 He had forgotten. He had lost his
 path,
 As up the vale, that afternoon, he
 walked
 Through fields which once had been
 well known to him :
 And, oh, what joy this recollection now
 Sent to his heart ! He lifted up his
 eyes, [saw
 And, looking round, imagined that he
 Strange alteration wrought on every
 side
 Among the woods and fields, and that
 the rocks, [changed.
 And everlasting hills themselves were

By this the priest, who down the
 field had come
 Unseen by Leonard, at the church-
 yard gate
 Stopped short,—and thence, at leisure,
 limb by limb
 Perused him with a gay complacency.
 Ay, thought the vicar, smiling to him-
 self,
 'Tis one of those who needs must
 leave the path
 Of the world's business to go wild
 alone :
 His arms have a perpetual holiday ;
 The happy man will creep about the
 fields,
 Following his fancies by the hour, to
 bring
 Tears down his cheek, or solitary
 smiles,
 Into his face, until the setting sun
 Write fool upon his forehead. Planted
 thus
 Beneath a shed that overarched the
 gate

Of this rude churchyard, till the stars
 appeared,
 The good man might have communed
 with himself,
 But that the stranger, who had left the
 grave,
 Approached : he recognised the priest
 at once,
 And, after greetings interchanged, and
 given
 By Leonard to the vicar as to one
 Unknown to him, this dialogue en-
 sued :—
Leonard. You live, sir, in these
 dales, a quiet life :
 Your years make up one peaceful
 family ;
 And who would grieve and fret, if,
 'welcome come
 And welcome gone, they are so like
 each other,
 They cannot be remembered ? Scarce
 a funeral
 Comes to this churchyard once in
 eighteen months ;
 And yet, some changes must take
 place among you ;
 And you, who dwell here, even among
 these rocks,
 Can trace the finger of mortality,
 And see, that with our threescore years
 and ten
 We are not all that perish.—I
 " remember,
 (For many years ago I passed this
 road),
 There was a foot-way all along the
 fields
 By the brook-side—'tis gone—and that
 dark cleft !
 To me it does not seem to wear the
 face
 Which then it had !

Priest. Nay, sir, for aught I know,
That chasm is much the same—

Leonard. But, surely, yonder—

Priest. Ay, there, indeed, your
memory is a friend

That does not play you false.—On
that tall pike

(It is the loneliest place of all these
hills)

There were two springs which bubbled
side by side,

As if they had been made that they
might be

Companions for each other: the huge
crag

Was rent with lightning—one hath dis-
appeared;

The other, left behind, is flowing still.
For accidents and changes such as
these,

We want not store of them:—a water-
spout

Will bring down half a mountain;
what a feast

For folks that wander up and down
like you,

To see an acre's breadth of that wide
cliff

One roaring cataract!—a sharp May-
storm

Will come with loads of January snow,
And in one night send twenty score
of sheep

To feed the ravens; or a shepherd
dies

By some untoward death among the
rocks:

The ice breaks up and sweeps away a
bridge—

A wood is felled:—and then for our
own homes!

A child is born or christened, a field
ploughed,

A daughter sent to service, a web
spun,

The old house-clock is decked with a
new face;

And hence, so far from wanting facts
or dates

To chronicle the time, we all have
here

A pair of diaries,—one serving, sir,
For the whole dale, and one for each
fireside—

Yours was a stranger's judgment: for
historians,

Commend me to these valleys!

Leonard. Yet your churchyard
Seems, if such freedom may be used
with you,

To say that you are heedless of the
past: {grave:

An orphan could not find his mother's
Here's neither head nor footstone,
plate of brass,

Cross-bones nor skull,—type of our
earthly state

Nor emblem of our hopes: the dead
man's home

Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

Priest. Why, there, sir, is a thought
that's new to me!

The stone-cutters, 'tis true, might beg
their bread

If every English churchyard were like
ours;

Yet your conclusion wanders from the
truth:

We have no need of names and
epitaphs;

We talk about the dead by our fire
sides.

And then, for our immortal part! *we*
want

No symbols, sir, to tell us that plair
tale:

The thought of death sits easy on the
man

Who has been born and dies among
the mountains.

Leonard. Your dalesmen, then, do
in each other's thoughts

Possess a kind of second life: no
doubt

You, sir, could help me to the history
Of half these graves?

Priest. For eight-score winters
past,

With what I've witnessed, and with
what I've heard,

Perhaps I might; and, on a winter
evening,

If you were seated at my chimney's
nook,

By turning o'er these hillocks one by
one,

We two could travel, sir, through a
strange round;

Yet all in the broad highway of the
world.

Now there's a grave—your foot is half
upon it,—

It looks just like the rest, and yet that
man

Died broken-hearted.

Leonard. 'Tis a common case.

We'll take another: who is he that lies
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those
three graves?

It touches on that 'piece of native
rock

Left in the churchyard wall.

Priest. That's Walter Ewbank.

He had as white a head and fresh a
cheek

As ever were produced by youth and
age

Engendering in the blood of hale four-
score.

Through five long generations had the
heart

Of Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the
bounds

Of their inheritance, that single cot-
tage—

You see it yonder!—and those few
green fields.

They toiled and wrought, and still,
from sire to son,

Each struggled, and each yielded as
before

A little—yet a little—and old Walter,
They left to him the family heart, and

land

With other burthens than the crop it
bore.

Year after year the old man still kept
up

A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with
bond,

Interest, and mortgages; at last he
sank,

And went into his grave before his
time.

Poor Walter! whether it was care that
spurred him

God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Enuerdale:

His pace was never that of an old
man: [path

I almost see him tripping down the
With his two grandsons after him:—

but you,

Unless our landlord be your host to-
night,

Have far to travel,—and on these
rough paths

Even in the longest day of mid-
summer—

Leonard. But those two orphans!

Priest. Orphans!—Such they
were—

Yet not while Walter lived:—for,
 though their parents
 Lay buried side by side as now they
 lie,
 The old man was a father to the boys,
 Two fathers in one father: and if
 tears,
 Shed when he talked of them where
 they were not, [love,
 And hauntings from the infirmity of
 Are aught of what makes up a
 mother's heart,
 This old man, in the day of his old
 age.
 Was half a mother to them.—If you
 weep, sir,
 To hear a stranger talking about
 strangers,
 Heaven bless you when you are among
 your kindred!
 Ay—you may turn that way—it is a
 grave
 Which will bear looking at.
Leonard. These boys—I hope
 They loved this good old man?
Priest. They did—and truly:
 But that was what we almost over-
 looked,
 They were such darlings of each other.
 Yes.
 Though from the cradle they had lived
 with Walter.
 The only kinsman near them, and
 though he
 Inclined to both by reason of his age.
 With a more fond, familiar tender-
 ness:
 They, notwithstanding, had much love
 to spare.
 And it all went into each other's
 hearts.
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen
 months,

Was two years taller: 'twas a joy to
 see,
 To hear, to meet them!—From their
 house the school
 Is distant three short miles—and in
 the time
 Of storm and thaw, when every water-
 course
 And unbridged stream, such as you
 may have noticed
 Crossing our roads at every hundred
 steps,
 Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,
 Would Leonard then, when elder boys
 remained
 At home, go staggering through the
 slippery fords
 Bearing his brother on his back. I
 have seen him,
 On windy days, in one of those stray
 brooks,
 Ay, more than once I have seen him
 mid-leg deep,
 Their two books lying both on a dry
 stone
 Upon the hither side: and once I
 said,
 As I remember, looking round these
 rocks
 And hills on which we all of us were
 born,
 That God who made the great book
 of the world
 Would bless such piety—
Leonard. It may be then—
Priest. Never did worthier lads
 break English bread;
 The very brightest Sunday autumn
 saw.
 With all its mealy clusters of ripe
 nuts,
 Could never keep those boys away
 from church.

Or tempt them to an hour of Sabbath
breach.

Leonard and James! I warrant every
corner

Among these rocks, and every hollow
place [or both

That venturous foot could reach, to one
Was known as well as to the flowers
that grow there.

Like roebucks they went bounding
o'er the hills;

They played like two young ravens
on the crags:

Then they could write, ay, and speak
too, as well

As many of their betters—and for
Leonard!

The very night before he went away,
In my own house I put into his hand
A Bible, and I'd wager house and
field

That if he be alive, he has it yet.

Leonard. It seems these brothers
have not lived to be

A comfort to each other—

Priest. That they might
Live to such end is what both old and
young

In this our valley all of us have
wished,

And what, for my part I have often
prayed:

But Leonard—

Leonard. Then James still is left
among you?

Priest. 'Tis of the elder brother I
am speaking:

They had an uncle;—he was at that
time

A thriving man, and trafficked on the
seas:

And, but for that same uncle, to this
hour

Leonard had never handled rope or
shroud,

For the boy loved the life which we
lead here;

And though of unripe years, a strip-
ling only,

His soul was knit to this his native
soil.

But, as I said, old Walter was too
weak

To strive with such a torrent; when
he died,

The estate and house were sold; and
all their sheep,

A pretty flock, and which, for aught
I know,

Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thou-
sand years:—

Well—all was gone, and they were
destitute,

And Leonard, chiefly for his brother's
sake, [seas.

Resolved to try his fortune on the
Twelve years are passed since we
had tidings from him.

If there were one among us who had
heard

That Leonard Ewbank was come
home again,

From the great Gavel,* down by
Leeza's banks,

And down the Enna, far as Egremont,
The day would be a joyous festival;

And those two bells of ours, which
there you see—

* The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine,
from its resemblance to the gable end of a
house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland
mountains.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the
Lake of Ennerdale: on issuing from the Lake
it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne,
or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below
Egremont.

Hanging in the open air—but, O good sir!

This is sad talk—they'll never sound for him—

Living or dead.—When last we heard of him

He was in slavery among the Moors
Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not a little

That would bring down his spirit;
and no doubt,

Before it ended in his death, the youth

Was sadly crossed.—Poor Leonard!
when we parted,

He took me by the hand, and said to me,

If e'er he should grow rich, he would return,
To live in peace upon his father's land
And lay his bones among us.

Leonard. If that day
Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day for him;

He would himself, no doubt, be happy then

As any that should meet him—

Priest. Happy! Sir—

Leonard. You said his kindred all
were in their graves,
And that he had one brother—

Priest. That is but
A fellow tale of sorrow. From his youth

James, though not sickly, yet was delicate;

And Leonard being always by his side
Had done so many offices about him,
That, though he was not of a timid nature.

Yet still the spirit of a mountain-boy
In him was somewhat checked: and
when his brother

Was gone to sea, and he was left alone.

The little colour that he had was soon

Stolen from his cheek; he drooped,
and pined, and pined—

Leonard. But these are all the graves of full-grown men!

Priest. Ay, sir, that passed away:
we took him to us;

He was the child of all the dale—he lived

Three months with one and six
months with another;

And wanted neither food, nor clothes,
nor love:

And many, many happy days were his.

But whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief

His absent brother still was at his heart.

And, when he dwelt beneath our roof,
we found

(A practice till this time unknown to him) [night,

That often, rising from his bed at

He in his sleep would walk about,
and sleeping

He sought his brother Leonard.—
You are moved!

Forgive me, sir: before I spoke to you,
I judged you most unkindly.

Leonard. But this youth,
How did he die at last?

Priest. One sweet May morning—
(It will be twelve years since when
spring returns)

He had gone forth among the new-
dropped lambs,
With two or three companions, whom
their course

Of occupation led from height to height
 Under a cloudless sun, till he, at length,
 Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge
 The humour of the moment, lagged behind.
 You see yon precipice;—it wears the shape
 Of a vast building made of many crags; [rock
 And in the midst is one particular
 That rises like a column from the vale,
 Whence by our shepherds it is called
 THE PILLAR.
 Upon its æry summit crowned with heath, [comrades,
 The loiterer, not unnoticed by his
 Lay stretched at ease; but, passing by the place
 On their return, they found that he was gone.
 No ill was feared; till one of them
 by chance
 Entering, when evening was far spent,
 the house
 Which at that time was James's home,
 there learned
 That nobody had seen him all that day:

The morning came, and still he was unheard of:
 The neighbours were alarmed, and to the brook
 Some hastened, some ran to the lake: ere noon
 They found him at the foot of that same rock—
 Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third day after

I buried him, poor youth, and there he lies!

Leonard. And that then is his grave!—Before his death

You say that he saw many happy years?

Priest. Ay, that he did—

Leonard. And all went well with him?—

Priest. If he had one, the youth had twenty homes.

Leonard. And you believe, then, that his mind was easy?—

Priest. Yes, long before he died, he found that time

Is a true friend to sorrow; and unless

His thoughts were turned on Leonard's luckless fortune,

He talked about him with a cheerful love.

Leonard. He could not come to an unhallowed end!

Priest. Nay, God forbid!—You recollect I mentioned

A habit 'which disquietude and grief
 Had brought upon him; and we all conjectured

That, as the day was warm, he had lain down

On the soft heath,—and, waiting for his comrades,

He there had fallen asleep; that in his sleep

He to the margin of the precipice
 Had walked, and from the summit had fallen headlong.

And so, no doubt, he perished. When the youth

Fell, in his hand he must have grasp'd, we think,

His shepherd's staff; for on that pillar of rock

It had been caught mid way; and there
for years
It hung, and mouldered there—

The priest here ended—
The stranger would have thanked him,
but he felt
A gushing from his heart, that took
away
The power of speech. Both left the
spot in silence;
And Leonard, when they reached the
churchyard gate,
As the priest lifted up the latch,
turned round.—
And looking at the grave, he said,
"My Brother!"

The vicar did not hear the words:
and now,
He pointed towards his dwelling-place,
entreating
That Leonard would partake his
homely fare:
The other thanked him with an earnest
voice: [calm,
But added, that, the evening being
He would pursue his journey. So
they parted
It was not long ere Leonard reached
a grove
That overhung the road: he there
stoppel short.
And, sitting down beneath the trees,
reverted [years
All that the priest had said: his early
Were with him:—his long absence,
cherished hopes.
And thoughts, which had been his an
hour before.
All pressed on him with such a weight,
that now,
This vale, where he had been so
happy, seemed

A place in which he could not bear
to live:

So he relinquished all his purposes.
He travelled back to Egremont: and
thence. [priest
That night, he wrote a letter to the
Reminding him of what had passed
between them;
And adding, with a hope to be for-
given,
That it was from the weakness of his
heart [was
He had not dared to tell him who he

This done, he went on shipboard,
and is now
A seaman, a gray-headed mariner.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF
MONMOUTH, AND MILTON'S HISTORY
OF ENGLAND.)

WHERE be the temples which, in
Britain's Isle,
For his paternal gods, the Trojan
raised?

Gone like a morning dream, or like
a pile

Of clouds that in cerulean ether
blazed!

Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed
shore,

They sank, delivered o'er
To fatal dissolution: and, I ween,
No vestige then was left that such
had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long con-
cealed

In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank)
revealed

The marvellous current of forgotten
things;

How Brutus came, by oracles im-
pelled,

And Albion's giants 'quelled,—
A brood whom no civility could melt,
"Who never tasted grace, and good-
ness ne'er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he sub-
dued,

And rooted out the intolerable kind;
And this too-long-polluted land im-
bued

With goodly arts and usages refined;
Whence golden harvests, cities, war-
like towers,

And pleasure's sumptuous bowers;
Whence all the fixed delights of house
and home,

Friendships that will not break, and
love that cannot roam.

O happy Britain! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure
That silence only should inhabit
there,

Wild beasts, or uncouth savages im-
pure!

But, intermingled with the generous
seed,

Grew many a poisonous weed;
Thus fares it still with all that takes
its birth

From human care, or grows upon the
breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon! that war of
vengeance waged

By Guendolen against her faithless
lord;

Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged,
Had slain his paramour with ruthless
sword:

Then, into Severn hideously defiled,
She flung her blameless child,
Sabrina,—vowing that the stream
should bear

That name through every age, her
hatred to declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of
Lear

By his ungrateful daughters turned
adrift.

Ye lightnings hear his voice!—they
cannot hear,

Nor can the winds restore his simple
gift.

But one there is, a child of nature
meek,

Who comes her sire to seek;
And he, recovering sense, upon her
breast

Leans smilingly, and sinks into a 'per-
fect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy
themes,

And those that Milton loved in youth-
ful years;

The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle
schemes;

The feats of Arthur and his knightly
peers;

Of Arthur,—who, to upper light re-
stored

With that terrific sword
Which yet he brandishes for future
war,

Shall lift his country's fame above the
polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample
field

Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth 'seemingly in vain its fragrance
yield,

And bloom unnoticed even to this
late hour? [grant
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and
haply some weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are
from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect
and love
Than wise Gorbonian, ruled not in
his day; [above
And grateful Britain prospered far
All neighbouring countries through
his righteous sway;
He poured rewards and honours on
the good;
The oppressor he withstood;
And while he served the gods with
reverence due,
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and
towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—
his son; [he!
But how unworthy of that sire was
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.
From crime to crime he mounted, till
at length

The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant
chased; [brother placed.
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier

From realm to realm the humbled
exile went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to
regain;
In many a court, and many a warrior's
tent,

He urged his persevering suit in vain.
Him, in whose wretched heart am-
bition failed,
Dire poverty assailed;
And, tired with slights his pride no
more could brook,
He towards his native country cast a
longing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the
voyage sped;
He landed; and, by many dangers
scared,
“Poorly provided, poorly followed,”
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.
How changed from him who, born to
highest place,
Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet
deified,
In Troynovant, his seat by silver
Thames's side!

From that wild region where the
crownless king
Lay in concealment with his scanty
train, [spring,
Supporting life by water from the
And such chance food as outlaws can
obtain, [friends
Unto the few whom he esteems his
A messenger he sends;
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of
his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early
morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he
chanced to hear
A startling outcry made by hound
and horn,
From which the tusky wild boar flies
in fear;

And, scouring towards him o'er the
grassy plain,
Behold the hunter train!
He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady
countenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the
chase, [Can it be?
Hath checked his foaming courser—
Methinks that I should recognise that
face,
Though much disguised by long ad-
versity! [gazed,
He gazed, rejoicing, and again he
Confounded and amazed—
"It is the king, my brother!" and,
by sound
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps
upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the em-
brace he gave,
Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;
Whose natural affection doubts en-
slave,
And apprehensions dark and criminal.
Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
And, while they stood upon the plain
apart,
Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his
struggling heart:

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we
have met;
O brother! to my knowledge lost so
long,
But neither lost to love, nor to regret,
Nor to my wishes lost;—forgive the
wrong,
(Such it may seem) if I thy crown
have borne,
Thy royal mantle worn:

I was their natural guardian; and 'tis
just
That now I should restore what hath
been held in trust."

A while the astonished Artegal stood
mute, [titles shorn,
Then thus exclaimed—"To me, of
And stripped of power!—me, feeble,
destitute,
To me a kingdom!—spare the bitter
scorn! [kings,
If justice ruled the breast of foreign
Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my
right; [thy despite."
This will I here avow, not dreading

"I do not blame thee," Elidure re-
plied;
"But, if my looks did with my words
agree,
I should at once be trusted, not defied,
And thou from all disquietude be
free. [chase,
May the unsullied goddess of the
Who to this blessed place
At this blest moment led me, if I
speak [vengeance wreak!
With insincere intent, on me her

"Were this same spear, which in my
hand I grasp,
The British sceptre, here would I to
thee
The symbol yield; and would undo
this clasp,
If it confined the robe of sovereignty.
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,
And joyless sylvan sport,
While thou art roving, wretched and
forlorn,
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof
the forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake—"I only
 sought,
 Within this realm a place of safe
 retreat;
 Beware of rousing an ambitious
 thought;
 Beware of kindling hopes, for me
 unmeet!
 Thou art reputed wise, but in my
 mind
 Art pitiaibly blind;
 Full soon this generous purpose thou
 mayst rue,
 When that which has been done no
 wishes can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon
 his head,
 Would balance claim with claim, and
 right with right?
 But thou—I know not how inspired,
 how led—
 Wouldst change the course of things
 in all men's sight!
 And this for one who cannot imitate
 Thy virtue—who may hate:
 For, if, by such strange sacrifice
 restored,
 He reign, thou still must be his king,
 and sovereign lord.

"Lifted in magnanimity above
 Aught that my feeble nature could
 perform.
 Or even conceive; surpassing me in
 love
 Far as in power the eagle doth the
 worm;
 I, brother! only should be king in
 name,
 And govern to my shame;
 A shadow in a hated land, while all
 Of glad or willing service to thy share
 would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure;
 "respect
 Awaits on virtuous life, and ever
 most
 Attends on goodness with dominion
 decked,
 Which stands the universal empire's
 boast;
 This can thy own experience testify:
 Nor shall thy foes deny
 That, in the gracious opening of thy
 reign,
 Our father's spirit seemed in thee to
 breathe again.

"And what if o'er that bright un-
 bosoming
 Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune
 past! [spring
 Have we not seen the glories of the
 By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
 The frith that glittered like a warrior's
 shield,
 The sky, the gay green field,
 Are vanished;—gladness ceases in
 the groves,
 And trepidation strikes the blackened
 mountain coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved? how
 passing clear
 Seems the wide world—far brighter
 than before!
 Even so thy latent worth will re-
 appear.
 Gladdening the people's heart from
 shore to shore,
 For youthful faults ripe virtues shall
 atone;
 Re-seated on thy throne,
 Proof shalt thou furnish that mis-
 fortune, pain,
 And sorrow, have confirmed thy native
 right to reign.

“But, not to overlook what thou mayst know,
 Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
 And circumspect must be our course, and slow,
 Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
 Dismiss thy followers;—let them calmly wait
 Such change in thy estate
 As I already have in thought devised;
 And which, with caution due, may soon be realised.”

The story tells what courses were pursued,
 Until King Elidure, with full consent
 Of all his peers, before the multitude,
 Rose,—and, to consummate this just intent,
 Did place upon his brother's head the crown,
 Relinquished by his own;
 Then to his people cried, “Receive your lord,
 Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful king restored!”

The people answered with a loud acclaim:
 Yet more;—heart-smitten by the heroic deed,
 The reinstated Artegal became Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage freed
 Of vice,—thenceforth unable to subvert
 Or shake his high desert.
 Long did he reign; and, when he died, the tear
 Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.

Thus was a brother by a brother saved;
 With whom a crown (temptation that hath set
 Discord in hearts of men till they have braved
 Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
 'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem
 A thing of no esteem,
 And, from this triumph of affection pure,
 He bore the lasting name of “pious Elidure!”

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
 Those bright blue eggs together laid!
 On me the chance-discovered sight
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.
 I started—seeming to espy
 The home and sheltered bed,—
 The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by,
 My father's house, in wet or dry,
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together visited.
 She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
 Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:
 Such heart was in her, being then
 A little prattler among men.
 The blessing of my later years
 Was with me when a boy:
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
 And humble cares, and delicate fears;
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
 And love, and thought, and joy.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
 And, little butterfly! indeed
 I know not if you sleep or feed.
 How motionless!—not frozen seas
 More motionless! and then
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze
 Hath found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
 My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
 Here rest your wings when they are
 weary:
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
 Come often to us, fear no wrong;
 Sit near us, on the bough!
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song:
 And summer days when we were
 young;
 Sweet childish days, that were as
 long
 As twenty days are now.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, thou little nook of moun-
 tain ground,
 Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
 Of that magnificent temple which doth
 bound
 One side of our whole vale with
 grandeur rare;
 Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
 The loveliest spot that man hath ever
 found,
 Farewell!—we leave thee to heaven's
 peaceful care,
 Thee, and the cottage which thou dost
 surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the
 shore,
 And there will safely ride when we are
 gone;
 The flowering shrubs that deck our
 humble door
 Will prosper, though untended and
 alone.
 Fields, goods, and far off chattels we
 have none: [private store
 These narrow bounds contain our
 Of things earth makes and sun doth
 shine upon; [no more.
 Here are they in our sight—we have
 Sunshine and shower be with you, bud
 and bell!
 For two months now in vain we shall
 be sought; [dwell
 We leave you here in solitude to
 With these our latest gifts of tender
 thought;
 Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron
 coat, [farewell!
 Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold,
 Whom from the borders of the lake
 we brought,
 And placed together near our rocky
 well.

We go for one to whom ye will be
 dear;
 And she will prize this bower, this
 Indian shed,
 Our own contrivance, building with-
 out peer! [bred,
 A gentle maid, whose heart is lowly
 Whose pleasures are in wild fields
 gathered,
 With joyousness, and with a thought-
 ful cheer, [wed—
 Will come to you; to you herself will
 And love the blessed life that we
 lead here.

Dear spot; which we have watched
 with tender heed,
 Bringing thee chosen plants and
 blossoms blown
 Among the distant mountains, flower
 and weed, [own,
 Which thou hast taken to thee as thy
 Making all kindness registered and
 known;
 Thou for our sakes, though nature's
 child indeed,
 Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
 Hast taken gifts which thou dost little
 need.

And oh, most constant, yet most
 fickle place,
 That hast thy wayward moods, as
 thou dost show
 To them who look not daily on thy
 face; [dost know,
 Who, being loved, in love no bounds
 And say'st when we forsake thee, "Let
 them go!"
 Thou easy-hearted thing, with thy
 wild race
 Of weeds and flowers, till we return be
 slow, [pace.
 And travel with the year at a soft
 Help us to tell her tales of years gone
 by,
 And this sweet spring the best beloved
 and best.
 Joy will be flown in its mortality;
 Something must stay to tell us of the
 rest.
 Here, thronged with primroses, the
 steep rock's breast
 Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
 And, in this bush our sparrow built
 her nest,
 Of which I sang one song that will
 not die.

Oh, happy garden! whose seclusion
 deep
 Hath been so friendly to industrious
 hours; [steep
 And to soft slumbers, that did gently
 Our spirits, carrying with them dreams
 of flowers,
 And wild notes warbled among leafy
 bowers;
 Two burning months let summer
 overleap,
 And, coming back with her who will
 be ours,
 Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOM-
 SON'S "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

WITHIN our happy castle there dwelt
 one
 Whom without blame I may not over-
 look;
 For never sun on living creature
 shone [took;
 Who more devout enjoyment with us
 Here on his hours he hung as on a
 book;
 On his own time here would he float
 away,
 As doth a fly upon a summer brook;
 But go to-morrow—or belike to-day—
 Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither
 none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peace-
 ful home,
 And find elsewhere his business or
 delight;
 Out of our valley's limits did he roam:
 Full many a time, upon a stormy
 night,

His voice came to us from the neighbouring height :
 Oft could we see him driving full in view [bright :
 At mid-day when the sun was shining
 What ill was on him, what he had to do,
 A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this man,
 When he came back to us, a withered flower,— [wan.
 Or like a sinful creature, pale and
 Down would he sit; and without strength or power
 Look at the common grass from hour to hour:
 And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,
 Where apple-trees in blossom made a bower,
 Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay:
 And, like a naked Indian, slept himself away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was
 Whenever from our valley he withdrew; [has
 For happier soul no living creature
 Than he had, being here the long day through.
 Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:
 Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong:
 But verse was what he had been wedded to:
 And his own mind did like a tempest strong
 Come to him thus, and drove the weary wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly guise,
 Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,
 A noticeable man with large gray eyes,
 And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
 As if a blooming face it ought to be;
 Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
 Deprest by weight of musing phantasy;
 Profound his forehead was, though not severe;
 Yet some did think that he had little business here.

Sweet heaven forefend! his was a lawful right; [boy;
 Noisy he was, and gamesome as a
 His limbs would toss about him with delight [trees annoy.
 Like branches when strong winds the
 Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy [care;
 To banish listlessness and irksome
 He would have taught you how you might employ
 Yourself; and many did to him repair,— [inventions rare.
 And, certes, not in vain; he had
 Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried: [him as he lay,
 Long blades of grass, plucked round
 Made—to his ear attentively applied—
 A pipe on which the wind would deftly play;
 Glasses he had, that little things displayed, [gold,
 The beetle panoplied in gems and
 A mailed angel on a battle day;
 The mysteries that cups of flowers unfold,
 And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do behold.

He would entice that other man to
 hear
 His music, and to view his imagery:
 And, sooth, these two were each to
 the other dear,
 No livelier love in such a place could
 be;
 There did they dwell—from earthly
 labour free,
 As happy spirits as were ever seen;
 If but a bird, to keep them company,
 Or butterfly sate down, they were, I
 ween,
 As pleased as if the same I ad been a
 maiden queen.

LOUISA.

AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A
 MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

I met Louisa in the shade;
 And having seen that lovely maid,
 Why should I fear to say
 That nymph-like she is fleet and strong;
 And down the rocks can leap along,
 Like rivulets in May?

She loves her fire, her cottage-home;
 Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
 In weather rough and bleak;
 And, when against the wind she
 strains,
 Oh, might I kiss the mountain rains,
 That sparkle on her cheek!

Take all that's mine "beneath the
 moon,"

If I with her but half a noon
 May sit beneath the walls
 Of some old cave, or mossy nook,
 When up she winds along the brook
 To hunt the waterfalls.

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:
 And I will dare to tell,
 But in the lover's ear alone,
 What once to me befel.

When she I loved looked every day
 Fresh as a rose in June,
 I to her cottage bent my way,
 Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
 All over the wide lea;
 With quickening pace my horse drew
 nigh
 Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard plot;
 And as we climbed the hill,
 The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
 Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
 Kind nature's gentlest boon!
 And all the while my eyes I kept
 On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
 He raised, and never stopped:
 When down behind the cottage roof,
 At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will
 slide
 Into a lover's head!—
 "Oh, mercy!" to myself I cried,
 "If Lucy should be dead!"

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to
 praise,
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could
know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played:
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

ERE with cold beads of midnight
dew
Had mingled tears of thine.
I grieved, fond youth! that thou
shouldst sue
To haughty Geraldine.

Immovable by generous sighs,
She glories in a train
Who drag, beneath our native skies,
An oriental chain.

Pine not like them with arms across;
Forgetting in thy care
How the fast-rooted trees can toss
Their branches in mid air.

The humblest rivulet will take
Its own wild liberties;
And, every day, the imprisoned lake
Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,
But scorn with scorn outbrave;
A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave!

TO —

Look at the fate of summer flowers,
Which blow at daybreak, droop ere
even-song; [fess that ours,
And, grieved for their brief date, con-
Measured by what we are and ought
to be, [foresee,
Measured by all that, trembling, we
Is not so long!

If human life do pass away,
Perishing yet more swiftly than the
flower

If we are creatures of a *winter's* day;
What space hath virgin's beauty to
disclose

Her sweets, and triumph o'er the
breathing rose?
Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
The happiest lovers Arcady might
boast, [forbid:
Could not the entrance of this thought
Oh, be thou wise as they, soul-gifted
maid! [fade.
Nor rate too high what must so quickly
So soon be lost.

Then shall love teach some virtuous
youth
"To draw out of the object of his
eyes,"
The while on thee they gaze in simple
truth,
Hues more exalted, "a refined
form,"
That dreads not age, nor suffers from
the worm,
And never dies.

'Tis said that some have died for
love:
And here and there a churchyard
grave is found
In the cold North's unhallowed
ground,—
Because the wretched man himself
had slain,
His love was such a grievous pain.
And there is one whom I five years
have known;
He dwells alone
Upon Helvellyn's side:
He loved—the pretty Barbara died,
And thus he makes his moan:
'Three years had Barbara in her grave
been laid
When thus his moan he made—

"Oh, move, thou cottage, from behind
that oak!
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,
That in some other way yon smoke
May mount into the sky!
The clouds pass on; they from the
heavens depart:
I look—the sky is empty space;
I know not what I trace;
But when I cease to look, my hand
is on my heart.

"Oh! what a weight is in these
shades? Ye leaves,
That murmur once so dear, when will
it cease?
Your sound my heart of rest be-
reaves,
It robs my heart of peace.
Thou thrush, that singest loud—and
loud and free,
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose
another tree.

"Roll back, sweet rill! back to thy
mountain bounds,
And there for ever be thy waters
chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with
sounds
That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged
bough
Headlong yon waterfall must come,
Oh, let it then be dumb!—
Be anything, sweet rill, but that which
thou art now.

"Thou eglantine, so bright with sunny
showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the
vale,
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy
flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the
air,—
To see thy arch thus stretch and
bend,
Thus rise and thus descend,—
Disturbs me till the sight is more
than I can bear."

The man who makes this feverish
 complaint
 Is one of giant stature. who could
 dance
 Equipped from head to foot in iron
 mail.
 Ah gentle love! if ever thought was
 thine
 To store up kindred hours for me.
 thy face
 Turn from me, gentle love! nor let me
 walk
 Within the sound of Emma's voice,
 nor know
 Such happiness as I have known to-
 day.

A COMPLAINT.

THERE is a change—and I am
 poor:

Your love hath been. nor long ago,
 A fountain at my fond heart's door,
 Whose only business was to flow;
 And flow it did: not taking heed
 Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
 Blest was I then all bliss above!
 Now, for that consecrated fount
 Of murmuring, sparkling, living
 love,

What have I? shall I dare to tell?
 A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—
 I trust it is,—and never dry:
 What matter? if the waters sleep
 In silence and obscurity.
 Such change, and at the very door
 Of my fond heart, hath made me
 poor.

TO —

LET other bards of angels sing,
 Bright suns without a spot;
 But thou art no such perfect thing;
 Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not tho' none should call thee
 fair;

So, Mary, let it be
 If nought in loveliness compare
 With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
 Whose veil is unremoved
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,
 And the lover is beloved.

How rich that forehead's calm
 expanse!

How bright that heaven-directed
 glance!

Waft her to glory, winged powers,
 Ere sorrow be renewed,
 And intercourse with mortal hours
 Bring back a humbler mood!
 So looked Cecilia when she drew
 An angel from his station;
 So looked—not ceasing to pursue
 Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are still:
 No sound *here* sweeps away the will
 That gave it birth;—in service meek
 One upright arm sustains the cheek,
 And one across the bosom lies—
 That rose, and now forgets to rise,
 Subdued by breathless harmonies
 Of meditative feeling;
 Mute strains from worlds beyond the
 skies,
 Through the pure light of female
 eyes
 Their sanctity revealing!

TO —

Oh, dearer far than light and life
 are dear, [deplore;
 Full oft our human foresight I
 Trembling, through my unworthiness,
 with fear [meet no more!
 That friends, by death disjoined, may

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or con-
 trol, [of rest;
 Mix with the day, and cross the hour
 While all the future, for thy purer soul,
 With "sober certainties" of love is
 blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for
 human ear, [offend,
 Tells that these words thy humbleness
 Yet bear me up—else faltering in the
 rear [end.
 Of a steep march; support me to the

Peace settles where the intellect is
 meek, [deed;
 And love is dutiful in thought and
 Through thee communion with that
 love I seek;
 The faith Heaven strengthens where
 He moulds the creed.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

SMILE of the moon!—for so I name
 That silent greeting from above;
 A gentle flash of light that came
 From her whom drooping captives
 love;
 Or art thou of still higher birth?
 Thou that didst part the clouds of
 earth,
 My torpor to reprove!

Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas!
 I may not trust thy placid cheer!
 Pondering that time to-night will pass
 The threshold of another year;
 For years to me are sad and dull;
 My very moments are too full
 Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
 That struck perchance the farthest
 cone
 Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
 To visit me, and me alone;
 Me, unapproached by any friend,
 Save those who to my sorrows lend
 Tears due unto their own.

To-night, the church-tower bells will
 ring
 Through these wide realms a festive
 peal;
 To the new year a welcoming;
 A tuneful offering for the weal
 Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
 While I am forced to watch and weep,
 By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
 Still higher—to be cast thus low!
 Would that mine eyes had never gazed
 On aught of more ambitious show
 Than the sweet flowerets of the
 fields!

It is my royal state that yields
 This bitterness of woe.

Yet how?—for I, if there be truth
 In the world's voice, was passing fair;
 And beauty, for confiding youth,
 Those shocks of passion can prepare
 That kill the bloom before its time,
 And blanch, without the owner's
 crime,
 The most resplendent hair.

Unblest distinction! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains:—
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

A woman rules my prison's key;
A sister queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
Oh, keep them innocent!

Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court,
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.

Hark! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle clock!
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's queen
Reposed upon the block!

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

In distant countries have I been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads alone.
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway, I met;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet.
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;
And in his arms a lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide;
And with his coat did then essay
To wipe those briny tears away.
I followed him, and said, "My friend,
What ails you? wherefore weep you
so?"

"Shame on me, sir! this lusty lamb,
He makes my tears to flow.
To-day I fetched him from the rock;
He is the last of all my flock.

"When I was young, a single man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought
Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be;
Of sheep I numbered a full score,
And every year increased my store.

"Year after year my stock it grew;
And from this one, this single ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As fine a flock as ever grazed!
Upon the Quantock hills they fed;
They throve, and we at home did thrive.
This lusty lamb of all my store
Is all that is alive;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

"Six children, sir! had I to feed;
Hard labour in a time of need!
My pride was tamed, and in our grief
I of the parish asked relief.
They said, I was a wealthy man;
My sheep upon the uplands fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
'Do this: how can we give to you,'
They cried, 'what to the poor is due?'

"I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food;
For me—it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains.
To see it melt like snow away!
For me it was a woeful day.

"Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother!
It was a vein that never stopped—
Like blood-drops from my heart they
dropped.

Till thirty were not left alive.
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one;
And I may say, that many a time
I wished they all were gone—
Reckless of what might come at last
Were but the bitter struggle past.

'To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me.
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease, within doors or without;
And crazily and wearily
I went my work about,
And oft was moved to flee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts
roam.

'Sir, 'twas a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own children be;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas! it was an evil time;
God cursed me in my sore distress;
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week, and every day,
My flock it seemed to melt away.

"They dwindled, sir, sad sight to
see!

From ten to five, from five to three,
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;
And then at last from three to two;
And, of my fifty, yesterday
I had but only one:
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas! and I have none;—
To-day I fetched it from the rock;
It is the last of all my flock."

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert, unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's "Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean." In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

BEFORE I see another day,
Oh, let my body die away!
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;
The stars, they were among my
dreams;

In rustling conflict through the skies,
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive;
Before I see another day,
Oh, let my body die away!

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;
 Yet is it dead, and I remain.
 All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;
 And they are dead, and I will die.
 When I was well, I wished to live,
 For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;
 But they to me no joy can give,
 No pleasure now, and no desire.
 Then here contented will I lie !
 Alone I cannot fear to die.

I'll follow you across the snow ;
 Ye travel heavily and slow ;
 In spite of all my weary pain
 I'll look upon your tents again.
 My fire is dead, and snowy white
 The water which beside it stood ;
 The wolf has come to me to-night,
 And he has stolen away my food.
 For ever left alone am I,
 Then wherefore should I fear to die.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on
 Another day, a single one !
 Too soon I yielded to despair ;
 Why did ye listen to my prayer ?
 When ye were gone my limbs were
 stronger,
 And, oh, how grievously I rue,
 That, afterwards, a little longer,
 My friends, I did not follow you ?
 For strong and without pain I lay,
 My friends, when ye were gone away.

Young as I am, my course is run,
 I shall not see another sun ;
 I cannot lift my limbs to know
 If they have any life or no.
 My poor forsaken Child, if I
 For once could have thee close to me,
 With happy heart I then would die,
 And my last thought would happy be ;
 But thou, dear Babe, art far away,
 Nor shall I see another day.

My child ! they gave thee to another,
 A woman who was not thy mother.
 When from my arms my babe they took,
 On me how strangely did he look !
 Through his whole body something ran,
 A most strange working did I see ;
 As if he strove to be a man,
 That he might pull the sledge for me.
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild ?
 Oh, mercy ! like a helpless child.

My little joy ! my little pride !
 In two days more I must have died.
 Then do not weep and grieve for me ;
 I feel I must have died with thee.
 O wind, that o'er my head art flying
 'Tis was my friend—thy cour-edid band,
 I should not feel the pain of dying,
 Could I with thee a message send ;
 Tell, say, my friends, ye went away ;
 For I had many things to say.

REPENTANCE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

THE fields which with covetous spirit
 we sold,
 Those beautiful fields, the delight of
 the day.
 Would have brought us more good
 than a burthen of gold,
 Could we but have been as contented
 as they.

When the troublesome tempter beset
 us, said I,
 "Let him come with his purse proudly
 grasped in his hand ;
 But, Allan, be true to me, Allan—we'll
 die
 Before he shall go with an inch of the
 land !"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in
 their bowers ; [abide ;
 Unfettered as bees that in gardens
 We could do what we liked with the
 land, it was ours ;
 And for us the brook murmured that
 ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late ;
 And often, like one overburthened with
 sin, [opened gate,
 With my hand on the latch of the half-
 I look at the fields—but I cannot go in !

When I walk by the hedge on a bright
 summer's day, [tree,
 Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's
 A stern face it puts on, as if ready to
 say, [creeping to me ?"
 "What ails you, that you must come

With our pastures about us, we could
 not be sad ; [crost,
 Our comfort was near if we ever were
 But the comfort, the blessings, and
 wealth that we had,
 We slighted them all,—and our birth-
 right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son,
 Who must now be a wanderer !—but
 peace to that strain !

Think of evening's repose when our
 labour was done, [soft chain !
 The Sabbath's return—and its leisure's

And in sickness, if night had been
 sparing of sleep,

How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill
 where I stood, }

Looking down on the kine, and our
 treasure of sheep

That besprinkled the field—'twas like
 youth in my blood !

Now I cleave to the house, and am
 dull as a snail ;
 And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell
 with a sigh,
 That follows the thought—We've no
 land in the vale,
 Save six feet of earth where our fore-
 fathers lie !

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET —.

WHERE art thou, my beloved son,
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
 Oh, find me, prosperous or undone !
 Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
 Why am I ignorant of the same,
 That I may rest ; and neither blame
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received
 No tidings of an only child ;
 To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
 And been for evermore beguiled ;
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,
 An object beauteous to behold ;
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :
 If things ensued that wanted grace,
 As hath been said, they were not base ;
 And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the young one dream,
 When full of play and childish cares,
 What power is in his wildest
 scream,

Heard by his mother unawares !
 He knows it not, he cannot guess :
 Years to a mother bring distress ;
 But do not make her love the less

Neglect me! no, I suffered long
 From that ill thought; and, being
 blind,
 Said, "Pride shall help me in my
 wrong:

Kind mother have I been, as kind
 As ever breathed:" and that is true;
 I've wet my path with tears like dew,
 Weeping for him when no one knew.

My son, if thou be humbled, poor,
 Hopeless of honour and of gain,
 Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
 Think not of me with grief and pain;
 I now can see with better eyes,
 And worldly grandeur I despise,
 And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
 And blasts of heaven will aid their
 flight;

They mount, how short a voyage
 brings

The wanderers back to their delight!
 Chains tie us down by land and sea;
 And wishes, vain as mine, may be
 All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee
 groan,

Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
 Or thou upon a desert thrown
 Inheritest the lion's den;
 Or hast been summoned to the deep,
 Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep
 An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts; but none will force
 Their way to me;—'tis falsely said
 That there was ever intercourse
 Between the living and the dead;
 For, surely, then I should have sight
 Of him I wait for day and night,
 With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;
 I dread the rustling of the grass;
 The very shadows of the clouds
 Have power to shake me as they pass:
 I question things and do not find
 One that will answer to my mind;
 And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
 My troubles, and beyond relief:
 If any chance to heave a sigh,
 Then pity me and not my grief.
 Then come to me, my son, or send
 Some tidings that my woes may end;
 I have no other earthly friend.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY MY SISTER.

THE days are cold, the nights are
 long,

The north wind sings a doleful song;
 Then hush again upon my breast;
 All merry things are now at rest,
 Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
 The crickets long have ceased their
 mirth;

There's nothing stirring in the house
 Save one *wcc*, hungry, nibbling mouse.
 Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling
 light;

'Tis but the moon that shines so
 bright

On the window-pane bedropp'd with
 rain.

Then, little darling! sleep again!
 And wake when it is day.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,
A foggy day in winter time)
A woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her
prime:

Majestic in her person, tall and
straight; [mien and gait.
And like a Roman matron's was her

The ancient spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathing
there;

Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair:
She begged an alms, like one in poor
estate; [abate.
I looked at her again, nor did my pride

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
"What is it," said I, "that you bear
Beneath the covert of your cloak,
Protected from the cold damp air?"
She answered, soon as she the question
heard, [bird.

"A simple burthen, sir, a little singing

And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a son, who, many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away:

And I have travelled weary miles to
see [still remain for me.
If aught which he had owned might

"The bird and cage they both were
his: [trim

'Twas my son's bird; and neat and
He kept it: many voyages

The singing-bird had gone with him;
When last he sailed, he left the bird
behind:

From bodings, as might be, that hung
upon his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety;—there
I found it when my son was dead;
And now, God help me for my little
wit!

I bear it with me, sir! he took so much
delight in it."

THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

"UP, Timothy, up with your staff and
away!

Not a soul in the village this morning
will stay;

The hare has just started from Hamil-
ton's grounds,
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of
the hounds."

Of coats and of jackets gray, scarlet,
and green,

On the slopes of the pastures all
colours were seen;

With their comely blue aprons, and
caps white as snow,

The girls on the hills made a holiday
show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not
six months before,

Filled the funeral basin* at Timothy's
door;

A coffin through Timothy's threshold
had past;

One child did it bear, and that child
was his last.

* In several parts of the north of England when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a sprig of this box-wood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

Now fast up the dell came the noise
 and the fray,
 The horse and the horn, and the hark!
 hark away!
 Old Timothy took up his staff, and he
 shut [his hut.
 With a leisurely motion the door of
 Perhaps to himself at that moment he
 said,
 "The key I must take, for my Ellen is
 dead."
 But of this in my ears not a word did
 he speak, [on his cheek.
 And he went to the chase with a tear

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned,
 In which a lady driven from France
 did dwell;
 The big and lesser griefs, with which
 she mourned, [tell
 In friendship, she to me would often
 This lady, dwelling upon British
 ground,
 Where she was childless, daily would
 repair
 To a poor neighbouring cottage; as I
 found, [was there.
 For sake of a young child whose home
 Once, having seen her clasp with fond
 embrace
 This child, I chanted to myself a lay,
 Endeavouring, in our English tongue,
 to trace [might say:
 Such things as she unto the babe
 And thus, from what I heard and knew,
 or guessed,
 My song the workings of her heart
 expressed.

"Dear babe, thou daughter of another,
 One moment let me be thy mother!
 An infant's face and looks are thine,
 And sure a mother's heart is mine:
 Thy own dear mother's far away,
 At labour in the harvest-field:
 Thy little sister is at play;
 What warmth, what comfort would it
 yield
 To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be
 One little hour a child to me!

"Across the waters I am come,
 And I have left a babe at home:
 A long, long way of land and sea!
 Come to me—I'm no enemy:
 I am the same who at thy side
 Sate yesterday, and made a nest
 For thee, sweet baby!—thou hast
 tried,
 Thou know'st the pillow of my breast;
 Good, good art thou;—alas to me
 Far more than I can be to thee.

"Here, little darling, dost thou lie;
 An infant thou, a mother I!
 Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears;
 Mine art thou—spite of these my
 tears.
 Alas! before I left the spot,
 My baby and its dwelling-place;
 The nurse said to me, 'Tears should
 not
 Be shed upon an infant's face,
 It was unlucky'—no, no, no;
 No truth is in them who say so!

"My own dear little one will sigh,
 Sweet babe! and they will let him
 die.
 'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom,
 And you may see his hour is come.'

Oh! had he but thy cheerful smiles,
Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles;
And countenance like a summer's day,
They would have hopes of him—and
then

I should behold his face again!

"'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget;

There was a smile or two—yet—yet
I can remember them. I see
The smiles worth all the world to me.
Dear baby! I must lay thee down;
Thou troublest me with strange
alarms;

Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;
I cannot keep thee in my arms, [is
For they confound me;—where—where
That last, that sweetest smile of his?

"Oh! how I love thee!—we will stay
Together here this one half day.
My sister's child, who bears my name,
From France to sheltering England
came;

She with her mother crossed the sea;
The babe and mother near me dwell:
Yet does my yearning heart to thee
Turn rather, though I love her well:
Rest, little stranger, rest thee here!
Never was any child more dear!

—"I cannot help it—ill intent
I've none, my pretty innocent!
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,
These tears—and my poor idle tongue.
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek
How cold it is! but thou art good;
Thine eyes are on me—they would
speak,

I think, to help me if they could.
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,
My heart again is in its place!

"While thou art mine, my little love,
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,
I seem to find them all in thee:
Here's grass to play with, here are
flowers;

I'll call thee by my darling's name;
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,
Thy features seem to me the same;
His little sister thou shalt be:
And, when once more my home I see,
I'll tell him many tales of thee."

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

The following tale was written as an episode in
a work from which its length may perhaps
exclude it. The facts are true; no invention
as to these has been exercised, as none was
needed.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers,
(thus

My story may begin,) oh, balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in
heaven!

To such inheritance of blessed fancy
(Fancy that sports more desperately
with minds

Than ever fortune hath been known to
do)

The high-born Vaudracour was
brought, by years

Whose progress had a little over-
stepped

His stripling prime. A town of
small repute,

Among the vine-clad mountains of
Auvergne,

Was the youth's birthplace. There he
wooed a maid

Who heard the heart-felt music of his
suit

"You shall be baffled in your mad
 intent
 If there be justice in the court of
 France,"
 Muttered the father.—From these
 words the youth [day,
 Conceived a terror,—and, by night or
 Stirred nowhere without weapons—
 that full soon
 Found dreadful provocation: for at
 night
 When to his chamber he retired,
 attempt
 Was made to seize him by three armed
 men, [will,
 Acting, in furtherance of the father's
 Under a private signet of the state.
 One the rash youth's ungovernable
 hand
 Slew, and as quickly to a second gave
 A perilous wound,—he shuddered to
 behold
 The breathless corse; then peacefully
 resigned
 His person to the law, was lodged in
 prison,
 And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you observed a tuft of winged
 seed
 That, from the dandelion's naked
 stalk,
 Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use
 Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,
 Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to
 and fro
 Through the wide element? or have
 you marked
 The heavier substance of a leaf-clad
 bough,
 Within the vortex of a foaming flood,
 Tormented? by such aid you may con-
 ceive

The perturbation that ensued;—ah, no!
 Desperate the maid—the youth is
 stained with blood!
 Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet!
 Yet as the troubled seed and tortured
 bough
 Is man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with
 the court,
 Was pardon gained, and liberty pro-
 cured;
 But not without exaction of a pledge
 Which liberty and love dispersed in
 air.
 He flew to her from whom they would
 divide him—
 He clove to her who could not give
 him peace—
 Yea, his first word of greeting was,—
 "All right
 Is gone from me; my lately-towering
 hopes,
 To the least fibre of their lowest root,
 Are withered;—thou no longer canst
 be mine,
 I thine—the conscience-stricken must
 not woo
 The unruffled innocent,—I see thy
 face,
 Behold thee, and my misery is com-
 plete!"

"One, are we not?" exclaimed the
 maiden—"One,
 For innocence and youth, for weal and
 woe?"
 Then with the father's name she
 coupled words
 Of vehement indignation; but the
 youth
 Checked her with filial meekness; for
 no thought

To nature for a happy end of all;
 Deem that by such fond hope the
 youth was swayed,
 And bear with their transgression,
 when I add [wife,
 That Julia, wanting yet the name of
 Carried about her for a secret grief
 The promise of a mother.

To conceal
 The threatened shame, the parents of
 the maid [night
 Found means to hurry her away by
 And unforewarned, that in some distant spot
 She might remain shrouded in privacy,
 Until the babe was born. When
 morning came, [loss,
 The lover, thus bereft, stung with his
 And all uncertain whither he should
 turn, [but soon
 Chafed like a wild beast in the toils;
 Discovering traces of the fugitives,
 Their steps he followed to the maid's
 retreat.

Easily may the sequel be divined,—
 Walks to and fro—watchings at every
 hour; [she may,
 And the fair captive, who, when'er
 Is busy at her casement as the swallow
 Fluttering its pinions, almost within
 reach,

About the pendent nest, did thus espy
 Her lover!—thence a stolen interview,
 Accomplished under friendly shade of
 night.

I pass the raptures of the pair;—
 such theme
 Is, by innumerable poets, touched
 In more delightful verse than skill of
 mine
 Could fashion, chiefly by that darling
 bird

Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,
 And of the lark's note heard before its
 time,
 And of the streaks that laced the
 severing clouds
 In the unrelenting east.—Through all
 her courts
 The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
 That keep no certain intervals of rest,
 Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed [beat
 Her fires, that like mysterious pulses
 Aloft;—momentous but uneasy bliss!
 To their full hearts the universe
 seemed hung [ment!
 On that brief meeting's slender fila-

They parted; and the generous
 Vaudracour
 Reached speedily the native threshold,
 bent

On making (so the lovers had agreed)
 A sacrifice of birthright to attain
 A final portion from his father's hand;
 Which granted, bride and bridegroom
 then would flee

To some remote and solitary place,
 Shady as night, and beautiful as
 heaven,

Where they may live, with no one to
 behold

Their happiness, or to disturb their
 love. [less,

But now of this no whisper; not the
 If ever an' obtrusive word were
 dropped

Touching the matter of his passion,
 still, [cour

In his stern father's hearing, Vaudra-
 Persisted openly that death alone
 Should abrogate his human privilege
 Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,
 Upon the altar, to the maid he loved

That pillow is no longer to be thine,
 Fond youth! that mournful solace now
 must pass
 Into the list of things that cannot
 be!
 Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears
 The sentence, by her mother's lips pro-
 nounced,
 That dooms her to a convent.—Who
 shall tell,
 Who dares report the tidings to the
 lord
 Of her affections? So they blindly
 asked
 Who knew not to what quiet depths a
 weight
 Of agony had pressed the sufferer
 down;—
 The word, by others dreaded, he can
 hear
 Composed and silent, without visible
 sign
 Of even the least emotion. Noting
 this
 When the impatient object of his
 love
 Upbraided him with slackness, he
 returned
 No answer, only took the mother's
 hand
 And kissed it—seemingly devoid of
 pain,
 Or care, that what so tenderly he
 pressed,
 Was a dependant on the obdurate
 heart
 Of one who came to disunite their
 lives
 For ever—sad alternative! preferred,
 By the unbending parents of the
 maid,
 To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.
 be it!

In the city he remained
 A season after Julia had withdrawn
 To those religious walls. He, too,
 departs— [little one!
 Who with him?—even the senseless
 With that sole charge he passed the
 city-gates,
 For the last time, attendant by the
 side
 Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,
 In which the babe was carried. To a
 hill, [the town,
 That rose a brief league distant from
 The dwellers in that house where he
 had lodged
 Accompanied his steps, by anxious
 love
 Impelled:—they parted from him
 there, and stood
 Watching below, till he had dis-
 appeared [took,
 On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely
 Throughout that journey, from the
 vehicle
 (Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!)
 that veiled
 The tender infant: and at every inn,
 And under every hospitable tree
 At which the bearers halted or
 reposed, [knees,
 Laid him with timid care upon his
 And looked, as mothers ne'er were
 known to look, [braced.
 Upon the nursing which his arms em-

 This was the manner in which
 Vaudracour
 Departed with his infant; and thus
 reached
 His father's house, where to the in-
 nocent child [man spoke
 Admittance was denied. The young
 No words of indignation or reproof,

Uncharitable crossed his mind, no
 sense
 Of hasty anger, rising in the eclipse
 Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er
 Find place within his bosom.—Once
 again
 The persevering wedge of tyranny
 Achieved their separation;—and once
 more
 Were they united,—to be yet again
 Disparted—pitiable lot! But here
 A portion of the tale may well be left
 In silence, though my memory could
 add
 Much how the youth, in scanty space
 of time,
 Was traversed from without; much,
 too, of thoughts
 That occupied his days in solitude
 Under privation and restraint; and
 what,
 Through dark and shapeless fear of
 things to come,
 And what, through strong compunc-
 tion for the past,
 He suffered—breaking down in heart
 and mind!

Doomed to a third and last cap-
 tivity,
 His freedom he recovered on the eve
 Of Julia's travail. When the babe was
 born,
 Its presence tempted him to cherish
 schemes
 Of 'future happiness. "You shall
 return,
 Julia," said he, "and to your father's
 house
 Go with the child.—You have been
 wretched; yet
 The silver shower, whose reckless bur-
 then weighs

Too heavily upon the lily's head,
 Oft leaves a saving moisture at its
 root.
 Malice, beholding you, will melt away.
 Go!—'tis a town where both of us
 were born;
 None will reproach you, for our truth
 is known;
 And if, amid those once-bright bowers,
 our fate
 Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.
 With ornaments—the prettiest nature
 yields
 Or art can fashion, shall you deck our
 boy,
 And feed his countenance with your
 own sweet looks
 Till no one can resist him.—Now,
 even now,
 I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;
 My father from the window sees him
 too;
 Startled, as if some new-created thing
 Enriched the earth, or faëry of the
 woods
 Bounded before him;—but the un-
 weeping child
 Shall by his beauty win his grandsire's
 heart
 So that it shall be softened, and our
 loves
 End happily—as they began!"

These gleams
 Appeared but seldom: oftener was he
 seen
 Propping a pale and melancholy face
 Upon the mother's bosom; resting
 thus
 His head upon one breast, while from
 the other
 The babe was drawing in its quiet
 food.

Scarcely a soul is out of bed ;
 Good Betty, put him down again ;
 His lips with joy they burr at
 you ;
 But, Betty! what has he to do
 With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

But Betty's bent on her intent :
 For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,
 Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
 Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
 As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
 No hand to help them in distress ;
 Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
 And sorely puzzled are the twain,
 For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
 Where by the week he doth abide,
 A woodman in the distant vale ;
 There's none to help poor Susan Gale ;
 What must be done? what will betide?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
 Her pony, that is mild and good,
 Whether he be in joy or pain,
 Feeding at will along the lane,
 Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—
 And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy
 Has on the well-girt saddle set
 (The like was never heard of yet)
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay
 Across the bridge and through the
 dale,
 And by the church, and o'er the down,
 To bring a doctor from the town
 Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,
 There is no need of whip or wand ;
 For Johnny has his holly-bough,
 And with a *hurly-burly* now
 He shakes the green bough in his
 hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told
 The boy, who is her best delight,
 Both what to follow, what to shun,
 What do, and what to leave undone,
 How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,
 Was, "Johnny! Johnny! mind that
 you
 Come home again, nor stop at all,—
 Come home again, whate'er befall,
 My Johnny, do. I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,
 Both with his head, and with his
 hand,
 And proudly shook the bridle too ;
 And then! his words were not a few,
 Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,
 Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,
 She gently pats the pony's side,
 On which her Idiot Boy must ride,
 And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the pony moved his legs,
 Oh! then for the poor Idiot Boy!
 For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
 For joy his head and heels are idle,
 He's idle all for very joy.

And while the pony moves his legs,
 In Johnny's left hand you may see
 The green bough motionless and dead:
 The moon that shines above his head
 Is not more still and mute than he.

But of his father begged, a last request,
 That a retreat might be assigned to him [dwell,
 Where in forgotten quiet he might
 With such allowance as his wants required;
 For wishes he had none. To a lodge that stood
 Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age [drew;
 Of four-and-twenty summers he with-
 And thither took with him his mother-
 less babe,
 And one domestic, for their common needs,
 An aged woman. It consoled him here [form
 To attend upon the orphan, and per-
 Obsequious service to the precious child,
 Which, after a short time, by some mistake
 Or indiscretion of the father, died.
 The tale I follow to its last recess
 Of suffering or of peace, I know not which;
 Theirs be the blame who caused the woe, not mine!

From this time forth he never shared a smile
 With mortal creature. An inhabitant
 Of that same town, in which the pair had left
 So lively a remembrance of their griefs,
 By chance of business, coming within reach,
 Of his retirement, to the forest lodge
 Repaired, but only found the matron there,
 Who told him that his pains were thrown away,

For that her master never uttered word
 To living thing—not even to her.—Behold!
 While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached;
 But, seeing some one near, as on the latch
 Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he shrunk—
 And, like a shadow, glided out of view.
 Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place
 The visitor retired.

Thus lived the youth,
 Cut off from all intelligence with man,
 And shunning even the light of common day;
 Nor could the voice of freedom, which
 through France
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,
 Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,
 Rouse him: but in those solitary shades
 His days he wasted, an imbecile mind!

THE IDIOT BOY.

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,
 The moon is up—the sky is blue,
 The owlet, in the moonlight air,
 Shouts, from nobody knows where;
 He lengthens out his lonely shout,
 Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

Why bustle thus about your door,
 What means this bustle, Betty Foy?
 Why are you in this mighty fret?
 And why on horseback have you set
 Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy?

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
And Johnny is not yet in sight,
The moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,
But Betty is not quite at ease,
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,
On Johnny's vile reflections cast:
"A little idle sauntering thing!"
With other names, an endless string;
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,
That happy time all past and gone,
"How can it be he is so late?
The doctor he has made him wait;
Susan! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;
And then there's nobody to say
If she must go or she must stay!
She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one;
But neither doctor nor his guide
Appears along the moonlight road;
There's neither horse nor man abroad,
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear
Of sad mischances not a few,
That Johnny may perhaps be
drowned,
Or lost, perhaps, and never found;
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
With "God forbid it should be
true!"

At the first word that Susan said
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

"I must be gone, I must away,
Consider, Johnny's but half wise;
Susan, we must take care of him,
If he is hurt in life or limb"—
"Oh, God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,
"What can I do to ease your pain?
Good Susan tell me, and I'll stay;
I fear you're in a dreadful way,
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go; good Betty, go!
There's nothing that can ease my pain."
Then off she hies; but with a prayer
That God poor Susan's life would
spare,
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,
And far into the moonlight dale;
And how she ran, and how she walked,
And all that to herself she talked,
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
In great and small, in round and
square,
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
In bush and brake, in black and green,
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

And while she crossed the bridge, there
came
A thought with which her heart is sore—
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To hunt the moon within the brook,
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,
Alone amid a prospect wide;
There's neither Johnny nor his horse
Among the fern or in the gorse;
There's neither doctor nor his guide:

His heart it was so full of glee,
That till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip,
And all his skill in horsemanship,
Oh! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the mother, at the door,
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself, and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim,
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart!
He's at the guide-post—he turns right,
She watches till he's out of sight,
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,
As loud as any mill, or near it;
Meek as a lamb the pony moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:
Her messenger's in merry tune;
The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr,
burr,
As on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree;
For of this pony there's a rumour,
That, should he lose his eyes and
ears,
And should he live a thousand years,
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a horse that thinks!
And when he thinks his pace is slack;
Now, though he knows poor Johnny
well,
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a doctor from the town
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
Is in the middle of her story,
What speedy help her boy will bring,
With many a most diverting thing,
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
By this time is not quite so flurried:
Demure with porringer and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good woman! she,
You plainly in her face may read it,
Could lend out of that moment's store,
Five years of happiness or more
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then
With Betty all was not so well;
And to the road she turns her ears,
And thence full many a sound she
hears,
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan
groans;
"As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"
Cries Betty, "he'll be back again;
They'll both be here—'tis almost ten—
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;
The clock gives warning for eleven;
'Tis on the stroke—"He must be
near,"
Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here,
As sure as there's a moon in heaven."

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin :
A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps ;
Such tears she never shed before ;
" Oh, dear, dear pony ! my sweet joy !
Oh, carry back my Idiot Boy !
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head ;
" The pony he is mild and good,
And we have always used him well ;
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,
And carried Johnny to the wood."

Then up she springs as if on wings ;
She thinks no more of deadly sin ;
If Betty fifty ponds should see,
The last of all her thoughts would
be
To drown herself therein.

O reader ! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his horse are doing !
What they've been doing all this time,
Oh, could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought !
He with his pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that
are,
To lay his hands upon a star,
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,
His face unto his horse's tail,
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
All silent as a horseman-ghost,
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,
A fierce and dreadful hunter he ;
Yon valley, now so trim and green,
In five months' time, should he be seen,
A desert wilderness will be !

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
And like the very soul of evil,
He's galloping away, away,
And so will gallop on for aye,
The bane of all that dread the devil !

I to the Muses have been bound
These fourteen years, by strong in-
dentures :
O gentle Muses ! let me tell
But half of what to him befel,
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses ! is this kind ?
Why will ye thus my suit repel ?
Why of your further aid bereave me ?
And can ye thus unfriended leave me ;
Ye Muses ! whom I love so well ?

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,
Which thunders down with headlong
force,
Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
As careless as if nothing were,
Sits upright on a feeding horse ?

Unto his horse, there feeding free,
He seems, I think, the rein to give ;
Of moon or stars he takes no heed ;
Of such we in romances read ;
'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very pony too !
Where is she, where is Betty Foy ?
She hardly can sustain her fears ;
The roaring waterfall she hears,
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

"O saints! what is become of him?
Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,
Where he will stay till he is dead;
Or, sadly he has been misled,
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

"Or him that wicked pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall;
Or in the castle he's pursuing
Among the ghosts his own undoing;
Or playing with the waterfall."

At poor old Susan then she railed,
While to the town she posts away;
"If Susan had not been so ill,
Alas! I should have had him still,
My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,
The doctor's self could hardly spare;
Unworthy things she talked, and wild;
Even he, of cattle the most mild,
The pony had his share.

But now she's fairly in the town,
And to the doctor's door she hies;
'Tis silence all on every side;
The town so long, the town so wide,
Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the doctor's door,
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap;
The doctor at the casement shows
His glimmering eyes that peep and
doze!

And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"Oh, doctor! doctor! where's my
Johnny!"

"I'm here, what is't you want with
me?"

"Oh, sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,
And I have lost my poor dear boy,
You know him—him you often see;

"He's not so wise as some folks be."
"The devil take his wisdom!" said
The doctor, looking somewhat grim,
"What, woman! should I know of him?"
And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

"Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me!
Here will I die; here will I die,
I thought to find my lost one here,
But he is neither far nor near,
Oh! what a wretched mother I!"

She stops, she stands, she looks about;
Which way to turn she cannot tell.
Poor Betty! it would ease her pain
If she had heart to knock again;
The clock strikes three—a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail,
This piteous news so much it shocked
her,
She quite forgot to send the doctor,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road;
"Oh, cruel! I'm almost threescore;
Such night as this was ne'er before,
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man;
The streams with softest sound are
flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue
night
Are shouting to each other still:
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Your pony's worth his weight in
gold ;

Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy !
She's coming from among the trees,
And now all full in view she sees
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the pony too :
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy ?
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—
She screams—she cannot move for
joy ;
She darts, as with a torrent's force,
She almost has o'erturned the horse
And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud,
Whether in cunning or in joy
I cannot tell ; but while he laughs,
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the pony's tail,
And now is at the pony's head,—
On that side now, and now on this ;
And, almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ;
She's happy here, is happy there,
She is uneasy every where ;
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the pony, where or when
She knows not, happy Betty Foy !
The little pony glad may be,
But he is milder far than she,
You hardly can perceive his joy.

" Oh ! Johnny, never mind the doctor ;
You've done your best, and that is all."
She took the reins, when this was said,
And gently turned the pony's head
From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely looked at her :
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still.

The pony, Betty, and her boy,
Wind slowly through the woody dale ;
And who is she, betimes abroad,
That hobbles up the steep rough road ?
Who is it, but old Susan Gale ?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought,
And many dreadful fears beset her,
Both for her messenger and nurse ;
And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
On all sides doubts and terrors met
her ;
Point after point did she discuss ;
And while her mind was fighting thus,
Her body still grew better.

" Alas ! what is become of them ?
These fears can never be endured,
I'll to the wood."—The word scarce
said,
Did Susan rise up from her bed,
As if by magic cured.

Away she goes up hill and down,
And to the wood at length is come ;
She spies her friends, she shouts a
greeting ;
Oh me ! it is a merry meeting
As ever was in Christendom.

On man, the heart of man, and human
life.

Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the
same

For the delight of a few natural
hearts;

And, with yet fonder feeling, for the
sake

Of youthful poets, who among these
hills

Will be my second self when I am
gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere
Vale

There dwelt a shepherd, Michael was
his name;

An old man, stout of heart, and
strong of limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth
to age [keen,

Of an unusual strength: his mind was
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,

And in his shepherd's calling he was
prompt

And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of

all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, often-

times,
When others heeded not, he heard

the south
Make subterraneous music, like the

noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland

hills.
The shepherd, at such warning, of

his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself

would say,
"The winds are now devising work

for me!"

And, truly, at all times, the storm—
that drives

The traveller to a shelter—summoned
him

Up to the mountains: he had been
alone

Amid the heart of many thousand
mists,

That came to him and left him on
the heights.

So lived he till his eightieth year was
past.

And grossly that man errs, who should
suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams
and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the shep-
herd's thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he
had breathed

The common air; hills, which with
vigorous step

He had so often climbed; which had
impressed

So many incidents upon his
mind

Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or
fear;

Which like a book preserved the
memory

Of the dumb animals, whom he had
saved,

Had fed or sheltered, linking to such
acts,

The certainty of honourable gain;
Those fields, those hills—what could

they less? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to

him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,

The pleasure which there is in life
itself.

There, while they two were sitting in
 the shade,
 With others round them, earnest all
 and blithe.
 Would Michael exercise his heart with
 looks [stowed
 Of fond correction and reproof be-
 Upon the child. if he disturbed the
 sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his
 shouts
 Scared them, while they lay still be-
 neath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace
 the boy grew up
 A healthy lad, and carried in his cheek
 Two steady roses that were five years
 old.
 Then Michael from a winter coppice
 cut
 With his own hand a sapling, which-
 he hooped
 With iron, making it throughout in all
 Due requisites a perfect shepherd's
 staff,
 And gave it to the boy; wherewith
 equipt [placed
 He as a watchman oftentimes was
 At gate or gap. to stem or turn the
 flock;
 And. to his office prematurely called,
 There stood the urchin, as you will
 divine,
 Something between a hindrance and a
 help;
 And for this cause not always, I
 believe, [praise;
 Receiving from his father hire of
 Though nought was left undone
 which staff or voice,
 Or looks, or threatening gestures
 could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old,
 could stand
 Against the mountain blasts; and to
 the heights,
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary
 ways,
 He with his father daily went, and
 they
 Were as companions, why should I
 relate
 That objects which the shepherd loved
 before
 Were dearer now? that from the boy
 there came
 Feelings and emanations — things
 which were
 Light to the sun and music to the
 wind; [born again.
 And that the old man's heart seemed

Thus in his father's sight the boy
 grew up;
 And now when he had reached his
 eighteenth year,
 He was his comfort and his daily
 hope.

While in this sort the simple house-
 hold lived
 From day to day, to Michael's ear
 there came
 Distressful tidings. Long before the
 time
 Of which I speak. the shepherd had
 been bound
 In surety for his brother's son, a man
 Of an industrious life, and ample
 means—
 But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
 Had prest upon him,—and old
 Michael now
 Was summoned to discharge the for-
 feiture,

Father and son, while far into the
 night
 The housewife plied her own peculiar
 work,
 Making the cottage through the silent
 hours
 Murmur as with the sound of summer
 flies.
 This light was famous in its neigh-
 bourhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life
 That thrifty pair had lived. For, as
 it chanced,
 Their cottage on a plot of rising
 ground
 Stood single, with large prospect,
 north and south,
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-
 raise,
 And westward to the village near the
 lake;
 And from this constant light, so
 regular
 And so far seen, the house itself, by all
 Who dwelt within the limits of the
 vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE
 EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a
 length of years,
 The shepherd, if he loved himself,
 must needs
 Have loved his helpmate; but to
 Michael's heart
 This son of his old age was yet more
 dear—
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the
 same
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the
 blood of all—
 Than that a child, more than all other
 gifts,

That earth can offer to declining man,
 Brings hope with it, and forward look-
 ing thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they
 By tendency of nature needs must fail.
 Exceeding was the love he bare to
 him,
 His heart and his heart's joy! For
 oftentimes
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in
 arms,
 Had done him female service, not alone
 For pastime and delight, as is the use
 Of fathers, but with patient mind
 enforced
 To acts of tenderness; and he had
 rocked
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle
 hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the boy
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael
 love,
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
 To have the young one in his sight,
 when he
 Wrought in the field, or on his shep-
 herd's stool
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him
 stretched
 Under the large old oak, that near his
 door
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth
 of shade,
 Chosen for the shearer's covert from
 the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was
 called
 The CLIPPING TREE,* a name which
 yet it bears.

* *Clipping* is the word used in the North of
 England for shearing.

Went up to London, found a master
there,
Who out of many chose the trusty
boy

To go and overlook his merchandise
Beyond the seas: where he grew
wondrous rich,

And left estates and monies to the
poor, [floored

And at his birthplace built a chapel
With marble, which he sent from
foreign lands.

These thoughts, and many others of
like sort, [Isabel

Passed quickly through the mind of
And her face brightened. The old
man was glad,

And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel!
this scheme

These two days has been meat and
drink to me. [us yet

Far more than we have lost is left
We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger,—but this hope is a
good hope.

Make ready Luke's best garments, of
the best [forth

Buy for him more, and let us send him
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-
night:

If he *could* go, the boy should go to-
night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the
fields went forth

With a light heart. The housewife
for five days

Was restless morn and night, and all
day long [prepare

Wrought on with her best fingers to
Things needful for the journey of her
son. [came

But Isabel was glad when Sunday

To stop her in her work: for, when
she lay

By Michael's side, she through the
two last nights

Heard him, how he was troubled in
his sleep: [could see

And when they rose at morning she
That all his hopes were gone. That
day at noon

She said to Luke, while they two by
themselves

Were sitting at the door, "Thou must
not go: [lose,

We have no other child but thee to
None to remember—do not go away.

For if thou leave thy father he will
die."

The youth made answer with a jocund
voice; [fears,

And Isabel, when she had told her
Recovered heart. That evening her
best fare

Did she bring forth, and all together
sat [fire.

Like happy people round a Christmas

With daylight Isabel resumed her
work;

And all the ensuing week the house
appeared

As cheerful as a grove in spring: at
length

The expected letter from their kins-
man came,

With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the boy;

To which, requests were added, that
forthwith

He might be sent to him. Ten times
or more

The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neigh-
bours round;

A grievous penalty, but little less
 Than half his substance. This un-
 looked-for claim
 At the first hearing, for a moment
 took
 More hope out of his life than he
 supposed
 That any old man ever could have lost.
 As soon as he had armed himself with
 strength
 To look his trouble in the face, it
 seemed
 The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at
 once
 A portion of his patrimonial fields.
 Such was his first resolve; he thought
 again,
 And his heart failed him. "Isabel,"
 said he,
 Two evenings after he had heard the
 news,
 "I have been toiling more than
 seventy years,
 And in the open sunshine of God's
 love
 Have we all lived; yet if these fields
 of ours
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I
 think
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
 Our lot is a hard lot; the sun him-
 self
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last
 To my own family. An evil man
 That was, and made an evil choice,
 if he
 Were false to us; and if he were not
 false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss
 like this
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—
 but

'Twere better to be dumb than to
 talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to
 speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the
 land [free;
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be
 He shall possess it free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou
 knowest,
 Another kinsman—he will be our
 friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous
 man,
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him
 shall go,
 And with his kinsman's help and his
 own-thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and
 then
 He may return to us. If here he
 stay,
 What can be done? Where every one
 is poor,
 What can be gained?"

At this the old man paused,
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past
 times.

There's Richard Bateman, thought
 she to herself,
 He was a parish-boy—at the church-
 door
 They made a gathering for him,
 shillings, pence,
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neigh-
 bours bought
 A basket, which they filled with
 pedlar's wares;
 And with this basket on his arm, the
 lad,

A kind and a good father: and herein
 I but repay a gift which I myself
 Received at others' hands; for, though
 now old
 Beyond the common life of man, I
 still [youth.
 Remember them who loved me in my
 Both of them sleep together: here
 they lived
 As all their forefathers had done; and
 when
 At length their time was come, they
 were not loath
 To give their bodies to the family
 mould.
 I wished that thou shouldst live the
 life they lived.
 But 'tis a long time to look back, my
 son, [years.
 And see so little gain from threescore
 These fields were burthened when they
 came to me;
 Till I was forty years of age, not more
 Than half of my inheritance was
 mine.
 I toiled and toiled; God blessed me
 in my work,
 And till these three weeks past the
 land was free.
 It looks as if it never could endure
 Another master. Heaven forgive me,
 Luke, [good
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems
 'That thou shouldst go.'
 At this the old man paused;
 Then, pointing to the stones near
 which they stood,
 Thus, after a short silence, he re-
 sumed:
 "This was a work for us; and now,
 my son,
 It is a work for me. But, lay one
 stone—

Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine
 own hands, [may live
 Nay, boy, be of good hope;—we both
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale;—do thou
 thy part,
 I will do mine.—I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned
 to thee; [storms,
 Up to the heights, and in among the
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do
 alone,
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven
 bless thee, boy!
 Thy heart these two weeks has been
 beating fast
 With many hopes—It should be so—
 Yes—yes—
 I knew that thou couldst never have
 a wish [bound to me
 To leave me, Luke: thou hast been
 Only by links of love: when thou art
 gone,
 What will be left to us!—But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-
 stone,
 As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
 When thou art gone away, should evil
 men [son,
 Be thy companions, think of me, my
 And of this moment; hither turn thy
 thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee: amid
 all fear
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that
 thou
 Mayst bear in mind the life thy
 fathers lived.
 Who, being innocent, did for that
 cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare
 thee well—

Nor was there at that time on English
land

A prouder heart than Luke's. When
Isabel {man said,

Had to her house returned, the old
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this
word

The housewife answered, talking much
of things

Which, if at such short notice he
should go,

Would surely be forgotten. But at
length [at ease.

She gave consent, and Michael was

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-
head Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had
designed [heard

To build a sheep-fold; and, before he
The tidings of his melancholy loss,

For this same purpose he had gathered
up

A heap of stones, which by the stream-
let's edge

Lay thrown together, ready for the
work. [he walked;

With Luke that evening thitherward
And soon as they had reached the
place he stopped,

And thus the old man spake to him.—

"My son,

To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with
full heart

I look upon thee, for thou art the
same

That wert a promise to me ere thy
birth,

And all thy life hast been my daily
joy.

I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee
good

When thou art from me, even if I
should touch

Of things thou canst not know of.—
After thou

First cam'st into the world—as oft
befalls [away

To new-born infants—thou didst sleep
Two days, and blessings from thy
father's tongue

Then fell upon thee. Day by day
passed on,

And still I loved thee with increasing
love.

Never to living ear came sweeter
sounds [fireside

Than when I heard thee by our own
First uttering, without words, a natural

tune;
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in
thy joy

Sing at thy mother's breast. Month
followed month,

And in the open fields my life was
passed [that thou

And on the mountains, else I think
Hadst been brought up upon thy

father's knees.

But we were playmates, Luke: among
these hills,

As well thou know'st, in us the old
and young [didst thou

Have played together, nor with me
Lack any pleasure which a boy can
know."

Luke had a manly heart; but at these
words

He sobbed aloud. The old man
grasped his hand, [I see

And said, "Nay, do not take it so—
That these are things of which I need

not speak.

Even to the utmost I have been to
thee

When thou return'st, thou in this place
wilt see

A work which is not here : a covenant
'Twill be between us——But, whatever
fate

Befall thee, I shall love thee to the
last,

And bear thy memory with me to the
grave."

The shepherd ended here; and

Luke stooped down,

And, as his father had requested, laid
The first stone of the sheep-fold. At
the sight

The old man's grief broke from him;
to his heart

He pressed his son, he kiss'd him and
wept; [turned.

And to the house together they re-
hushed was that house in peace, or
seeming peace,

Ere the night fell;—with morrow's
dawn the boy

Began his journey, and when he 'd
reached

The public way, he put on a bold
face :

And all the neighbours as he passed
their doors

Came forth with wishes and with fare-
well prayers, [sight.

That followed him till he was out of

A good report did from their kins-
man come,

Of Luke and his well-doing : and the
boy [news,

Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous
Which, as the housewife phrased it,
were throughout

"The prettiest letters that were ever
seen."

Both parents read them with rejoicing
hearts.

So, many months passed on : and once
again [work

The shepherd went about his daily
With confident and cheerful thoughts;
and now

Sometimes when he could find a
leisure hour

He to that valley took his way, and
there

Wrought at the sheep-fold. Mean-
time Luke began

To slacken in his duty; and at length
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses : ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven at
last

To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength
of love;

'Twill make a thing enduring, which
else

Would overset the brain, or break the
heart : [who well

I have conversed with more than one
Remember the old man, and what he
was

Years after he had heard this heavy
news.

His bodily frame had been from youth
to age

Of an unusual strength. Among the
rocks [and cloud,

He went, and still looked up to sun
And listened to the wind; and as
before

Performed all kinds of labour for his
sheep,

And for the land his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to
time

The place to Benjamin right well
Is known, and by as strong a spell
As used to be that sign of love
And hope—the OLIVE-BOUGH and

DOVE

He knows it to his cost, good man!
Who does not know the famous

SWAN?

Object uncouth! and yet our boast,
For it was painted by the host;
His own conceit the figure planned,
'Twas coloured all by his own hand;
And that frail child of thirsty clay,
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,
Could tell with self-dissatisfaction
Quaint stories of the bird's attraction!*

Well! that is past—and in despite
Of open door and shining light.
And now the conqueror essays
The long ascent of Dunmail-raise;
And with his team is gentle here
As when he clomb from Rydal Mere;
His whip they do not dread—his voice
They only hear it to rejoice.
To stand or go is at *their* pleasure;
Their efforts and their time they
measure
By generous pride within the breast,
And, while they strain, and while they
rest,
He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night—
And with proud cause my heart is light.
I trespassed lately worse than ever—
But Heaven has blest a good endeavour;
And, to my soul's content, I find
The evil one is left behind.

* This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been supplanted by a professional production.

Yes, let my master fume and fret,
Here am I—with my horses yet!
My jolly team, he finds that ye
Will work for nobody but me!
Full proof of this the country gained,
It knows how ye were vexed and strained,
And forced unworthy stripes to bear
When trusted to another's care.
Here was it—on this rugged slope,
Which now ye climb with heart and hope,
I saw you, between rage and fear,
Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,
And ever more and more confused,
As ye were more and more abused:
As chance would have it, passing by
I saw you in that jeopardy:
A word from me was like a charm—
Ye pulled together with one mind;
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,
Moved like a vessel in the wind!
Yes, without me, up hills so high
'Tis vain to strive for mastery.
Thengrieve not, jolly team! though tough
The road we travel, steep and rough.
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-
raise,
And all their fellow banks and braes,
Full often make you stretch and strain,
And halt for breath and halt again,
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing
That side by side we still are going!

While Benjamin in earnest mood
His meditations thus pursued, [long,
A storm, which had been smothered
Was growing inwardly more strong;
And, in its struggles to get free,
Was busily employed as he.
The thunder had begun to growl—
He heard not, too intent of soul;
The air was now without a breath—
He marked not that 'twas still as death.

Rise up, and grow to wondrous height.

The air, as in a lion's den,
Is close and hot;—and now and then
Comes a tired and sultry breeze
With a haunting and a panting.
Like the stifling of disease;
But the dews allay the heat,
And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!
'Tis Benjamin the waggoner;—
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,

Companion of the night and day.
That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound
In a moment lost and found,
The wain announces—by whose side,
Along the banks of Rydal Mere,
He paces on, a trusty guide,—
Listen! you can scarcely hear!
Hither he his course is bending;—
Now he leaves the lower ground,
And up the craggy hill ascending
Many a stop and stay he makes,
Many a breathing-fit he takes;—
Steep the way and wearisome,
Yet all the while his whip is dumb!

The horses have worked with right good will,
And so have gained the top of the hill;

He was patient—they were strong—
And now they smoothly glide along,
Recovering breath, and pleased to win
The praises of mild Benjamin.
Heaven shield him from mishap and snare

But why so early with this prayer?
Is it for threatenings in the sky?
Or for some other danger nigh?

No, none is near him yet, though he

Be one of much infirmity;
For, at the bottom of the brow,
Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH

Offered a greeting of good ale
To all who entered Grasmere Vale;
And called on him who must depart
To leave it with a jovial heart;—
There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH

Once hung, a poet harbours now,—
A simple water-drinking bard;
Why need our hero, then, (though frail

His best resolves) be on his guard?
He marches by, secure and bold,—
Yet, while he thinks on times of old,
It seems that all looks wondrous cold;
He shrugs his shoulders—shakes his head

And, for the honest folk within,
It is a doubt with Benjamin
Whether they be alive or dead!

Here is no danger,—none at all!
Beyond his wish he walks secure;
But pass a mile—and then for trial,—
Then for the pride of self-denial;
If he resist that tempting door,
Which with such friendly voice will call

If he resist those casement panes,
And that bright gleam which thence will fall

Upon his leaders' bells and manes,
Inviting him with cheerful lure;
For still, though all be dark else where,

Some shining notice will be there.
Of open house and ready fare.

While, with increasing agitation,
 The woman urged her supplication,
 In rueful words, with sobs between—
 The voice of tears that fell unseen;
 There came a flash—a startling
 glare,
 And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare!
 'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,
 And Benjamin, without a question,
 Taking her for some way-worn
 rover,
 Said, "Mount, and get you under
 cover!"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse
 As a swoln brook with rugged course,
 Cried out, "Good brother, why so fast?
 I've had a glimpse of you—*avast!*
 Or, since it suits you to be civil,
 Take her at once—for good and evil!"

"It is my husband," softly said
 The woman, as if half afraid:
 By this time she was snug within,
 Through help of honest Benjamin;
 She and her babe, which to her breast
 With thankfulness the mother pressed;
 And now the same strong voice more
 near

Said cordially, "My friend, what cheer?
 Rough doings these! as God's my judge,
 The sky owes somebody a grudge!
 We've had in half an hour or less
 A twelvemonth's terror and distress!"

Then Benjamin entreats the man
 Would mount, too, quickly as he can:
 The sailor, sailor now no more,
 But such he had been heretofore,
 To courteous Benjamin replied,
 "Go you your way, and mind not me;
 or I must have, whate'er betide,
 y ass and fifty things beside,—
 and I'll follow speedily!"

The waggon moves—and with its load
 Descends along the sloping road;
 And the rough sailor instantly
 Turns to a little tent hard by:
 For when, at closing-in of day,
 The family had come that way,
 Green pasture and the soft warm air
 Tempted them to settle there.
 Green is the grass for beast to graze.
 Around the stones of Dunmail-raise!

The sailor gathers up his bed,
 Takes down the canvas overhead;
 And, after farewell to the place,
 A parting word—though not of grace,
 Pursues, with ass and all his store,
 The way the waggon went before.

CANTO II.

IF Wytheburn's modest house of prayer,
 As lowly as the fowliest dwelling,
 Had, with its belfry's humble stock,
 A little pair that hang in air,
 Been mistress also of a clock,
 (And one, too, not in crazy plight)
 Twelve strokes that clock would have
 been telling

Under the brow of old Helvellyn—
 Its bead-roll of midnight,
 Then, when the hero of my tale
 Was passing by, and down the vale
 (The vale now silent, hushed I ween,
 As if a storm had never been)
 Proceeding with a mind at ease;
 While the old familiar of the seas
 Intent to use his utmost haste,
 Gained ground upon the waggon fast,
 And gives another lusty cheer;
 For spite of rumbling of the wheels,
 A welcome greeting he can hear:—
 It is a fiddle in its glee
 Dinning from the CHERRY TREE!

But soon large rain-drops on his head
 Fell with the weight of drops of lead;—
 He starts—and takes, at the admonition,
 A sage survey of his condition.
 The road is black before his eyes,
 Glimmering faintly where it lies;
 Black is the sky—and every hill,
 Up to the sky, is blacker still;
 Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,
 Hung round and overhung with gloom!
 Save that above a single height
 Is to be seen a lurid light,
 Above Helm-crag*—a streak half dead,
 A burning of portentous red;
 And, near that lurid light, full well
 The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,
 Where at his desk and book he sits,
 Puzzling aloft his curious wits;
 He whose domain is held in common
 With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,
 Cowering beside her rifted cell;
 As if intent on magic spell;—
 Dread pair, that spite of wind and
 weather,
 Still sit upon Helm-crag together!

The ASTROLOGER was not unseen
 By solitary Benjamin:
 But total darkness came anon,
 And he and everything was gone.
 And suddenly a ruffling breeze,
 (That would have rocked the sounding
 trees
 Had aught of sylvan growth been
 there)
 Swept through the hollow long and bare:
 The rain rushed down—the road was
 battered,
 As with the force of billows shattered;

* A mountain of Grasmere, the broken
 summit of which presents two figures, full
 as distinctly shaped as that of the famous
 Cobbler, near Arroquhar, in Scotland.

The horses are dismayed, nor know
 Whether they should stand or go;
 And Benjamin is groping near them,
 Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear
 them.

He is astounded,—wonder not,—
 With such a charge in such a spot;
 Astounded in the mountain gap
 With thunder-peals, clap after clap,
 Close-treading on the silent flashes—
 And somewhere, as he thinks, by crashes
 Among the rocks; with weight of rain,
 And sullen motions long and slow,
 That to a dreary distance go—
 Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,
 A rending o'er his head begins the fray
 again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,
 And oftentimes compelled to halt,
 The horses cautiously pursue
 Their way, without mishap or fault;
 And now have reached that pile of
 stones,
 Heaped over brave King Dunmail's
 bones;
 He who had once supreme command,
 Last king of rocky Cumberland;
 His bones, and those of all his power,
 Slain here in a disastrous hour!

When, passing through this narrow
 strait,
 Stony, and dark, and desolate,
 Benjamin can faintly hear
 A voice that comes from some one
 near,
 A female voice:—"Whoe'er you be,
 Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me!"
 And less in pity than in wonder,
 Amid the darkness and the thunder,
 The waggoner, with prompt command,
 Summons his horses to a stand.

When every whirling bout is o'er—
The fiddle's *squeak**—that call to bliss,
Ever followed by a kiss;
They envy not the happy lot,
But enjoy their own the more!

While thus our jocund travellers fare,
Up springs the sailor from his chair—
Limps (for I might have told before
That he was lame) across the floor—
Is gone—returns—and with a prize!
With what? a ship of lusty size;
A gallant stately man of war,
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.
Surprise to all, but most surprise
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,
Not knowing that he had befriended
A man so gloriously attended!

"This," cries the sailor, "a third-rate is,
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis!
This was the flag-ship at the Nile,
The VANGUARD—you may smirk and smile,
But, pretty maid, if you look near,
You'll find you've much in little here!
A nobler ship did never swim,
And you shall see her in full trim:
I'll set, my friends, to do you honour,
Set every inch of sail upon her."
So said, so done; and masts, sails, yards,
He names them all; and interlards
His speech with uncouth terms of art,
Accomplished in the showman's part;
And then, as from a sudden check,
Cries out—"Tis there, the quarter-deck
Which brave Admiral Nelson stood—
A sight that would have roused your
blood!

One eye he had, which, bright as ten,
Burned like a fire among his men;
Let this be land, and that be sea,
Here lay the French—and *thus* came
we!"

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,
The dancers all were gathered round,
And, such the stillness of the house,
You might have heard a nibbling
mouse;

While, borrowing helps where'er he
may,
The sailor through the story runs
Of ships to ships and guns to guns;
And does his utmost to display
The dismal conflict, and the night
And terror of that marvellous night!
"A bowl, a bowl of double measure,"
Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length,
To Nelson, England's pride and
treasure,
Her bulwark and her tower of
strength!"

When Benjamin had seized the bowl,
The mastiff from beneath the waggon,
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,
Rattled his chain—'twas all in vain,
For Benjamin, triumphant soul!
He heard the monitory growl;
Heard—and in opposition quaffed
A deep, determined, desperate draught!
Nor did the battered tar forget.
Or flinch from what he deemed his
debt:

Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,
Back to her place the ship he led;
Wheeled her back in full apparel;
And so, flag flying at mast-head,
Re-yoked her to the ass:—anon,
Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone."
Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,
Again behold them on their way!

* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.

Thence the sound—the light is there—
As Benjamin is now aware,
Who, to his inward thoughts confined,
Had almost reached the festive door,
When, startled by the sailor's roar,
He hears a sound and sees the light,
And in a moment calls to mind
That 'tis the village MERRY-NIGHT!*

Although before in no dejection,
At this insidious recollection
His heart with sudden joy is filled,—
His ears are by the music thrilled,
His eyes take pleasure in the road
Glittering before him bright and broad;
And Benjamin is wet and cold,
And there are reasons manifold
That make the good, towards which
he's yearning,
Look fairly like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and
go,
To vibrate between yes and no;
"For," cries the sailor, "glorious
chance
That blew us hither! Let him dance
Who can or will;—my honest soul
Our treat shall be a friendly bowl!"
He draws him to the door—"Come in,
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin;
And Benjamin—ah, woe is me!
Gave the word,—the horses heard
And halted, though reluctantly.

"Blithe souls and lightsome hearts
have we
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE!"
This was the outside proclamation,
This was the inside salutation;

* A term well known in the North of Eng-
land, and applied to rural festivals where young
persons meet in the evening for the purpose of
dancing.

What bustling—jostling—high and low!
A universal overflow;
What tankards foaming from the tap!
What store of cakes in every lap!
What thumping—stumping—overhead!
The thunder had not been more busy:
With such a stir, you would have said,
This little place may well be dizzy!
'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—
'Tis what can be most prompt and eager;
As if it heard the fiddle's call,
The pewter clatters on the wall;
The very bacon shows its feeling,
Swinging from the smoky ceiling!

A steaming bowl—a blazing fire—
What greater good can heart desire?
'Twere worth a wise man's while to try
The utmost anger of the sky;
To seek for thoughts of a gloomy cast,
If such the bright amends at last.
Now, should you say I judge amiss,
The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this;
For soon, of all the happy there,
Our travellers are the happiest pair.
All care with Benjamin is gone—
A Cæsar past the Rubicon!
He thinks not of his long, long strife;
The sailor man, by nature gay,
Hath no resolves to throw away;
And he hath now forgot his wife,
Hath quite forgotten her—or may be
Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,
Within that warm and peaceful berth,
Under cover,
Terror over,
Sleeping by her sleeping baby.

With bowl that sped from hand to
hand,
The gladdest of the gladsome band,
Amid their own delight and fun,
They hear—when every dance is done—

CANTO III.

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,
 When they the wished-for greeting heard.
 The whip's loud notice from the door,
 That they were free to move once more.
 You think these doings must have bred
 In them disheartening doubts and dread;
 No, not a horse of all the eight,
 Although it be a moonless night,
 Fears either for himself or freight;
 For this they know, (and let it hide,
 In part, the offences of their guide,)
 That Benjamin, with clouded brains,
 Is worth the best with all their pains;
 And, if they had a prayer to make,
 The prayer would be that they may take
 With him whatever comes in course,
 The better fortune or the worse; [them,
 That no one else may have business near
 And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,
 And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,
 The triumph of your late devotion!
 Can aught on earth impede delight,
 Still mounting to a higher height;
 And higher still—a greedy flight!
 Can any low-born care pursue her,
 Can any mortal elog come to her?
 No notion have they—not a thought,
 That is from joyless regions brought!
 And, while they coast the silent lake,
 Their inspiration I partake;
 Share their empyreal spirits—yea,
 With their enraptured vision, see—
 O fancy—what a jubilee!
 What shifting pictures—glad in gleams
 Of colour bright as feverish dreams!
 Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,
 Involved and restless all—a scene

Pregnant with mutual exaltation,
 Rich change, and multiplied creation!
 This sight to me the muse imparts;—
 And then, what kindness in their hearts!
 What tears of rapture, what vow-making,
 Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking!
 What solemn, vacant interlacing,
 As if they'd fall asleep embracing!
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,
 And in the excess of amity,
 Says Benjamin, "That ass of thine,
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine;
 If he were tethered to the waggon,
 He'd drag as well what he is dragging;
 And we, as brother should with brother,
 Might trudge it alongside each other?"

Forthwith, obedient to command,
 The horses made a quiet stand;
 And to the waggon's skirts was tied
 The creature, by the mastiff's side,
 The mastiff wondering, and perplex
 With dread of what will happen next;
 And thinking it but sorry cheer,
 To have such company so near!

This new arrangement made, the wain
 Through the still night proceeds again:
 No moon had risen her light to lend;
 But indistinctly may be kenned
 The VANGUARD, following close behind,
 Sails spread, as if to catch the wind!

"Thy wife and child are snug and
 warm,
 Thy ship will travel without harm;
 I like," said Benjamin, "her shape and
 stature;
 And this of mine—this bulky creature
 Of which I have the steering—this,
 Seen fairly, is not much amiss!
 We want your 'streamers, friend, you
 But altogether, as we go, [know;
 We make a kind of handsome show!

Of all his failings, they love best ;
 Whether for him they are distress ;
 Or, by length of fasting roused,
 Are impatient to be housed ;
 Up against the bill they strain—
 Tugging at the iron chain—
 Tugging all with might and main—
 Last and foremost, every horse
 To the utmost of his force !
 And the smoke and respiration
 Rising like an exhalation,
 Blends with the mist,—a moving
 shroud
 To form—an undissolving cloud ;
 Which, with slant ray, the merry
 sun
 Takes delight to play upon.
 Never golden-haired Apollo,
 Pleased some favourite chief to
 follow
 Through accidents of peace or war,
 In a perilous moment threw
 Around the object of his care
 Veil of such celestial hue ;
 Interposed so bright a screen
 Him and his enemies between !

Alas, what boots it?—who can
 hide
 When the malicious fates are bent
 On working out an ill intent ?
 Can destiny be turned aside ?
 No—sad progress of my story !
 Benjamin, this outward glory
 Cannot shield thee from thy master,
 Who from Keswick has pricked
 forth,
 Sour and surly as the north ;
 And, in fear of some disaster,
 Comes to give what help he may,
 And to hear what thou canst say ;
 As needs he must forebode,
 Thou hast been loitering on the road !

His fears, his doubts, may now take
 flight—
 The wished-for object is in sight ;
 Yet, trust the muse, it rather hath
 Stirred him up to livelier wrath ;
 Which he stifles, moody man !
 With all the patience that he can !
 To the end that at your meeting
 He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,
 Till the waggon gains the top ;
 But stop he cannot—must advance :
 Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,
 Espies, and instantly is ready,
 Self-collected, poised, and steady ;
 And, to be the better seen,
 Issues from his radiant shroud,
 From his close attending cloud,
 With careless air and open mien.
 Erect his port, and firm his going ;
 So struts yon cock that now is crowing ;
 And the morning light in grace
 Strikes upon his lifted face,
 Hurrying the pallid hue away
 That might his trespasses betray.
 But what can all avail to clear him,
 Or what need of explanation,
 Parley, or interrogation ?
 For the master sees, alas !
 That unhappy figure near him,
 Limping o'er the dewy grass,
 Where the road it fringes, sweet,
 Soft and cool to way-worn feet ;
 And, oh, indignity ! an ass,
 By his noble mastiff's side,
 Tethered to the waggon's tail :
 And the ship, in all her pride,
 Following after in full sail !
 Not to speak of babe and mother ;
 Who, contented with each other,
 And, snug as birds in leafy arbour,
 Find, within, a blessed harbour !

To take of this transported pair
 A brief and unreprieved farewell ;
 To quit the slow-paced waggon's side,
 And wander down yon hawthorn dell,
 With murmuring Greta for her guide.
 There doth she ken the awful form
 Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—
 Glimmering through the twilight pale ;
 And Glimmer-crag,* his tall twin-brother,
 Each peering forth to meet the other ;—
 And, while she roves through St.
 John's Vale,

Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,
 By sheep-track, or through cottage lane,
 Where no disturbance comes to intrude
 Upon the pensive solitude,
 Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,
 With the rude shepherd's favoured
 Beholds the faeries in array, [glance,
 Whose party-coloured garments gay
 The silent company betray ;
 Red, green, and blue ; a moment's sight
 For Skiddaw-top with rosy light
 Is touched—and all the band take flight.
 Fly also, muse ! and from the dell
 Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;
 Thence look thou forth o'er wood and
 lawn,

Hear with the frost-like dews of dawn ;
 Across yon meadowy bottom look,
 Where close fogs hideth their parent brook ;
 And see, beyond that hamlet small,
 The ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall,
 Lurking in a double shade,
 By trees and lingering twilight made !
 There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,
 Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
 To noble Clifford ; from annoy
 Concealed the persecuted boy,
 Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
 His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed ;

* The crag of the ewe-lamb.
 WO.

Among this multitude of hills,
 Craggs, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills ;
 Which soon the morning shall enfold,
 From east to west, in ample vest
 Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed
 Hung low, begin to rise and spread ;
 Even while I speak, their skirts of gray
 Are smitten by a silver ray ;
 And lo !—up Castrigg's naked steep
 (Where, smoothly urged, the vapours
 Along—and scatter and divide [sweep
 Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)
 The stately waggon is ascending
 With faithful Benjamin attending,
 Apparent now beside his team—
 Now lost amid a glittering steam.
 And with him goes his sailor friend,
 By this time near their journey's end,
 And, after their high-minded riot,
 Sickening into thoughtful quiet ;
 As if the morning's pleasant hour
 Had for their joys a killing power.
 And, sooth, for Benjamin a vein
 Is opened of still deeper pain
 As if his heart by notes were stung
 From out the lowly hedge-rows flung ;
 As if the warbler lost in light
 Reproved his soarings of the night,
 In strains of rapture pure and holy
 Upbraided his distempered folly.

Drooping is he, his step is dull ;
 But the horses stretch and pull ;
 With increasing vigour climb,
 Eager to repair lost time ;
 Whether by their own desert,
 Knowing what cause there is for shame,
 They are labouring to avert
 As much as may be of the blame,
 Which, they foresee, must soon alight
 Upon *his* head, whom, in despite

But most of all, thou lordly wain !
 I wish to have thee here again.
 When windows flap and chimney roars,
 And all is dismal out of doors ;
 And sitting by my fire, I see
 Eight sorry carts, no less a train !
 Unworthy successors of thee, [rain ;
 Come straggling through the wind and
 And oft, as they pass slowly on,
 Beneath my windows—one by one—
 See, perched upon the naked height
 The summit of a cumbrous freight,
 A single traveller—and there
 Another—then perhaps a pair—
 The lame, the sickly, and the old ;
 Men, women, heartless with the cold ;
 And babes in wet and starveling plight ;
 Which once, be weather as it might,
 Had still a nest within a nest,
 Thy shelter—and their mother's breast !
 Then most of all, then far the most,
 Do I regret what we have lost ;
 Am grieved for that unhappy sin
 Which robbed us of good Benjamin ;—
 And of his stately charge, which none
 Could keep alive when he was gone !

MATERNAL GRIEF.

DEPARTED Child ! I could forget thee
 once [woeful gain
 Though at my bosom nursed ; this
 Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul
 Is present and perpetually abides
 A shadow, never, never to be displaced
 By the returning substance, seen or
 touched, [embrace.
 Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my
 Absence and death how differ they !
 and how
 Shall I admit that nothing can restore
 What one short sigh so easily removed ?
 Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,

Assist me, God, their boundaries to
 know, [Will !
 O teach me calm submission to thy

The Child she mourned had over-
 stepped the pale
 Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air
 That sanctifies its confines, and partook
 Reflected beams of that celestial light
 To all the Little ones on sinful earth
 Not unvouchsafed—a light that warmed
 and cheered
 Those several qualities of heart and
 mind [deep,
 Which, in her own blest nature, rooted
 Daily before the Mother's watchful eye,
 And not hers only, their peculiar charms
 Unfolded,—beauty, for its present self,
 And for its promises to future years,
 With not unfrequent rapture fondly
 hailed.

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn
 A pair of Leverets each provoking each
 To a continuance of their fearless sport.
 Two separate Creatures in their
 several gifts
 Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all
 That Nature prompts them to display,
 their looks, [rest,
 Their starts of motion and their fits of
 An undistinguishable style appears
 And character of gladness, as if Spring
 Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and
 the spirit [own ?
 Of the rejoicing morning were their

Such union, in the lovely Girl main-
 tained [seen,
 And her twin Brother, had the parent
 Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of prey,
 Death in a moment parted them, and left

With eager eyes the master pries :
 Looks in and out—and through and
 through ;
 Says nothing—till at last he spies
 A wound upon the mastiff's head,
 A wound—where plainly might be
 read
 What feats an ass's hoof can do !
 But drop the rest :—this aggravation,
 This complicated provocation,
 A hoard of grievances unsealed ;
 All past forgiveness it repealed ;—
 And thus, and through distempered
 blood
 On both sides, Benjamin the good,
 The patient, and the tender-hearted,
 Was from his team and waggon
 parted ;
 When duty of that day was o'er,
 Laid down his whip—and served no
 more.
 Nor could the waggon long survive
 Which Benjamin had ceased to drive :
 It lingered on ;—guide after guide
 Ambitiously the office tried ;
 But each unmanageable hill
 Called for *his* patience and *his* skill ;—
 And sure it is, that through this night,
 And what the morning brought to
 light,
 Two losses had we to sustain,
 We lost both WAGONER and WAIN !

Accept, O friend, for praise or blame,
 The gift of this adventurous song ;
 A record which I dared to frame,
 Though timid scruples checked me
 long ;
 They checked me—and I left the
 theme
 Untouched—in spite of many a gleam
 Of fancy which thereon was shed,

Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still
 Upon the side of a distant hill :
 But nature might not be gainsaid ;
 For what I have and what I miss
 I sing of these—it makes my bliss !
 Nor is it I who play the part,
 But a shy spirit in my heart, [leap
 That comes and goes—will sometimes
 From hiding-places ten years deep ;
 Or haunts me with familiar face—
 Returning, like a ghost unladen,
 Until the debt I owe be paid.
 Forgive me, then ; for I had been
 On friendly terms with this machine :
 In him, while he was wont to trace
 Our roads, through many a long year's
 space,
 A living almanack had we :
 We had a speaking diary,
 That, in this uneventful place,
 Gave to the days a mark and name
 By which we knew them when they came.
 Yes, I, and all about me here,
 Through all the changes of the year,
 Had seen him through the mountains
 go,
 In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
 Majestically huge and slow :
 Or, with a milder grace adorning
 The landscape of a summer's morning ;
 While Grasmere smoothed her liquid
 plain
 The moving image to detain ;
 And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
 Of echoes, to his march kept time ;
 When little other business stirred,
 And little other sound was heard ;
 In that delicious hour of balm,
 Stillness, solitude, and calm,
 While yet the valley is arrayed,
 On this side with a sober shade ;
 On that is prodigally bright—
 Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.

While Fancy ranging with free
scope

Shall on some lovely Alien set
A name with us endeared to hope,
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
Some new resemblance we may
trace

A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,
A *Speedwell* may not want its
place.

And so may we, with charmed mind
Beholding what your skill has
wrought,
Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,
A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion
fleet

From heaven to earth our thoughts
will pass,

A *Holy-thistle* here we meet
And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;
And haply some familiar name
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest,
plant

Whose presence cheers the drooping
frame
Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile
Sad thoughts, and breathes with
easier breath;

Alas! that meek that tender smile
Is but a harbinger of death:

And pointing with a feeble hand
She says, in faint words by sighs
broken,

Bear for me to my native land
This precious Flower, true love's last
token.

A MORNING EXERCISE.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to
throw; [sad,
Sending sad shadows after things not
Peopling the harmless fields with signs
of woe;

Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death; and
when the owl

Tries his two voices for a favourite
strain— [fowl

Tu-whit—Tu-whoo! the unsuspecting
Forebodes mishap or seems but to
complain;

Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked
Indians stray,

Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill;
A feathered task-master cries, "WORK
AWAY!"

And in thy iteration, "WHIP .POOR
WILL!"*

Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave.
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the
grave!

What wonder? at her bidding,
ancient lays

Steeped in dire grief the voice of
Philomel; [days.

And that fleet messenger of summer
The Swallow, twittered subject to 'like
spell; [ant Lark

But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoy
To melancholy service—hark! O hark!

* See Waterton's "Wanderings in South
America."

The Mother, in her turns of anguish,
 worse [sound
 Than desolate; for oft-times from the
 Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dear
 child, [looks,
 He knew it not) and from his happiest
 Did she extract the food of self-
 reproach,
 As one that lived ungrateful for the stay
 By Heaven afforded to uphold her
 maimed [Boy,
 And tottering spirit. And full oft the
 Now first acquainted with distress and
 grief, [shunned with fear
 Shrunk from his Mother's presence,
 Her sad approach, and stole away to
 find, [might,
 In his known haunts of joy where'er he
 A more congenial object. But, as time
 Softened her pangs, and reconciled the
 child
 To what he saw, he gradually returned,
 Like a scared Bird encouraged to renew
 A broken intercourse; and, while his eyes
 Were yet with pensive fear and gentle awe
 Turned upon her who bore him, she
 would stoop [to spread
 To imprint a kiss that lacked not power

Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,
 And stilled his tremulous lip. Thus
 they were calmed [fresh air
 And cheered; and now together breathe
 In open fields; and when the glare
 of day [wish
 Is gone, and twilight to the Mother's
 Befriends the observance, readily they
 join [One's grave,
 In walks whose boundary is the lost
 Which he with flowers hath planted,
 finding there [not miss
 Amusement, where the Mother does
 Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf
 In prayer, yet blending with that
 solemn rite
 Of pious faith the vanities of grief,
 For such, by pitying Angels and by
 Spirits [clouds
 Transferred to regions upon which the
 Of our weak nature rest not, must be
 deemed [sighs,
 Those willing tears, and unforbidden
 And all those tokens of a cherished
 sorrow, [grace of Heaven
 Which, soothed and sweetened by the
 As now it is, seems to her own fond heart
 Immortal as the love that gave it being.

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD
 WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME
 DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF
 FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers
 That in Madeira bloom and fade,
 who ne'er sate within their bowers,
 Nor through their sunny lawns have
 stray'd?

How they in sprightly dance are worn
 By Shepherd-groom or May-day
 queen,
 Or holy festal pomps adorn,
 These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
 No like remembrances can give,
 Your portraits still may reach the heart
 And there for gentle pleasure live;

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again;

Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness;
And when, at dusk, by dews oppress
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun
As ready to salute the sun
As lark or leveret,
Thy long-lost praise* thou shalt regain:
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time;—thou not in vain,
Art nature's favourite.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rushed o'er the wood with startling
sound;
Then—all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones pattered
round.
Where leafless oaks towered high above,
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green:
A fairer bower was never seen
From year to year the spacious floor
With withered leaves is covered o'er,
And all the year the bower is green.

* See, in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy
lawn, [bowed;
Not lifting yet the head that evening
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn, [cloud;
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal
spark; [the ark!
The happiest bird that sprang out of

Hail, blest above all kinds!—
Supremely skilled [with low,
Restless with fixed to balance, high
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her
hopes to build [show;

On such forbearance as the deep may
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly
ties, [paradise.
Leav'st to the wandering bird of

Faithful, though swift as lightning,
the meek dove; [thee;
Yet more hath nature reconciled in
So constant with thy downward eye of
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free; [love,
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-weary'd voice!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-
prompted strain, [bond)
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing
Thrills not the less the bosom of the
plain: [to sing
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege!
All independent of the leafy spring.

How would it please old ocean to
partake, [vain,
With sailors longing for a breeze in
The harmony thy notes most gladly make
Where earth resembles most his own
domain! [pleased ear
Urania's self might welcome with
These matins mounting towards her
native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom
no bars
To day-light known deter from that
pursuit,
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when
the stars
Come forth at evening, keeps thee still
and mute:
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
Wert thou among them, singing as
they shine!

TO THE DAISY.

"Her* divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree;
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man."—G. WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent;
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet daisy!

Thee winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole summer fields are thine by right;
And autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

No more of pity for regrets
With which she may have striven!
Now but in wantonness she frets,
Or spite, if cause be given;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird
By social glee inspired;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired!

THIS moss-lined shed, green, soft, and
dry,
Harbours a self-contented wren,
Not shunning man's abode, though
shy,
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared
She never tried, the very nest
In which this child of spring was
reared,
Is warmed, through winter, by her
feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes
gives
A slender unexpected strain;
Proof that the hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be
sought in vain.

Say, Dora! tell me by yon placid
moon,
If called to choose between the
favoured pair
Which would you be,—the bird of the
saloon,
By lady fingers tended with nice care,
Cared, and apparelled, upon dainties fed,
Or nature's DARLING of this mossy
chapel?

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower!—I'll make a stir
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we need^d must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.
Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, thou art come!

But see! where'er the hailstones drop,
 The withered leaves all skip and hop,
 There's not a breeze—no breath of air—
 Yet here, and there, and every where
 Along the floor, beneath the shade
 By those embowering hollies made,
 The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
 As if with pipes and music rare
 Some Robin Good-fellow were there,
 And all those leaves, in festive glee,
 Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that
 shed

Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round mespread

Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequestered nook how sweet
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!
 And birds and flowers once more to
 greet,

My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest;
 Hail to thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pinion,
 Thou, linnet! in thy green array,
 Presiding spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May,
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds and butterflies, and flowers
 Make all one band of paramours,
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,

Art sole in thy employment;
 A life, a presence like the air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair,
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover;
 There! where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back and body flings
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
 A brother of the dancing leaves;
 Then flits, and from the cottage eaves
 Pours forth his song in gushes;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mocked and treated with disdain
 The voiceless form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes.

THE CONTRAST.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,
 I saw a dazzling belle,
 A parrot of that famous kind
 Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
 And, smoothed by nature's skill,
 With pearl or gleaming agate vies
 Her finely-curved bill.

Her plumy mantle's living hues
 In mass opposed to mass,
 Outshine the splendour that imbues
 The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter mate
 Did never tempt the choice
 Of feathered thing most delicate
 In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,
 And singleness her lot,
 She trills her song with tutored powers,
 Or mocks each casual note.

Rear who will a pyramid,
Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little flower.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

"BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous elf,"
Exclaimed an angry voice,
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!"
A small cascade fresh swoln with snows,
Thus threatened a poor briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?
Off, off! or, puny thing!
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling."
The flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past:
But, seeing no relief, at last
He ventured to reply.

"Ah!" said the briar, "blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you
spread:
The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

"When spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I

Before you hang my wreaths, to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

"But now proud thoughts are in your
What grief is mine you see. [breast—
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left—
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter day,
A happy eglantine!"

What more he said I cannot tell,
The torrent down the rocky dell
Came thundering loud and fast;
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The briar quaked, and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

A PASTORAL.

His simple truths did Andrew glean
Beside the babbling rills;
A careful student he had been
Among the woods and hills. [trees
One winter's night, when through the
The wind was roaring, on his knees
His youngest born did Andrew hold:
And while the rest, a ruddy quird,
Were seated round their blazing fire,
This tale the shepherd told:—

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone
As ever tempest beat!
Out of its head an Oak had grown,
A Broom out of its feet.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming spirit;
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth
Ill-requited upon earth!
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
Whosoe'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be sainted)

Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking kerchief-plots of mould
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think, I read a book
Only read, perhaps, by me;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and thee,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and seek;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold;
Liveliest of the vernal train
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious bee,
Labouring for her waxen cells,
Fondly settle upon thee
Prized above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied?

Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing "beneath our shoon:"
Let the bold discoverer thrid
In his bark the polar sea;

"Her voice was blithe, her heart was light;
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech, until the stars of night
Their journey had renewed:
But in the branches of the Oak
Two ravens now began to croak
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two stripling bees
To rest, or murmur there.

"One night, my children! from the north
There came a furious blast;
At break of day I ventured forth,
And near the cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
And struck him with a mighty stroke,
And whirled, and whirled him far away;
And, in one hospitable cleft,
The little careless Broom was left
To live for many a day."

SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT
AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF
WESTMORELAND.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel!
Night has brought the welcome hour,
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from faëry power;
Dewy night o'ershades the ground;
Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,
Crouch the widely-scattered sheep;—
Ply the pleasant labour, ply!
For the spindle, while they sleep,
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes;
But true love is like the thread
Which the kindly wool supplies,
When the flocks are all at rest
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.

ART thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird, who by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother,
The darling of children and men?
Could father Adam open his eyes,*
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.

If the butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend;
And find his way to me,
Under the branches of the tree:
In and out, he darts about;
Can this be the bird, to man so good,
That, after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou
couldst pursue
A beautiful creature,
That is gentle by nature?

* See "Paradise Lost," book xi., where
Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the
eagle chasing "two birds of gayest plumage," and
the gentle hart and hind pursued by their enemy.

The time was March, a cheerful noon—
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,
Breathed gently from the warm south-
west :

When, in a voice sedate with age,
This Oak, a giant and a sage,
His neighbour thus addressed :

“Eight weary weeks, through rock
and clay,

Along this mountain's edge,
The frost hath wrought both night
and day,

Wedge driving after wedge.
Look up! and think above your head
What trouble, surely, will be bred;
Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,
The splinters took another road—
I see them yonder—what a load
For such a thing as you!

“You are preparing as before,
To deck your slender shape;
And yet, just three years back—no
more—

You had a strange escape.
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke;
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,
And hitherward pursued its way:
This ponderous block was caught by me,
And o'er your head, as you may see,
'Tis hanging to this day!

If breeze or bird to this rough steep
Your kind's first seed did bear;
The breeze had better been asleep,
The bird caught in a snare:
For you and your green twigs decoy
The little witless shepherd-boy
To come and slumber in your bower;
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
Both you and he, Heaven knows how
soon,
Will perish in one hour.

“From me this friendly warning take—
The Broom began to dose,
And thus to keep herself awake
Did gently interpose:
'My thanks for your discourse are due;
That more than what you say is true
I know, and I have known it long;
Frail is the bond by which we hold
Our being whether young or old,
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

“Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all.
For me, why should I wish to roam!
This spot is my paternal home,
It is my pleasant heritage;
My father many a happy year
Spread here his careless blossoms, here
Attained a good old age.

“Even such as his may be my lot.
What cause have I to haunt
My heart with terrors? Am I not
In truth a favoured plant!
On me such bounty summer pours,
That I am covered o'er with flowers;
And, when the frost is in the sky,
My branches are so fresh and gay
That you might look at me and say,
This plant can never die.

“The butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.
When grass is chill with rain or dew,
Beneath my shade, the mother ewe
Lies with her infant lamb; I see
The love they to each other make,
And the sweet joy, which they partake,
It is a joy to me.

Where is he that giddy sprite,
 Blue-cap, with his colours bright,
 Who was blest as bird could be,
 Feeding in the apple-tree;
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,
 Turning blossoms inside out; [ground,
 Hung, head pointing towards the
 Fluttered, perched, into a round
 Bound himself, and then unbound?
 Lithest, gaudiest harlequin!
 Prettiest tumbler ever seen!
 Light of heart, and light of limb,
 What is now become of him!
 Lambs that through the mountains went
 Frisking, bleating merriment,
 When the year was in its prime,
 They are sobered by this time.
 If you look to vale or hill,
 If you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighbouring rill,
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,
 And the air is calm in vain:
 Vainly morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure;
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy:
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gaiety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
 In the impenetrable cell
 Of the silent heart which nature
 Furnishes to every creature;
 Whatso'er we feel and know
 Too sedate for outward show,
 Such a light of gladness breaks,
 Pretty kitten! from thy freaks,—
 Spreads with such a living grace
 O'er my little Laura's face;

Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
 Thee, baby, laughing in my arms,
 That almost I could repine
 That your transports are not mine,
 That I do not wholly fare
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!
 And I will have my careless season
 Spite of melancholy reason;
 Will walk through life in such a way
 That, when time brings on decay,
 Now and then I may possess
 Hours of perfect gladness.
 —Pleased by any random toy;
 By a kitten's busy joy,
 Or an infant's laughing eye
 Sharing in the ecstasy;
 I would fare like that or this.
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;
 Keep the sprightly soul awake
 And have faculties to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,
 Matter for a jocund thought,
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol with life's falling leaf.

A FLOWER GARDEN,
 AT COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.
 TELL me, ye zephyrs! that unfold,
 While fluttering o'er this gay recess,
 Pinions that fanned the teeming mould
 Of Eden's blissful wilderness,
 Did only softly-stealing hours,
 There close the peaceful lives of
 flowers?

Say, when the *moving* creatures saw
 All kinds commingled without fear,
 Prevailed a like indulgent law
 For the still growths that prosper here?
 Did wanton fawn and kid forbear
 The half-blown rose, the lily spare?

Beneath the summer sky
 From flower to flower let him fly;
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.
 The cheerer thou of our indoor sadness,
 He is the friend of our summer gladness:
 What hinders, then, that ye should be
 Playmates in the sunny weather,
 And fly about in the air together!
 His beautiful wings in crimson are
 drest,
 A crimson as bright as thine own:
 Would'st thou be happy in thy nest,
 O pious bird! whom man loves best,
 Love him, or leave him alone!

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my infánt, lo!
 What a pretty baby show!
 See the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves — one — two — and
 three—
 From the lofty elder-tree!
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair,
 Eddying round and round they sink
 Softly, slowly: one might think,
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or faery hither tending—
 To this lower world descending,
 Each invisible and mute,
 In his wavering parachute.
 —But the kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
 First at one, and then its fellow
 Just as light and just as yellow;

There are many now—now one—
 Now they stop; and there are none—
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire!
 With a tiger-leap half way
 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again:
 Now she works with three or four
 Like an Indian conjuror;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.
 Were her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,
 What would little tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd?
 Over happy to be proud,
 Over wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty baby-treat,
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
 Here, for neither babe nor me,
 Other playmate can I see.
 Of the countless living things,
 That with stir of feet and wings,
 (In the sun or under shade,
 Upon bough or grassy blade)
 And with busy revellings,
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,
 Made this orchard's narrow space,
 And this vale so blithe a place;
 Multitudes are swept away
 Never more to breathe the day:
 Some are sleeping; some in bands
 Travelled into distant lands;
 Others slunk to moor and wood,
 Far from human neighbourhood;
 And, among the kinds that keep
 With us closer fellowship,
 With us openly abide,
 All have laid their mirth aside.

The shape will vanish. and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself. some faery bold
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar;—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest.
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont. repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is every-
where!
Bold in maternal nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow,
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity.
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;
And thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season.

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical
In peace fulfilling.

TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me! up with me into the
clouds!
For thy song, lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the
clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind.

I have walked through wildernesses
dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a faery
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy
divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky!

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest.
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken lark! thou wouldst be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Or peeped they often from their beds
And prematurely disappeared,
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads
A bosom to the sun endeared?
If such their harsh untimely doom,
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All summer long the happy Eve
Of this fair spot her flowers may bind,
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,
From the next glance she casts, to find
That love for little things by fate
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is
wound,
So subtly are our eyes beguiled
We see not nor suspect a bound,
No more than in some forest wild;
The sight is free as air—or crost
Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse
By random footsteps to be prest,
And feed on never-sullied dews,
Ye, gentle breezes from the west,
With all the ministers of hope,
Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort:
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,
Some, perched on stems of stately
port
That nod to welcome transient guests;
While hare and leveret, seen at play,
Appear not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)
This delicate enclosure shows
Of modest kindness, that would hide
The firm protection she bestows;
Of manners, like its viewless fence,
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral muse—her wing
Abruptly spreading to depart,
She left that farewell offering,
Memento for some docile heart;
That may respect the good old age
When fancy was truth's willing page;
And truth would skim the flowery glade,
Though entering but as fancy's shade.

TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming common-place
Of nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of love's court;
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,

Day and night my toils redouble,
 Never nearer to the goal;
 Night and day, I feel the trouble
 Of the wanderer in my soul.

THE CORONET OF SNOW- DROPS.

Who fancied what a pretty sight
 This rock would be if edged around
 With living snowdrops? circlet bright!
 How glorious to this orchard-ground!
 Who loved the little rock, and set
 Upon its head this coronet?

Was it the humour of a child?
 Or rather of some gentle maid,
 Whose brows, the day that she was styled
 The shepherd queen, were thus arrayed?
 Of man mature, or matron sage?
 Or old-man toying with his age?

I asked—'twas whispered—The device
 To each and all might well belong:
 It is the spirit of Paradise
 That prompts such work, a spirit strong,
 That gives to all the self-same bent
 Where life is wise and innocent.

THE SEVEN SISTERS;

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,
 All children of one mother:
 You could not say in one short day
 What love they bore each other.
 A garland of seven lilies wrought!
 Seven sisters that together dwell;
 But he, bold knight as ever fought,
 Their father, took of them no thought,
 He loved the wars so well.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
 And from the shores of Erin,
 Across the wave, a rover brave
 To Binnorie is steering:
 Right onward to the Scottish strand
 The gallant ship is borne;
 The warriors leap upon the land,
 And hark! the leader of the band
 Hath blown his bugle horn.
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,
 With boughs above them closing,
 The seven are laid, and in the shade
 They lie like fawns reposing.
 But now, upstarting with affright
 At noise of man and steed.
 Away they fly to left, to right—
 Of your fair household, father knight
 Methinks you take small heed!
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
 And, over hill and hollow,
 With menace proud, and insult loud,
 The youthful rovers follow.
 Cried they, "Your father loves to
 roam:

Enough for him to find
 The empty house when he comes
 home;
 For us your yellow ringlets comb,
 For us be fair and kind!"
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side i
 side,
 Like clouds in stormy weather,
 They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die
 And let us die together."

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
 Through prickly moors or dusty ways
 must wind;
 But hearing thee, or others of thy
 kind,
 As full of gladness and as free of
 heaven,
 I, with my fate contented, will plod
 on,
 And hope for higher raptures, when
 life's day is done.

Thus then, each to other dear,
 Let them all in quiet lie,
 Andrew there, and Susan here,
 Neighbours in mortality.
 And, should I live through sun and rain
 Seven widowed years without my Jane,
 O sexton, do not then remove her,
 Let one grave hold the loved and lover!

SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

TO A SEXTON.

Let thy wheelbarrow alone—
 Wherefore, sexton, piling still
 In thy bone-house bone on bone?
 'Tis already like a hill
 In a field of battle made,
 Where three thousand skulls are laid;
 These died in peace each with the
 other,
 Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point!
 From this platform, eight feet square,
 Take not even a finger joint:
 Andrew's whole fire-side is there.
 Here, alone, before thine eyes,
 Simon's sickly daughter lies,
 From weakness now, and pain de-
 fended
 Whom he twenty-winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride—
 How he glories, when he sees
 Roses, lilies, side by side,
 Violets in families!
 By the heart of man, his tears,
 By his hopes and by his fears,
 Thou, too heedless, art the warden
 Of a far superior garden.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains
 Roar down many a craggy steep,
 Yet they find among the mountains
 Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,
 Ere the storm its fury stills,
 Helmet-like themselves will fasten
 On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre
 Of the Alps the chamois bound,
 Yet he has a home to enter
 In some nook of chosen ground.

And the sea-horse, though the ocean
 Yield him no domestic cave,
 Slumbers without sense of motion,
 Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the raven
 Gambol like a dancing skiff,
 Not the less she loves her haven
 In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet ostrich, till day closes
 Vagrant over desert sands,
 Brooding on her eggs reposes
 When chill night that care demands.

When this in modest guise was said,
Across the welkin seemed to spread
A boding sound—for aught but sleep
ur'd!

Hills quaked—the rivers backward ran—
That star, so proud of late, looked wan;
And reeled with visionary stir
In the blue depth, like Lucifer
Cast headlong to the pit!

Fireraged,—and when the spangled floor
Of ancient ether was no more,
New heavens succeeded, by the dream
brought forth:

And all the happy souls that rode
Transfigured through that fresh abode,
Had heretofore, in humble trust,
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,
The glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an angel's voice
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice
Of him who slept upon the open lea:
Waking at morn he murmured not;
And, till life's journey closed, the spot
Was to the pilgrim's soul endeared,
Where by that dream he had been
cheered
Beneath the shady tree.

STRAY PLEASURES.

*"Pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever shall
find."*

By their floating mill,
That lies dead and still,
Behold yon prisoners three,
The miller with two dames, on the
breast of the Thames!
The platform is small, but gives room
for them all;
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes
To their mill where it floats,
To their house and their mill tethered
fast;
To the small wooden isle where, their
work to beguile,
They from morning to even take what
ever is given;—
And many a blithe day they have
past.

In sight of the spires,
All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary
sky,
They dance,—there are three, as
jocund as free,
While they dance on the calm river's
breast.

Man and maidens wheel,
They themselves make the reel.
And their music's a prey which they
seize;
It plays not for them,—what matter?
'tis theirs;
And if they had care, it has scattered
their cares,
While they dance, crying, "Long as
ye please!"

They dance not for me,
Yet mine is their glee!
Thus pleasure is spread through the
earth
In stray gifts, to be claimed by who-
ever shall find;
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redun-
dantly kind,
Moves all nature to gladness and
mirth.

A lake was near; the shore was steep;
 There never foot had been;
 They ran, and with a desperate leap
 Together plunged into the deep,
 Nor ever more were seen.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
 As through the glen it rambles,
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
 For those seven lovely Campbells.
 Seven little islands, green and bare,
 Have risen from out the deep:
 The fishers say, those sisters fair
 By fairies are all buried there,
 And there together sleep.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A PILGRIM, when the summer day
 Had closed upon his weary way,
 A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof;
 But him the haughty warden spurned;
 And from the gate the pilgrim turned,
 To seek such covert as the field
 Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,
 Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along; and, pensively,
 Halting beneath a shady tree,
 Whose moss-grown root might serve
 for couch or seat,
 Fixed on a star his upward eye;
 Then, from the tenant of the sky
 He turned, and watched with kindred
 look,
 A glow-worm, in a dusty nook,
 Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream
 Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,
 A pregnant dream, within whose
 shadowy bounds
 He recognised the earth-born star,
 And *that* which glittered from afar;
 And (strange to witness!) from the
 frame

Of the ethereal orb, there came
 Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble light
 That now, when day was fled, and
 night
 Hushed the dark earth—fast closing
 weary eyes,
 A very reptile could presume
 To show her taper in the gloom,
 As if in rivalry with one
 Who sate a ruler on his throne
 Erected in the skies.

"Exalted star!" the worm replied,
 "Abate this unbecoming pride.
 Or with a less uneasy lustre shine;
 Thou shrink'st as momentarily thy rays
 Are mastered by the breathing haze;
 While neither mist, nor thickest
 cloud
 That shapes in heaven its murky
 shroud,
 Hath power to injure mine.

"But not for this do I aspire
 To match the spark of local fire,
 That at my will burns on the dewy
 lawn,
 With thy acknowledged glories;—
 No!"

Yet, thus upbraided, I may show
 What favours do attend me here,
 Till, like thyself, I disappear
 Before the purple dawn."

A spirit of noon-day is he;
 Yet seems a form of flesh and blood;
 Nor piping shepherd shall he be,
 Nor herd-boy of the wood.
 A regal vest of fur he wears,
 In colour like a raven's wing;
 It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;
 But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue
 As budding pines in spring;
 His helmet has a vernal grace,
 Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

A harp is from his shoulder slung;
 Resting the harp upon his knee;
 To words of a forgotten tongue,
 He suits its melody.
 Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill
 He is the darling and the joy;
 And often, when no cause appears,
 The mountain ponies prick their ears,
 They hear the Danish boy,
 While in the dell he sits alone
 Beside the tree and corner-stone.

There sits he: in his face you spy
 No trace of a ferocious air,
 Nor ever was a cloudless sky
 So steady or so fair.
 The lovely Danish boy is blest
 And happy in his flowery cove:
 From bloody deeds his thoughts are far,
 And yet he warbles songs of war,
 That seem like songs of love.
 For calm and gentle is his mien;
 Like a dead boy he is serene.

ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E. H. S.

Frowns are on every muse's face,
 Reproaches from their lips are sent,
 That mimicry should thus disgrace
 The noble instrument.

A very harp in all but size!
 Needles for strings in apt gradation!
 Minerva's self would stigmatize
 The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle that subdued
 Arachne's rival spirit,
 Though wrought in Vulcan's happier
 mood,
 Such honour could not merit.

And this, too, from the laureate's child,
 A living lord of melody!
 How will her sire be reconciled
 To the refined indignity?

I spake, when whispered a low voice:
 "Bard! moderate your ire;
 Spirits of all degrees rejoice
 In presence of the lyre.

"The minstrels of pygmean bands,
 Dwarf genii, moonlight-loving fays,
 Have shells to fit their tiny hands
 And suit their slender lays.

"Some, still more delicate of ear,
 Have lutes (believe my words)
 Whose framework is of gossamer.
 While sunbeams are the chords.

"Gay sylphs this miniature will court
 Made vocal by their brushing wings;
 And sullen gnomes will learn to sport
 Around its polished strings;

"Whence strains to love-sick maids
 dear,
 While in her lonely bower she tries
 To cheat the thought she cannot cheat
 By fanciful embroideries.

"Trust, angry bard! a knowing spirit
 Nor think the harp her lot depletes
 Though 'mid the stars the lyre shines
 bright.
 Love stoops as fondly as he soars."

The showers of the spring
 Rouse the birds, and they sing;
 If the wind do but stir for his proper
 delight,
 Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour
 will kiss;
 Each wave, one and t'other, speeds
 after his brother;
 They are happy, for that is their right!

"Such it is;—the aspiring creature
 Soaring on undaunted wing
 (So you fancied) is by nature
 A dull helpless thing,
 Dry and withered, light and yellow;—
That to be the tempest's fellow!
 Wait and you shall see how hollow
 Its endeavouring!"

THE DANISH BOY.

A FRAGMENT.

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS
FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

"Who but hails the sight with
 pleasure
 When the wings of genius rise,
 Their ability to measure
 With great enterprise;
 But in man was ne'er such daring
 As yon hawk exhibits, pairing
 His brave spirit with the war in
 The stormy skies!

"Mark him, how his power he uses,
 Lays it by, at will resumes!
 Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
 Clouds and utter glooms!
 There he wheels in downward mazes;
 Sunward now his flight he raises,
 Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
 With uninjured plumes!"

ANSWER.

Stranger, 'tis no act of courage
 Which aloft thou dost discern;
 So bold *bird* gone forth to forage
 'Mid the tempest stern;
 Not such mockery as the nations
 See, when public perturbations
 Lift men from their native stations,
 Like yon TUFT OF FERN;

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills
 There is a spot that seems to lie
 Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
 And sacred to the sky:
 And in this smooth and open dell
 There is a tempest-stricken tree;
 A corner-stone by lightning cut,
 The last stone of a lonely hut;
 And in this dell you see
 A thing no storm can e'er destroy,
 The shadow of a Danish boy.*

In clouds above, the lark is heard,
 But drops not here to earth for rest:
 Within this lonesome nook the bird
 Did never build her nest.
 No beast, no bird hath here his
 home;
 Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
 Pass high above those fragrant bells
 To other flowers; to other dells
 Their burthens do they bear;
 The Danish boy walks here alone:
 The lovely dell is all his own.

* These stanzas were designed to introduce a ballad upon the story of a Danish prince who had fled from battle, and for the sake of the valuables about him, was murdered by the inhabitant of a cottage in which he had taken refuge. The house fell under a curse, and the spirit of the youth, it was believed, haunted the valley where the crime had been committed.

And first;—thy sinless progress,
 through a world
 By sorrow darkened and by care dis-
 turbed.
 Apt likeness bears to hers, through
 gathered clouds,
 Moving untouched in silver purity,
 And cheering oft-times their reluctant
 gloom.
 Fair are ye both, and both are free
 from stain :
 But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy
 horn
 With brightness!—leaving her to post
 along,
 And range about—disquieted in change.
 And still impatient of the shape she
 wears.
 Once up, once down the hill. one
 journey, babe.
 That will suffice thee; and it seems
 that now
 Thou hast fore-knowledge that such
 task is thine;
 Thou travellest so contentedly. and
 sleep'st
 In such a heedless peace. Alas! full
 soon
 Hath this conception. grateful to behold.
 Changed countenance. like an object
 sullied o'er

By breathing mist! and thine appears
 to be
 A mournful labour. while to her is
 given
 Hope—and a renovation without end.
 That smile forbids the thought;—for
 on thy face
 Smiles are beginning, like the beams
 of dawn,
 To shoot and circulate;—smiles have
 there been seen,—
 Tranquil assurances that Heaven
 supports
 The feeble motions of thy life. and
 cheers
 Thy loneliness;—or shall those smiles
 be called
 Feelers of love.—put forth as if to
 explore
 This untried world. and to prepare
 thy way
 Through a strait passage intricate and
 dim?
 Such are they.—and the same are
 tokens. signs.
 Which. when the appointed season
 hath arrived.
 Joy, as her holiest language. shall
 adopt;
 And reason's godlike power be proud
 to own.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT
DAUGHTER,

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS
A MONTH OLD ON THAT DAY.

HAST thou then survived,
Mild offspring of infirm humanity,
Meek infant! among all forlornest
things

The most forlorn, one life of that
bright star,

The second glory of the heavens?—
Thou hast:

Already hast survived that great decay;
That transformation through the wide
earth felt,

And by all nations. In that Being's
sight

From whom the race of human kind
proceed,

A thousand years are but as yester-
day;

And one day's narrow circuit is to
Him

Not less capacious than a thousand
years.

But what is time? What outward
glory? Neither

A measure is of Thee, whose claims
extend

Through "heaven's eternal year."—

Yet hail to thee,

Frail, feeble monthling!—by that
name, methinks,

Thy scanty breathing-time is por-
tioned out

Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian
birth,

Touched on a casual bed of moss and
leaves,

And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
Or to the churlish elements exposed

wo

On the blank plains,—the coldness of
the night,

Or the night's darkness, or its cheer-
ful face

Of beauty, by the changing moon
adorned,

Would, with imperious admonition,
then

Have scored thine age, and punctually
timed

Thine infant history, on the minds
of those

Who might have wandered with
thee.—Mother's love.

Nor less than mother's love in other
breasts,

Will, among us warm clad and warmly
housed,

Do for thee what the finger of the
heavens

Doth all too often harshly execute

For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds

Where fancy hath small liberty to
grace

The affections, to exalt them or refine;

And the maternal sympathy itself.

Though strong, is, in the main, a joy-
less tie

Of naked instinct, wound about the
heart.

Happier, far happier is thy lot and
ours!

Even now—To solemnise thy help-
less state,

And to enliven in the mind's regard

Thy passive beauty—parallels have
risen,

Resemblances, or contrasts, that con-
nect,

Within the region of a father's
thoughts,

Thee and thy mate and sister of the
sky.

Maiden ! now take flight ;—inherit
 Alps or Andes—they are thine !
 With the morning's roseate spirit.
 Sweep their length of snowy line ;

Or survey their bright dominions
 In the gorgeous colours drest,
 Flung from off the purple pinions,
 Evening spreads throughout the west !

Thine are all the choral fountains
 Warbling in each sparry vault
 Of the untrodden lunar mountains ;
 Listen to their songs !—or halt,

To Niphates top invited,
 Whither spiteful Satan steered ;
 Or descend where the ark alighted,
 When the green earth re-appeared ;

For the power of hills is on thee,
 As was witnessed through thine eye
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
 To confess their majesty !

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton
 Vale,
 Which to this day stands single, in the
 midst
 Of its own darkness. as it stood of
 yore,
 Not loth to furnish weapons for the
 bands
 Of Umfraville or Percy ere they
 marched
 To Scotland's heaths : or those that
 crossed the sea
 And drew their sounding bows at
 Azincour,
 Maps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.

Of vast circumference and gloom pro-
 found

This solitary tree !—a living thing
 Produced too slowly ever to decay ;
 Of form and aspect too magnificent
 To be destroyed. But worthier still of
 note

Are those fraternal four of Borrow-
 dale,

Joined in one solemn and capacious
 grove ;

Huge trunks !—and each particular
 trunk a growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine
 Up-coiling, and inveterately con-
 volved,—

Nor uninformed with phantasy, and
 looks

That threaten the profane ;—a pil-
 lared shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-
 brown hue,

By sheddings from the pining umbrage
 tinged

Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose
 decked

With unrejoicing berries, ghostly
 shapes

May meet at noontide—Fear and
 trembling Hope,

Silence and Foresight—Death the
 Skeleton,

And Time the Shadow,—there to cele-
 brate,

As in a natural temple scattered o'er
 With altars undisturbed of mossy
 stone.

United worship ; or in mute repose
 To lie, and listen to the mountain
 flood

Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost
 caves.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

THERE WAS A BOY.

THERE was a boy ; ye knew him well,
ye cliffs

And islands of Winander ! many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmer-
ing lake ;

And there, with fingers interwoven,
both hands [his mouth

Pressed closely palm to palm and to
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him.—And
they would shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering
peals,

And long halloos, and screams, and
echoes loud

Redoubled and redoubled ; concourse
wild

Of jocund din ! And, when there came
a pause

Of silence such as baffled his best skill :
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while
he hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild sur-
prise

Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents ; or the visible
scene

Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven,
received

Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates,
and died

In childhood, ere he was full twelve
years old.

Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred : the grassy
church-yard hangs

Upon a slope above the village school ;
And through that church-yard when
my way has led [there

On summer evenings, I believe, that
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which
he lies !

TO —,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT
OF HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed,
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn ;
Awed, delighted, and amazed !

Potent was the spell that bound thee,
Not unwilling to obey ;
For blue ether's arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo ! the dwindled woods and meadows !
What a vast abyss is there !
Lo ! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings—heavenly fair !

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield ;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield !

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only, to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers.
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird: but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy
days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do begot
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faëry place;
That is fit home for thee!

A NIGHT-PIECE.

THE sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the
moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly
seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow
falls,
Chequering the ground—from rock,
plant, tree, or tower.
At length a pleasant instantaneous
gleam
Startles the pensive traveller while he
treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving
eye
Bent earthwards: he looks up—the
clouds are split
Asunder,—and above his head he sees
The clear moon, and the glory of the
heavens.
There, in a black blue vault she sails
along, [small
Followed by multitudes of stars, that,
And sharp, and bright, along the dark
abyss
Drive as she drives;—how fast they
wheel away,
Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the
tree,
But they are silent;—still they roll
along
Immeasurably distant;—and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds,
enormous clouds,
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the vision closes; and the
mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

WATER-FOWL.

"Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter."—Extract from the Author's Book on the Lakes.

MARK how the feathered tenants of
the flood,

With grace of motion that might
scarcely seem

Inferior to angelical, prolong

Their curious pastime! shaping in mid
air [that soars

(And sometimes with ambitious wing
High as the level of the mountain tops)

A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,
Their own domain;—but ever, while
intent [round,

On tracing and retracing that large
Their jubilant activity evolves

Hundreds of curves and circles, to and
fro, [tricate,

Upward and downward, progress in-
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed

Their indefatigable flight.—'Tis done—
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had
ceased:

But lo! the vanished company again
Ascending:—they approach—I hear
their wings [sound

Faint, faint at first: and then an eager
Past in a moment—and as faint again!
They tempt the sun to sport amid
their plumes:

They tempt the water, or the gleaming
ice, [themselves.

To show them a fair image:—'tis
Their own fair forms, upon the glim-
mering plain. [descend

Painted more soft and fair as they
Almost to touch:—then up again aloft,
Up with a sally and a flush of speed,

As if they scorned both resting-place
and rest!

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF
BLACK COMB.*

THIS height, a ministering angel might
select:

For from the summit of Black Comb
(dread name

Derived from clouds and storms!) the
amplest range

Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands:—low

dusky tracts,

Where Trent is nursed, far southward!
Cambrian hills

To the south-west, a multitudinous
show;

And, in a line of eye-sight linked with
these,

The hoary peaks of Scotland that give
birth

To Teviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed,
and Clyde;—

Crowding the quarter whence the sun
comes forth

Gigantic mountains rough with crags;
beneath,

Right at the imperial station's western
base,

Main Ocean, breaking audibly and
stretched

Far into silent regions blue and
pale;—

And visibly engirding Mona's Isle,

That, as we left the plain, before our
sight

Stood like a lofty mount uplifting
slowly.

(Above the convex of the watery globe)

* Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland; its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in these parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain.

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 There, in a black blue vault she sails
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 And sharp, and bright, along the dark
 abyss
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 wheel away,
 Yet vanish not !—the wind is in the
 tree,
 But they are silent ;—still they roll
 along
 Immeasurably distant ;—and the vault,
 Built round by those white clouds,
 enormous clouds,
 Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
 At length the vision closes ; and the
 mind,
 Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
 Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
 Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

That, fleeced with moss, under the
 shady trees,
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of
 sheep,
 I heard the murmur and the murmur-
 ing sound,
 In that sweet mood when pleasure
 loves to pay
 Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent
 things,
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and
 stones,
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragged to earth both branch and
 bough, with crash
 And merciless ravage; and the shady
 nook
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy
 bower,
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being: and, unless I now
 Confound my present feelings with the
 past,
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of
 kings,
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
 The silent trees and saw the intruding
 sky.—
 Then, dearest maiden! move along
 these shades
 In gentleness of heart; with gentle
 hand
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the
 woods.

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful
 dawn:

A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and
 free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
 smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and
 skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
 A creature of a fiery heart:—
 These notes of thine—they pierce and
 pierce;
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
 Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
 Had helped thee to a valentine;
 A song in mockery and despite
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night:
 And steady bliss, and all the loves
 Now sleeping in these peaceful groves

Into clear view the cultured fields
 that streak
 Her habitable shores; but now appears
 A dwindled object, and submits to lie
 At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure
 ridge,
 Is it a perishable cloud? Or there
 Do we behold the line of Erin's coast?
 Land sometimes by the roving shep-
 herd swain
 (Like the bright confines of another
 world)
 Not doubtfully perceived.—Look
 homeward now!
 In depth, in height, in circuit how serene
 The spectacle, how pure! Of nature's
 works,
 In earth, and air, and earth-embracing
 sea,
 A revelation infinite it seems;
 Display august of man's inheritance,
 Of Britain's calm felicity and power.

NUTTING.

It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days that cannot
 die;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying
 forth [slung,
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders
 A nutting crook in hand, and turned
 my steps
 Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a figure
 quaint,
 Trick'd out in proud disguise of cast-
 off weeds
 Which for that service had been
 husbanded,
 By exhortation of my frugal dame.

Motley accoutrement, of power to
 smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,
 —and in truth,
 More ragged than need was! O'er
 pathless rocks,
 Through beds of matted fern, and
 tangled thickets,
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear
 nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, un-
 gracious sign
 Of devastation, but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters
 hung,
 A virgin scene!—A little while I
 stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the
 heart
 As joy delights in; and with wise
 restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet,—or beneath the trees I
 sate
 Among the flowers, and with the
 flowers I played;
 A temper known to those, who, after
 long
 And weary expectation, have been
 blest
 With sudden happiness beyond all
 hope.—
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose
 leaves
 The violets of five seasons reappear
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur
 on
 For ever,—and I saw the sparkling
 foam,
 And with my cheek on one of those
 green stones

- Heirs from times of earliest record
 10 Had the house of Lucie born,
 Who of right had held the lord-
 ship
 Claimed by proof upon the horn: 45
 Each at the appointed hour
 Tried the horn.—it owned his power;
 15 He was acknowledged: and the blast,
 Which good Sir Eustace sounded was
 the last.
- With his lance Sir Eustace pointed.
 And to Hubert thus said he—
 "What I speak this horn shall
 witness
 20 For thy better memory.
 Hear, then, and neglect me not!
 At this time, and on this spot.
 The words are uttered from my
 heart,
 As my last earnest prayer ere we
 depart.
- 5 "On good service we are going
 Life to risk by sea and land.
 In which course if Christ our Saviour 6
 Do my sinful soul demand.
 Hither come thou back straightway,
 30 Hubert, if alive that day:
 Return, and sound the horn, that we
 May have a living house still left in
 thee!"
- "Fear not!" quickly answered Hu-
 bert;
 "As I am thy father's son,
 25 What thou askest, noble brother,
 With God's favour shall be done."
 So were both right well content:
 Forth they from the castle went,
 And at the head of their array
 3 To Palestine the brothers took their
 way.
- Side by side they fought, (the Lucies
 Were a line for valour famed.)
 And where'er their strokes alighted,
 There the Saracens were tamed.
 Whence, then, could it come—the
 thought—
 By what evil spirit brought?
 Oh! can a brave man wish to take
 His brother's life, for land's and
 castle's sake?
- "Sir!" the ruffians said to Hubert.
 50 "Deep he lies in Jordan's flood,"
 Stricken by this ill assurance,
 Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
 "Take your earnings."—Oh! that I
 Could have *seen* my brother die!
 55 It was a pang that vexed him then;
 And oft returned, again, and yet
 again.
- Months passed on, and no Sir
 Eustace!
 Nor of him were tidings heard.
 Wherefore, bold as day, the murderer
 60 Back again to England steered.
 To his castle Hubert sped:
 Nothing has he now to dread.
 But silent and by stealth he came,
 And at an hour which nobody could
 name.
- 65 None could tell if it were night-
 time,
 Night or day, at even or morn:
 No one's eye had seen him
 enter.
 —No one's ear had heard the horn.
 But bold Hubert lives in glee:
 70 Months and years went smilingly;
 With plenty was his table spread;
 And bright the lady is who shares his
 bed.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
 His homely tale this very day;
 His voice was buried among trees,
 Yet to be come at by the breeze;
 He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed,
 And somewhat pensively he wooed:
 He sang of love with quiet blending,
 Slow to begin, and never ending;
 Of serious faith and inward glee;
 That was the song—the song for me!

THREE years she grew in sun and shower
 Then nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown;
 This child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse: and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs;
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their states shall lend
 To her; for her the willow bend:
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the storm
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward
 round,
 W. O.

And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus nature spake—the work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seemed a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees,
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks and stones and trees!

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.*

ERE the brothers through the gateway,
 Issued forth with old and young,
 To the horn Sir Eustace pointed
 Which for ages there had hung.
 Horn it was which none could sound;
 No one upon living ground,
 Save he who came as rightful heir
 To Egremont's domains and castle fair.

* This story is a Cumberland tradition; I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Huddlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the river Dacor.

Remote from sheltered village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns
lean
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman! housed alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
Then at her door the *canty* Dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh! then how her old bones would shake,
You would have said, if you had met
her,

'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and
dead!

Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed;
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh, joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout;
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be de-
tected,
That he on her would vengeance take
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take.
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
He hears, a noise—he's all awake—
Again!—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld
her:

Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take;
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you, then, at
last!"

Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing.
Oh, may he never more be warm!"

Likewise he had sons and daughters ;
 And, as good men do, he sate
 At his board by these surrounded,
 Flourishing in fair estate.
 And while thus in open day
 Once he sate, as old books say,
 A blast was uttered from the horn,
 Where by the castle-gate it hung for-
 loin.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace !
 He is come to claim his right :
 Ancient castle, woods, and mountains
 Hear the challenge with delight.
 Hubert ! though the blast be blown
 He is helpless and alone :
 Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word !
 And there he may be lodged, and thou
 be lord.

Speak !—astounded Hubert cannot ;
 And if power to speak he had,
 All are daunted, all the household
 Smitten to the heart, and sad.
 'Tis Sir Eustace ; if it be
 Living man, it must be he !
 Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
 And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of :
 To his brother then he came,
 Made confession, asked forgiveness,
 Asked it by a brother's name,
 And by all the saints in heaven ;
 And of Eustace was forgiven :
 Then in a convent went to hide
 His melancholy head, and there he
 died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
 Had preserved from murderers' hands,
 And from pagan chains had rescued,
 Lived with honour on his lands.

Sons he had, saw sons of theirs :
 And through ages, heirs of heirs,
 A long posterity renowned,
 Sounded the horn which they alone
 could sound.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

OH ! what's the matter ? what's the
 matter ?

What is't that ails young Harry Gill ?
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still !
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
 Good duffle gray, and flannel fine ;
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
 The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still !
 At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still !

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he ?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ;
 His voice was like the voice of three.
 Old Goody Blake was old and poor ;
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;
 And any man who passed her door
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling :
 And then her three hours' work at night,
 Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candle-light.

Green pastures she views in the midst
 of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripped
 with her pail;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like
 a dove's, [she loves.
 The one only dwelling on earth that

She looks, and her heart is in heaven:
 but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and
 the shade: [will not rise,
 The stream will not flow, and the hill
 And the colours have all passed away
 from her eyes.

POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus!—yes, faith
 may grow bold,
 And take to herself all the wonders
 of old;— [with the same
 [Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet
 In the street that from Oxford hath
 borrowed its name.

His station is there;—and he works
 on the crowd,
 He sways them with harmony merry
 and loud;
 He fills with his power all their hearts
 to the brim— [and him?
 Was aught ever heard like his fiddle

What an eager assembly! what an
 empire is this!
 The weary have life and the hungry
 have bliss;
 The mourner is cheered, and the
 anxious have rest;
 And the guilt-burthened soul is no
 longer oppress.

As the moon brightens round her the
 clouds of the night,
 So he, where he stands, is a centre of
 light;
 It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-
 browed Jack,
 And the pale-visaged baker's, with
 basket on back.

That errand-bound 'prentice was pass-
 ing in haste—
 What matter! he's caught—and his
 time runs to waste—
 The newsman is stopped, though he
 stops on the fret,
 And the half-breathless lamplighter—
 he's in the net!

The porter sits down on the weight
 which he bore;
 The lass with her barrow wheels hither
 her store;—
 If a thief could be here he might pilfer
 at ease;
 She sees the musician, 'tis all that she
 sees!

He stands, backed by the wall;—he
 abates not his din;
 His hat gives him vigour, with boons
 dropping in,
 From the old and the young, from the
 poorest; and there!
 The one-pennied boy has his penny to
 spare.

Oh, blest are the hearers, and proud
 be the hand
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so
 thankful a band:
 I am glad for him, blind as he is!—
 all the while
 If they speak 'tis to praise, and they
 praise with a smile.

The cold, cold moon above her head,
 Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
 Young Harry heard what she had
 said:
 And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
 That he was cold and very chill:
 His face was gloom, his heart was
 sorrow;

Alas! that day for Harry Gill
 That day he wore a riding-coat,
 But not a whit the warmer he:
 Another was on Thursday brought,
 And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter—
 And blankets were about him pinned;
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
 Like a loose casement in the wind.
 And Harry's flesh it fell away;
 And all who see him say, 'tis plain,
 That, live as long as live he may,
 He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
 A-bed or up, to young or old;
 But ever to himself he mutters,
 "Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
 A-bed or up, by night or day;
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
 Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and
 hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but
 they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had
 brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when
 daylight appears,
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has
 sung for three years:
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot,
 and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of
 the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails
 her? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of
 trees;
 Bright volumes of vapour through
 Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale
 of Cheapside.

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that
 they who pry and pore
 Seem to meet with little gain, seem
 less happy than before ;
 One after one they take their turn, nor
 have I one espied
 That doth not slackly go away, as if
 dissatisfied.

THE HAUNTED TREE.

TO —

THOSE silver clouds collected round
 the sun
 His mid-day warmth abate not, seem-
 ing less
 To overshadow than multiply his beams
 By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,
 To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth
 our human sense
 Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy
 More ample than the time-dismantled
 oak
 Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which
 now, attired
 In the whole fulness of its bloom,
 affords
 Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use
 Was fashioned ; whether by the hand
 of art
 That eastern sultan, amid flowers en-
 wrought
 On silken tissue, might diffuse his
 limbs
 n languor ; or, by nature, for repose
 Of panting wood-nymph wearied with
 the chase.
 O lady ! fairer in thy poet's sight
 Than fairest spiritual creature of the
 groves,
 Approach—and thus invited crown
 with rest

The noon-tide hour ;—though truly
 some there are
 Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid
 This venerable tree ; for, when the
 wind
 Blows keenly, it sends forth a creak-
 ing sound
 (Above the general roar of woods and
 crags)
 Distinctly heard from far—a doleful
 note !
 As if (so Grecian shepherds would have
 deemed)
 The Hamadryad, pent within, be-
 wailed
 Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbe-
 lieved,
 By ruder fancy, that a troubled
 ghost
 Haunts the old trunk ; lamenting
 deeds of which
 The flowery ground is conscious. But
 no wind
 Sweeps now along this elevated
 ridge ;
 Not even a zephyr stirs ;—the ob-
 noxious tree
 Is mute,—and, in his silence, would
 look down,
 O lovely wanderer of the trackless
 hills,
 On thy reclining form with more de-
 light
 Than his coevals, in the sheltered
 vale
 Seem to participate, the whilst they
 view
 Their own far stretching arms and
 leafy heads
 Vividly pictured in some glassy
 pool,
 That, for a brief space, checks the
 hurrying stream !

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
 Can he keep himself still, if he would?
 oh, not he! [through a tree.
 The music stirs in him like wind

Mark that cripple who leans on his crutch; like a tower
 That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour!—
 That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound, [arms to the sound.
 While she dandles the babe in her

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a stream;
 Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream:
 They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you, [pursue!
 Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye

STAR-GAZERS.

WHAT crowd is this? what have we here! we must not pass it by;
 A telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:
 Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of little boat,
 Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames's waters float.

The showman chooses well his place, 'tis Leicester's busy Square.
 And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue and fair;
 Calm, though impatient, is the crowd: each stands ready with the fee.
 And envies him that's looking—what an insight must it be!

Yet, showman, where can lie the cause?
 Shall thy implement have blame,
 A boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to shame?
 Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault?
 Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is yon resplendent vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have here?
 Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be dear?
 The silver moon with all her vales, and hills of mightiest fame,
 Doth she betray us when they're seen! or are they but a name?

Or is it rather that conceit rapacious is and strong,
 And bounty never yields so much but it seems to do her wrong?
 Or is it that when human souls a journey long have had,
 And are returned into themselves they cannot but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think that these spectators rude,
 Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,
 Have souls which never yet have risen, and therefore prostrate lie?
 No, no, this cannot be—men thirst for power and majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful mind employ
 Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave and steady joy,
 That doth reject all show of pride, admits no outward sign,
 Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!

Her skin was of Egyptian brown ;
 Haughty as if her eye had seen
 Its own light to a distance thrown.
 She towered—fit person for a queen,
 To lead those ancient Amazonian files ;
 Or ruling bandit's wife among the
 Grecian isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand
 And begged an alms with doleful plea
 That ceased not ; on our English land
 Such woes, I knew, could never be ;
 And yet a boon I gave her : for the
 creature
 Was beautiful to see—a weed of
 glorious feature :

I left her and pursued my way ;
 And soon before me did espy
 A pair of little boys at play,
 Chasing a crimson butterfly :
 The taller followed with his hat in hand,
 Wreathed round with yellow flowers
 the gayest of the land.

The other wore a rimless crown
 With leaves of laurel stuck about ;
 And, while both followed up and down,
 Each whooping with a merry shout,
 In their fraternal features I could
 trace
 Unquestionable lines of that wild sup-
 pliant's face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
 For finest tasks of earth or air ;
 Wings let them have, and they might
 flit
 Precursors to Aurora's car,
 Scattering fresh flowers ; though
 happier far, I ween,
 To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock
 and level green.

They dart across my path—but lo !
 Each ready with a plaintive whine !
 Said I, " Not half an hour ago
 Your mother has had alms of
 mine."

"That cannot be," one answered—
 "she is dead"—
 I looked reproof—they saw—but
 neither hung his head.

"She has been dead, sir, many a
 day."

"Hush, boys! you're telling me a
 lie ;

It was your mother, as I say!"
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,
 "Come! come!" cried one, and with-
 out more ado,

Off to some other play the joyous
 vagrants flew!

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING,

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton
 boys?

For whose free range the dædal
 earth

Was filled with animated toys,
 And implements of frolic mirth ;
 With tools for ready wit to guide ;
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,
 More fresh, more bright, than princes
 wear ;

For what one moment flung aside,
 Another could repair ;

What good or evil have they seen
 Since I their pastime witnessed
 here,

Their daring wiles, their sportive
 cheer?

I ask—but all is dark between !

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT
THE FOOT OF BROTHER'S WATER.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—
anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

GIPSIES.

YET are they here the same unbroken
knot
Of human beings, in the self-same
spot!
Men, women, children, yea, the
frame
Of the whole spectacle the same!
Only their fire seems bolder, yielding
light,
Now deep and red, the colouring of
night;
That on their gipsy-faces falls.
Their bed of straw and blanket-
walls.

Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours,
are gone, while I
Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and
cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here!
The weary sun betook himself to rest,
Then issued vesper from the fulgent
west,
Outshining like a visible god
The glorious path in which he
trod.
And now, ascending, after one dark
hour
And one night's diminution of her
power,
Behold the mighty moon! this
way
She looks as if at them—but
they
Regard not her:—oh better wrong
and strife,
(By nature transient) than this torpid
life;
Life which the very stars reprove
As on their silent tasks they move!
Yet witness all that stirs in heaven or
earth!
In scorn I speak not; they are what
their birth
And breeding suffer them to be;
Wild outcasts of society!

BEGGARS.

SHE had a tall man's height, or more;
Her face from summer's noontide heat
No bonnet shaded, but she wore
A mantle, to her very feet
Descending with a graceful flow;
And on her head a cap as white as
new-fallen snow.

He was a lovely youth! I guess
 The panther in the wilderness
 Was not so fair as he;
 And when he chose to sport and play,
 No dolphin ever was so gay
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;
 And with him many tales he brought
 Of pleasure and of fear;
 Such tales as told to any maid
 By such a youth, in the green shade,
 Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls—a happy rout!
 Who quit their fold with dance and
 shout,
 Their pleasant Indian town,
 To gather strawberries all day long;
 Returning with a choral song
 When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
 Their blossoms, through a boundless
 range
 Of intermingling hues!
 With budding, fading, faded flowers
 They stand the wonder of the bowers
 From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia spread
 High as a cloud, high over head!
 The cypress and her spire:
 Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
 To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,
 And many an endless, endless lake.
 With all its fairy crowds
 Of islands, that together lie
 As quietly as spots of sky
 among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it were
 A fisher or a hunter there,
 In sunshine or in shade
 To wander with an easy mind
 And build a household fire, and find
 A home in every glade!"

"What days and what bright years
 Ah me!
 Our life were life indeed, with thee
 So passed in quiet bliss.
 And all the while," said he, "to know
 That we were in a world of woe,
 On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove
 Fond thoughts about a father's love:
 "For there," said he, "are spun
 Around the heart such tender ties,
 That our own children to our eyes,
 Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with
 me
 My helpmate in the woods to be,
 Our shed at night to rear:
 Or run my own adopted bride,
 A sylvan huntress at my side.
 And drive the flying deer!"

"Beloved Ruth!"—No more he said.
 The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
 A solitary tear:
 She thought again—and did agree
 With him to sail across the sea,
 And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,
 We in the church our faith will plight,
 A husband and a wife."
 Even so they did: and I may say
 That to sweet Ruth that happy day
 Was more than human life.

They met me in a genial hour,
 When universal nature breathed
 As with the breath of one sweet
 flower,—
 A time to overrule the power
 Of discontent, and check the birth
 Of thoughts with better thoughts at
 strife.

The most familiar bane of life
 Since parting innocence bequeathed
 Mortality to earth !
 Soft clouds, the whitest of the
 year.

Sailed through the sky—the brooks
 ran clear ;

The lambs from rock to rock were
 bounding ;

With songs the budded groves re-
 sounding ;

And to my heart are still endeared
 The thoughts with which it then was
 cheered ;

The faith which saw that gladsome
 pair

Walk through the fire with unsinged
 hair.

Or, if such faith must needs de-
 ceive,

Then, spirits of beauty and of
 grace,

Associates in that eager chase ;

Ye, who within the blameless mind

Your favourite seat of empire find—

Kind spirits ! may we not believe

That they so happy and so fair,

Through your sweet influence, and the
 care

Of pitying Heaven, at least were
 free

From touch of *deadly* injury ?

Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,

For mercy and immortal bloom !

RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,
 Her father took another mate ;
 And Ruth, not seven years old,
 A slighted child, at her own will
 Went wandering over dale and hill,
 In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
 And music from that pipe could draw
 Like sounds of winds and floods ;
 Had built a bower upon the green,
 As if she from her birth had been
 An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
 She seemed to live ; her thoughts her own ;
 Herself her own delight ;
 Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay ;
 And passing thus the live-long day,
 She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's
 shore—

A military casque he wore,
 With splendid feathers drest ;
 He brought them from the Cherokees ;
 The feathers nodded in the breeze.
 And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung :
 Ah no ! he spake the English tongue,
 And bore a soldier's name ;
 And, when America was free
 From battle and from jeopardy,
 He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek
 In finest tones the youth could speak.
 While he was yet a boy,
 The moon, the glory of the sun,
 And streams that murmur as they run,
 Had been his dearest joy.

Full soon that better mind was gone;
 No hope, no wish remained, not one,—
 They stirred him now no more;
 New objects did new pleasure give;
 And once again he wished to live
 As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
 They for the voyage were prepared,
 And went to the sea-shore;
 But, when they thither came, the youth
 Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
 Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth!—Such pains she
 had

That she in half a year was mad,
 And in a prison housed;
 And there, with many a doleful song
 Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
 She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
 Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
 Nor pastimes of the May,
 They all were with her in her cell;
 And a clear brook with cheerful knell
 Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
 There came a respite to her pain;
 She from her prison fled:
 But of the vagrant none took thought;
 And where it liked her best she sought
 Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:
 The master-current of her brain
 Ran permanent and free:
 And, coming to the banks of Tone,*
 There did she rest; and dwell alone.
 Under the greenwood tree.

* A river in Somersetshire, at no great distance from the Quantock Hills.

The engines of her pain, the tools
 That shaped her sorrow, rocks and
 pools.

And airs that gently stir
 The vernal leaves, she loved them still,
 Nor ever taxed them with the ill
 Which had been done to her.

A barn her *winter* bed supplies;
 But, till the warmth of summer skies
 And summer days is gone.
 (And all do in this tale agree)
 She sleeps beneath the greenwood
 tree.

And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
 And Ruth will, long before her day,
 Be broken down and old:
 Sore aches she needs must have! but
 less

Of mind than body's wretchedness,
 From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,
 She from her dwelling in the wood
 Repairs to a road-side;
 And there she begs at one steep place,
 Where up and down with easy pace
 The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
 Or thrown away: but with a flute
 Her loneliness she cheers:
 This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
 At evening in his homeward walk
 The Quantock woodman hears.

I too, have passed her on the hills
 Setting her little water-mills
 By spouts and fountains wild—
 Such small machinery as she turned
 Ere she had wept, ere she had
 mourned.

A young and happy child!

Through dream and vision did she sink,
 Delighted all the while to think
 That on those lonesome floods,
 And green savannahs, she should share
 His board with lawful joy, and bear
 His name in the wild woods.

But ill he lived, much evil saw
 With men to whom no better law
 Nor better life was known;
 Deliberately, and undeceived,
 Those wild men's vices he received,
 And gave them back his own.

But, as you have before been told,
 This stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
 And with his dancing crest
 So beautiful, through savage lands
 Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
 Of Indians in the west.

His genius and his moral frame
 Were thus impaired, and he became
 The slave of low desires:
 A man who without self-control
 Would seek what the degraded soul
 Unworthily admires.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
 The tumult of a tropic sky,
 Might well be dangerous food
 For him, a youth to whom was given
 So much of earth—so much of
 heaven,
 And such impetuous blood.

And yet he with no feigned delight
 Had wooed the maiden, day and night
 Had loved her, night and morn:
 What could he less than love a maid
 Whose heart with so much nature played?
 So kind and so forlorn!

Whatever in those climes he found
 Irregular in sight or sound
 Did to his mind impart
 A kindred impulse, seemed allied
 To his own powers, and justified
 The workings of his heart.

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
 "Oh Ruth! I have been worse than
 dead;
 False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
 Encompassed me on every side
 When I, in confidence and pride,
 Had crossed the Atlantic main.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
 The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
 Fair trees and gorgeous flowers;
 The breezes their own languor lent:
 The stars had feelings, which they sent
 Into those favoured bowers.

"Before me shone a glorious world,
 Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
 To music suddenly:
 I looked upon those hills and plains,
 And seemed as if let loose from chains
 To live at liberty.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
 That sometimes there did intervene
 Pure hopes of high intent:
 For passions linked to forms so fair
 And stately, needs must have their
 share
 Of noble sentiment.

"No more of this; for now, by
 thee
 Dear Ruth! more happily set free
 With nobler zeal I burn;
 My soul from darkness is released,
 Like the whole sky when to the east
 The morning doth return."

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle
foretold
That the first Greek who touched the
Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could
not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did de-
mand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest,
best!
Thymatchless courage I bewail no more.
Which then, when tens of thousands
were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal
shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—
here thou art— [heart.
A nobler counsellor than my poor

"But thou, though capable of sternest
deed, [brave;
Wert kind as resolute, and good as
And he, whose power restores thee,
hath decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the
grave;
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as
fair [salian air.
As when their breath enriched Thes-

"No spectre greets me,—no vain
shadow this:
Come, blooming hero, place thee by
my side! [nuptial kiss
Give, on this well-known couch, one
To me, this day, a second time thy
bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious
Parce threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom
is past:
Nor should the change be mourned,
even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.—Earth
destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic
pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to
control
Rebellious passion: for the gods ap-
prove
The depth, and not the tumult, of the
soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly
mourn [journ—
When I depart, for brief is my so-

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules
by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of
the tomb
Alceſtis, a reanimated corse
Given back to dwell on earth in verna-
bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight o
years. [ful peers
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youth

"The gods to us are merciful—and
they
Yet further may relent: for mightie
far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, o
the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star.
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,
And though his favourite seat b
feeble woman's breast.

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
 Ill-fated Ruth! in hallowed mould
 Thy corpse shall buried be;
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
 And all the congregation sing
 A Christian psalm for thee.

LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope
 inspired;
 And from the infernal gods, 'mid
 shades forlorn,
 Of night, my slaughtered lord have I
 required;
 Celestial pity I again implore;—
 Restore him to my sight—great Jove,
 restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love en-
 dowed
 With faith, the suppliant heavenward
 lifts her hands;
 While, like the sun emerging from a
 cloud,
 Her countenance brightens—and her
 eye expands;
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her
 stature grows;
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?
 —O joy!
 What doth she look on?—whom doth
 she behold?
 Her hero slain upon the beach of
 Troy?
 His vital presence—his corporeal
 mould?
 It is —if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
 And a god leads him—wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her
 with his wand
 That calms all fear: "Such grace hath
 crowned thy prayer,
 Laodamia! that at Jove's command
 Thy husband walks the paths of upper
 air:
 He comes to tarry with thee three
 hours' space; [face!"
 Accept the gift—behold him face to

Forth sprang the impassioned queen
 her lord to clasp!
 Again that consummation she essayed;
 But unsubstantial form eludes her
 grasp
 As often as that eager grasp was made.
 The phantom parts—but parts to re-
 unite,
 And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy
 voice:
 This is our palace,—yonder is thy
 throne;
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on
 will rejoice.
 Not to appal me have the gods be-
 stowed
 This precious boon,—and blest a sad
 abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not
 leave
 His gifts imperfect:—spectre though
 I be,
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
 But in reward of thy fidelity.
 And something also did my worth
 obtain;
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless
 gain.

"And thou, though strong in love, art
all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath
sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Seeking a higher object—Love was
given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for
that end:
For this the passion to excess was
driven—
That self might be annulled: her
bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

✓ Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-
appears!
Round the dear shade she would have
clung—'tis vain.
The hours are past—too brief had
they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know
not earthly day.
He through the portal takes his silent
way, [corse she lay.
And on the palace floor a lifeless

Thus, all in vain exhorted and re-
proved
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just gods whom no weak pity
moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed
time,
Apart from happy ghosts—that gather
flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'er-
thrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man
alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was enter-
tained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom
she died;
And ever, when such stature they had
gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to
their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at
the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and
blight!*

HER EYES ARE WILD.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone;
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the green-wood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among
And it was in the English tongue.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad
But nay, my heart is far too glad;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing:
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!

* For the account of these long-lived tree
see Pliny's "Natural History," lib. 16, cap. 41
and for the features in the character of Prote-
lus see the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripide
Virgil places the shade of Laodamia in
mournful region, among unhappy lovers.

"But if thou goest I. follow—"

/"Peace!" he said—

She looked upon him and was calmed
and cheered;

The ghastly colour from his lips had
fled; [appeared

In his deportment, shape, and mien,

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,

Brought from a pensive, though a
happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits
feel

In worlds whose course is equable and
pure;

No fears to beat away—no strife to
heal— [sure;

The past unsighed for, and the future

Spake of heroic arts in graver mood

Revived, with finer harmony pursued:

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged
there

In happier beauty; more pellucid
streams,

An ampler ether, a diviner air,

And fields invested with purpureal
gleams;

Climes which the sun, who sheds the
brightest day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which
hath earned

That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said
he,

"The end of man's existence I dis-
cerned,

Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain
delight

While tears were thy best pastime,—
day and night:

"And while my youthful peers, before
my eyes,

(Each hero following his peculiar bent)

Prepared themselves for glorious enter-
prise

By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,

Chieftains and kings in council were
detained; [chained.

What time the fleet at Aulis lay en-

"The wished-for wind was given:—

I then revolved

The oracle, upon the silent sea;

And, if no worthier led the way, resolved

That, of a thousand vessels, mine
should be

The foremost prow in pressing to the

strand,— [Trojan sand.

Mine the first blood that tinged the

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the
pang

When of thy loss I thought, beloved
wife!

On thee too fondly did my memory
hang,

And on the joys we shared in mortal
life,—

The paths which we had trod—these
fountains—flowers; [towers.

My new-planned cities, and unfinished

"But should suspense permit the foe
to cry,

'Behold, they tremble!—haughty
their array,

Yet of their number no one dares to
die!—

In soul I swept the indignity away:

Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty
thought,

In act embodied, my
wrought.

"Oh, smile on me, my little lamb!
 For I thy own dear mother am.
 My love for thee has well been tried:
 I've sought thy father far and wide.
 I know the poisons of the shade,
 I know the earth-nuts fit for food;
 Then, pretty dear, be not afraid:
 We'll find thy father in the wood.
 Now laugh and be gay, to the woods
 away! [aye."
 And there, my babe, we'll live for

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all
 night;
 The rain came heavily, and fell in
 floods;
 But now the sun is rising calm and
 bright;
 The birds are singing in the distant
 woods;
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-
 dove broods;
 The jay makes answer as the magpie
 chatters;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant
 noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out
 of doors:
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops;—
 on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth:
 And with her feet she from the plashy
 earth
 Raises a mist; that, glittering in the
 sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever
 she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
 I saw the hare that raced about with
 joy;
 I heard the woods and distant waters
 roar.
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
 The pleasant season did my heart
 employ:
 My old remembrances went from me
 wholly;
 And all the ways of men so vain and
 melancholy!

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from
 the night
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low,
 To me that morning did it happen so;
 And fears, and fancies, thick upon
 me came:
 Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I
 knew not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
 And I bethought me of the playful
 hare:
 Even such a happy child of earth am I;
 Even as these blissful creatures do I
 fare;
 Far from the world I walk, and from
 all care:
 But there may come another day to
 me—
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and
 poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant
 thought.
 As if life's business were a summer
 mood:
 As if all needful things would come
 unsought

I pray thee have no fear of me,
But, safe as in a cradle, here,
My lovely baby! thou shalt be:
To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe.

"A fire was once within my brain,
And in my head a dull, dull pain;
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me.
But then there came a sight of joy:
It came at once to do me good;
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood;
Oh, joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

"Suck, little babe, oh, suck again! . . .
It cools my blood; it cools my brain:
Thy lips I feel them, baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh! press me with thy little hand:
It loosens something at my chest;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree:
It comes to cool my babe and me.

"Oh! love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go:
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul:
Then happy lie, for blest am I;
Without me my sweet babe would die.

"Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.

I'll build an Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest
bed:

And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing! then thou shalt
sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

"Thy father cares not for my breast,
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest;
'Tis all thine own!—and, if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!
My beauty, little child, is flown;
But thou wilt live with me in love,
And what if my poor cheek be brown?
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

"Dread not their taunts, my little life;
I am thy father's wedded wife;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stayed:
From him no harm my babe can
take,

But he, poor man! is wretched made;
And every day we two will pray
For him that's gone and far away.

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things:
I'll teach him how the owl sings.
My little babe! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
Where art thou gone, my own dear
child?

What wicked looks are those I see?
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me:
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

A gentle answer did the old man
make,
In courteous speech which forth he
slowly drew :
And him with further words I thus
bespake,
"What occupation do you there pur-
sue?
This is a lonesome place for one like
you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild sur-
prise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet
vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble
chest,
But each in solemn order followed
each.
With something of a lofty utterance
drest ;
Choice word, and measured phrase,
above the reach
Of ordinary men : a stately speech ;
Such as grave livers do in Scotland
use.
Religious men, who give to God and
man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had
come
To gather leeches, being old and
poor :
Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to
endure :
From pond to pond he roamed, from
moor to moor :
Housing, with God's good help, by
choice or chance :
And in this way he gained an honest
maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my
side ;
But now his voice to me was like a
stream
Scarce heard ; nor word from word
could I divide ;
And the whole body of the man did
seem
Like one whom I had met with in a
dream ;
Or like a man from some far region
sent,
To give me human strength, by apt
admonishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear
that kills ;
And hope that is unwilling to be
fed ;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly
ills :
And mighty poets in their misery
dead.
Perplexed, and longing to be com-
forted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is
it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words
repeat ;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far
and wide
He travelled ; stirring thus about his
feet
The waters of the pools where they
abide.
"Once I could meet with them on
every side ;
But they have dwindled long by slow
decay ;
Yet still I persevere, and find them
where I may."

To genial faith, still rich in genial
good ;
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at
his call
Love him, who for himself will take
no heed at all ?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvel-
lous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his
pride ;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the moun-
tain-side :
By our own spirits are we deified :
We poets in our youth begin in glad-
ness :
But thereof come in the end despon-
dency and madness.

Now whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts
had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a man before me unawares :
The oldest man he seemed that ever
wore gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to
lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come,
and whence ;
So that it seems a thing endued with
sense :
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on
a shelf
Of rock or sand repositeth, there to sun
itself ;

Such seemed this man, not all alive
nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old
age :
His body was bent double, feet and
head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or
rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long
past,
A more than human weight upon his
frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and
pale face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven
wood :
And, still as I drew near with gentle
pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish
flood
Motionless as a cloud the old man
stood ;
That heareth not the loud winds when
they call ;
And moveth all together, if it move at
all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the
pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did
look
Upon the muddy water, which he
conned,
As if he had been reading in a
book :
And now a stranger's privilege I
took ;
And, drawing to his side, to him did
say,
" This morning gives us promise of a
glorious day."

This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,
Which close beside the thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be:
But never, never any where,
An infant's grave was half so fair.

"Now would you see this aged thorn,
This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,
You must take care and choose your time
The mountain when to cross.
For oft there sits between the heap
So like an infant's grave in size,
And that same pond of which I spoke,
A woman in a scarlet cloak,
And to herself she cries,
'Oh, misery! oh, misery!
Oh, woe is me! oh, misery!'

"At all times of the day and night
This wretched woman thither goes;
And she is known to every star,
And every wind that blows;
And there, beside the thorn, she sits
When the blue daylight's in the skies,
And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And to herself she cries,
'Oh, misery! oh, misery!
Oh, woe is me! oh, misery!'"

"Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
Thus to the dreary mountain-top
Does this poor woman go?
And why sits she beside the thorn
When the blue daylight's in the sky,
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still.
And wherefore does she cry?—
Oh, wherefore? wherefore? tell me why
Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;
For the true reason no one knows:
But would you gladly view the spot,
The spot to which she goes;
The hillock like an infant's grave,
The pond—and thorn so old and
gray;

Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—
And, if you see her in her hut,
Then to the spot away!—
I never heard of such as dare
Approach the spot when she is there."

"But wherefore to the mountain-top
Can this unhappy woman go,
Whatever star is in the skies,
Whatever wind may blow?"

"Full twenty years are passed and
gone
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave with a maiden's true good will
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
While friends and kindred all approved
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

"And they had fixed the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another maid
Had sworn another oath;
And with this other maid to church
Unthinking Stephen went—
Poor Martha! on that woeful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent:
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

"They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were
green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.

While he was talking thus, the lonely
 place,
 The old man's shape, and speech, all
 troubled me:
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him
 pace
 About the weary moors continually,
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself
 pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same
 discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter
 blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour
 kind,
 But stately in the main; and when he
 ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn
 to find
 In that decrepit man so firm a
 mind.
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay
 secure;
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the
 lonely moor!"

THE THORN.

"THERE is a thorn—it looks so old,
 In truth, you'd find it hard to say
 How it could ever have been young,
 It looks so old and gray.
 Not higher than a two years' child
 It stands erect, this aged thorn;
 No leaves it has, no prickly points;
 It is a mass of knotted joints,
 A wretched thing forlorn.
 It stands erect, and like a stone
 With lichens it is overgrown.

"Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,
 With lichens to the very top,
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
 A melancholy crop:
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,
 And this poor thorn they clasp it
 round
 So close, you'd say, that they are bent
 With plain and manifest intent
 To drag it to the ground;
 And all have joined in one endeavour
 To bury this poor thorn for ever.

"High on a mountain's highest ridge,
 Where oft the stormy winter gale
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the
 clouds
 It sweeps from vale to vale;
 Not five yards from the mountain path,
 This thorn you on your left espy;
 And to the left, three yards beyond,
 You see a little muddy pond
 Of water—never dry;
 Though but of compass small, and
 bare
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

"And, close beside this aged thorn,
 There is a fresh and lovely sight,
 A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
 Just half a foot in height.
 All lovely colours there you see,
 All colours that were ever seen;
 And mossy net-work too is there,
 As if by hand of lady fair
 The work had woven been;
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

"Ah me! what lovely tints are there!
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
 Green, red, and pearly white.

"I cannot tell; but some will say
 She hanged her baby on the tree;
 Some say she drowned it in the pond,
 Which is a little step beyond:
 But all and each agree,
 The little babe was buried there,
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

"I've heard the moss is spotted red
 With drops of that poor infant's blood.
 But kill a new-born infant thus,
 I do not think she could!
 Some say, if to the pond you go,
 And fix on it a steady view,
 The shadow of a babe you trace,
 A baby and a baby's face,
 And that it looks at you;
 Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain
 The baby looks at you again.

"And some had sworn an oath that she
 Should be to public justice brought;
 And for the little infant's bones
 With spades they would have sought.
 But instantly the hill of moss
 Before their eyes began to stir!
 And for full fifty yards around,
 The grass—it shook upon the ground!
 Yet all do still aver
 The little babe lies buried there,
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

"I cannot tell how this may be;
 But plain it is, the thorn is bound
 With heavy tufts of moss, that strive
 To drag it to the ground;
 And this I know, full many a time,
 When she was on the mountain high,
 By day and in the silent night,
 When all the stars shone clear and bright
 That I have heard her cry,
 'Oh, misery! oh, misery!
 Oh, woe is me! oh, misery!'"

HART-LEAP WELL.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Ashrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second part of the following poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE knight had ridden down from
 Wensley moor
 With the slow motion of a summer's
 cloud;
 And now, as he approached a vassal's
 door,
 "Bring forth another horse!" he cried
 aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the
 vassal heard,
 And saddled his best steed, a comely
 gray;
 Sir Walter mounted him; he was the
 third
 Which he had mounted on that glorious
 day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's
 eyes;
 The horse and horseman are a happy
 pair:
 But though Sir Walter like a falcon
 flies,
 There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's
 hall,
 That as they galloped made the echoes
 roar;
 But horse and man are vanished one
 and all:
 Such race, I think, was never seen
 before.

What could she seek?—or wish to hide?
 Her state to any eye was plain;
 She was with child, and she was mad;
 Yet often she was sober sad
 From her exceeding pain.
 O guilty father,—would that death
 Had saved him from that breach of faith!

"Sad case for such a brain to hold
 Communion with a stirring child!
 Sad case, as you may think, for one
 Who had a brain so wild!
 Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
 And gray-haired Wilfred of the glen
 Held that the unborn infant wrought
 About its mother's heart, and brought
 Her senses back again:
 And when at last her time drew near,
 Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

"More know I not, I wish I did,
 And it should all be told to you;
 For what became of this poor child
 No mortal ever knew;
 Nay—if a child to her was born
 No earthly tongue could ever tell;
 And if 'twas born alive or dead,
 Far less could this with proof be said;
 But some remember well,
 That Martha Ray about this time
 Would up the mountain often climb.

"And all that winter, when at night
 The wind blew from the mountain-peak,
 'Twas worth your while, though in the
 dark,
 The church-yard path to seek:
 For many a time and oft were heard
 Cries coming from the mountain-head:
 Some plainly living voices were;
 And others, I've heard many swear,
 Were voices of the dead:
 I cannot think, whate'er they say,
 They had to do with Martha Ray.

wo.

"But that she goes to this old thorn,
 The thorn which I described to you,
 And there sits in a scarlet cloak,
 I will be sworn is true.
 For one day with my telescope,
 To view the ocean wide and bright,
 When to this country first I came,
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
 I climbed the mountain's height:
 A storm came on, and I could see
 No object higher than my knee.

"'Twas mist and rain, and storm and
 rain;
 No screen, no fence could I discover;
 And then the wind! in sooth, it was
 A wind full ten times over.
 I looked around, I thought I saw
 A jutting crag,—and off I ran,
 Head-foremost, through the driving
 rain,
 The shelter of the crag to gain;
 And as I am a man,
 Instead of jutting crag, I found
 A woman seated on the ground.

"I did not speak—I saw her face;
 Her face!—it was enough for me;
 I turned about and heard her cry,
 'Oh, misery! oh, misery!'
 And there she sits, until the moon
 Through half the clear blue sky will go;
 And, when the little breezes make
 The waters of the pond to shake,
 As all the country know,
 She shudders, and you hear her cry,
 'Oh, misery! oh, misery!'

"But what's the thorn? and what the
 pond?
 And what the hill of moss to her?
 And what the creeping breeze that comes
 The little pond to stir?"

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this
spot,
And a small arbour, made for rural
joy;
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the
pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are
coy.

Then home he went, and left the hart,
stone-dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched
above the spring.
Soon did the knight perform what he
had said,
And far and wide the fame thereof did
ring.

"A cunning artist will I have to
frame
A basin for that fountain in the
dell!
And they who do make mention of the
same,
From this day forth shall call it HART-
LEAP WELL.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had
steered,
A cup of stone received the living
well;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter
reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the
dell.

"And, gallant stag! to make thy
praises known,
Another monument shall here be
raised;
Three several pillars, each a rough-
hewn stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf
have grazed.

And near the fountain, flowers of
stature tall
With trailing plants and trees were
intertwined,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan
hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

"And, in the summer-time when days
are long,
I will come hither with my paramour;
And with the dancers and the min-
strel's song
We will make merry in that pleasant
bower.

And thither, when the summer days
were long,
Sir Walter led his wondering para-
mour;
And with the dancers and the min-
strel's song
Made merriment within that pleasant
bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains
fail
My mansion with its arbour shall en-
dure;—
The joy of them who till the fields of
Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods
of Ure!"

The knight, Sir Walter, died in course
of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal
vale.—
But there is matter for a second
rhyme,
And I to this would add another
tale.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering
wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet
remain :
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of
their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain
strain.

The knight hallooed, he cheered, and
chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraid-
ings stern ;
But breath and eyesight fail : and, one
by one,
The dogs are stretched among the
mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the
race ?
The bugles that so joyfully were
blown ?
This chase it looks not like an earthly
chase ;
Sir Walter and the hart are left alone.

The poor hart toils along the mountain
side ;
will not stop to tell how far he fled ;
Nor will I mention by what death he
died ;
But now the knight beholds him lying
dead.

Dismounting then, he leaned against a
thorn :
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor
boy :
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew
his horn.
But gazed upon the spoil with silent
joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter
leaned,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious
feat :
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is
yeaned ;
And white with foam as if with cleaving
sleet.

Upon his side the hart was lying
stretched ;
His nostril touched a spring beneath a
hill,
And with the last deep groan his
breath had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling
still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful
lot !)
Sir Walter walked all round, north,
south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that
darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at
least
Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter
found
Three several hoof-marks which the
hunted beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy
ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried,
" Till now
Such sight was never seen by human
eyes :
Three leaps have borne him from this
lofty brow
Down to the very fountain where he
lies.

"What thoughts must through the
creature's brain have past!
Even from the topmost stone, upon
the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, sir,
at this last—
O master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate
race;
And in my simple mind we cannot
tell
What cause the hart might have to
love this place,
And come and make his death-bed
near the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he
sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-
tide;
This water was perhaps the first he
drank*
When he had wandered from his
mother's side.

"In April here beneath the flowering
thorn
He heard the birds their morning
carols sing;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know,
was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same
spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor
pleasant shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never
shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all
are gone."

"Gray-headed shepherd, thou hast
spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed
and mine:
This beast not unobserved by nature
fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy
divine.

"The being that is in the clouds and
air,
That is in the green leaves among the
groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential
care
For the unoffending creatures whom
He loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust:—behind
before,
This is no common waste, no com-
mon gloom;
But nature, in due course of time, c-
more
Shall here put on her beauty and h-
bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow
decay,
That what we are, and have to-
may be known;
But, at the coming of the mild
day,
These monuments shall all be over-
grown.

"One lesson, shepherd, let us
divide,
Taught both by what she shows,
what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or
pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing

PART II.

THE moving accident is not my trade,
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking
hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did
repair,

It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a
square: [well.
And one not four yards distant, near a

What this imported I could ill divine:
And pulling now the rein my horse to
stop,

I saw three pillars standing in a line,
The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms
nor head:

Half-wasted the square mound of
tawny green;

So that you just might say, as then I
said, [hath been."

"Here in old time the hand of man

"I looked upon the hill both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey;

"It seemed as if the spring-time came
not here,

"And nature here were willing to decay."

I stood in various thoughts and fancies
lost,

When one, who was in shepherd's garb
attired,

Came up the hollow:—him did I
accost,

And what this place might be I then
inquired.

The shepherd stopped, and that same
story told

Which in my former rhyme I have
rehearsed.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of
old!

But something ails it now; the spot is
cursed.

"You see these lifeless stumps of
'aspen wood—

Some say that they are beeches, others
elms—

These were the bower: and here a
mansion stood,

The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbour does its own condition
tell;

You see the stones, the fountain, and
the stream;

But as to the great lodge! you might
as well

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse
nor sheep,

Will wet his lips within that cup of
stone;

And oftentimes, when all are fast
asleep,

This water doth send forth a dolorous
groan.

"Some say that here a murder has
been done

And blood cries out for blood: but, for
my part,

I've guessed, when I've been sitting in
the sun,

That it was all for that unhappy hart.

Not long the avenger was withstood—
 Earth helped him with the cry of
 blood:—²
 St. George was for us, and the
 might
 Of blessed angels crowned the right.
 Loud voice the land has uttered
 forth.
 We loudest in the faithful north:
 Our fields rejoice, our mountains
 ring,
 Our streams proclaim a welcoming;
 Our strong abodes and castles see
 The glory of their loyalty.

“How glad is Skipton at this
 hour—
 Though lonely, a deserted tower;
 Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and
 groom,
 We have them at the feast of
 Broughm.
 How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
 Of years be on her!—She shall reap

repaired several of his castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles.” Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd-life he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal edifices, spoken of in the poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these castles; and we have seen that after the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt: in the civil war of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, etc., etc. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed to the Family of Tufion, three of these

A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
 As in a dream her own renewing.
 Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
 Beside her little humble stream;
 And she that keepeth watch and ward
 Her statelier Eden's course to guard;
 They both are happy at this hour,
 Though each is but a lonely tower:—
 But here is perfect joy and pride
 For one fair house by Emont's side,
 This day distinguished without peer
 To see her master and to cheer
 Him, and his lady mother dear!

“Oh! it was a time forlorn
 When the fatherless was born—
 Give her wings that she may fly,
 Or she sees her infant die!
 Swords that are with slaughter wild
 Hunt the mother and the child.
 Who will take them from the light?
 Yonder is a man in sight—
 Yonder is a house—but where?
 No, they must not enter there.

castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that when this order was issued, the earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th Chapter, 12th Verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his grandmother) at the time she repaired the structure, refers the reader. “*And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the fairer of the breach, the restorer of faith, and dwell in.*” The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the estates, with a due respect to the memory of his ancestors, and a proper regard of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

* This line is from the Battle of Bosworth Field, by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the dramatist), whose poems are written with a spirit, elegance, and harmony.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD
CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE
ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS
ANCESTORS.*

HIGH in the breathless hall the minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the song.—
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long:—

“From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.

* Henry Lord Clifford, etc., etc., who is the subject of this poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the reader of English history, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, “in part of revenge” (say the authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland); “for the earl's father had slain his.” A deed which worthily blemished the author (says Speed); but who, as he adds, “dare promise anything temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? chiefly when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this lord to speak.” This, no doubt, I would observe, by the by, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; “for the earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born), that he was the next child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard

Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming:
Both roses flourish, red and white.
In love and sisterly delight
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.—
Joy! joy to both! but most to her—
Who is the flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how she smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array!
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall;
But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful lord,
A Clifford to his own restored!

“They came with banner, spear, and shield;
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.

Duke of York, and that king was then eighteen years of age; and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent in his book of Nobility, page 622, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander, two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But independent of this act, at the best a cruel and savage one, the family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York; so that after the battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, when called to parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he

Among the heavens his eye can see
 The face of thing that is to be ;
 And, if that men report him right,
 His tongue could whisper words of
 Now another day is come, [might.
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom :
 He hath thrown aside his crook,
 And hath buried deep his book ;
 Armour rusting in his halls
 On the blood of Clifford calls ;—*
 ‘Quell the Scot,’ exclaims the iance—
 Bear me to the heart of France,
 Is the longing of the shield—
 Tell thy name, thou trembling field ;
 Field of death, where’er thou be,
 Groan thou with our victory !
 Happy day, and mighty hour,
 When our shepherd, in his power,
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored,
 Like a re-appearing star,
 Like a glory from afar,
 First shall head the flock of war !”

Alas ! the impassioned minstrel did not
 know
 How, by heaven’s grace, this Clifford’s
 heart was framed, [to go,
 How he, long forced in humble walks
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and
 tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor
 men lie ; [rills,
 His daily teachers had been woods and
 The silence that is in the starry sky.
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

* The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history ; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines, and what follows, that, besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate progenitors of the person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the field.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts
 were dead :
 Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty
 place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.
 Glad were the vales, and every cottage
 hearth ;
 The shepherd lord was honoured more
 and more :
 And, ages after he was laid in
 earth,
 “The good Lord Clifford” was the
 name he bore.

YES, it was the mountain echo,
 Solitary, clear, profound,
 Answering to the shouting cuckoo,
 Giving to her sound for sound !

Unsolicited reply
 To a babbling wanderer sent ;
 Like her ordinary cry,
 Like—but oh, how different !

Hears not also mortal life ?
 Hear not we, unthinking creatures !
 Slaves of folly, love, or strife,
 Voices of two different natures ?

Have not *we* too ;—yes, we have
 Answers, and we know not whence :
 Echoes from beyond the grave,
 Recognised intelligence ?

Such rebounds our inward ear
 Catches sometimes from afar ;—
 Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;
 For of God,—of God they are.

To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, mother mild,
Maid and mother undefiled,
Save a mother and her child!

"Now who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts
that pass

Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be he who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O'er whom such thankful tears were
shed

For shelter, and a poor man's bread!
God loves the child; and God hath
willed

'That those dear words 'should be
fulfilled,

'The lady's words, when forced away;
The last she to her babe did say.

'My own, my own, thy fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

"Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The boy must part from Mosedale's
groves,

And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!

Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young bird that is distrest;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.
wo.

"A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
'That brought him up to manhood's
prime.

Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill;
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and
state!

Yet lacks not friends for simple
glee,

Nor yet for higher sympathy.

'To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty;
And both the undying fish that
swim

Through Bowscale-Tarn* did wait on
him.

The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which angels
haunt

Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing;
And into caves where faeries sing
He hath entered; and been told
By voices how men lived of old.

* It is imagined by the people of the country
that there are two immortal fish, inhabitants of
this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not
far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned
before is the old and proper name of the
mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.

When reason seemed the most to
 assert her rights,
 When most intent on making of herself
 A prime, enchantress—to assist the
 work,
 Which then was going forward in her
 name!
 Not favoured spots alone, but the
 whole earth,
 The beauty wore of promise—that
 which sets
 (As at some moment might not be
 unfelt
 Among the bowers of paradise itself)
 The budding rose above the rose full
 blown.
 What temper at the prospect did not
 wake
 To happiness unthought of? The inert
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt
 away!
 They who have fed their childhood
 upon dreams,
 The playfellows of fancy, who had
 made
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
 strength
 Their ministers,—who in lordly wise
 had stirred
 Among the grandest objects of the
 sense,
 And dealt with whatsoever they found
 there
 As if they had within some lurking
 right
 To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle
 mood
 Had watched all gentle motions, and
 to these.
 Had fitted their own thoughts,
 schemers more mild.
 And in the region of their peaceful
 selves;—

Now was it that both found, the meek
 and lofty
 Did both find helpers to their heart's
 desire,
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
 wish,—
 Were called upon to exercise their
 skill,
 Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,
 Or some secreted island, Heaven
 knows where!
 But in the very world, which is the
 world
 Of all of us,—the place where in the
 end
 We find our happiness, or not at all!

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,
 A deep delight the bosom thrills,
 Oft as I pass along the fork
 Of these fraternal hills:
 Where, save the rugged road, we find
 No appanage of human kind;
 Nor hint of man: if stone or rock
 Seem not his handy-work to mock
 By something cognizably shaped;
 Mockery—or model roughly hewn,
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,
 Or from the flood escaped:—
 Altars for Druid service fit;
 (But where no fire was ever lit,
 Unless the glow-worm to the skies
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice;
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
 Green moss-grown tower; or hoar
 tent;
 Tents of a camp that never shall be
 raised:
 On which four thousand years have
 gazed!

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the
sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where
cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart
and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy
ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into
at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that
music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady
wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world
a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never
roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven
and home!

It is no spirit who from heaven hath
flown,
And is descending on his embassy;
Nor traveller gone from earth the
heavens to espy!
'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with
glittering crown,
First admonition that the sun is down!
For yet it is broad daylight! clouds
pass by;
A few are near him still—and now the
sky,
He hath it to himself—'tis all his
own.
O most ambitious star! an inquest
wrought

Within me when I recognised thy
light;
A moment I was startled at the sight:
And, while I gazed, there came to me
a thought
That I might step beyond my natural
race,
As thou seem'st now to do; might one
day trace
Some ground not mine; and, strong
her strength above,
My soul, an apparition in the place,
Tread there, with steps that no one
shall reprove!

FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT
ITS COMMENCEMENT.* REPRINTED
FROM "THE FRIEND."

OH! pleasant exercise of hope and
joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars, which
then stood
Upon our side, we who were strong in
love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!—
Oh! times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding
ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at
once
The attraction of a country in ro-
mance!

* This, and the extract ("The Influence of
Natural Objects"), page 40, and the first piece
of this class, are from the unpublished poem of
which some account is given in the preface to
"The Excursion."

Time was when field and watery cove
 With modulated echoes rang.
 While choirs of fervent angels sang
 Their vespers in the grove:
 Or, crowning, star-like, each some
 sovereign height,
 Warbled, for heaven above and earth
 below.
 Strains suitable to both.—Such holy
 rite.
 Methinks, if audibly repeated now
 From hill or valley, could not move
 Sublimier transport, purer love,
 Than doth this silent spectacle—the
 gleam—
 The shadow—and the peace supreme!

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
 And solemn harmony pervades
 The hollow vale from steep to steep,
 And penetrates the glades.
 Far-distant images draw nigh.
 Called forth by wondrous potency
 Of beamy radiance, that imbues
 Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like
 hues

In vision exquisitely clear,
 Herds range along the mountain side;
 And glistening antlers are descried:
 And gilded flocks appear.
 Thine is the tranquil hour, purpleal
 eve!

But long as god-like wish, or hope
 divine.

Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
 That this magnificence is wholly
 thine!

From worlds not quickened by the sun
 A portion of the gift is won:
 An intermingling of heaven's pomp is
 spread

On ground which British shepherds
 tread!

And, if there be whom broken ties
 Afflict, or injuries assail,
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
 Present a glorious scale.
 Climbing suffused with sunny air,
 To stop—no record hath told where!
 And tempting fancy to ascend,
 And with immortal spirits blend!
 Wings at my shoulders seem to play;
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
 On those bright steps that heaven-
 ward raise
 Their practicable way.
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look
 abroad,
 And see to what fair countries ye are
 bound!

And if some traveller, weary of his
 road,
 Hath slept since noon-tide on the
 grassy ground.
 Ye genii! to his covert speed;
 And wake him with such gentle heed
 As may attune his soul to meet the
 dower
 Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

Such hues from their celestial urn
 Were wont to stream before mine eye.
 Where'er it wandered in the morn
 Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
 For, if a vestige of those gleams
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
 Dread power! whom peace and calm-
 ness serve

No less than nature's threatenin'
 voice.

If aught unworthy be my choice.
 From THEE if I would swerve.

Oh, let thy grace remind me of the
 light

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!
 Ye snow-white lambs that trip
 Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
 Of restless ownership!
 Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall
 To feed the insatiate prodigal!
 Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
 All that the fertile valley shields;
 Wages of folly—baits of crime,—
 Of life's uneasy game the stake,
 Playthings that keep the eyes awake
 Of drowsy, dotard time;—
 O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,
 Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
 A genius dwells, that can subdue
 At once all memory of you,—
 Most potent when mists veil the sky,
 Mists that distort and magnify;
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweep-
 ing breeze,
 Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

List to those shriller notes! *that* march
 Perchance was on the blast,
 When, through this height's inverted arch,
 Rome's earliest legion passed!
 They saw, adventurously impelled,
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,
 This block—and yon, whose church-
 like frame

Gives to this savage pass its name.
 Aspiring road! that lov'st to hide
 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
 Not seldom may the hour return
 When thou shalt be my guide;
 And I (as all men may find cause,
 When life is at a weary pause,
 And they have panted up the hill
 Of duty with reluctant will)
 Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
 For the rich bounties of constraint;
 Whence oft invigorating transports flow
 That choice lacked courage to bestow.

My soul was grateful for delight
 That wore a threatening brow;
 A veil is lifted—can she slight
 The scene that opens now!
 Though habitation none appear,
 The greenness tells, man must be there;
 The shelter—that the perspective
 Is of the clime in which we live;
 Where toil pursues his daily round;
 Where pity sheds sweet tears, and love.
 In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
 Inflicts his tender wound.
 Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
 How beautiful the world below;
 Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
 The brook adown the rocky steeps.
 Farewell, thou' desolate domain!
 Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
 Carols like a shepherd-boy;
 And who is she?—Can that be joy!
 Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
 While faith, from yonder opening cloud
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
 "Whate'er the weak may dread, the
 wicked dare,
 Thy lot, O man, is good, thy portion fair!"

EVENING ODE,

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF
 EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND
 BEAUTY.

HAD this effulgence disappeared
 With flying haste, I might have sent,
 Among the speechless clouds, a look
 Of blank astonishment;
 But 'tis endued with power to stay,
 And sanctify one closing day,
 That frail mortality may see—
 What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!

Of unremembered pleasure: such,
perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's
life,
His little, nameless, unremembered
acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I
trust,
To them I may have owed another
gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed
mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary
weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed
mood,
In which the affections gently lead us
on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal
frame,
And even the motion of our human
blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the
power
Of harmony, and the deep power of
joy.
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief. yet, oh! how
oft—
In darkness, and amid the many
shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful
stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the
world.
Have hung upon the beatings of my
heart,

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to
thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer
through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to
thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extin-
guished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the
sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts
That in this moment there is life and
food
For future years. And so I dare to
hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what
I was when first
I came among these hills; when like
a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the
sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely
streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads,
than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For
nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish
days,
And their glad animal movements all
gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding
cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and
gloomy wood,

Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored ;
Which, at this moment, on my waking
sight

Appears to shine, by miracle restored !
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth ;

'Tis past, the visionary splendour
fades ;

And night approaches with her shades.

Note.—The multiplication of mountain ridges, described at the commencement of the third stanza of this ode, as a kind of Jacob's ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze ;—in the present instance, by the latter cause. Allusions to the ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality," pervade the last stanza of the foregoing poem.

LINES,

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF
THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13,
1798.

Five years have past ; five summers,
with the length

Of five long winters ! and again I
hear

These waters, rolling from their moun-
tain springs

With a sweet inland murmur.*—Once
again

Do I behold these steep and lofty
cliffs,

That on a wild secluded scene im-
press

Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and
connect

The landscape with the quiet of the
sky.

The day is come when I again
repose

Here, under this dark sycamore, and
view

These plots of cottage-ground, these
orchard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe
fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose
themselves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again
I see

These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows,
little lines

Of sportive wood run wild ; these
pastoral farms,

Green to the very door ; and wreaths
of smoke

Sent up in silence, from among the
trees !

With some uncertain notice, as might
seem,

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless
woods,

Or of some hermit's cave, where by his
fire

The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not
been to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's
eye :

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the
din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to
them,

In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the
heart ;

And passing even into my purer
mind,

With tranquil restoration :—feelings,
too,

* The river is not affected by the tides a few
miles above Tintern.

With quietness and beauty, and so
 feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
 tongues
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of
 selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is,
 nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we
 behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the
 moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain winds be
 free
 To blow against thee: and, in after
 years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be
 matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies;
 oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what
 healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
 chance—
 If I should be where I no more can
 hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild
 eyes these gleams
 Of past existence—wilt thou then
 forget
 That on the banks of this delightful
 stream
 We stood together; and that I, so
 long
 A worshipper of nature, hither came,

Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love—oh! with far
 deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then
 forget,
 That after many wanderings, many
 years
 Of absence, these steep woods and
 lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape,
 were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for
 thy sake!

PETER BELL, A TALE.

"What's in a name?" . . .
 "Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*!"

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P.L.,
 ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the public, has, in its manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority*;—for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the literature of my country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The poem of Peter Bell, as the prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth *ex imperio*, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments

Their colours and their forms, were
then to me

An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter
charm,

By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time
is past,

And all its aching joys are now no
more,

And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other
gifts

Have followed, for such loss, I would
believe,

Abundant recompense. For I have
learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing
oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of
ample power

To chasten and subdue. And I have
felt

A presence that disturbs me with the
joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply inter-
fused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,

And the round ocean, and the living
air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things. There-
fore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the
woods,

And mountains; and of all that we
behold

From this green earth; of all the
mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half
create,*

And what perceive; well pleased to
recognise

In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts,
the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart,
and soul

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the
more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:

For thou art with me, here upon the
banks

Of this fair river; thou, my dearest
friend,

My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice
I catch

The language of my former heart, and
read

My former pleasures in the shooting
lights

Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little
while

May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer

I make,

Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her
privilege,

Through all the years of this our life,
to lead

From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress

* This line has a close resemblance to an
admirable line of Young, the exact expression
of which I cannot recollect.

See! there she is, the matchless earth!
 There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean!
 Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
 Through the gray clouds—the Alps
 are here,
 Like waters in commotion!

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands—
 That silver thread the river Dnieper—
 And look, where clothed in brightest green
 Is a sweet isle, of isles the queen;
 Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!

And see the town where I was born!
 Around those happy fields we span
 In boyish gambols—I was lost
 Where I have been, but on this coast
 I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once
 Appear so lovely, never, never,—
 How tunefully the forests ring?
 To hear the earth's soft murmuring
 Thus could I hang for ever!

'Shame on you!' cried my little boat,
 "Was ever such a homesick loon,
 Within a living boat to sit,
 And make no better use of it,—
 A boat twin-sister of the crescent-moon!

"Ne'er in the breast of full-grown poet
 Fluttered so faint a heart before;—
 Was it the music of the spheres
 That overpowered your mortal ears!
 Such din shall trouble them no more.

"These nether precincts do not lack
 Charms of their own;—then come
 with me—

I want a comrade, and for you
 'Here's nothing that I would not do;
 'Tough is there that you shall not see.

"Haste! and above Siberian snows
 We'll sport amid the boreal morning.
 Will mingle with her lustres, gliding
 Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
 And now the stars adorning.

"I know the secrets of a land
 Where human foot did never stray;
 Fair is that land as evening skies,
 And cool,—though in the depth it lies
 Of burning Africa.

"Or we'll into the realm of faery,
 Among the lovely shades of things,
 The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
 And streams, and bowers, and ladies
 fair,
 The shades of palaces and kings!

"Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
 Less quiet regions to explore,
 Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
 How earth and heaven are taught to
 feel
 The might of magic lore!"

"My little vagrant form of light,
 My gay and beautiful canoe,
 Well have you played your friendly part;
 As kindly take what from my heart
 Experience forces—then adieu!

"Temptation lurks among your words;
 But, while these pleasures you're pursuing
 Without impediment or let,
 No wonder if you quite forget
 What on the earth is doing.

"There was a time when all mankind
 Did listen with a faith sincere
 To tuneful tongues in mystery versed;
 Then poets fearlessly rehearsed
 The wonders of a wild career.

daily life. Since that prologue was written, *you* have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted, that to you, as a master in that province of the art, the following tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an inappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect, most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, April 7, 1819.

PROLOGUE.

THERE'S something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat,
For shape just like the crescent-moon.

And now *I have* a little boat,
In shape a very crescent-moon:—
Fast through the clouds my boat can
sail;
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up—and you shall see me soon!

The woods, my friends, are round you
roaring,
Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger's in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little boat and me!

Meanwhile untroubled I admire
The pointed horns of my canoe:
And, did not pity touch my breast,
To see how ye are all distressed,
Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

Away we go, my boat and I—
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the clouds we dive,
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her.
Up goes my little boat so bright!

The Crab—the Scorpion—and the
Bull—
We pry among them all—have shot
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
Covered from top to toe with scars:
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
And melancholy spectres throng them;
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them!

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little earth of ours?

Then back to earth, the dear green
earth;
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be;
I've left my heart at home.

PART I.

ALL by the moonlight river side
Groaned the poor beast—alas! in
vain;

The staff was raised to loftier height,
And the blows fell with heavier weight
As Peter struck—and struck again.

“Hold!” cried the squire, “against
the rules

Of common sense you’re surely
sinning;

This leap is for us all too
bold;

Who Peter was let that be told,
And start from the beginning.”

—“A potter,* sir, he was by trade,”
Said I, becoming quite collected!

“And wheresoever he appeared,
Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected.

He, two-and-thirty years or more,
Had been a wild and woodland rover:
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar
On farthest Cornwall’s rocky shore,
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

And he had seen Caernarvon’s towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum:
And he had been where Lincoln bell
Flings o’er the fen that ponderous knell,
A far-renowned alarum!

At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds
And merry Carlisle had he been:
And all along the Lowlands fair,
All through the bonny shire of Ayr—
And far as Aberdeen.

* In the dialect of the north, a hawker of earthenware is thus designated.

And he had been at Inverness;
And Peter, by the mountain rills,
Had danced his round with Highland
lasses.

And he had lain beside his asses
On lofty Cheviot Hills:

And he had trudged through York-
shire dales.

Among the rocks and winding *scars*;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars:

And all along the indented coast,
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam;
Where’er a knot of houses lay
On headland, or in hollow bay;—
Sure never man like him did roam!

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,
Have been fast bound, a begging
debtor;—

He travelled here, he travelled
there;—

But not the value of a hair
Was heart or head the better.

He roved among the vales and
streams,

In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and
day.—

But nature ne’er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful
year,

Did nature lead him as before:
A primrose by the river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late;)
Take with you some ambitious youth;
For, restless wanderer! I, in truth,
Am all unfit to be your mate.

"Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that
 cheers;
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

"These given, what more need I desire
To stir—to soothe—or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create?

"A potent wand doth sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty fear!
Repentance is a tender sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear.

"But grant my wishes,—let us now
Descend from this ethereal height;
Then take thy way, adventurous skiff,
More daring far than Hippogriff,
And be thy own delight!

"To the stone-table in my garden,
Loved haunt of many a summer hour.
The squire is come;—his daughter
 Bess
Beside him in the cool recess
Sits blooming like a flower.

"With these are many more convened;
They know not I have been so far—
I see them there, in number nine,
Beneath the spreading Weymouth
 pine—
I see them—there they are!

"There sits the vicar and his dame;
And there my good friend, Stephen
 Otter;
And, ere the light of evening fail,
To them I must relate the tale
Of Peter Bell the potter."

Off flew the boat—away she flees,
Spurning her freight with indignation!
And I, as well as I was able,
On two poor legs, toward my stone-
 table
Limped on with sore vexation.

"Oh, here he is!" cried little Bess—
She saw me at the garden door;
"We've waited anxiously and long,"
They cried, and all around me throng,
Full nine of them or more!

"Reproach me not—your fears be
 still—
Be thankful we again have met;—
Resume, my friends! within the
 shade
Your seats, and quickly shall be
 paid
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like
 one
Not wholly rescued from the pale
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion;
But, straight to cover my confusion,
Began the promised tale.

ONE NIGHT, (and now, my little Bess!
We've reached at last the promised tale;)
One beautiful November night.
When the full moon was shining bright
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone;—
Whether to buy or sell, or led
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and
brake,

He trudged along o'er hill and dale;
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle.
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way,
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought
Where cheerfully his course he weaves,
And whistling loud may yet be heard,
Though often buried, like a bird
Darkling among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed.
And on he drives with cheeks that
burn

In downright fury and in wrath—
There's little sign the treacherous path
Will to the road return!

The path grows dim, and dimmer still;
Now up—now down—the rover wends
With all the sail that he can carry,
Till brought to a deserted quarry;
And there the pathway ends.

He paused—for shadows of strange
shape,
Massy and black, before him lay:
But through the dark, and through the
cold,
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry;—and behold
A scene of soft and lovely hue!
Where blue and gray, and tender green,
Together make as sweet a scene
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw
A little field of meadow ground;
But field or meadow name it not;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the gray rocks
But he flowed quiet and unseen:
You need a strong and stormy gale
To bring the noises of the Swale
To that green spot, so calm and green!

And is there no one dwelling here,
No hermit with his beads and glass?
And does no little cottage look
Upon this soft and fertile nook?
Does no one live near this green grass?

Across the deep and quiet spot
Is Peter driving through the grass—
And now has reached the skirting trees;
When, turning round his head, he sees
A solitary ass

"A prize!" cries Peter, but he first
Must spy about him far and near;
There's not a single house in sight,
No woodman's hut, no cottage light,
Peter, you need not fear!

Small change it made in Peter's heart
 To see his gentle panniered train
 With more than vernal pleasure feeding,
 Where'er the tender grass was leading
 Its earliest green along the lane.

In vain, through water, earth, and air
 The soul of happy sound was spread,
 When Peter, on some April morn,
 Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
 Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when by the forest's edge,
 He lay beneath the branches high,
 The soft blue sky did never melt
 Into his heart,—he never felt
 The witchery of the soft blue sky!

On a fair prospect some have looked
 And felt, as I have heard them say,
 As if the moving time had been
 A thing as steadfast as the scene
 On which they gazed themselves away.

Within the breast of Peter Bell
 These silent raptures found no place;
 He was a carl as wild and rude
 As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
 As ever ran 'a felon's race.

Of all that lead a lawless life,
 Of all that love their lawless lives,
 In city or in village small,
 He was the wildest far of all;
 He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and
 twelve!

But how one wife could e'er come near
 him,

In simple truth I cannot tell;
 For be it said of Peter Bell,
 To see him was to fear him.

Though nature could not teach his
 heart

By lovely forms and silent weather,
 And tender sounds, yet you might see
 At once, that Peter Bell and she
 Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung
 As of a dweller out of doors;
 In his whole figure and his mien
 A savage character was seen,
 Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human
 thoughts

Which solitary nature feeds
 'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
 Had Peter joined whatever vice
 The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
 That cuts along the hawthorn fence;
 Of courage you saw little there,
 But, in its stead, a medley air
 Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
 And long and slouching was his gait;
 Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
 You might perceive, his spirit cold
 Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;
 A work, one half of which was done
 By thinking of his *whens* and *hows*;
 And half, by knitting of his brows
 Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,
 There was a hardness in his eye,
 As if the man had fixed his face,
 In many a solitary place,
 Against the wind and open sky!

The meagre beast lay still as death :
 And Peter's lips with fury quiver—
 Quoth he, " You little mulish dog,
 I'll fling your carcass like a log
 Head-foremost down the river !"

He scans the ass from limb to limb ;
 And ventures now to uplift his eyes :—
 More steady looks the moon, and clear
 More like themselves the rocks appear
 And touch more quiet skies.

An impious oath confirmed the threat—
 Whereat from the earth on which he lay,
 To all the echoes, south and north,
 And east and west, the ass sent forth
 A long and clamorous bray !

His scorn returns—his hate revives,
 He stoops the ass's neck to seize
 With malice—that again takes flight ;
 For in the pool a startling sight
 Meets him, among the inverted trees.

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
 Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
 Joy at the heart of Peter knocks ;—
 But in the echo of the rocks
 Was something Peter did not like.

Is it the moon's distorted face ?
 The ghost-like image of a cloud ?
 Is it a gallows there portrayed ?
 Is Peter of himself afraid ?
 Is it a coffin,—or a shroud ?

Whether to cheer his coward breast,
 Or that he could not break the chain,
 In this scene and solemn hour,
 Twined round him by demoniac power,
 To the blind work he turned again.—

A grisly idol hewn in stone ?
 Or imp from witch's lap let fall ?
 Perhaps a ring of shining fairies,
 Such as pursue their feared vagaries
 In sylvan bower, or haunted hall ?

Among the rocks and winding crags—
 Among the mountains far away—
 Once more the ass did lengthen out
 More ruefully an endless shout,
 The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray !

Is it a fiend that to a stake
 Of fire his desperate self is tethering ?
 Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell
 In solitary ward or cell,
 Ten thousand miles from all his
 brethren ?

What is there now in Peter's heart ?
 Or whence the might of this strange
 sound ?
 The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
 The broad blue heavens appeared to
 glimmer,
 And the rocks staggered all around.

Never did pulse so quickly throb,
 And never heart so loudly panted ;
 He looks, he cannot choose but look :
 Like some one reading in a book—
 A book that is enchanted.

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped !
 Threat has he none to execute—
 " If any one should come and see
 That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,
 " I'm helping this poor dying brute."

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell !—
 He will be turned to iron soon,
 Meet statue for the court of fear !
 His hat is up—and every hair
 Bristles—and whitens in the moon !

There's nothing to be seen but woods,
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
And this one beast, that from the bed
Of the green meadow hangs his head
Over the silent stream.

His head is with a halter bound ;
The halter seizing, Peter leapt
Upon the creature's back, and plied
With ready heels his shaggy side ;
But still the ass his station kept.

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,
A jerk that from a dungeon floor
Would have pulled up an iron ring ;
But still the heavy-headed thing
Stood just as he had stood before !

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,
"There is some plot against me
laid ;"

Once more the little meadow ground
And all the hoary cliffs around
He cautiously surveyed.

All, all is silent—rocks and woods
All still and silent—far and near !
Only the ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all
this ?

Some ugly witchcraft must be here !
Once more the ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread ;
Yet with deliberate action slow,
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the sounding hide,
He dealt a sturdy blow.

The poor ass staggered with the
shock ;
And then, as if to take his ease,
In quiet uncomplaining mood,
Upon the spot where he had stood,
Dropped gently down upon his knees.

As gently on his side he fell,
And by the river's brink did lie ;
And, while he lay like one that
mourned,
The patient beast on Peter turned
A shining hazel eye.

'Twas but 'one mild, reproachful
look,
A look more tender than severe ;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eye-ball in his head
Towards the smooth river deep and
clear.

Upon the beast the sapling rings,—
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they
stirred ;
He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river side
He gave three miserable groans ;
And not till now hath Peter seen
How gaunt the creature is—how
lean
And sharp his staring bones !

With legs stretched out and stiff he
lay :—
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue ;
With hard contempt his heart was
wrung,
With hatred and vexation

But no—that Peter on his back
Must mount, he shews well as he can ;
Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,
I'll do what he would have me do,
In pity to this poor drowned man.

With that resolve he boldly mounts
Upon the pleased and thankful ass ;
And then, without a moment's stay,
That earnest creature turned away,
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,
The beast four days and nights had
passed.
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,
And there the ass four days had been,
Nor ever once did break his fast !

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart !
The mead is crossed—the quarry's
mouth
Is reached—but there the trusty guide
Into a thicket turns aside,
And deftly ambles towards the south.

When hark a burst of doleful sound !
And Peter honestly might say,
The like came never to his ears,
Though he has been, full thirty years,
A rover—night and day.

'Tis not a plover of the moors,
'Tis not a bittern of the fen ;
Nor can it be a barking fox—
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks—
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen !

The ass is startled—and stops short
Right in the middle of the thicket ;
And Peter, wont to whistle loud
Whether alone or in a crowd,
Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess ?
Well may you tremble and look grave !
This cry—that rings along the wood,
This cry—that floats adown the flood,
Comes from the entrance of a cave ;

I see a blooming wood-boy there,
And, if I had the power to say
How sorrowful the wanderer is,
Your heart would be as sad as his
Till you had kissed his tears away !

Grasping a hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps—
Thence back into the moonlight
creeps. [dead :
Whom seeks he—whom?—the silent

His father !—Him doth he require,
Him hath he sought with fruitless
pains,
Among the rocks, behind the trees,
Now creeping on his hands and knees.
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,
When he through such a day has gone,
By this dark cave to be distrest
Like a poor bird—her plundered nest
Hovering around with dolorous moan !

Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening ass conjectures well ;
Wild as it is, he there can read
Some intermingled notes that plead
With touches irresistible ;

But Peter, when he saw the ass
Not only stop but turn, and change
The cherished tenor of his pace
That lamentable cry to chase,
It wrought in him conviction strange ;

He looks—he ponders—looks again :
 He sees a motion—hears a groan ;—
 His eyes will burst—his heart will
 break—
 He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
 And back he falls, as if his life were
 flown !

PART II.

We left our hero in a trance,
 Beneath the alders, near the river ;
 The ass is by the river side,
 And where the feeble breezes glide,
 Upon the stream the moonbeams
 quiver.

A happy respite!—but at length
 He feels the glimmering of the moon ;
 Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly
 sighing—
 To sink perhaps, where he is lying,
 Into a second swoon !

He lifts his head—he sees his staff ;
 He touches—'tis to him a treasure !
 Faint recollection seems to tell
 That he is yet where mortals dwell—
 A thought received with languid
 pleasure !

His head upon his elbow propped,
 Becoming less and less perplexed.
 Skyward he looks—to rock and wood—
 And then—upon the glassy flood—
 His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of one
 In his last sleep securely bound !
 So toward the stream his head he bent,
 And downward thrust his staff, intent
 The river's depth to sound.

Now—like a tempest-shattered bark
 That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
 And in a moment to the verge
 Is lifted of a foaming surge—
 Full suddenly the ass doth rise !

His staring bones all shake with joy—
 And close by Peter's side he stands :
 While Peter o'er the river bends,
 The little ass his neck extends,
 And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the ass's eyes—
 Such life is in his limbs and ears—
 That Peter Bell, if he had been
 The veriest coward ever seen,
 Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The ass looks on—and to his work
 Is Peter quietly resigned ;
 He touches here—he touches there—
 And now among the dead man's hair
 His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again ;
 And he whom the poor ass had lost,
 The man who had been four days
 dead,
 Head foremost from the river's bed
 Uprises—like a ghost !

And Peter draws him to dry land ;
 And through the brain of Peter pass
 Some poignant twitches, fast and faster,
 “No doubt,” quoth he, “he is the
 master
 Of this poor miserable ass !”

The meagre shadow that looks on—
 What would he now? what is he doing?
 His sudden fit of joy is flown,—
 He on his knees hath laid him down,
 As if he were his grief renewing.

Of him whom sudden death had seized
 He thought.—of thee, O faithful ass!
 And once again those ghastly pains,
 Shoot to and fro through heart and
 reins,
 And through his brain like lightning
 pass.

PART III.

I've heard of one, a gentle soul,
 Though given to sadness and to gloom,
 And for the fact will vouch,—one night
 It chanced that by a taper's light
 This man was reading in his room ;

Bending, as you or I might bend
 At night o'er any pious book.
 When sudden blackness overspread
 The snow-white page on which he read,
 And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all
 round,—
 And to his book he turned again ;
 The light had left the lonely
 taper,
 And formed itself upon the paper
 Into large letters—bright and plain !

The godly book was in his hand—
 And, on the page more black than
 coal,
 Appeared, set forth in strange array,
 A word—which to his dying day
 Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, thus plainly seen
 Did never from his lips depart ;
 But he hath said, poor gentle wight !
 It brought full many a sin to light
 Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread spirits ! to confound the meek
 Why wander from your course so far,
 Disorder colour, form, and stature !
 Let good men feel the soul of nature,
 And see things as they are.

Yet, potent spirits ! well I know
 How ye, that play with soul and sense,
 Are not unused to trouble friends
 Of goodness, for most gracious ends—
 And this I speak in reverence !

But might I give advice to you,
 Whom in my fear I love so well,
 From men of pensive virtue go,
 Dread beings ! and your empire show
 On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence often have I felt
 In darkness and the stormy night ;
 And with like force, if need there be,
 Ye can put forth your agency
 When earth is calm, and heaven is
 bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,
 That powerful world in which ye dwell,
 Come, spirits of the mind ! and try
 To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,
 What may be done with Peter Bell !

Oh, would that some more skilful voice
 My further labour might prevent !
 Kind listeners, that around me sit,
 I feel that I am all unfit
 For such high argument.

I've played, I've danced, with my
 narration—

I loitered long ere I began :
 Ye waited then on my good pleasure,—
 Pour out indulgence still, in measure
 As liberal as ye can !

A faith that, for the dead man's sake
And this poor slave who loved him well,
Vengeance upon his head will fall,
Some visitation worse than all
Which ever till this night befel.

Meanwhile the ass to reach his home,
Is striving stoutly as he may ;
But, while he climbs the woody hill,
The cry grows weak—and weaker still
And now at last it dies away !

So with his freight the creature turns
Into a gloomy grove of beech,
Along the shade with footsteps true
Descending slowly, till the two
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along the narrow dell,
A fair smooth pathway you discern,
A length of green and open road—
As if it from a fountain flowed—
Winding away between the fern.

The rocks that tower on either side
Build up a wild fantastic scene ;
Temples like those among the Hindoos,
And mosques, and spires, and abbey
 windows,
And castles all with ivy green !

And, while the ass pursues his way,
Along this solitary dell,
As pensively his steps advance,
The mosques and spires change countenance,
And look at Peter Bell !

That unintelligible cry
Hath left him high in preparation,—
Convinced that he, or soon or late,
This very night, will meet his fate—
And so he sits in expectation !

The strenuous animal hath clomb
With the green path,—and now he wend:
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,
In undisturbed immensity
A level plain extends.

But whence this faintly-rustling sound
By which the journeying pair are chased?
—A withered leaf is close behind,
Light plaything for the sportive wind
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,
It only doubled his distress ;
“Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me—
So huge hath been my wickedness !”

To a close lane they now are come,
Where, as before, the enduring ass
Moves on without a moment's stop,
Nor once turns round his head to crop
A bramble leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,
The white dust sleeps upon the lane ;
And Peter, ever and anon
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood
By moonlight made more faint and wan—
Ha ! why these sinkings of despair?
He knows not how the blood comes there,
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,
Where he had struck the creature's head ;
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,
But then it quickly fled ;

The unheeding ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brimful of a carousing crew,
That make, with curses, not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found;—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
While, as a swimming darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,
But a few hours ago, had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child;
A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild!

Her dwelling was a lonely house,
A cottage in a heathy dell;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts
Had she; and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain
or snow,
To kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell
It was to lead an honest life:
For he, with tongue not used to falter,
Had pledged his troth before the altar
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers;—but soon
She drooped and pined like one for-
lorn:—
From Scripture she a name did borrow:
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,
And took it in most grievous part;
She to the very bone was worn,
And, ere that little child was born,
Died of a broken heart.

And now the spirits of the mind
Are busy with poor Peter Bell;
Upon the rights of visual sense
Usurping, with a prevalence
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspens play)
He sees an unsubstantial creature,
His very self in form and feature,
Not four yards from the broad highway.

And stretched beneath the furze he ~~see~~
The Highland girl—it is no other;
And hears her crying, as she cried,
The very moment that she died,
“My mother! oh, my mother!”

The sweat pours down from Peter
face,
So grievous is his heart's contrition:
With agony his eye-balls ache
While he beholds by the furze-brake
This miserable vision!

Our travellers, ye remember well,
Are thridding a sequestered lane;
And Peter many tricks is trying,
And many anodynes applying,
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far;
And, finding that he can account
So snugly for that crimson stain,
His evil spirit up again
Does like an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logician
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;
"Blood drops—leaves rustle—yet,"
 quoth he,
"This poor man never, but for me.
Could have had Christian burial.

"And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,
That here hath been some wicked
 dealing;
No doubt the devil in me wrought;
I'm not the man who could have thought
'An ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes
His shining horn tobacco-box;
And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the
 clouds—
Whose cunning eye can see the wind—
'ell to a curious world the cause
Why, making here a sudden pause,
The ass turned round his head—and
 grinned.

A appalling process! I have marked
He like on heath—in lonely wood,
And, verily, have seldom met
A spectacle more hideous—yet
As suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed—
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,
A murmur, pent within the earth,
In the dead earth beneath the road,

 Rolled audibly!—it swept along—
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!
'Twas by a troop of miners made,
Plying with gunpowder their trade,
Some twenty fathoms under ground.

Small cause of dire effect!—for, surely,
If ever mortal, king or cotter,
Believed that earth was charged to quake
And yawn for his unworthy sake,
'Twas Peter Bell the potter!

But, as an oak in breathless air
Will stand though to the centre hewn;
Or as the weakest things, if frost
Have stiffened them, maintain their
 post;
So he, beneath the gazing moon!

The beast bestriding thus, he reached
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove.

Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
It seemed—wall, window, roof, and
 tower
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

As ruinous a place it was,
Thought Peter, "In the shire of Fife,
That served my turn, when following
From land to land a reckless will, [still
I married my sixth wife!"

The very word was plainly heard,
 Heard plainly by the wretched
 mother—

Her joy was like a deep affright;
 And forth she rushed into the light,
 And saw it was another!

And instantly, upon the earth,
 Beneath the full moon shining bright,
 Close to the ass's feet she fell;
 At the same moment Peter Bell
 Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the woman lie
 Breathless and motionless; the mind
 Of Peter sadly was confused;
 But, though to such demands unused,
 And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up, and while he held
 Her body propped against his knee,
 The woman waked—and when she spied
 The poor ass standing by her side
 She moaned most bitterly.

"Oh! God be praised—my heart's at
 ease—

For he is dead—I know it well!"
 At this she wept a bitter flood:
 And, in the best way that he could,
 His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles—he is pale as death—
 His voice is weak with perturbation—
 He turns aside his head—he pauses,
 Poor Peter from a thousand causes
 Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
 The ass in that small meadow ground;
 And that her husband now lay dead,
 Beside that luckless river's bed
 In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the widow cast
 Upon the beast that near her stands;
 She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same;
 She calls the poor ass by his name,
 And wrings, and wrings her hands.

"Oh, wretched loss—untimely stroke!
 If he had died upon his bed!
 He knew not one forewarning pain—
 He never will come home again—
 Is dead—for ever dead!"

Beside the woman Peter stands:
 His heart is opening more and more;
 A holy sense pervades his mind:
 He feels what he for human kind
 Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,
 The woman rises from the ground—
 "Oh, mercy! something must be done,—
 My little Rachel, you must run,—
 Some willing neighbour must be found.

"Make haste—my little Rachel—do,
 The first you meet with—bid him
 come,—
 Ask him to lend his horse to-night—
 And this good man, whom Heaven
 requite,
 Will help to bring the body home."

Away goes Rachel, weeping loud;—
 An infant, waked by her distress,
 Makes in the house a piteous cry,
 And Peter hears the mother sigh,
 "Seven are they, and all fatherless!"

And now is Peter taught to feel
 That man's heart is a holy thing;
 And Nature, through a world of death,
 Breathes into him a second breath,
 More searching than the breath of spring.

Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace, hath no offence betrayed;—
 But now, whiledown that slope he wends,
 A voice to Peter's ear ascends,
 Resounding from the woody glade:

The voice, though clamorous as a horn
 Re-echoed by a naked rock,
 Comes from that tabernacle—List!
 Within, a fervent Methodist
 Is preaching to no heedless flock!

"Repent! repent!" he cries aloud,
 "While yet ye may find mercy;—strive
 To love the Lord with all your might,
 Turn to Him, seek Him day and night!
 And save your souls alive.

"Repent! repent! though ye have gone
 Through paths of wickedness and woe,
 After the Babylonian harlot,
 And, though your sins be red as
 scarlet,
 They shall be white as snow!"

Even as he passed the door, these words
 Did plainly come to Peter's ears:
 And they such joyful tidings were,
 The joy was more than he could
 bear!—
 He melted into tears.

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness
 And fast they fell, a plenteous shower!
 His nerves, his sinews seemed to melt;
 Through all his iron frame was felt
 A gentle, a relaxing power!

Each fibre of his frame was weak;
 Weak all the animal within;
 But, in its helplessness, grew mild
 And gentle as an infant child,
 An infant that has known no sin.

'Tis said, meek beast! that, through
 heaven's grace,
 He not unmoved did notice now
 The cross upon thy shoulder scored,
 For lasting impress, by the Lord
 To whom all human-kind shall bow;

Memorial of His touch—that day
 When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,
 Entering the proud Jerusalem,
 By an immeasurable stream
 Of shouting people deified!

Meanwhile the persevering ass,
 Turned towards a gate that hung in view,
 Across a shady lane; his chest
 Against the yielding gate he pressed
 And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes;
 No ghost more softly ever trod;
 Among the stones and pebbles, he
 Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,
 As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty ass
 Went twice two hundred yards or more,
 And no one could have guessed his aim,
 Till to a lonely house he came,
 And stopped beside the door.

Thought Peter, 'tis the poor man's
 home!
 He listens—not a sound is heard
 Save from the trickling household rill,
 But, stepping o'er the cottage sill,
 Forthwith a little girl appeared.

She to the meeting-house was bound
 In hope some tidings there to gather;
 No glimpse it is—no doubtful gleam—
 She saw—and uttered with a scream,
 "My father! here's my father!"

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

DEDICATION.

TO —.

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom
 thrown [shall spare
 In perfect shape (whose beauty time
 Though a breath made it) like a
 bubble blown
 For summer pastime into wanton air;
 Happy the thought best likened to a
 stone
 Of the sea-beach, when, polished with
 nice care,

Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
 Which for the loss of that moist gleam
 atone

That tempted first to gather it. That
 here, [present,
 O chief of friends! such feelings I
 To thy regard, with thoughts so for-
 tunate;
 Were a vain notion; but the hope is
 dear,
 That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
 Wilt smile upon this gift with more
 than mild content!

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow
 room;
 And hermits are contented with their
 cells;
 And students with their pensive citadels:
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his
 loom,
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar
 for bloom, [Fells,
 High as the highest peak of Furness
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove
 bells:

In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be
 bound

Within the sonnet's scanty plot of
 ground:

Pleased if some souls (for such there
 needs must be)

Who have felt the weight of too much
 liberty,

Should find brief solace there, as I
 have found.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash
 undoing,

Man left this structure to become Time's
 prey,

A soothing spirit follows in the way
 That Nature takes, her counter-work
 pursuing,

See how her ivy clasps the sacred ruin,
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay;

And, on the mouldered walls, how
 bright, how gay,

The flowers in pearly dew's their bloom
 renewing! [hour:

Thanks to the place, blessings upon the
 Even as I speak the rising sun's first
 smile

Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon
 tall tower, [claim

Whose caving occupants with joy pro-
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile,
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing
 but a name!

Upon a stone the woman sits
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start;
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb
Had past a sudden shock of dread,
The mother o'er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stairs she hies,
And on the pillow lays her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not how,
With his hands pressed against his brow,
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep!
The trance is past away—he wakes,—

He lifts his head—and sees the ass
Yet standing in the clear moonshine.
“When shall I be as good as thou?
Oh! would, poor beast, that I had now
A heart but half as good as thine!”

But *he*—who deviously hath sought
His father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night his grief and sorrowful fear—
He comes—escaped from fields and
floods;—

With weary pace is drawing nigh—
He sees the ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As hath this little orphan boy,
For he has no misgiving!

Forth to the gentle ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times!

This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage door:
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
“Oh! God, I can endure no more!”

Here ends my tale:—for in a trice
Arrived a neighbour with his horse;
Peter went forth with him straightway;
And, with due care, ere break of day
Together they brought back the corse.

And many years did this poor ass,
Whom once it was my luck to see
Cropping the shrubs of Leming
Lane,
Help by his labour to maintain
The widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly.
And after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

THERE is a little unpretending rill
 Of limpid water, humbler far than
 aught
 That ever among men or naiads sought
 Notice or name!—It quivers down the
 hill, [dubious will;
 Furrowing its shallow way with
 Yet to my mind this scanty stream is
 brought [thought
 Oftener than Ganges or the Nile, a
 Of private recollection sweet and still!
 Months perish with their moons; year
 treads on year;
 But, faithful Emma, thou with me
 canst say
 That, while ten thousand pleasures
 disappear, [they,
 And flies their memory fast almost as
 The immortal spirit of one Lappy day
 Lingers beside that rill, in vision clear.

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
 Lingers, but fancy is well satisfied;
 With keen-eyed hope, with memory, at
 her side,
 And the glad muse at liberty to note
 All that to each is precious, as we
 float [chide
 Gently along; regardless who shall
 If the heavens smile, and leave us free
 to glide,
 Happy associates breathing air remote
 From trivial cares. But, fancy and
 the muse, [with you
 Why have I crowded this small bark
 And others of your kind, ideal crew!
 While here sits one whose brightness
 ouzes its hues
 To flesh and blood; no goddess from
 above,
 No fleeting spirit, but my own true love?

THE fairest, brightest hues of ether
 fade;
 The sweetest notes must terminate and
 die;
 O friend! thy flute has breathed a
 harmony
 Softly resounded through this rocky
 glade;
 Such strains of rapture as the genius
 played
 In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit
 "high;"
 He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,
 Never before to human sight betrayed.
 Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening
 spread!
 The visionary arches are not there,
 Nor the green islands, nor the shining
 seas;
 Yet sacred is to me this mountain's
 head,
 Whence I have risen, uplifted on the
 breeze
 Of harmony, above all earthly care.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL
 PICTURE.

(Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.)

PRAISED be the art whose subtle power
 could stay
 Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious
 shape;
 Nor would permit the thin smoke to
 escape.
 Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake
 the day;
 Which stopped that band of travellers
 on their way.

* See "Vision of Mirza" in the "Spectator."

ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the perusal
of those who may have happened to be
enamoured of some beautiful place of retreat,
in the country of the lakes.

WELL may'st thou halt, and gaze with
brightening eye!

The lovely cottage in the guardian
nook

Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own
dear brook,

Its own small pasture, almost its own
sky!

But, covet not the abode;—forbear to
sigh,

As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders who would tear from nature's
book

This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
Think what the home must be if it
were thine,

Even thine, though few thy wants!—
Roof, window, door,

The very flowers are sacred to the
poor,

The roses to the porch which they
entwine:

Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from
the day

On which it should be touched would
melt away.

“BELOVED vale!” I said, “when I
shall con

Those many records of my childish
years,

Remembrance of myself, and of my
peers

Will press me down: to think of what
is gone

Will be an awful thought, if life have
one.”

But, when into the vale I came, no
fears

Distressed me; from mine eyes
— escaped no tears;

Deep thought, or dread remembrance,
— had I none.

By doubts and thousand petty fancies
crossed,

I stood of simple shame the blushing
thrall;

So narrow seemed the brooks, the
fields so small.

A juggler's balls old time about him
tossed;

I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed;
— and all

The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled:
His ancient dower Olympus hath not
sold;

And that inspiring hill which “did
divide

Into two ample horns his forehead
wide,”

Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
While not an English mountain we
behold

By the celestial muses glorified.

Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise
in crowds:

What was the great Parnassus' self to
thee,

Mount Skiddaw? In his natural
sovereignty

Our British hill is nobler far: he
shrouds

His double front among Atlantic
clouds,

And pours forth streams more sweet
than Castaly.

Now on the water vexed with mockery.
 I have no pain that calls for patience,
 no;
 Hence am I cross and peevish as a
 child;
 Am pleased by fits to have thee for my
 foe,
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled :
 O gentle creature ! do not use me so,
 But once and deeply let me be be-
 guiled.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass
 by,
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and
 bees
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds
 and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water,
 and pure sky ;
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet
 do lie
 Sleepless, and soon the small birds'
 melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my
 orchard trees ;
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy
 cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights
 more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, sleep ! by any
 stealth ;
 So do not let me wear to-night away :
 Without thee what is all the morning's
 wealth ?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and
 day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and
 joyous health !

TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to
 thee, sleep !
 And thou hast had thy store of ten-
 derest names ;
 The very sweetest, fancy culls or
 frames,
 When thankfulness of heart is strong
 and deep !
 Dear bosom child we call thee, that
 dost steep
 In rich reward all suffering ; balm that
 tames
 All anguish ; saint that evil thoughts
 and aims
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall
 I alone,
 I surely not a man ungently made,
 Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is
 crossed ?
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to
 disown,
 Mere slave of them who never for thee
 prayed, [wanted most !
 Still last to come where thou art

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE imperial consort of the fairy king
 Owns not a sylvan bower ; or gorgeous
 cell
 With emerald floored, and with pur-
 pureal shell
 Ceilined and roofed, that is so fair a
 thing
 As this low structure—for the tasks of
 spring
 Prepared by one who loves the buoy-
 ant swell
 Of the brisk waves, yet here consents
 to dwell ;

Ere they were lost within the shady
 wood;
 And showed the bark upon the glassy
 flood
 For ever anchored in her sheltering
 bay. [noontide, even
 Soul-soothing art! whom morning,
 Do serve with all their changeful
 pageantry;
 Thou, with ambition modest yet
 sublime,
 Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast
 given
 To one brief moment caught from
 fleeting time
 The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

"WHY, minstrel, these untuneful mur-
 murings—
 Dull, flagging notes, that with each
 other jar?"
 "Think, gentle lady, of a harp so far
 From its own country, and forgive the
 strings." [springs,
 A simple answer! but even so forth
 From the Castalian fountain of the
 heart,
 The poetry of life, and all *that* art
 Divine of words quickening insensate
 things.
 From the submissive necks of guiltless
 men
 Stretched on the block, the glittering
 axe recoils; the toils
 Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in
 Of mortal sympathy; what wonder
 then
 That the poor harp distempered music
 yields
 To its sad lord, far from his native
 fields?

AERIAL rock—whose solitary brow
 From this low threshold daily meets
 my sight,
 When I step forth to hail the morning
 light,
 Or quit the stars with lingering fare-
 well—how
 Shall fancy pay to thee a grateful
 vow?
 How, with the muse's aid, her love
 attest?
 By planting on thy naked head the
 crest
 Of an imperial castle, which the
 plough
 Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent
 scheme!
 That doth presume no more than to
 supply
 A grace the sinuous vale and roaring
 stream
 Want, through neglect of hoar anti-
 quity.
 Rise, then, ye votive towers, and catch
 a glean
 Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die!

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE sleep, do they belong to
 thee,
 These twinklings of oblivion! Thou
 dost love
 To sit in meekness, like the brooding
 dove,
 A captive never wishing to be free.
 This tiresome night, O sleep! thou art
 to me
 A fly, that up and down himself doth
 shove
 Upon a fretful rivulet, now above

Or Roy, renowned through many a
 Scottish dell;
 But some (who brook those hackneyed
 themes full well,
 Nor heat at Tam o' Shanter's name
 their blood) [harpy brood,
 Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a
 On bard and hero clamorously fell.
 Heed not, wild rover once through
 heath and glen,
 Who mad'st at length the better life
 thy choice.
 Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of
 men [voice,
 To thee appear not an unmeaning
 Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and
 rejoice
 In the just tribute of thy poet's pen!

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

Among the mountains were we nursed,
 loved stream!
 Thou, near the eagle's nest—within
 brief sail,
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale.
 Where thy deep voice could lull me!—
 Faint the beam [gleam
 Of human life when first allowed to
 On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown
 though frail
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the
 steam [entwined
 Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath
 Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was
 worn.
 Meed of some Roman chief—in
 triumph borne [from his car
 With captives chained; and shedding
 The sunset splendours of a finished war
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind:

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF
 WESTMORELAND ON EASTER SUNDAY.

With each recurrence of this glorious
 morn
 That saw the Saviour in His human
 frame
 Rise from the dead, erewhile the
 cottage-dame
 Put on fresh raiment—till that hour
 unworn;
 Domestic hands the home-bred wool
 had shorn, [fleece.
 And she who spun it culled the daintiest
 In thoughtful reverence to the Prince
 of Peace,
 Whose temples bled beneath the
 platted thorn.
 A blest estate when piety sublime
 These humble props disdained not! O
 green dales! [chime
 Sad may I be who heard your Sabbath
 When art's abused inventions were
 unknown;
 Kind nature's various wealth was all
 your own; [scales!
 And benefits were weighed in reason's

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready
 friend
 Now that the cottage spinning-wheel
 is mute;
 And care—a comforter that best could
 suit
 Her froward mood, and softliest repre-
 hend;
 And love—a charmer's voice, that used
 to lend.
 More efficaciously than aught that flows
 From harp or lute, kind influence to
 compose

And spreads in steadfast peace her
brooding-wing.
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing
yew-tree-bough,
And dimly-gleaming nest,—a hollow
crown [down,
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver
Fine as the mother's softest plumes
allow; [sighed
I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing,
For human-kind, weak slaves of cum-
brous pride!

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN
"THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

While flowing rivers yield a blameless
sport.
Shall live the name of Walton;—sage
benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod
and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still
report
That nature utters from her rural
shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple dis-
cipline,
He found the longest summer day too
short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy
Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shaw-
ford brook!
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet
book,
The cowslip bank and shady willow
tree,
And the fresh meads; where flowed
from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome piety!
wo.

✓ TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful
genius made
That work a living landscape fair and
bright;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which
thy childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria,
"deep embayed,
With green hills fenced, with ocean's
murmur lulled,"
Though hasty fame hath many a
chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pen-
sive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head
ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts
meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest
lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock
shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial
waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on
Grongar Hill!

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED
THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN
POEM.

See Milton's sonnet, beginning "A book was
writ of late called 'Tetrachordon.'"

A BOOK came forth of late, called
"Peter Bell;"
Not negligent the style;—the matter?
—good
As aught that song records of Robin
Hood;

Even for such promise ;—serious is her
 face,
 Modest her mien ; and she, whose
 thoughts keep pace
 With gentleess, in that becoming way
 Will thank you. Faultless doth the
 maid appear,
 No disproportion in her soul, no strife :
 But, when the closer view of wedded
 life
 Hath shown that nothing human can
 be clear
 From frailty, for that insight may the
 wife [dear.
 To her indulgent lord become more

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL
 ANGELO.

YES! hope may with my strong desire
 keep pace,
 And I be undeluded, unbetrayed ;
 For if of our affections none find grace
 In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore
 hath God made
 The world which we inhabit! Better
 plea [thee
 Love cannot have, than that in loving
 Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
 Who such divinity to thee imparts
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle
 hearts.
 His hope is treacherous only whose
 love dies
 With beauty, which is varying every
 hour ;
 But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by
 the power
 Of outward change, there blooms a
 deathless flower,
 That breathes on earth the air of
 paradise.

FROM THE SAME.

No mortal object did these eyes be-
 hold
 When first they met the placid light of
 thine,
 And my soul felt her destiny divine,
 And hope of endless peace in me grew
 bold :
 Heaven-born, the soul a heaven-ward
 course must hold ;
 Beyond the visible world she soars to
 seek
 (For what delights the sense is false
 and weak)
 Ideal form, the universal mould.
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no
 rest [lend
 In that which perishes : nor will he
 His heart to aught which doth on time
 depend.
 'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true
 love.
 That kills the soul : love betters what
 is best, [above.
 Even here below, but more in heaven

FROM THE SAME.
 TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet
 indeed
 If Thou the spirit give by which I
 pray :
 My unassisted heart is barren clay
 That of its native self can nothing
 feed :
 Of good and pious works Thou art the
 seed,
 That quickens only where Thou say'st
 it may :
 Unless Thou show to us Thine own
 true way

The throbbing pulse,—else troubled
without end;
Even joy could tell, joy craving truce
and rest
From her own overflow, what power
sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously, to soothe her aching
breast—
And—to a point of just relief—
abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too
blest.

TO S. H.

Excuse is needless when with love
sincere
Of occupation, not by fashion led,
Thou turn'st the wheel that slept with
dust o'erspread;
My nerves from no such murmur
shrink—tho' near,
Soft as the dorhawk's to a distant
ear,
When twilight shades darken the moun-
tain's head.
Even she who toils to spin our vital
thread
Might smile on work, O lady! once so
dear
To household virtues. Venerable
art,
Torn from the poor! yet shall kind
Heaven protect
Its own; though rulers, with undue
respect,
Trusting to crowded factory and mart
And proud discoveries of the intellect,
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient
heart.

DECAY OF PIETY.

OfT have I seen, ere time had
ploughed my cheek,
Matrons and sires—who, punctual to
the call
Of their loved church, on fast or
festival
Through the long year the house of
prayer would seek:
By Christmas snows, by visitation
bleak
Of Easter winds, unseared, from hut or
hall
They came to lowly bench or sculp-
tured stall,
But with one fervour of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were
known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling
crowds,
Is ancient piety for ever flown?
Alas! even then they seemed like
fleecy clouds
That, struggling through the western
sky, have won
Their pensive light from a departed
sun!

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE
MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND, IN THE
VALE OF GRASMERE, 1812.

What need of clamorous bells, or
ribands gay,
These humble nuptials to proclaim or
grace?
Angels of love, look down upon the
place,
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright
day!
Yet no proud gladness would the bride
display

Imagination is that sacred power,
 Imagination lofty and refined;
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine
 flower
 Of Faith, and round the sufferer's
 temples bind
 Wreaths that endure affliction's
 heaviest shower, [keenest wind.
 And do not shrink from sorrow's

It is a beauteous evening, calm and
 free;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad
 sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er
 the sea:

Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with His eternal motion
 make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear child! dear girl! that walkest
 with me here,
 If thou appear untouched by solemn
 thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the
 year:
 And worship'st at the temple's inner
 shrine, [not.
 God being with thee when we know it

WHERE lies the land to which yon
 ship must go?
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
 What boots the inquiry?—Neither
 friend nor foe

She cares for; let her travel where she
 may,
 She finds familiar names, a beaten
 way
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
 Yet still I ask, what haven is her
 mark?
 And, almost as it was when ships were
 rare.
 (From time to time, like pilgrims, here
 and there
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and some-
 thing dark,
 Of the old sea some reverential fear,
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous
 bark!

WITH ships the sea was sprinkled far
 and nigh,
 Like stars in heaven, and joyously it
 showed;
 Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
 Some veering up and down, one knew
 not why.
 A goodly vessel did I then espy
 Come like a giant from a haven
 broad:
 And lustily along the bay she strode,
 "Her tackling rich, and of apparel
 high.
 This ship was nought to me, nor I to
 her,
 Yet I pursued her with a lover's
 look;
 This ship to all the rest did I prefer:
 When will she turn, and whither? She
 will brook
 No tarrying; where she comes the
 winds must stir:
 On went she,—and due north her
 journey took.

No man can find it. Father! Thou
 must lead.
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts
 into my mind
 By which such virtue may in me be
 bred
 That in Thy holy footsteps I may
 tread;
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou
 unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of
 Thee,
 And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the
 wind
 I turned to share the transport—Oh!
 with whom
 But thee deep buried in the silent
 tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can
 find,
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to
 my mind—
 But how could I forget thee?—
 Through what power,
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be
 blind
 To my most grievous loss?—That
 thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever
 bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood
 forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was
 no more;
 That neither present time, nor years
 unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face
 restore.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a
 throne
 Which mists and vapours from mine
 eyes did shroud—
 Nor view of who might sit thereon
 allowed;
 But all the steps and ground about
 were strown
 With sights the ruefullest that flesh
 and bone
 Ever put on; a miserable crowd,
 Sick, hale, old, young, who cried be-
 fore that cloud,
 "Thou art our king, O Death! to thee
 we groan!"
 Those steps I clomb; the mists before
 me gave [one
 Smooth way; and I beheld the face of
 Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
 With her face up to heaven; that
 seemed to have
 Pleasing remembrance of a thought
 foregone;
 A lovely beauty in a summer grave!

"WEAK is the will of man, his judg-
 ment blind;
 Remembrance persecutes, and hope
 betrays;
 Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human-
 kind,
 A mournful thing, so transient is the
 blaze!"
 Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal
 days
 Who wants the glorious faculty as-
 signed
 To elevate the more-than-reasoning
 mind,
 And colour life's dark cloud with
 orient rays.

PERSONAL TALK.

I.

I AM not one who much or oft delight
 To season my fireside with personal
 talk,—
 Of friends, who live within an easy
 walk,
 Or neighbours. daily, weekly, in my
 sight:
 And, for my chance-acquaintance,
 ladies bright.
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on
 the stalk,
 These all wear out of me, like forms,
 with chalk
 Painted on rich men's floors for one
 feast night,
 Better than such discourse doth silence
 long. [desire;
 Long, barren silence, square with my
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
 In the loved presence of my cottage-
 fire,
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,
 Or kettle whispering its faint under-
 song.

II.

"YET life." you say, "is life; we have
 seen and see.
 And with a living pleasure we de-
 scribe;
 And fits of sprightly malice do but
 bribe
 The languid mind into activity.
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth
 and glee
 Are fostered by the comment and the
 gibe."
 Even be it so: yet still among your
 tribe,
 Our daily world's true worldlings, rank
 not me!

Children are blest, and powerful, their
 world lies
 More justly balanced; partly at their
 feet, [melodies
 And part far from them:—sweetest
 Are those that are by distance made
 more sweet; [own eyes,
 Whose mind is but the mind of his
 He is a slave; the meanest we can
 meet!

III.

WINGS have we,—and as far as we
 can go
 We may find pleasure: wilderness and
 wood, [that mood
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the
 low,
 Dreams, books. are each a world; and
 books, we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and
 good:
 Round these. with tendrils strong as
 flesh and blood, [grow.
 Our pastime and our happiness will
 There find I personal themes, a
 plenteous store;
 Matter wherein right voluble I am:
 To which I listen with a ready ear;
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently
 dear—
 The gentle lady married to the Moor:
 And heavenly Una with her milk-
 white lamb.

IV.

NOR can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine; for thus I live
 remote
 From evil-speaking; rancour. never
 sought.
 Comes to me not: malignant truth, or
 lie.

THE world is too much with us : late
and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste
our powers :

Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a
sordid boon !

This sea that bares her bosom to the
moon :

The winds that will be howling at all
hours,

And are up gathered now like sleeping
flowers ;

For this, for every thing, we are out of
tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd
rather be

A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant
lea,

Have glimpses that would make me
less forlorn ;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the
sea ;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd
horn.

A VOLANT tribe of bards on earth are
found,

Who, while the flattering zephyrs
round them play,

On "coignes of vantage" hang their
nests of clay ;

How quickly from that aery hold
unbound,

Dust for oblivion ! To the solid
ground

Of nature trusts the mind that builds
for aye :

Convinced that there, there only, she
can lay

Secure foundations. As the year runs
round,

Apart she toils within the chosen ring ;
While the stars shine, or while day's
purple eye

Is gently closing with the flowers of
spring ;

Where even the motion of an angel's
wing

Would interrupt the intense tran-
quillity

Of silent hills, and more than silent
sky.

How sweet it is, when mother fancy
rocks

The wayward brain, to saunter through
a wood !

An old place, full of many a lovely
brood,

Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-
flowers in flocks ;

And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn
stocks,

Like a bold girl, who plays her agile
pranks

At wakes and fairs with wandering
mountebanks,—

When she stands cresting the clown's
head, and mocks

The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a
dream

Or map of the whole world : thoughts,
link by link,

Enter through ears and eyesight, with
such gleam

Of all things, that at last in fear I
shrink,

And leap at once from the delicious
stream.

Fair prime of life! arouse the deeper
heart;
Confirm the spirit glorying to pursue
Some path of steep ascent and lofty
aim;
And, if there be a joy that slights the
claim
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a
dream)
Strains—which, as sage antiquity believed,
By waking ears have sometimes been
received
Wafted adown the wind from lake or
stream;
A most melodious requiem,—a
supreme
And perfect harmony of notes,
achieved
By a fair swan on drowsy billows
heaved,
O'er which her pinions shed a silver
gleam.
For is she not the votary of
Apollo?
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the un-
genial hollow
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor
desires?
Mount, tuneful bird, and join the im-
mortal quires!
She soared—and I awoke,—struggling
in vain to follow.

RETIREMENT.

If the whole weight of what we think
and feel
Save only far as thought and feeling
blend
With action, were as nothing, patriot
friend! [appeal!
From thy remonstrance would be no
But to promote and fortify the weal
Of our own being, is her paramount
end;
A truth which they alone shall com-
prehend
Who shun the mischief which they
cannot heal.
Peace in these feverish times is
sovereign bliss;
Here, with no thirst but what the
stream can slake,
And startled only by the rustling
brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the unin-
cumbered mind,
By some weak aims at services
assigned [amiss.
To gentle natures, thanks not heaven

TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.
CALVERT! it must not be unheard by
them
Who may respect my name, that I to
thee
Owed many years of early liberty.
This care was thine when sickness did
condemn
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root
and stem:
That I, if frugal and severe, might
stray
Where'er I liked; and finally array
My temples with the muse's diadem.

* See the "Phædo" of Plato, by which this sonnet was suggested.

Hence have I genial seasons, hence
 have I
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse,
 and joyous thought:
 And thus from day to day my little
 boat [ably.
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peace-
 Blessings be with them—and eternal
 praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves and nobler
 cares— [heirs
 The poets, who on earth have made us
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly
 lays!
 Oh! might my name be numbered
 among theirs, [days.
 Then gladly would I end my mortal

TO R. B. HAYDON.

HIGH is our calling, friend!—Creative
 art [use,
 (Whether the instrument of words she
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
 Demands the service of a mind and
 heart, [part,
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely
 muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse
 to desert. [she may,
 And oh! when nature sinks, as oft
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure
 distress,
 Still to be strenuous for the bright
 reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay.
 Brook no continuance of weak-minded-
 ness;
 Great is the glory, for the strife is
 hard!

FROM the dark chambers of dejection
 freed,
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
 Rise, Gillies, rise: the gales of youth
 shall bear
 Thy genius forward like a winged
 steed.
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove
 decreed
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields
 of air, [dare,
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,
 And reason govern that audacious
 flight
 Which heaven-ward they direct.—
 Then droop not thou,
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded
 grove:
 A cheerful life is what the muses love,
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

FAIR prime of life! were it enough to
 gild
 With ready sunbeams every straggling
 shower;
 And, if an unexpected cloud should
 lower,
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to
 build
 For fancy's errands.—then, from fields
 half-tilled
 Gathering green weeds to mix with
 poppy flower,
 Thee might thy minions crown, and
 chant thy power,
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure
 stilled.
 Ah! show that worthier honours are
 thy due;

For me, who under kindlier laws
 belong
 To nature's tuneful quire, this rustling
 dry
 Through leaves yet green, and yon
 crystalline sky,
 Announce a season potent to renew,
 'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive
 joys of song,
 And nobler cares than listless summer
 knew.

NOVEMBER I.

How clear, how keen, how marvel-
 lously bright
 The effluence from yon distant moun-
 tain's head,
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as
 the sky can shed,
 Shines like another sun—on mortal
 sight
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching
 night.
 And all her twinkling stars. Who now
 would tread,
 If so he might, yon mountain's glitter-
 ing head—
 'Terrestrial—but a surface, by the
 flight
 Of sad mortality's earth-sully-
 ing wing,
 Unswept, unstained! Nor shall the
 aerial powers
 Dissolve that beauty—destined to
 endure,
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely
 pure,
 Through all vicissitudes—till genial
 spring
 Has filled the laughing vales with
 welcome flowers.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his
 soul
 Yet failed to seek the sure relief of
 prayer,
 Went forth—his course surrendering
 to the care
 Of the fierce wind, while mid-day
 lightnings prowl
 Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
 While trees, dim-seen; in frenzied
 numbers tear
 The lingering remnant of their yellow
 hair,
 And shivering wolves, surprised with
 darkness, howl
 As if the sun were not. He raised his
 eye
 Soul-smitten—for, that instant, did
 appear
 Large space, 'mid dreadful clouds, of
 purest sky,
 An azure disc—shield of tranquillity,
 Invisible, unlooked-for minister
 Of providential goodness ever nigh!

TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE flower, hemmed in with snows,
 and white as they,
 But hardier far, once more I see thee
 bend
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
 Like an unbidden guest. Though
 day by day,
 Storms, sallying from the mountain-
 tops, waylay
 The rising sun, and on the plains
 descend;
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a
 friend

Hence, if in freedom I have loved the
truth,
If there be aught of pure, or good, or
great,
In my past verse; or shall be, in the
lays
Of higher mood, which now I medi-
tate,—
It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived
youth!
To think how much of this will be thy
praise.

SCORN not the sonnet; critic, you have
frowned,
Mindless of its just honours:—with
this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the
melody
Of this small lute gave ease to
Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso
sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's
grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle
leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante
crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm
lamp.
It cheered mild Spenser, called from
faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and
when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his
hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence
he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

Nor love, nor war, nor the tumultuous
swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of
change,
Nor duty struggling with afflictions
strange,
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful
shell;
But where untroubled peace and con-
cord dwell,
There also is the muse not loth to
range.
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or
grange,
Skyward ascending from a woody
dell.
Meek aspirations please her, lone
endeavour,
And sage content, and placid melan-
choly;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,
Diaphanous, because it travels slowly;
Soft is the music that would charm for
ever; [and lowly.
The flower of sweetest smell is shy

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded,—while
the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask,—this nip-
ping air,
Sent from some distant clime where
winter yields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change—and bids the flowers
beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, "Pre-
pare
Against the threatening foe your
trustiest shields."

A labyrinth, lady! which your feet
 shall rove.
 Yes! when the sun of life more feebly
 shines,
 Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn
 gloom
 Or of high gladness you shall hither
 bring;
 And these perennial bowers and mur-
 muring pines
 Be gracious as the music and the
 bloom [spring.
 And all the mighty ravishment of

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER,

With a selection from the poems of Anne,
 Countess of Winchilsea; and extracts of similar
 character from other writers; transcribed by a
 female friend.

LADY! I rifled a Parnassian cave
 (But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming
 ore;
 And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid
 store
 Of genuine crystals, pure as those that
 pave [to lave
 The azure brooks where Dian joys
 Her spotless limbs; and ventured to
 explore
 Dim shades—for reliques, upon
 Lethe's shore,
 Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
 To female hands the treasures were
 resigned;
 And lo this work!—a grotto bright
 and clear
 From stain or taint; in which thy
 blameless mind
 May feed on thoughts though pensive
 not austere;
 Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
 To holy musing, it may enter here.

THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know ;—'twas rightly
said;
 Whom could the muses else allure to
 tread
 Their smoothest paths, to wear their
 lightest chains?
 When happiest fancy has inspired the
 strains,
 How oft the malice of one luckless
 word
 Pursues the enthusiast to the social
 board,
 Haunts him belated on the silent
 plains!
 Yet he repines not, if his thought
 stand clear
 At last of hindrance and obscurity,
 Fresh as the star that crowns the brow
 of morn:
 Bright, speckless as a softly-moulded
 tear
 The moment it has left the virgin's
 eye,
 Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed
 thorn.

THE shepherd, looking eastward, softly
 said,
 "Bright is thy veil, O moon, as thou
 art bright!"
 Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether
 spread,
 And penetrated all with tender
 light,
 She cast away, and showed her fulgent
 head
 Uncovered; dazzling the beholder's
 sight
 As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
 Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.

Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers:
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste snowdrop, venturous harbinger of spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

COMPOSED A FEW DAYS AFTER THE
FOREGOING.

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
Mature release, in fair society
Survive, and fortune's utmost anger try;
Like these frail snowdrops that together cling,
And nod their helmets smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand
The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate:
And so the bright immortal Theban band,
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,
Might overwhelm—but could not separate!

THE stars are mansions built by nature's hand;
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;
'Huge ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at nature's sage command.
Glad thought for every season! but the spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning
Abodes, where self-disturbance hath no part.

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY! the songs of spring were in the grove
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
While I was planting green unfading bowers,
And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcove,
And sheltering wall; and still, as fancy wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
I gave this paradise for winter hours,

Yet round the body of that joyless
 thing,
 Which sends so far its melancholy
 light,
 Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
 A gay society with faces bright,
 Conversing, reading, laughing;—or
 they sing, [unite.
 While hearts and voices in the song

MARK the concentrated hazels that in-
 close [ray
 Yon old gray stone, protected from the
 Of noontide suns: and even the beams
 that play
 And glance, while wantonly the rough
 wind blows,
 Are seldom free to touch the moss that
 grows [gloom
 Upon that roof—amid embowering
 The very image framing of a tomb,
 In which some ancient chieftain finds
 repose
 Among the lonely mountains.—Live,
 ye trees! [ness keep
 And thou, gray stone, the pensive like-
 Of a dark chamber where the mighty
 sleep; [bends
 Far more than fancy to the influence
 When solitary nature condescends
 To mimic time's forlorn humanities.

CAPTIVITY.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way
 Strikes through the traveller's frame
 with deadlier chill,
 Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
 Glistening with unparticipated ray,
 Or shining slope where he must never
 stray;

So joys, remembered without wish or
 will,
 Sharpen the keenest edge of present
 ill,—
 On the crushed heart a heavier
 burthen lay.
 Just Heaven, contract the compass of
 my mind [state!
 To fit proportion with my altered
 Quench those felicities whose light I
 find
 Reflected in my bosom all too late!
 Oh, be my spirit, like my thralldom,
 strait; [sorrow, blind."
 And, like mine eyes that stream with

BROOK! whose society the poet seeks
 Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
 And whom the curious painter doth
 pursue
 Through rocky passes, among flowery
 creeks,
 And tracks thee dancing down thy
 water-breaks;
 If wish were mine some type of thee
 to view, [not do
 Thee, and not thee thyself, I would
 Like Grecian artists, give thee human
 cheeks,
 Channels for tears; no naiad shouldst
 thou be,
 Have neither limbs, feet, feathers,
 joints nor hairs;
 It seems the eternal soul is clothed in
 thee
 With purer robes than those of flesh
 and blood,
 And hath bestowed on thee a safer
 good;
 Unwearied joy, and life without its
 cares.

Meanwhile that veil, removed or
 thrown aside,
 Went floating from her, darkening as it
 went ;
 And a huge mass, to bury or to
 hide,
 Approached this glory of the firma-
 ment ;
 Who meekly yields, and is obscured ;
 —content
 With one calm triumph of a modest
 pride.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one
 peaceful hour !
 Not dull art thou as undiscerning
 night ;
 But studious only to remove from
 sight
 Days mutable distinctions. Ancient
 power !
 Thus did the waters gleam, the moun-
 tains lower,
 To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-
 skin vest
 Here roving wild, he laid him down
 to rest
 On* the bare rock, or through a leafy
 bower
 Looked ere his eyes were closed. By
 him was seen
 The self-same vision which we now be-
 hold,
 At thy meek bidding, shadowy power !
 brought forth ;
 These mighty barriers, and the gulf
 between ;
 The flood,—the stars,—a spectacle as
 old
 As the beginning of the heavens and
 earth !

With how sad steps, O moon, thou
 climb'st the sky,
 " How silently, and with how wan a
 face !"
 Where art thou ? Thou so often seen
 on high
 Running among the clouds a wood-
 nymph's race !
 Unhappy nuns, whose common
 breath's a sigh
 Which they would stifle, move at such
 a pace !
 The northern wind, to call thee to the
 chase,
 Must blow to night his bugle horn.
 Had I
 The power of Merlin, goddess ! this
 should be ;
 And all the stars, fast as the clouds
 were riven,
 Should sally forth, to keep thee com-
 pany,
 Hurrying and sparkling through the
 clear blue heaven ;
 But Cynthia ! should to thee the palm
 be given,
 Queen both for beauty and for
 majesty.

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the
 stress
 Of a bedumming sleep, or as a lamp
 Suddenly glaring through sepulchral
 damp,
 So burns yon taper 'mid a black
 recess
 Of mountains, silent, dreary, motion-
 less :
 The lake below reflects it not ; the sky
 Muffled in clouds affords no company
 To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY
STREAM.

DOGMA^{TIC} teachers of the snow-white
fur!

Ye wrangling schoolmen of the scarlet
hood!

Who, with a keenness not to be with-
stood,

Press the point home,—or falter and
demur,

Checked in your course by many a
teasing burr;

These natural council-seats your acrid
blood

Might cool;—and, as the genius of the
flood

Stoops willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in
the brain,

Yon eddying balls of foam—these
arrowy gleams,

That o'er the pavement of the surging
streams

Welter and flash—a synod might
detrain

With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched
themes!

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE
SUGGESTED BY MR. W. WESTALL'S
VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC., IN
YORKSHIRE.

PURE element of waters! wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean
haunts,

Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-
bearing plants,

Rise into life and in thy train appear:
And, through the sunny portion of the
year,

Swift-insects shine, thy hovering pur-
sivants:

And, if thy bounty fail, the forest
pants; [his spear,

And hart and hind and hunter with
Languish and droop together. Nor
unfelt [benign;

In man's perturbed soul thy sway
And, haply, far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured spirits
pine

For grace and goodness lost, thy mur-
murs melt [songs with thine.*

Their anguish,—and they blend sweet

MALHAM COVE.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or
guile,

When giants scooped from out the
rocky ground [found

Tier under tier—this semicirque pro-
(Giants—the same who built in Erin's
isle

That causeway with incomparable toil!)

Oh, had this vast theatric structure
wound [round,

With finished sweep into a perfect
No mightier work had gained the
plausive smile

Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,
Vain earth!—false world!—Founda-
tions must be laid

In heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is
and WAS,

Things incomplete, and purposes be-
trayed [glass

Make sadder transits o'er thoughts optic
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the
letter-press prefixed to his admirable views) are
invariably found to flow through these caverns.

The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough,
 But in plain daylight:—She too, at my side,
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
 Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!
 Sweet fancy! other gifts must I receive;
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;
 Take from *her* brow the withering flowers of eve,
 And to that brow life's morning wreath restore:
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF
 KING HENRY VIII., TRINITY LODGE,
 CAMBRIDGE.

THE imperial stature, the colossal stride,
 Are yet before me; yet do I behold
 The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
 The vestments broidered with barbaric pride:
 And lo! a poniard, at the monarch's side,
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
 Below the white rimmed bonnet, far descried.

Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?
 'Mid those surrounding worthies, haughty king!
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
 How Providence educeth, from the spring
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
 Which neither force shall check nor time abate.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY
 GEORGE III.

WARD of the law!—dread shadow of a king!
 Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;
 Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,
 Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,
 Save haply for some feeble glimmering
 Of faith and hope; if thou, by nature's doom,
 Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
 Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,
 When thankfulness were best!—Fresh-flowing tears,
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,
 Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
 Which justly it can claim. The nation hears
 In this deep knell—silent for three-score years,
 An unexampled voice of awful memory.

"They are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away."

THOSE words were uttered as in pen-
sive mood

We turned, departing from that solemn
sight :

A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily
wooed !

But now upon this thought I cannot
brood ;

It is unstable as a dream of night ;
Nor will I praise a cloud, however
bright, [food.

Disparaging man's gifts, and proper
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-
built dome,

Though clad in colours beautiful and
pure,

Find in the heart of man no natural
home ; [endure :

The immortal mind craves objects that
These cleave to it ; from these it can-
not roam, [secure.

Nor they from it : their fellowship is

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or
hill ;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :

Dear God ! the very houses seem
asleep ;

And all that mighty heart is lying still !

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred nurseries of blooming
youth !

In whose collegiate shelter England's
flowers [hours

Expand—enjoying through their vernal
The air of liberty, the light of truth ;

Much have ye suffered from time's
gnawing tooth, [towers !

Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and
Gardens and groves ! your presence
overpowers

The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold
exchange,

I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling
feet ;

Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that
glorious street, [gown !

An eager novice robed in fluttering

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart ! that
could allow

Such transport—though but for a
moment's space ;

Not while—to aid the spirit of the
place—

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPT. 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more
fair :

Dull would he be of soul who could
pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty :

This city now doth like a garment
wear [bare,

The beauty of the morning ; silent,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and
temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smoke
less air.

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON.

MISS P.

Composed in the grounds of Plass Newidd,
near Llangollen, 1824.A STREAM, to mingle with your
favourite Dee,

Along the Vale of Meditation flows ;*

So styled by those fierce Britons,
pleased to seeIn nature's face the expression of
repose ;Or haply there some pious hermit
To live and die, the peace of heaven
his aim ;To whom the wild sequestered region
At this late day, its sanctifying name.Glyn Cafailgaroch, in the Cambrian
tongue,In ours the Vale of Friendship, let
this spotBe named ; where, faithful to a low-
roofed cot,On Deva's banks, ye have abode so
long ;Sisters in love—a love allowed to
climb,

Even on this earth, above the reach

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S
BRIDGE, NORTH WALES, 1824.How art thou named ? In search of
what strange landFrom what huge height, descending ?
Can such forceOf waters issue from a British source,
hath not Pindus fed thee, where
the band
patriots scoop their freedom out,
with handDesperate as thine ? Or, come the in-
cessant shocksFrom that young stream, that smites
the throbbing rocksOf Viamala ? There I seem to stand,
As in life's morn ; permitted to be
hold.From the dread chasm, woods climb-
ing above woodsIn pomp that fades not, everlasting
snows,And skies that ne'er relinquish their
repose :Such power possess the family of
floods

Over the minds of poets, young or

" Gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."THOUGH narrow be that old man's
cares, and near,The poor old man is greater than he
seems :For he hath waking empire, wide as
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.Rich are his walks with supernatural
cheer ;The region of his inner spirit teems
With vital sounds and monitory gleams
Of high astonishment and pleasing
fear.He the seven birds hath seen, that
never part.Seen the Seven Whistlers in their
nightly rounds,And counted them ; and oftentimes
will start—For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's
hounds,Doomed, with their impious lord, the
flying hart

To chase for ever, on aerial grounds !

* Glyn Myrwr.

JUNE, 1820.

FAME tells of groves—from England
far away—*

Groves that inspire the nightingale to
trill

And modulate, with subtle reach of
skill [lay ;

Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying

Such bold report I venture to gainsay :

For I have heard the choir of Rich-
mond Hill

Chanting, with indefatigable bill,
Strains, that recalled to mind a distant
day ;

When, haply under shade of that same
wood,

And scarcely conscious of the dashing
oars [shores,

Plied steadily between those willowy

The sweet-souled poet of "The Sea-
sons" stood—

Listening, and listening long, in rap-
turous mood,

Ye heavenly birds ! to your progenitors.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

WHERE holy ground begins, unhal-
lowed ends,

Is marked by no distinguishable line ;

The turf unites, the pathways inter-
twine ;

And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep
tends,

Garden, and that domain where kin-
dred, friends,

And neighbours rest together, here
confound

Their several features, mingled like
the sound

Of many waters, or as evening
blends

With shady night. Soft airs, from
shrub and flower,

Waft fragrant greetings to each silent
grave ; [wave

And while those lofty poplars gently

Their tops, between them comes and
goes a sky

Bright as the glimpses of eternity,

To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A
CASTLE IN NORTH WALES!

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid
roofless halls,

Wandering with timid footsteps oft
betrayed,

The stranger sighs, nor scruples to
upbraid

Old Time, though he, gentlest among
the thralls

Of destiny, upon these wounds hath
laid [falls,

His lenient touches, soft as light that
From the wan moon, upon the towers
and walls,

Light deepening the profoundest sleep
of shade.

Relic of kings ! wreck of forgotten
wars,

To winds abandoned and the prying
stars,

Time *loves* thee ! at his call the seasons
twine

Luxuriant wreaths around thy fore-
head hoar,

And, though past pomp no changes
can restore,

A soothing recompence, his gift, is
thine !

* Wallachia is the country alluded to

TO THE CUCKOO.

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert heard
 When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
 Like the first summons, cuckoo! of thy bill,
 With its twin notes inseparably paired.
 The captive, 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,
 Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
 That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
 Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared,
 The lordly eagle-race through hostile May perish;
 time may come when never more
 The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
 But long as cock shall crow from household perch
 To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
 [the spring!
 And thy erratic voice be faithful to

THE INFANT M—— M——.

UNQUIET childhood here by special grace
 Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
 That neither feeds nor wastes its vital
 In painful struggles. Months each other chase,
 And nought untunes that infant's voice; no trace
 Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek

That one enrapt with gazing on her face,
 (Which even the placid innocence of death
 Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more bright.)
 Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
 [light;
 The virgin, as she shone with kindred
 A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

TO ROTH A Q——.

ROTH A, my spiritual child! this head was gray
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood;
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:
 Too late, I feel, sweet orphan! was the day
 [fulfil;
 For steadfast hope the contract to
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
 Embodied in the music of this lay
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain stream*
 Whose murmur soothed thy languid mother's ear
 After her throes, this stream of name more dear
 Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme
 For others; for thy future self a spell
 To summon fancies out of time's dark cell.

* The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

WILD Redbreast! hadst thou at
 Jemima's lip
 Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love
 might say,
 A half-blown rose had tempted thee
 to sip
 Its glistening dews: but hallowed is
 the clay
 Which the muse warms; and I, whose
 head is gray,
 Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
 Nor could I let one thought—one
 motion—slip
 That might thy sylvan confidence
 betray.

For are we not all His, without whose
 care
 Vouchsafed, no sparrow falleth to the
 ground?
 Who gives His angels wings to speed
 through air,
 And rolls the planets through the blue
 profound;
 Then peck or perch, fond flutterer!
 nor forbear
 To trust a poet in still musings bound.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian
 isle
 Like a form sculptured on a monument
 Lay couched; on him or his dread
 bow unbent,
 Some wild bird oft might settle, and
 beguile
 The rigid features of a transient
 smile,
 Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give
 vent,
 Slackening the pains of ruthless
 banishment [toil.
 From his lov'd home, and from heroic

And trust that spiritual creatures round
 us move,
 Griefs to allay which reason cannot
 heal;
 Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to
 prove
 To fettered wretchedness, that no
 Bastile
 Is deep enough to exclude the light of
 love,
 Though man for brother man has
 ceased to feel.

WHILE Anna's peers and early play-
 mates tread
 In freedom mountain turf and river's
 marge;
 Or float with music in the festal
 barge;
 Rein the proud steed, or through the
 dance are led;
 Her doom it is to press a weary
 bed—
 Till oft her guardian angel, to some
 charge
 More urgent called, will stretch his
 wings at large,
 And friends too rarely prop the
 languid head.
 Yet helped by genius—untired com-
 forter!
 The presence even of a stuffed owl
 for her
 Can cheat the time; sending her fancy
 out
 To ivied castles and to moonlight
 skies,
 Though he can neither stir a plume,
 nor shout,
 Nor veil, with restless film, his staring
 eyes.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I
 should rear
 A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,
 On favoured ground, thy gift, where I
 might dwell
 In neighbourhood with One to me
 most dear,
 That undivided we from year to year
 Might work in our high Calling—a
 bright hope
 To which our fancies, mingling, gave
 free scope
 Till checked by some necessities severe.
 And should these slacken, honoured
 BEAUMONT! still
 Even then we may perhaps in vain
 implore
 Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.
 Whether this boon be granted us
 or not,
 Old Skiddaw will look down upon the
 Spot
 With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

I WATCH, and long have watched, with
 calm regret
 Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire
 (So might he seem) of all the glittering
 quire!
 Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—
 and yet;
 But now the horizon's rocky parapet
 Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright
 attire,
 He burns—transmuted to a dusky
 fire—
 Then pays submissively the appointed
 debt
 To the flying moments, and is seen no
 more.

Angels and gods! We struggle with our
 fate.
 While health, power, glory, from their
 height decline,
 Depressed: and then extinguished:
 and our state.
 In this, how different, lost Star, from
 thine,
 That no to-morrow shall our beams
 restore!

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE
 CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"*MISERRIMUS!*" and neither name
 nor date,
 Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon
 the stone:
 Nought but that word assigned to the
 unknown.
 That solitary word—to separate
 From all, and cast a cloud around the
 fate
 Of him who lies beneath. Most
 wretched one,
Who chose his epitaph? — Himself
 alone
 Could thus have dared the grave to
 agitate,
 And claim, among the dead, this awful
 crown;
 Nor doubt that He marked also for
 his own
 Close to these cloistral steps a burial-
 place,
 That every foot might fall with heavier
 tread,
 Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger,
 pass
 Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus
 bled.

In my mind's eye a temple, like a
cloud
Slowly surmounting some invidious
hill,
Rose out of darkness: the bright work
stood still,
And might of its own beauty have
been proud,
But it was fashioned and to God was
vowed
By virtues that diffused, in every part,
Spirit divine through forms of human
art:
wo

If these brief records, by the Muses'
art
Produced as lonely nature or the strife
That animates the scenes of public
life
Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a
part;
And if these transcripts of the private
heart
Have gained a sanction from thy fall-
ing tears,
Then I repent not: but my soul hath
fears
Breathed from eternity; for as a dart
Cleaves the blank air, life flies: now
every day
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift
wheel
Of the revolving week. Away, away,
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal;
So timely grace the immortal wing
may heal,
And honour rest upon the senseless
clay.

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-
 like trance,
 One upward hand, as if she needed rest
 From rapture, lying softly on her
 breast!
 Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal
 glance;
 But not the less—nay more—that
 countenance,
 While thus illumined, tells of painful
 strife
 For a sick heart made weary of this life
 By love, long crossed with adverse
 circumstance.
 —Would She were now as when she
 hoped to pass
 At God's appointed hour to them who
 tread
 Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet
 breathed well content,
 Well pleased, her foot should print
 earth's common grass,
 Lived thankful for day's light, for daily
 bread,
 For health, and time in obvious duty
 spent.

TO A PAINTER.

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill
 portrayed;
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has
 made,
 By the habitual light of memory see
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that
 cannot fade,
 And smiles that from their birthplace
 ne'er shall flee
 Into the land where ghosts and phan-
 toms be;
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.

Couldst thou go back into far-distant
 years,
 Or share with me, fond thought! that
 inward eye,
 Then, and then only, Painter! could
 thy Art
 The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
 Which hold, whate'er to common sight
 appears,
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful
 heart.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank
 surprise
 This Work, I now have gazed on it so
 long
 I see' its truth with reluctant
 eyes;
 O, my Belovèd! I have done thee
 wrong,
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence
 it sprung,
 Ever too heedless, as I now per-
 ceive:
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into
 eve,
 And the old day was welcome as the
 young,
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in
 sooth
 More beautiful, as being a thing more
 holy:
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal
 youth
 Of all thy goodness, never melan-
 choly;
 To thy large heart and humble mind,
 that cast
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY
DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair
hill

Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face
from face,

Nor one look more exchanging, grief to
still

Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen Tree; then, eager to fulfil

Their courses, like two new-born rivers,
they

In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No
blast might kill

Or blight that fond memorial;—the
trees grew,

And now entwine their arms; but ne'er
again

Embraced those Brothers upon earth's
wide plain:

Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all, Eternity.

FILIAL PIETY.

On the Wayside between Preston and Liverpool.

UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold;
Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth
Might need for comfort, or for festal
mirth;

That Pile of Turf is half a century old:
Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been
told

Since suddenly the dart of death went
forth

'Gainst him who raised it,—his last
work on earth:

Thence has it, with the Son, so strong
a hold

Upon his Father's memory, that his
hands,

Through reverence, touch it only to
repair

Its waste.—Though crumbling with each
breath of air,

In annual renovation thus it stands—
Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle
there,

And red-breasts warble when sweet
sounds are rare.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE
OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE ON THE
ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise
the skill

Here by thy pencil shown in truth of
lines

And charm of colours; I applaud those
signs

Of thought, that give the true poetic
thrill:

That unencumbered whole of blank and
still,

Sky without cloud—ocean without a
wave:

And the one Man that laboured to
enslave

The World, sole standing high on the
bare hill—

Back turned, arms folded, the un-
apparent face

Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary
place [sun

With light reflected from the invisible
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye

Like them. The unguilty Power pursues
his way.

And before *him* doth dawn perpetual
run.

WANSFELL! this Household has a
 favoured lot,
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
 To watch while Mom first crowns thee
 with her rays,
 Or when along thy breast serenely
 float
 Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a
 note
 Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!)
 thy praise
 For all that thou, as if from heaven,
 hast brought
 Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
 Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are
 gone
 From every object dear to mortal
 sight,
 As soon we shall be, may these words
 attest
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
 Thy visionary majesties of light,
 How in thy pensive glooms our hearts
 found rest.

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide
 and high,
 Deep in the vale a little rural
 Town*
 Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of
 its own,
 That mounts not toward the radiant
 morning sky,
 But, with a less ambitious sympathy,
 Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the
 cares
 Troubles and toils that every day pre-
 pares.
 'O Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,

* Ambleside.

Endears that Lingerer. And how blest
 her sway,
 (Like influence never may my soul
 reject),
 If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith
 decked
 With glorious forms in numberless
 array,
 To the lone shepherd on the hills
 disclose
 Gleams from a world in which the
 saints repose.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND
 WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

Is then no nook of English ground
 secure
 From rash assault? * Schemes of retire-
 ment sown
 In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept
 pure
 As when their earliest flowers of hope
 were blown,
 Must perish;—how can they this blight
 endure?
 And must he too the ruthless change
 bemoan
 Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
 'Mid his paternal fields at random
 thrown?

* The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.

OH what a Wreck ! how changed in
mien and speech !
Yet—though dread Powers, that work
in mystery, spin
Entanglings of the brain ; though
shadows stretch
O'er the chilled heart—reflect ; far, far
within
Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.
She is not what she seems, a forlorn
wretch,
But delegated Spirits comforts fetch
To Her from heights that Reason may
not win.
Like Children, She is privileged to
hold
Divine communion ; both do live and
move,
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways
unfold,
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying
love ;
Love pitying innocence, not long to
last,
In them—in Her our sins and sorrows
past.

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands
have here
Disposed some cultured Flowerets
(drawn from spots
Where they bloomed singly, or in
scattered knots),
Each kind in several beds of one par-
terre ;
Both to allure the casual Loiterer,
And that, so placed, my Nurslings may
requite
Studious regard with opportune delight,
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.

But metaphor dismissed, and thanks
apart,
Reader, farewell ! My last words let
them be—
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree ;
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through It have won a passage to thy
heart ;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee !

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDS-
WORTH, D.D., MASTER OF HARROW
SCHOOL,

After the perusal of his "Theophilus
Anglicanus."

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy
hand
Have I received this proof of pains
bestowed
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the
road
That, in our native isle, and every land,
The Church, when trusting in divine
command
And in her Catholic attributes, hath
trod :
O may these lessons be with profit
scanned
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by
God !
So the bright faces of the young and gay
Shall look more bright—the happy,
happier still ;
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest
play,
Motions of thought which elevate the
will
And, like the Spire that from your
classic Hill
Points heavenward, indicate the end
and way.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,

1803.

DEPARTURE FROM THE VALE
OF GRASMERE.

AUGUST 1803.

THE gentlest shade that walked
Elysian plains
Might sometimes covet dissoluble
chains; [lies
Even for the tenants of the zone that
Beyond the stars, celestial paradise,
Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to
overleap
At will the crystal battlements, and
peep [fair,
Into some other region, though less
To see how things are made and
managed there;
Change for the worse might please,
incursion bold
Into the tracts of darkness and of cold;
O'er Limbo lake with aery flight to steer,
And on the verge of Chaos hang in
fear.
Such animation often do I find,
Power in my breast, wings growing in
my mind,
Then, when some rock or hill is over-
past,
Perchance without one look behind
me cast,
Some barrier with which nature, from
the birth [on earth.
Of things, has fenced this fairest spot
Oh, pleasant transit, Grasmere! to
resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as
thine;

Not like an outcast with himself at
strife;
The slave of business, time, or care
for life.
But moved by choice; or, if con-
strained in part,
Yet still with nature's freedom at the
heart; [shores,
To cull contentment upon wildest
And luxuries extract from bleakest
moors; [infold,
With prompt embrace all beauty to
And having rights in all that we
behold. [bright adieu,
Then why these lingering steps? A
For a brief absence, proves that love
is true;
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn,
That winds into itself, for sweet return.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR
FATHER.

"The poet's grave is in a corner of the church-
yard. We looked at it with melancholy and
painful reflections, repeating to each other his
own verses, 'Is there a man whose judgment
clear,' etc."—*Extract from the Journal of my
Fellow-Traveller.*

'Mid crowded obelisks and urns,
I sought the untimely grave of Burns:
Sons of the bard, my heart still mourns
With sorrow true:
And more would grieve, but that it
turns
Trembling to you!

Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from
 Orrest-head
 Given to the pausing traveller's raptur-
 ous glance :
 Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful
 romance
 Of nature : and, if human hearts be
 dead,
 Speak, passing winds ; ye torrents, with
 your strong
 And constant voice, protest against the
 wrong.

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in
 times of old,
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive
 war,
 Intrenched your brows ; ye glóried in
 each scar :
 Now, for your shame, a Power, the
 Thirst of Gold,
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful
 star,
 Wills that your peace, your beauty,
 shall be sold,
 And clear way made for her triumphal
 car
 Through the beloved retreats your arms
 enfold !
 Hear ye that Whistle ? As her long-
 linked Train
 Swept onwards, did the vision cross
 your view ?
 Yes, ye were startled ;—and, in balance
 true,

Weighing the mischief with the prom-
 ised gain,
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I
 call on you
 To share the passion of a just disdain.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

WELL have yon Railway Labourers to
 THIS ground
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit,
 they walk
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
 Is heard ; to grave demeanour all are
 bound ;
 And from one voice a Hymn with
 tuneful sound
 Hallows once more the long-deserted
 Quire
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth,
 around.
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes
 admire
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering
 how it was raised,
 To keep, so high in air, its strength and
 grace :
 All seem to feel the spirit of the
 place,
 And by the general reverence God is
 praised :
 Profane Despoilers, stand ye not re-
 proved,
 While thus these simple-hearted men
 are moved ?

Proud Gordon, maddened by the
thoughts

That through his brain are travelling,—
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce
He launched a deadly javelin !

Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
And, starting up to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus, from the heart of her true-love,
The mortal spear repelling.

And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain ;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish crescent.

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing :
So coming his last help to crave,
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirkconnel churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen :
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid ;
And, for the stone upon his head
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn HIC JACET !

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNIAID, UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these gray rocks ; that household
lawn ;

Those trees, a veil just half with-
drawn ;

This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
But, O fair creature ! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright.
I bless thee, vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away :
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress.
And maidenly shamefacedness :
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread !
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are panting up life's hill,
And more than common strength and
skill

Must ye display,
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Hath nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware!
But if the poet's wit ye share,

Like him can speed
The social hour—of tenfold care
There will be need.

Even honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your father's name will make
A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service meet;
There seek the genius of your sire,
His spirit greet;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and
hows,"

He paid to nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honourable brows
Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
Nor deem that "light which leads
astray,
Is light from heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave,
And such revere:
But be admonished by his grave,
And think, and fear!

ELLEN IRWIN, OR THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the braes of Kirtle,*
Was lovely as a Grecian maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle.
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay;
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,
His shattered hopes and crosses,
To them 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes
Reclined on flowers and mosses?
Alas that ever he was born!
The Gordon, couched behind a
thorn,
Sees them and their caressing;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

* The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on whose banks the events here related took place.

Were in this place the guests of chance :
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on ?

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;
Behind, all gloomy to behold ;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny ;
I liked the greeting ; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound ;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake ;
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy :
Its power was felt ; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice inwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
Oh, listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened—motionless and still ;
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON LOCH AWE.

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined castle on an island at some distance from the shore backed by a cove of the mountain Cruachan down which came a foaming stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side with spots of sunshine ; there was a mild desolation in the low-grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated war ! the mountain stream
Roars in thy hearing ; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age ;
Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.

What hand but would a garland cull
 For thee, who art so beautiful?
 Oh, happy pleasure! here to dwell
 Beside thee in some heathy dell;
 Adopt your homely ways and dress,
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
 But I could frame a wish for thee
 More like a grave reality:
 Thou art to me but as a wave
 Of the wild sea: and I would have
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,
 Though but of common neighbourhood.
 What joy to hear thee, and to see!
 Thy elder brother I would be,
 Thy father, anything to thee!

Now thanks to heaven! that of its grace
 Hath led me to this lonely place.
 Joy have I had; and going hence
 I bear away my recompense.
 In spots like these it is we prize
 Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
 Then, why should I be loth to stir?
 I feel this place was made for her;
 To give new pleasure like the past,
 Continued long as life shall last.
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,
 As fair before me shall behold,
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
 And thee, the spirit of them all!

GLEN-ALMAIN, OR THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,
 Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow glen;
 In this still place, where murmurs on
 But one meek streamlet, only one:
 He sang of battles, and the breath
 Of stormy war, and violent death;

And should, methinks, when all was past,
 Have rightfully been laid at last
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
 As by a spirit turbulent;
 Where sights were rough, and sounds
 were wild
 And every thing unreconciled;
 In some complaining, dim retreat,
 For fear and melancholy meet;
 But this is calm; there cannot be
 A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the bard sleep here indeed?
 Or is it but a groundless creed!
 What matters it?—I blame them not
 Whose fancy in this lonely spot
 Was moved; and in such way expressed
 Their notion of its perfect rest.
 A convent, even a hermit's cell
 Would break the silence of this dell:
 It is not quiet; is not ease;
 But something deeper far than these:
 The separation that is here
 Is of the grave; and of austere
 Yet happy feelings of the dead:
 And, therefore, was it rightly said
 That Ossian, last of all his race!
 Lies buried in this lonely place.

STEPPING WESTWARD.

[While my fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Katrine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a hut where, in the course of our tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, "What! you are stepping westward?"]

"What! you are stepping westward?"

—"Yea."

'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
 If we, who thus together roam
 In a strange land, and far from home,

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless
heart
And wondrous length and strength of
arm ;

Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong ;—
A poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ;
As wise in thought as bold in deed :
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of
books ?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves :
They stir us up against our kind ;
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, make a law,
Too false to guide us or control !
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few :
These find I graven on my heart :
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind !
With them no strife can last ; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan.
That they should take who have the
power
And they should keep who can

"A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see !
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked ;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires ;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and
fall
By strength of prowess or of wit :
'Tis God's appointment who must
sway
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is
plain,
And longest life is but a day ;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow :
The eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate :
For polity was then too strong ;
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say an age too soon ?
For, were the bold man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough !

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry
things.
Not worth a moment's pains.

Oh! there is life that breathes not:
 powers there are
 That touch each other to the quick
 in modes
 Which the gross world no sense hath
 to perceive,
 No soul to dream of. What art thou,
 from care [sire,
 Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged
 Nor by soft peace adopted; though,
 in place
 And in dimension, such that thou
 mightst seem
 But a mere footstool to yon sovereign
 lord,
 Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner
 hills
 Might crush, nor know that it had
 suffered harm;)
 Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy
 claims
 To reverence suspends his own; sub-
 mitting
 All that the God of nature hath con-
 ferred,
 All that he holds in common with the
 stars,
 To the memorial majesty of time
 Impersonated in thy calm decay!

Take, then, thy seat, vicegerent un-
 reproved!
 Now, while a farewell gleam of even-
 ing light
 Is fondly lingering on thy shattered
 front,
 Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and
 rule
 Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
 Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and
 woods, unite
 To pay thee homage; and with these
 are joined,

In willing admiration and respect,
 Two hearts, which in thy presence
 might be called
 Youthful as spring. Shade of de-
 parted power,
 Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
 The chronicle were welcome that
 should call
 Into the compass of distinct regard
 The toils and struggles of thy infant
 years! [as ice;
 Yon foaming flood seems motionless
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
 Frozen by distance: so, majestic pile,
 To the perception of this age, appear
 Thy fierce beginnings, softened and
 subdued
 And quieted in character; the strife,
 The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
 Lost on the ærial heights of the
 Crusades!*

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Katrine, in one of those small pinfold-like burial-grounds of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
 The English ballad-singer's joy!
 And Scotland has a thief as good,
 An outlaw of as daring mood;
 She has her brave Rob Roy!
 Then clear the weeds from off his
 grave,
 And let us chant a passing stave
 In honour of that hero brave!

* The tradition is that the castle was built by a lady during the absence of her lord in Palestine.

On wrongs, which nature scarcely
seems to heed :
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks,
and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the
gentle Tweed, [main.
And the green silent pastures, yet re-

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seemed of slight
and scorn :
My true love sighed for sorrow :
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

YARROW UNVISITED.

[See the various poems the scene of which is
laid upon the banks of the Yarrow ; in par-
ticular, the exquisite ballad of Hamilton,
beginning

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !"]

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled ;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled ;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "*winsome marrow*,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;
Each maiden to her dwelling !
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us :
And Dryburgh, where with chiming
Tweed

The lintwhites sing in chorus ;
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow :
'hy throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow ?

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's
holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,*
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough ;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine par-
take
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow !
We will not see them ; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
It must, or we shall rue it :
We have a vision of our own ;
Ah! why should we undo it ?
The treasured dreams of times long
past.
We'll keep them, winsome marrow !
For when we're there, although 'tis
fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow !

* See Hamilton's ballad, as above.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre vales confined;
But thought how wide the world, the
times

How fairly to his mind!

And to his sword he would have said,
"Do thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth!
Judge thou of law and fact!

"'Tis fit that we should do our part;
Becoming, that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough:—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death:
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!
France would have had her present boast;
And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not:
I would not wrong thee, champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere, least of
all

Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild
thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's
hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted
strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

SONNET.

COMPOSED AT — CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the un-
worthy lord! [far please,
Whom mere despite of heart could so
And love of havoc (for with such
disease
Fame taxes him) that he could send
forth word,
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers
like these,
Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts
deplored
The fate of those old trees; and oft
with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop
and gaze

With all its bravery on ; in times
When all alive with merry chimes,
Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
It roused the vale to holiday.

I praise thee, matron ! and thy due
Is praise, heroic praise, and true !
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
The picture of a life well spent :
This do I see : and something more ;
A strength unthought of heretofore !
Delighted am I for thy sake ;
And yet a higher joy partake.
Our human nature throws away
Its second twilight, and looks gay ;
A land of promise and of pride
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah ! see her helpless charge ! inclosed
Within himself as seems, composed :
To fear of loss, and hope of gain.
The strife of happiness and pain,
Utterly dead ! yet in the guise
Of little infants, when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro
The persons that before them go,
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.
Her buoyant spirit can prevail
Where common cheerfulness would
fail :

She strikes upon him with the heat
Of July suns : he feels it sweet ;
An animal delight, though dim !
'Tis all that now remains for him !

Thence more I looked. I wondered more—
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
Some inward trouble suddenly [eye ;
Broke from the matron's strong black
A remnant of uneasy light.
A flash of something over bright

Nor long this mystery did detain
My thoughts ; she told in pensive
'strain

That she had borne a heavy yoke,
Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;
Ill health of body ; and had pined
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it !—but let praise ascend
To Him who is our Lord and friend !
Who from disease and suffering
Hath called for thee a second spring ;
Repaid thee for that sore distress
By no untimely joyousness ;
Which makes of thine a blissful state :
And cheers thy melancholy mate !

FLY, some kind harbinger, to Grasmere-
dale,
Say that we come, and come by this
day's light ;
Fly upon swiftest wing round field and
height ;
But chiefly let one cottage hear the
tale ;
There let a mystery of joy prevail,
The kitten frolic, like a gamesome
sprite,
And Rover whine, as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that shall
not fail ;
And from that infant's face let joy
appear ;
Yea, let our Mary's one companion
child,
That hath her six weeks' solitude be-
guiled
With intimations manifold and dear,
While we have wandered over wood
and wild,
Smile on his mother now with bolder
cheer.

"If care, with freezing years should
 come,
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy ;
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

SONNET.

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKIE,

An invasion being expected, October, 1803.

Six thousand veterans practised in
 war's game,
 Tried men at Killicrankie were
 arrayed
 Against an equal host that wore the
 plaid,
 Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a
 whirlwind came
 The Highlanders, the slaughter spread
 like flame ;
 And Garry, thundering down his moun-
 tain road,
 Was stopped, and could not breathe
 beneath the load
 Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of
 shame
 For them whom precept and the
 pedantry
 Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
 Oh, for a single hour of that Dundee,
 Who on that day the word of onset
 gave!
 Like conquest would the men of Eng-
 land see ;
 And her foes find a like inglorious
 grave.

THE MATRON OF JEDBURGH AND HER HUSBAND.

[At Jedburgh, my companion and I went
 into private lodgings for a few days ; and the
 following verses were called forth by the
 character and domestic situation of our
 hostess.]

AGE ! twine thy brows with fresh spring
 flowers,
 And call a train of laughing hours ;
 And bid them dance and bid them
 sing ;

And thou, too, mingle in the ring !
 Take to thy heart a new delight ;
 If not, make merry in despite
 That there is one who scorns thy
 power :—

But dance ! for under Jedburgh tower,
 A matron dwells, who though she bears
 The weight of more than seventy years,
 Lives in the light of youthful glee,
 And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay ! start not at that figure—there !
 Him who is rooted to his chair !
 Look at him—look again ! for he
 Hath long been of thy family.
 With legs that move not, if they can,
 And useless arms, a trunk of man,
 He sits, and with a vacant eye ;
 A sight to make a stranger sigh !
 Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :
 His world is in this single room ;
 Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?
 Can merry making enter here ?

The joyous woman is the mate
 Of him in that forlorn estate !
 He breathes a subterraneous damp ;
 But bright as vesper shines her lamp ;
 He is as mute as Jedburgh tower ;
 She jocund as it was of yore,



wo.

"To Kirk he on the Sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her."

And with the coming of the tide,
Come boats and ships that safely ride,
Between the woods and lofty rocks :
And to the shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were.
The blind boy always had his share :
Whether of mighty towns, or vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it
stirred,
When from the water-side he heard
The shouting, and the jolly cheers,
The bustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail ?
For he must never handle sail ;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat
Upon the rocking waves.

His mother often thought, and said,
What sin would be upon her head
If she should suffer this. " My son,
Whate'er you do, leave this undone ;
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side.
Still sounding with the sounding tide.
And heard the billows leap and dance.
Without a shadow of mischance.
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me
well,
Ye soon shall know how this befel)
He in a vessel of his own.
On the swift flood is hurrying down
Down to the mighty sea.

In such a vessel never more
May human creature leave the shore !
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind mariner !
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage
bright :
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men
Spread round that haven in the glen ;
Each hut, perchance, might have its
own,
And to the boy they all were known ;
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a turtle shell
Which he, poor child, had studied well ;
A shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This shell upon the deep would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind boy knew :
And he a story strange, yet true.
Had heard, how in a shell like this
An English boy, oh, thought of bliss !
Had stoutly launched from shore ;

Launched from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian isles, where lay
His father's ship, and had sailed far.
To join that gallant ship of war,
In his delightful shell.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE, AFTER
RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRAS-
MERE.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
Have romped enough, my little boy!
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and
rest;

This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly;
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure which befel
A poor blind Highland boy.

A *Highland* boy!—why call him so?—
Because, my darlings, ye must know,
That, under hills which rise like towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours!
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight:
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the boy.
And was his friend; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His mother, too, no doubt above
Her other children him did love:
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To kirk he on the Sabbath-day
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow;
And thus from house to house would go,
And all were pleased to hear and see;
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream:
Both when he heard the eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size, and strange;
That, rough or smooth, is full of
change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake by night and day,
The great sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the
hills:
And drinks up all the pretty rills,
And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns, on errand still the same:
This did it when the earth was new;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last.

Alas! and when he felt their hands—
 You've often heard of magic wands,
 That with a motion overthrow
 A palace of the proudest show,
 Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light
 With which his soul had shown so
 bright,
 All vanished;—'twas a heartfelt cross
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
 As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice
 With which the very hills rejoice :
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
 Have watched the event, and now can
 That he is safe at last. [see

And then, when he was brought to land,
 Full sure they were a happy band,
 Which gathering round did on the
 banks
 Of that great water give God thanks,
 And welcomed the poor child.

And in the general joy of heart
 The blind boy's little dog took part :
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,
 With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his mother dear,
 She who had fainted with her fear,
 Rejoiced when waking she espies
 The child; when she can trust her eyes,
 And touches the blind boy.

She led him home, and wept amain.
 When he was in the house again :
 Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes
 She kissed him—how could she chastise!
 She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
 The perilous deep, the boy was saved
 And, though his fancies had been wild
 Yet he was pleased and reconciled
 To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell
 Still do they keep the turtle shell :
 And long the story will repeat
 Of the blind boy's adventurous feat.
 And how he was preserved.*

* It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, that a boy, the son of a captain of a man-of-war, seated himself in a turtle shell, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind voyager did actually intrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

Our Highland boy oft visited
 The house that held this prize; and,
 led
 By choice or chance, did thither come
 One day when no one was at home,
 And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
 That story flashed upon his mind;—
 A bold thought roused him, and he
 took
 The shell from out its secret nook,
 And bore it on his head.

He launched his vessel—and in pride
 Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
 Stepped into it—his thoughts all free
 As the light breezes that with glee
 Sang through the adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet;
 He felt the motion—took his seat;
 Still better pleased as more and more
 The tide retreated from the shore,
 And sucked and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of heaven!
 How rapidly the child is driven!
 The fourth part of a mile I ween
 He thus had gone, ere he was seen
 By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh, me,
 What shrieking and what misery!
 For many saw; among the rest
 His mother, she who loved him best,
 She saw her poor blind boy.

But for the child, the sightless boy,
 It is the triumph of his joy!
 The bravest traveller in balloon,
 Mounting as if to reach the moon,
 Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
 Alone, and innocent, and gay!
 For, if good angels love to wait
 On the forlorn unfortunate,
 This child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
 The cries which broke from old and
 young
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
 Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
 A boat is ready to pursue;
 And from the shore their course they
 take,
 And swiftly down the running lake
 They follow the blind boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;
 So have ye seen the fowler chase
 On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
 A youngling of the wild-duck's nest
 With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily sailors crept
 To seize (while on the deep it slept)
 The hapless creature which did dwell
 Erewhile within the dancing shell,
 They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made
 They follow, more and more afraid,
 More cautious as they draw more near,
 But in his darkness he can hear,
 And guesses their intent.

"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—he then cried out,
 "*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—with eager shout;
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
 And what he meant was, "Keep away,
 And leave me to myself!"

Him—free from all malicious taint,
 And guiding, like the Patmos saint,
 A pen unwearied— 'to indite,
 In his lone isle, the dreams of night ;
 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
 The faded glories of his clan !

Suns that through blood their western
 harbour sought,
 And stars that in their courses fought,—
 Towers rent, winds combating with
 woods—

Lands deluged by unbridled floods,—
 And beast and bird that from the spell
 Of sleep took import terrible,
 These types mysterious (if the show
 Of battle and the routed foe
 Had failed) would furnish an array
 Of matter for the dawning day !

How disappeared he?—ask the newt
 and toad,

Inheritors of his abode ;
 The otter crouching undisturbed,
 In her dank cleft ;—but be thou curbed,
 O froward fancy ! 'mid a scene
 Of aspect winning and serene ;
 For those offensive creatures shun
 The inquisition of the sun !
 And in this region flowers delight,
 And all is lovely to the sight.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
 When she applies her annual test
 To dead and living ; when her breath
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath ;—
 Nor flaunting summer—when he throws
 His soul into the briar-rose ;
 Or calls the lily from her sleep ;
 Prolonged beneath the bordering
 deep :

Nor autumn, when the viewless wren
 Is warbling near the Brownie's den.

Wild relique ! beauteous as the choicer
 spot

In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot ;
 Whither by care of Libyan Jove
 (High servant of paternal love),
 Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
 Safe from his stepdame Rhea's eye ;
 Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage
 glowed,

Close crowding round the infant god,
 All colours, and the liveliest streak
 A foil to his celestial cheek !

COMPOSED AT CORRA LINX,

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

"How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the
 name
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
 All over his dear country ; left the deeds
 Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local coal
 Of independence and stern liberty."—MS.

LORD of the vale ! astounding flood !
 The dullest leaf in this thick wood
 Quakes—conscious of thy power ;
 The caves reply with hollow moan ;
 And vibrates to its central stone,
 Yon time-cemented tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
 Beneficent as strong ;
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
 The little trembling flowers that peep
 Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
 To look on thee—delight to rove
 Where they thy voice can hear ;
 And, to the patriot warrior's shade,
 Lord of the vale ! to heroes laid
 In dust, that voice is dear !

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

[Suggested by a beautiful ruin upon one of the islands of Loch Lomond, a place chosen for the retreat of a solitary individual from whom this habitation acquired its name.]

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking
Or depth of labyrinthine glen ; [fen,
Or into trackless forest set
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met ;
World-wearied men withdrew of yore,—
(Penance their trust, and prayer their
store ;)

And in the wilderness were bound
To such apartments as they found ;
Or with a new ambition raised ;
That God might suitably be praised.

High lodged the *warrior*, like a bird
of prey ;
Or where broad waters round him lay ;
But this wild ruin is no ghost
Of his devices—buried, lost !
Within this little lonely isle
There stood a consecrated pile ;
Where tapers burned, and mass was
sung,
For them whose timid spirits clung
To mortal succour, though the tomb
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom !

Upon those servants of another world
When madding power her bolts had
hurled,
Their habitation shook :—it fell,
And perished—save one narrow cell ;
Whither, at length, a wretch retired ;
Who neither grovelled nor aspired :

He, struggling in the net of pride,
The future scorned, the past defied ;
Still tempering from the unguilty forge
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge !

Proud remnant was he of a fearless
race,
Who stood and flourished face to face
With their perennial hills ;—but crime
Hastening the stern decrees of time,
Brought low a power, which from its
home

Burst when repose grew wearisome ;
And taking impulse from the sword,
And mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt !

All, all were dispossessed, save him
whose smile
Shot lightning through this lonely isle !
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade ;—
But the ground lay within that ring
To which he only dared to cling ;
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who bowed the head
Beneath the change, who heard a
claim
How loud ! yet lived in peace with
shame.

From year to year this shaggy mortal
went
(So seemed it) down a strange descent ;
Till they, who saw his outward frame,
Fixed on him an unhallowed name ;

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening
bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in !
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts that nestle there,
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my true love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
'Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone.
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee !
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee ! ...
Thy ever youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure,
And glad some notes my lips can breathe
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,
They melt—and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, no more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

EFFUSION,

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE
BANKS OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD.

" The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo ! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions ; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls."—
*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-
Traveller.*

WHAT he—who 'mid the kindred
throng
Of heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
The stars dim-twinkling through their
forms !

What ! Ossian here—a painted thrall.
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall ;
To serve, an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen :
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art ;
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder ;
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing ;

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace wight;
Or stands in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A champion worthy of the stream,
Yon gray tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A form not doubtfully descried :—
Their transient mission o'er,
Oh, say to what blind region flee
These shapes of awful phantasy?
'To what untrodden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn;
But this we from the mountains learn,
And this the valleys show,
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian pass
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas,
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Uri's lake, where Tell
Leapt, from his storm-vest boat, to land,
Heaven's instrument, for by his hand
That day the tyrant fell.

YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!

Oh, that some minstrel's harp were
near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—A silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's
Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth
mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

What though the granite would deny
 All fervour to the sightless eye;
 And touch from rising suns in vain
 Solicit a Memnonian strain;
 Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
 The wind might force the deep-
 grooved harp
 To utter melancholy moans
 Not unconnected with the tones
 Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;
 While grove and river notes would
 lend,
 Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,
 For ever with yourselves at strife;
 Through town and country both
 deranged
 By affectations interchanged,
 And all the perishable gauds
 That heaven-deserted man applauds;
 When will your hapless patrons learn
 To watch and ponder—to discern
 The freshness, the everlasting youth,
 Of admiration sprung from truth;
 From beauty infinitely growing
 Upon a mind with love o'erflowing;
 To sound the depths of every art
 That seeks its wisdom through the
 heart?

Thus (where the intrusive pile, ill-
 graced
 With baubles of theatric taste,
 O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
 On motley bands of alien flowers,
 In stiff confusion set or sown,
 Till nature cannot find her own,
 Or keep a remnant of the sod
 Which Caledonian heroes trod)
 I mused; and, thirsting for redress,
 Recoiled into the wilderness.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, 1803.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
 At thought of what I now behold:
 As vapours breathed from dungeons
 cold

Strike pleasure dead,
 So sadness comes from out the mould
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
 And thou forbidden to appear?
 As if it were thyself that's here
 I shrink with pain;
 And both my wishes and my fear
 Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—
 away
 Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to
 stay:
 With chastened feelings would I pay
 The tribute due
 To him, and aught that hides his clay
 From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
 He sang, his genius “glinted” forth,
 Rose like a star that touching earth,
 For so it seems,
 Doth glorify its humble birth
 With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
 The struggling heart, where be they
 now?—
 Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
 The prompt, the brave,
 Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
 And silent grave.

One loud cascade in front, and lo!
 A thousand like it, white as snow—
 Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
 As active round the hollow dome,
 Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
 Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,
 That catch the pageant from the flood
 Thundering adown a rocky wood!
 What pains to dazzle and confound!
 What strife of colour, shape and sound
 In this quaint medley, that might seem
 Devised out of a sick man's dream!
 Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
 As ever made a maniac dizzy,
 When disenchanted from the mood
 That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O nature, in thy changeful visions,
 Through all thy most abrupt transitions,
 Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime,
 Ever averse to pantomime,
 Thee neither do they know nor us
 Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
 Else verily the sober powers [roars,
 Of rock that frowns, and stream that
 Exalted by congenial sway
 Of spirits, and the undying lay,
 And names that moulder not away,
 Had wakened some redeeming thought
 More worthy of this favoured spot;
 Recalled some feeling—to set free
 The bard from such indignity!

The effigies of a valiant wight*
 I once beheld, a Templar knight;
 Not prostrate, not like those that rest
 On tombs, with palms together pressed,
 But sculptured out of living stone,
 And standing upright and alone,
 Both hands with rival energy
 Employed in setting his sword free

* On the banks of the river Nid, near
 Knaresborough.

From its dull sheath—stern sentinel
 Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;
 As if with memory of the affray
 Far distant, when, as legends say,
 The monks of Fountain's thronged to
 force

From its dear home the hermit's corse,
 That in their keeping it might lie,
 To crown their abbey's sanctity.
 So had they rushed into the grot
 Of sense despised, a world forgot,
 And torn him from his loved retreat,
 Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
 Still hint that quiet best is found,
 Even by the *living*, under ground;
 But a bold knight, the selfish aim
 Defeating, put the monks to shame,
 There where you see his image stand
 Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
 Which lingering Nid is proud to show
 Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
 Our sires set forth their grateful praise;
 Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!
 But, nursed in mountain solitude,
 Might some aspiring artist dare
 To seize whate'er, through misty air,
 A ghost, by glimpses, may present
 Of imitable lineament,
 And give the phantom an array
 That less should scorn the abandoned
 clay:

Then let him hew, with patient stroke,
 An Ossian out of mural rock,
 And leave the figurative man
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!
 Fixed, liked the Templar of the steep,
 An everlasting watch to keep;
 With local sanctities in trust:
 More precious than a hermit's dust;
 And virtues through the mass infused,
 Which old idolatry abused.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem.
And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair.

Let us beside the limpid Stream
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight ;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true,
When Wisdom prospered in his sight
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When side by side, his Book in hand,
We wont to stray.
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road !
There lurks his home ; in that Abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes.
Before it humbly let us pause.
And ask of Nature from what cause
And by what rules
She trained her Burns to win applause
That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest
glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen :
He rules 'mid winter snows, and
when

Bees fill their hives :
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far
clime
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing
rhyme

From genuine springs.
Shall dwell together till old Time
Folds up his wings ?

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of
Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins for-
given :
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever.

But why to Him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings
bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live ?—
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive !

I mourned with thousands, but as one
 More deeply grieved, for He was gone
 Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
 And showed my youth
 How Verse may build a princely throne
 On humble truth.

Alas ! where'er the current tends,
 Regret pursues and with it blends,—
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
 By Skiddaw seen,—
 Neighbours we were, and loving friends
 We might have been ;

True friends though diversely inclined ;
 But heart with heart and mind with
 mind,
 Where the main fibres are entwined,
 Through Nature's skill,
 May even by contraries be joined
 More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow ;
 Thou "poor Inhabitant below,"
 At this dread moment—even so—
 Might we together
 Havesate and talked where gowans blow,
 Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been
 placed
 Within my reach ; of knowledge graced
 By fancy what a rich repast !
 But why go on ?—
 Oh ! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
 His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
 (Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
 Lies gathered to his Father's side,
 Soul-moving sight !
 Yet one to which is not denied
 Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
 Hath early found among the dead,
 Harboured where none can be misled,
 Wronged, or distressed ;
 And surely here it may be said
 That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,
 May He, who halloweth the place
 Where Man is laid,
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
 For which it prayed !

Sighing I turned away ; but ere
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
 Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
 Chanted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON
 THE BANKS OF NITH, NEAR THE
 POET'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow¹
 That must have followed when his brow
 Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us
 how—

With holly spray,
 He faltered, drifted to and fro,
 And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister,
 throng
 Our minds when, lingering all too long,
 Over the grave of Burns we hung
 In social grief—
 Indulged as if it were a wrong
 To seek relief.

With which it looked on this delightful
 day
 Were native to the summer.—Up the
 brook
 I roamed in the confusion of my heart.
 Alive to all things and forgetting all.
 At length I to a sudden turning came
 In this continuous glen, where down a
 rock
 The stream, so ardent in its course
 before,
 Sent forth such sallies of glad sound,
 that all
 Which I till then had heard, appeared
 the voice
 Of common pleasure: beast and bird,
 the lamb,
 The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the
 thrush
 Vied with this waterfall, and made a
 song
 Which, while I listened, seemed like
 the wild growth
 Or like some natural produce of the air,
 That could not cease to be. Green
 leaves were here;
 But 'twas the foliage of the rocks, the
 birch,
 The yew, the holly, and the bright
 green thorn,
 With hanging islands of resplendent
 furze:
 And on a summit, distant a short
 space,
 By any who should look beyond the
 dell,
 A single mountain cottage might be
 seen.
 I gazed and gazed, and to myself I
 said,
 "Our thoughts at least are ours; and
 this wild nook,
 My Emma, I will dedicate to thee."

Soon did the spot become my other
 home.
 My dwelling, and my out-of-door
 abode.
 And, of the shepherds who have seen
 me there,
 To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
 Have told this fancy, two or three
 perhaps,
 Years after we are gone and in our
 graves,
 When they have cause to speak of
 this wild place,
 May call it by the name of Emma's
 Dell.

TO JOANNA.

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass
 The time of early youth: and there
 you learned,
 From years of quiet industry, to love
 The living beings by your own fire-side.
 With such a strong devotion, that your
 heart
 Is slow to meet the sympathies of them
 Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
 And make dear friendships with the
 streams and groves.
 Yet we, who are transgressors in this
 kind,
 Dwelling retired in our simplicity
 Among the woods and fields, we love
 you well.
 Joanna! and I guess, since you have been
 So distant from us now for two long
 years,
 That you will gladly listen to discourse
 However trivial, if you thence are taught
 That they, with whom you once were
 happy, talk
 Familiarly of you and of old times.

POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

By persons resident in the country, and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to

such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such incidents, and renew the gratification of such feelings, names have been given to places by the author and some of his friends, and the following poems written in consequence.

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around
whose base
Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad
Rocks ascend
In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
Rising to no ambitious height; yet
both,
O'er lake and stream, mountain and
flowery mead,
Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
To one or other brow of those twin
Peaks
Were two adventurous Sisters wont to
climb,
And took no note of the hour while
thence they gazed,
The blooming heath their couch, gazed
side by side,
In speechless admiration. I, a witness
And frequent sharer of their calm
delight
With thankful heart, to either Eminence
Gave the baptismal name each Sister
bore.
Now are they parted, far as Death's
cold hand
Hath power to part the Spirits of those
who love
As they did love. Ye kindred
Pinnacles—
That, while the generations of mankind
Follow each other to their hiding-place
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure

Beautiful in yourselves, and richly
graced
With like command of beauty—grant
your aid
For MARY'S humble, SARAH'S silent
claim,
That their pure joy in nature may
survive
From age to age in blended memory.

It was an April morning: fresh and
clear
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed; and
yet the voice
Of waters which the winter had sup-
plied
Was softened down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living
things
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to
urge on
The steps of June; as if their various
hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object: but, mean-
while, prevailed
Such an entire contentment in the air,
That every naked ash, and tardy tree
Yet leafless, showed as if the coun-
tenance

Of ancient mountains, or my ear was
touched
With dreams and visionary impulses -
To me alone imparted, sure I am
That there was a loud uproar in the
hills: -
And, while we both were listening, to
my side
The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished
To shelter from some object of her
fear.
And hence, long afterwards, when
eighteen moons
Were wasted, as I chanced to walk
alone
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a
calm
And silent morning. I sat down, and
there,
In memory of affections, old and true,
I chiselled out in those rude characters
Joanna's name deep in the living stone.
And I, and all who dwell by my fire-side.
Have called the lovely rock, Joanna's
Rock." *

THERE is an eminence,—of these our
hills
The last that parleys with the setting
sun.
We can behold it from our orchard-
seat;
And when at evening we pursue our
walk

Along the public way, this peak, so high
Above us, and so distant in its height,
Is visible; and often seems to send
Its own deep quiet to restore our
hearts.

The meteors make of it a favourite
haunt:

The star of Jove, so beautiful and
large

In the mid heavens, is never half so fair
As when he shines above it. 'Tis in
truth

The loneliest place we have among the
clouds.

And she who dwells with me, whom I
have loved

With such communion, that no place
on earth

Can ever be a solitude to me,
Hath to this lonely summit given my
name.

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and
crag,

A rude and natural causeway, inter-
posed

Between the water and a winding slope
Of copse and thicket, leaves the
eastern shore

Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy.
And there, myself and two beloved
friends,

One calm September morning, ere the
mist

* In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of time, and the rudeness of the workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are, without doubt, Roman. The Retha, mentioned in this poem, is the river which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal, falls into Wyndander.—On Helm-Crag, that impressive single mountain at

the head of the vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an old woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those fissures of cavern which in the language of the country are called dungeons. Most of the mountains here mentioned immediately surround the vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

While I was seated, now some ten
 days past,
 Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop
 Their ancient neighbour, the old
 steeple tower,
 The vicar from his gloomy house hard
 by
 Came forth to greet me; and when he
 had asked,
 "How fares Joanna; that wild-hearted
 maid!
 And when will she return to us?" he
 paused;
 And, after short exchange of village
 news,
 He with grave looks demanded, for
 what cause,
 Reviving obsolete idolatry,
 I, like a Runic priest, in characters
 Of formidable size had chiselled out
 Some uncouth name upon the native
 rock,
 Above the Rotha, by the forest side.
 Now by those dear immunities of heart
 Engendered between malice and true
 love,
 I was not loth to be so catechised,
 And this was my reply:—"As it befel,
 One summer morning we had walked
 abroad
 At break of day, Joanna and myself.
 'Twas that delightful season when the
 broom,
 Full-flowered, and visible on every
 steep,
 Along the copses runs in veins of gold.
 Our pathway led us on to Rotha's
 banks;
 And when we came in front of that tall
 rock
 That castward looks, I there stopped
 short—and stood
 Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye

From base to summit; such delight I
 found
 To note in shrub and tree, in stone and
 flower,
 That intermixture of delicious hues,
 Along so vast a surface, all at once,
 In one impression, by connecting force
 Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.
 When I had gazed perhaps two minutes,
 space,
 Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
 That ravishment of mine, and laughed
 aloud.
 The rock, like something starting from
 a sleep,
 Took up the lady's voice, and laughed
 again:
 That ancient woman seated on Helm-
 Crag
 Was ready with her cavern: Hammer-
 Scar,
 And the tall steep of Silver-how, sent
 forth
 A noise of laughter; southern Lough-
 rigg heard,
 And Fairfield answered with a moun-
 tain tone:
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
 Carried the lady's voice,—old Skiddaw
 blew
 His speaking trumpet;—back out of
 the clouds
 Of Glaramara southward came the
 voice:
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty
 head.
 Now whether (said I to our cordial
 friend,
 Who in the hey-day of astonishment
 Smiled in my face) this were in simple
 truth
 A work accomplished by the brother-
 hood

He stood alone; whereat he turned
 his head
 To greet us—and we saw a man worn
 down
 By sickness, gaunt and lean, with
 sunken cheeks
 And wasted limbs, his legs so long and
 lean
 That for my single self I looked at
 them,
 Forgetful of the body they sus-
 tained.—
 Too weak to labour in the harvest
 field,
 The man was using his best skill to
 gain
 A pittance from the dead unfeeling
 lake
 That knew not of his wants. I will
 not say
 What thoughts immediately were ours,
 nor how
 The happy idleness of that sweet morn,
 With all its lovely images, was
 changed
 To serious musing and to self-
 reproach.
 Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
 What need there is to be reserved in
 speech,
 And temper all our thoughts with
 charity.
 Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,
 My friend, myself, and she who then
 received
 The same admonishment, have called
 the place
 By a memorial name, uncouth indeed
 As e'er by mariner was given to bay
 Or foreland, on a new-discovered
 coast;
 And Point Rash Judgment is the name
 it bears.

TO M. H.

OUR walk was far among the ancier
 trees;
 There was no road, nor any woodman
 path;
 But a thick umbrage, checking th
 wild growth
 Of weed and sapling, along soft gree
 turf
 Beneath the branches, of itself ha
 made
 A track, that brought us to a slip of
 lawn,
 And a small bed of water in the woods
 All round this pool both flocks and
 herds might drink
 On its firm margin, even as from a
 well,
 Or some stone-basin which the herds-
 man's hand
 Had shaped for their refreshment; nor
 did sun,
 Or wind from any quarter, ever come,
 But as a blessing, to this calm recess,
 This glade of water and this one green
 field.
 The spot was made by nature for herself,
 The travellers know it not, and 'twill
 remain
 Unknown to them: but it is beautiful:
 And if a man should plant his cottage
 near,
 Should sleep beneath the shelter of its
 trees,
 And blend its waters with his daily meal.
 He would so love it, that in his death
 hour
 Its image would survive among his
 thoughts;
 And therefore, my sweet Mary, this
 still nook,
 With all its beeches, we have named
 from you.

Had altogether yielded to the sun,
 Sauntered on this retired and difficult
 way.
 Ill suits the road with one in haste, but
 we
 Played with our time; and, as we
 strolled along,
 It was our occupation to observe.
 Such objects as the waves had tossed
 ashore,
 Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered
 bough,
 Each on the other heaped, along the
 line
 Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant
 mood,
 Not seldom did we stop to watch some
 tuft
 Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,
 That skimmed the surface of the dead
 calm lake,
 Suddenly halting now—a lifeless
 stand!
 And starting off again with freak as
 sudden;
 In all its sportive wanderings, all the
 while,
 Making report of an invisible breeze
 That was its wings, its chariot, and its
 horse,
 Its playmate, rather say its moving
 soul.
 And often, trifling with a privilege
 Alike indulged to all, we paused, one
 now,
 And now the other, to point out, per-
 chance
 To pluck, some flower or water-weed,
 too fair
 Either to be divided from the place
 On which it grew, or to be left alone
 To its own beauty. Many such there
 are,

Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that
 tall fern,
 So stately, of the Queen Osmunda
 named;
 Plant lovelier in its own retired abode
 On Grasmere's beach, than naiad by
 the side
 Of Grecian brook, or lady of the mere,
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old
 romance,
 So fared we that bright morning: from
 the fields,
 Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the
 busy mirth
 Of reapers, men and women, boys and
 girls.
 Delighted much to listen to those
 sounds,
 And feeding thus our fancies, we
 advanced
 Along the indented shore; when sud-
 denly,
 Through a thin veil of glittering haze
 was seen
 Before us, on a point of jutting land,
 The tall and upright figure of a man
 Attired in peasant's garb, who stood
 alone,
 Angling beside the margin of the lake.
 Improvident and reckless, we ex-
 claimed,
 The man must be, who thus can lose a
 day
 Of the mid-harvest, when the labourer's
 hire
 Is ample, and some little might be
 stored
 Wherewith to cheer him in the winter
 time.
 Thus talking of that peasant, we ap-
 proached
 Close to the spot where with his rod
 and line



wo

"A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-flock.
Would watch my motions with suspicious stare."

And winding on with such an easy line
 Along a natural opening, that I stood
 Much wondering how I could have
 sought in vain

For what was now so obvious. To abide,
 For an allotted interval of ease,
 Under my cottage roof, had gladly come
 From the wild sea a cherished visitant;
 And with the sight of this same path—
 begun,

Begun and ended, in the shady grove,
 Pleasant conviction flashed upon my
 mind

That, to this opportune recess allured,
 He had surveyed it with a finer eye,
 A heart more wakeful; and had worn
 the track

By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
 In that habitual restlessness of foot
 That haunts the sailor measuring o'er
 and o'er

His short domain upon the vessel's
 deck,

While she pursues her course through
 the dreary sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esth-
 waite's pleasant shore,

And taken thy first leave of those
 green hills

And rocks that were the play-ground of
 thy youth,

Year followed year, my brother! and
 we two,

Conversing not, knew little in what
 mould

Each other's mind was fashioned; and
 at length,

When once again we met in Grasmere
 vale,

Between us there was little other bond
 Than common feelings of fraternal
 love.

But thou, a school-boy, to the sea
 hadst carried

Undying recollections: nature there
 Was with thee; she, who loved us
 both, she still

Was with thee; and even so didst thou
 become

A *silent* poet; from the solitude
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful
 heart

Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
 And an eye practised like a blind man's
 touch.

Back to the joyless ocean thou art
 gone;

Nor from this vestige of thy musing
 hours

Could I withhold thy honoured name,
 and now

I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless
 suns

Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome
 and strong:

And there I sit at evening, when the
 steep

Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peace-
 ful lake,

And one green island, gleam between
 the stems

Of the dark firs, a visionary scene!

And, while I gaze upon the spectacle
 Of clouded splendour, on this dream-
 like sight

Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,
 My brother, and on all which thou hast
 lost.

Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while
 thou,

Muttering the verses which I muttered
 first

Among the mountains, through the
 midnight watch

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy
 world,
 Preferring studious leisure, I had
 chosen
 A habitation in this peaceful vale,
 Sharp season followed of continual
 storm
 In deepest winter; and, from week to
 week,
 Pathway, and lane, and public road,
 were clogged
 With frequent showers of snow. Upon
 a hill
 At a short distance from my cottage
 stands
 A stately fir-grove, whither I was wont
 To hasten, for I found beneath the
 roof
 Of that perennial shade, a cloistral
 place
 Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.
 Here, in a safe covert, on the shallow
 snow,
 And, sometimes, on a speck of visible
 earth.
 The redbreast near me hopped; nor
 was I loth
 To sympathise with vulgar coppice birds
 That, for protection from the nipping
 blast,
 Hither repaired.—A single beech-tree
 grew
 Within this grove of firs; and, on the
 fork
 Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's
 nest;
 A last year's nest, conspicuously built
 At such small elevation from the
 ground
 As gave sure sign that they, who in
 that house
 Of nature and of love had made their
 home

Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long
 Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And often-
 times,
 A few sheep, stragglers from some
 mountain-flock,
 Would watch my motions with sus-
 picious stare,
 From the remotest outskirts of the
 grove,—
 Some nook where they had made their
 final stand,
 Huddling together from two fears—the
 fear
 Of me and of the storm. Full many
 an hour
 Here did I lose. But in this grove the
 trees
 Had been so thickly planted, and had
 thriven
 In such perplexed and intricate array,
 That vainly did I seek, beneath their
 stems,
 A length of open space, where to and fro
 My feet might move without concern
 or care. [day to day
 And, baffled thus, though earth from
 Was fettered, and the air by storm dis-
 turbed,. [prized,
 I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and
 Less than I wished to prize, that calm
 recess.

 The snows dissolved, and genial
 spring returned
 To clothe the fields with verdure.
 Other haunts
 Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright
 April day,
 By chance retiring from the glare of
 noon
 To this forsaken covert, there I found
 A hoary pathway traced between the
 trees,

And all its stately trees are passed
 away,
 This little niche, unconscious of decay,
 Perchance may still survive. And be
 it known
 That it was scooped within the living
 stone,—
 Not by the sluggish and ungrateful
 pains
 Of labourer plodding for his daily
 gains;
 But by an industry that wrought in
 love,
 With help from female hands, that
 proudly strove
 To aid the work, what time these walks
 and bowers—
 Were shaped to cheer dark winter's
 lonely hours.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR
 GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., AND IN
 HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY
 HIM AT THE TERMINATION OF A
 NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE
 SAME GROUNDS.

YE lime-trees, ranged before this hal-
 lowed urn,
 Shoot forth with lively power at
 spring's return;
 And be not slow a stately growth to rear
 Of pillars, branching off from year to
 year,
 Till they have learned to frame a dark-
 some aisle;—
 That may recall to mind that awful
 pile
 Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's
 noblest dead,
 In the last sanctity of fame is laid.

There, though by right the excelling
 painter sleep
 Where death and glory a joint Sab-
 bath keep,
 Yet not the less his spirit would hold
 dear
 Self-hidden praise, and friendship's
 private tear.
 Hence, on my patrimonial grounds,
 have I
 Raised this frail tribute to his memory,
 From youth a zealous follower of the
 art
 That he professed, attached to him
 in heart:
 Admiring, loving, and with grief and
 pride
 Feeling what England lost when Rey-
 nolds died.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF
 COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy
 bound,
 Rugged and high, of Charnwood's
 forest ground,
 Stand yet, but, stranger! hidden from
 thy view,
 The ivied ruins of forlorn Grace
 Dieu;
 Erst a religious house, which day and
 night
 With hymns resounded, and the
 chanted rite:
 And when those rites had ceased, the
 spot gave birth
 To honourable men of various worth:
 There, on the margin of a streamlet
 wild,
 Did Francis Beaumont sport an eager
 child;

Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck
 In some far region, here, while o'er my
 head,
 At every impulse of the moving breeze,
 The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like
 sound,
 Alone I tread this path;—for aught I
 know,
 Timing my steps to thine: and, with a
 store
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,

Mingling most earnest wishes for the
 day
 When we, and others whom we love,
 shall meet
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy
 vale.

Note.—This wish was not granted; the
 lamented person, not long after, perished by
 shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as com-
 mander of the Honourable East India Com-
 pany's vessel, the *Earl of Abergavenny*.

INSCRIPTIONS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE
 SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT,
 BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and
 the pine,
 Will not unwillingly their place resign;
 If but the cedar thrive that near them
 stands,
 Planted by Beaumont's and by Words-
 worth's hands.

One wooed the silent art with studious
 pains,—

These groves have heard the other's
 pensive strains;

Devoted thus, their spirits did unite
 By interchange of knowledge and de-
 light.

May nature's kindest powers sustain
 the tree,

And love protect it from all injury!

And when its potent branches, wide
 out-thrown,

Darken the brow of this memorial stone,
 Here may some painter sit in future
 days,

Some future poet meditate his lays;
 Not mindless of that distant age
 renowned

When inspiration hovered o'er this
 ground,

The haunt of him who sang how spear
 and shield

In civil conflict met on Bosworth field;
 And of that famous youth, full soon
 removed

From earth, perhaps by Shakespeare's
 self approved, [beloved.

Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

OF is the medal faithful to its trust
 When temples, columns, towers are
 laid in dust;

And 'tis a common ordinance of fate
 That things-obscure and small outlive
 the great:

Hence, when yon mansion and the
 flowery trim

Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,

But thee may no such boisterous visitants
 Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;
 And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air
 Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle.
 From centre to circumference, unveiled!
 Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,
 That on the summit whither thou art bound.
 A geographic labourer pitched his tent.
 With books supplied and instruments of art,
 To measure height and distance; lonely task.
 Week after week pursued!—To him was given
 Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed
 On timid man) of nature's processes
 Upon the exalted hills. He made report
 That once, while there he plied his studious work
 Within that canvass dwelling, colours, lines, [map.
 And the whole surface of the out-spread
 Became invisible: for all around
 Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—
 As if the golden day itself had been
 Extinguished in a moment: total gloom,
 In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,
 Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL UPON
 A STONE, THE LARGEST OF A HEAP
 LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY,
 UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT
 RYDAL.

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen stones
 Is not a ruin spared or made by time,
 Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the cairn
 Of some old British chief: 'tis nothing more
 Than the rude embryo of a little dome
 Or pleasure-house, once destined to be built
 Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
 But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned
 That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,
 And make himself a freeman of this spot
 At any hour he chose, the prudent knight
 Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
 Are monuments of his unfinished task.
 The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,
 Was once selected as the corner-stone
 Of that intended pile, which would have been
 Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill.
 So that, I guess, the Linnet and the thrush,
 And other little builders who dwell here,
 Had wondered at the work. But blame him not.
 For old Sir William was a gentle knight

There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
 Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
 Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
 Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
 Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
 With which his genius shook the buskined stage.
 Communities are lost, and empires die,
 And things of holy use unhallowed lie;
 They perish;—but the intellect can raise,
 From airy words alone, a pile that ne'er decays.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A
 STONE IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE
 (AN OUT-HOUSE) ON THE ISLAND AT
 GRASMERE.

RUDE is this edifice, and thou hast seen
 Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained
 Proportions more harmonious, and approached
 To closer fellowship with ideal grace.
 But take it in good part:—alas! the poor
 Vitruvius of our village had no help
 From the great city; never upon leaves
 Of red morocco folio saw displayed
 In long succession, pre-existing ghosts
 Of beauties yet unborn, the rustic lodge
 Antique, and cottage with verandah
 graced,
 Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,
 Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined
 hermitage.

W O.

Thou see'st a homely pile, yet to these walls
 The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here
 The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.
 And hither does one poet sometimes row
 His pinnace, a small vagrant barge, up-piled
 With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,
 (A lading which he with his sickle cuts
 Among the mountains) and beneath this roof [here at noon
 He makes his summer couch, and
 Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the sheep,
 Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,
 Lie round him, even as if they were a part [his bed
 Of his own household; nor, while from
 He looks through the open door-place toward the lake
 And to the stirring breezes, does he want
 Creations lovely as the work of sleep—
 Fair sights and visions of romantic joy!

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL ON A
 STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COMB.

STAY, bold adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs
 On this commodious seat! for much remains
 Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
 Of this huge eminence,—from blackness named,
 And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,
 A favourite spot of tournament and war!

Give voice to what my hand shall
trace,
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
Uphold a monument as fair
As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble white, like ether pure;
As if beneath some hero lay,
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous pile
Unsound as those which fortune builds;
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole fabric to the ground;
And naked left this dripping rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around!

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts!—A wind-swept
meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life: and death a shadow
From the rock eternity!

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.
TROUBLED long with warring notions,
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent?

Parching summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal well;
Rains that make each rill a torrent,
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my life present to thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation,
Of divine tranquillity!

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

Thesmoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee:
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

Bred in this vale, to which he apper-
tained
With all his ancestry. Then peace to
him,
And for the outrage which he had
devised
Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art
one
On fire with thy impatience to be-
come
An inmate of these mountains,—if,
disturbed
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast
hewn
Out of the quiet rock the elements
Of thy trim mansion destined soon to
blaze
In snow-white splendour,—think again,
and, taught
By old Sir William and his quarry,
leave
Thy fragments to the bramble and
the rose;
There let the vernal slow-worm sun
himself,
And let the redbreast hop from stone
to stone.

What is glory?—in the socket
See how dying tapers fare!
What is pride?—a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected;
Duty?—an unwelcome clog;
Joy?—a moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone;

Such is joy—as quickly hidden,
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing billow,
(Winds behind, and rocks before!)
Age?—a drooping, tottering willow
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace?—when pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover
That precedes the passing knell!

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND
IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL.

HOPES what are they?—Beads of
morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

What are fears but voices airy?
Whispering harm where harm is not;
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot!

PAUSE, traveller! whoso'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,
 Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
 Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of
 low degree,
 Men known, and men unknown, sick,
 lame, and blind,
 Post forward all, like creatures of one
 kind,
 With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend
 the knee
 In France, before the new-born
 majesty.
 'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate
 mind!
 A seemly reverence may be paid to
 power;
 But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
 In haste, nor springing with a tran-
 sient shower:
 When truth, when sense, when liberty
 were flown,
 What hardship had it been to wait
 an hour?
 Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery
 prone!

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD
 LEADING TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7,
 1802.

JONES! as from Calais southward you
 and I
 Went pacing side by side, this public
 way
 Streamed with the pomp of a too-
 credulous day,
 When faith was pledged to new-born
 liberty:

* 14th July, 1790.—[The day on which the
 unfortunate Louis XVI. took the oath of fidelity
 to the new constitution.]

A homeless sound of joy was in the sky;
 From hour to hour the antiquated earth,
 Beat like the heart of man: songs,
 garlands, mirth,
 Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!
 And now, sole register that these
 things were,
 Two solitary greetings have I heard,
 "Good morrow, citizen!" a hollow word,
 As if a dead man spake it! Yet despair
 Touches me not, though pensive as a
 bird
 Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid
 bare.

1801.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
 And an unthinking grief! The tenderest
 mood [what food
 Of that man's mind—what can it be?
 Fed his first hopes? what knowledge
 could he gain?
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we
 train
 The governor who must be wise and
 good,
 And temper with the sternness of the
 brain
 Thoughts motherly, and meek as
 womanhood.
 Wisdom doth live with children round
 her knees:
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and
 the talk
 Man holds with week-day man in the
 hourly walk
 Of the mind's business: these are the
 degrees
 By which true sway doth mount; this
 is the stalk
 True power doth grow on; and her
 rights are these.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE
STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND,
DERWENT-WATER.

If thou in the dear love of some one
friend [what thoughts

Hast been so happy that thou know'st
Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou
reverence [unmoved

This quiet spot; and, stranger! not
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap
of stones,

The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's cell.
Here stood his threshold; here was
spread the roof

That sheltered him, a self-secluded man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude.—But he had left
A fellow-labourer, whom the good man
loved [upraised

As his own soul. And, when with eye
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore

Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle
and thought [both

Of his companion, he would pray that
(Now that their earthly duties were
fulfilled) [in vain

Might die in the same moment. Nor
So prayed he:—as our chronicles
report, [last day,

Though here the hermit numbered his
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved
friend, [hour.

Those holy men both died in the same

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
Crowded with thoughts that need a
settled home,

Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other
chase

Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR
CALAIS, AUGUST, 1862.

FAIR star of evening, splendour of the
west,

Star of my country!—on the horizon's
brink

Thou hangest, stooping, as might
seem, to sink [to rest,

On England's bosom: yet well pleased
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious
crest [think,

Conspicuous to the nations. Thou, I

Shouldst be my country's emblem;
and shouldst wink, [banners, drest
Bright star! with laughter on her
In thy fresh beauty. There! that
dusky spot [she lies.

Beneath thee, that is England; there
Blessings be on you both! one hope,
one lot, [fear

One life, one glory! I with many a
For my dear country, many heartfelt
sighs, [linger here.

Among men who do not love her,

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of
men!

Whether the whistling rustic tend his
plough

Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's ear-
less den;

O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not!
do thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful
brow:

Though fallen thyself never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast
left behind

Powers that will work for thee, air,
earth, and skies:

There's not a breathing of the common
wind [allies;

That will forget thee; thou hast great
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable
mind.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that
disgraced those times, was the chasing of all
negroes from France by decree of the govern-
ment: we had a fellow-passenger who was
one of the expelled.

We had a female passenger who came
From Calais with us, spotless in array,
A white-robed negro, like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She sat, from notice turning not away,
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech,—or to the
same

No sign of answer made by word or
face:

Yet still her eyes retained their tropic
fire,
That, burning independent of the
mind,
Joined with the lustre of her rich
attire
To mock the outcast—O ye heavens
be kind!
And feel, thou earth, for this afflicted
race!

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY. NEAR DOVER,
ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil we breathe
once more.
The cock that crows, the smoke that
curls, that sound
Of bells,—those boys who in yon
meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing,—
and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky
shore,
All, all are English. Oft have I looked
round
With joy in Kent's green vales; but
never found
Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that
pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou
art free,
My country! and 'tis joy enough and
pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread
the grass
Of England once again, and hear and
see,
With such a dear companion at my
side.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not
names :

This is young Buonaparté's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established
sway,

Consul for life. With worship France
proclaims

Her approbation, and with pomps and
games.

Heaven grant that other cities may
be gay!

Calais is not : and I have bent my
way

To the sea-coast, noting that each man
frames

His business as he likes. Far other
show

My youth here witnessed, in a prouder
time;

The senselessness of joy was then
sublime!

Happy is he, who, caring not for pope,
Consul, or king, can sound himself to
know

The destiny of man, and live in hope.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East
in fee;

And was the safeguard of the west:
the worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and
free;

No guile seduced, no force could
violate;

And when she took unto herself a
mate,

She must espouse the everlasting sea!
And what if she had seen those glories
fade,

Those titles vanish, and that strength
decay;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be
paid

When her long life hath reached its
final day :

Men are we, and must grieve when
even the shade

Of that which once was great, is passed
away.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE voice of song from distant lands
shall call

To that great king; shall hail the
crownèd youth

Who, taking counsel of unbending
truth,

By one example hath set forth to all
How they with dignity may stand; or
fall;

If fall they must. Now, whither doth
it tend?

And what to him and his shall be the
end?

That thought is one which neither can
appal

Nor cheer him: for the illustrious
Swede hath done

The thing which ought to be: is raised
above

All consequences; work he hath
begun

Of fortitude, and piety, and love,
Which all his glorious ancestors
approve:

The heroes bless him, him their right-
ful son.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at
 this hour:
 England hath need of thee; she is a
 fen
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and
 pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
 bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English
 dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish
 men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
 power.
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt
 apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was
 like the sea;
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,
 free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common
 way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy
 heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

GREAT men have been among us;
 hands that penned
 And tongues that uttered wisdom,
 better none:
 The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
 Young Vane, and others who called
 Milton friend.
 These moralists could act and compre-
 hend:
 They knew how genuine glory was put
 on;
 Taught us how rightfully a nation
 shone

In splendour: what strength was, that
 would not bend
 But in magnanimous meekness.
 France, 'tis strange,
 Hath brought forth no such souls as
 we had then.
 Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
 No single volume paramount, no
 code,
 No master spirit, no determined
 road;
 But equally a want of books and
 men!

It is not to be thought of that the
 flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open
 sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark an-
 tiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters
 unwithstood,"
 Roused though it be full often to a
 mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary
 bands,
 That this most famous stream in bogs
 and sands
 Should perish; and to evil and to
 good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible knights of
 old:
 We must be free or die, who speak the
 tongue
 That Shakspeare spake: the faith and
 morals hold
 Which Milton held. In every thing we
 are sprung
 Of earth's first blood, have titles mani-
 fold.

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air
was clear.

The coast of France, the coast of
France how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighbour-
hood.

! shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and
fair,

A span of waters; yet what power is
there!

What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and
waters roll,

Strength to the brave, and power, and
deity,

Yet in themselves are nothing! One
decree

Spake laws to *them*, and said that by
the soul

Only the nations shall be great and
free!

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUB-
JUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty
voice

in both from age to age thou didst
rejoice,

They were thy chosen music, liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast
vainly striven.

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length
art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by
thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been
bereft;

Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which
still is left;

For, high-souled maid, what sorrow
would it be

That mountain floods should thunder
as before,

And ocean bellow from his rocky
shore,

And neither awful voice be heard by
thee!

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER,
1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I
must look

For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd,
To think that now our life is only
drest

For show; mean handy-work of crafts-
man, cook,

Or gloom!—We must run glittering
like a brook

In the open sunshine, or we are
unblest:

The wealthiest man among us is the
best;

No grandeur now in nature or in
book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we
adore;

Plain living and high thinking are no
more;

The homely beauty of the good old
cause

Is gone; our peace, our fearful in-
nocence

And pure religion breathing household
laws.

While tens of thousands, thinking on
 the affray,
 Men unto whom sufficient for the day
 And minds not stinted or untilled are
 given,
 Sound, healthy children of the God of
 heaven.
 Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
 What do we gather hence but firmer
 faith
 That every gift of noble origin
 Is breathed upon by hope's perpetual
 breath?
 That virtue and the faculties within
 Are vital,—and that riches are akin
 To fear, to change, to cowardice and
 death!

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou
 shouldst wean
 Thy heart from its emasculating
 food;
 The truth should now be better under-
 stood;
 Old things have been unsettled; we
 have seen
 Fair seed-time, better harvest might
 have been
 But for thy trespasses; and at this day,
 If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
 Aught good were destined, thou
 wouldst step between.
 England! all nations in this charge
 agree:
 But worse, more ignorant in love and
 hate,
 Far, far more abject is thine enemy:
 Therefore the wise pray for thee,
 though the freight
 Of thy offences be a heavy weight:
 Oh, grief! that earth's best hopes rest
 all with thee!

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present face of
 things.
 I see one man, of men the meanest
 too!
 Raised up to sway the world, to do
 undo.
 With mighty nations for his underlings.
 The great events with which old story
 rings
 Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing
 great:
 Nothing is left which I can venerate;
 So that a doubt almost within me
 springs
 Of Providence, such emptiness at
 length
 Seems at the heart of all things. But,
 great God!
 I measure back the steps which I have
 trod:
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds
 the strength
 Of such poor instruments, with
 thoughts sublime
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.
 VANGUARD of liberty, ye men of Kent.
 Ye children of a soil that doth advance
 Her haughty brow against the coast of
 France.
 Now is the time to prove your hardi-
 ment!
 To France be words of invitation sent!
 They from their fields can see the
 countenance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glitter-
 ing lance,
 And hear you shouting forth your
 brave intent.

WHEN I have borne in memory what
 has tamed
 Great nations, how ennobling thoughts
 depart
 When men change swords for ledgers,
 and desert
 The student's bower for gold, some
 fears unnamed
 I had, my country!—am I to be
 blamed?
 Now, when I think of thee, and what
 thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who
 find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of
 men;
 And I by my affection was beguiled.
 What wonder if a poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his
 mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child?

OCTOBER, 1803.

ONE might believe that natural
 miseries
 Had blasted France, and made of it a
 land
 Unfit for men; and that in one great
 band
 Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell
 at ease.
 But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and
 breeze
 Shed gentle favours; rural works are there
 And ordinary business without care;
 Spot rich in all things that can soothe
 and please!
 How piteous then that there should be
 such dearth

Of knowledge; that whole myriads
 should unite
 To work against themselves such fell
 despite:
 Should come in frenzy and in drunken
 mirth,
 Impatient to put out the only light
 Of liberty that yet remains on earth!

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse,
 to bear
 Than his who breathes, by roof, and
 floor, and wall,
 Pent in, a tyrant's solitary thrall;
 'Tis his who walks about in the open air
 One of a nation who, henceforth, must
 wear
 Their fetters in their souls. For who
 could be,
 Who, even the best, in such condition,
 free
 From self-reproach, reproach that he
 must share
 With human nature? Never be it ours
 To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
 And know that noble feelings, manly
 powers,
 Instead of gathering strength, must
 droop and pine,
 And earth with all her pleasant fruits
 and flowers
 Fade, and participate in man's decline.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times strike monied worldlings
 with dismay:
 Even rich men, brave by nature, taint
 the air
 With words of apprehension and de-
 spair:

And spreads her arms—as if the
 general air
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.
 Melt, principalities, before her melt!
 Her love ye hailed—her wrath have
 felt;
 But she through many a change of
 form hath gone,
 And stands amidst you now, an armed
 creature,
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
 But the live scales of a portentous
 nature;
 That, having forced its way from birth
 to birth,
 Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a
 terror to the earth!

I marked the breathings of her
 dragon crest;
 My soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
 In many a midnight vision bowed
 Before the ominous aspect of her
 spear;
 Whether the mighty beam, in scorn
 upheld,
 Threatened her foes,—or, pompously
 at rest,
 Seemed to bisect her orb'd shield,
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
 Across the setting sun, and all the fiery
 west.

So did she daunt the earth, and God
 defy!
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sover-
 eignty,
 Pollution tainted all that was most
 pure.
 Have we not known—and live we not
 to tell—
 That Justice seemed to hear her final
 knell?

Faith buried deeper in her own deep
 breast
 Her stores, and sighed to find them
 insecure!
 And Hope was maddened by the drops
 that fell
 From shades, her chosen place of
 short-lived rest:
 Shame followed shame—and woe sup-
 planted woe—
 Is this the only change that time can
 show?
 How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye
 patient heavens, how long?
 Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
 Of nations wanting virtue to be strong
 Up to the measure of accorded might
 And daring not to feel the majesty of
 right.

Weak spirits are there—who would
 ask.
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing.
 The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade
 Among the lurking powers
 Of herbs and lowly flowers,
 Or seek, from saints above, miraculous
 aid;
 That man may be accomplished for a
 task
 Which his own nature hath enjoined—
 and why?
 If, when that interference hath relieved
 him,
 He must sink down to languish
 In worse than former helplessness—
 and lie
 Till the caves roar,—and, im-
 becility
 Again engendering anguish,
 The same weak wish returns, that had
 before deceived him.

Left single, in bold parley, ye of
 yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant
 wreath;
 Confirmed the charters that were yours
 before;—
 No parleying now! In Britain is one
 breath;
 We all are with you now from shore to
 shore:
 Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

SHOUT, for a mighty victory is won!
 On British ground the invaders are laid
 low:
The breath of Heaven has drifted
them like snow,
 And left them lying in the silent
 sun,
 Never to rise again! the work is
 done.
Come forth, ye old men, now in peace-
ful show,
 And greet your sons! drums beat and
 trumpets blow!
 Make merry, wives! ye little children,
 stun
 Your grandame's ears with pleasure of
 your noise!
 Clap, infants, clap your hands! Divine
 must be
 That triumph, when the very worst, the
 pain,
 And even the prospect of our brethren
 slain,
 Had something in it which the heart
 enjoys:—
 In glory will they sleep and endless
 sanctity.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
 Another mighty empire overthrown!
 And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
 The last that dare to struggle with the
 foe.
 'Tis well! from this day forward we
 shall know
 That in ourselves our safety must be
 sought;
 That by our own right hands it must
 be wrought,
 That we must stand unpropped, or be
 laid low,
 O dastard whom such foretaste doth
 not cheer!
 We shall exult, if they who rule the
 land
 Be men who hold its many blessings
 dear,
 Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile
 band,
 Who are to judge of danger which they
 fear,
 And honour which they do not under-
 stand.

ODE.

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,
 And binds her temples with the civic
 wreath?
 What joy to read the promise of her
 mien!
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread
 wings beneath!
 But they are ever playing,
 And twinkling in the light,
 And if a breeze be straying,
 That breeze she will invite;
 And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is
 fair,
 And calls a look of love into her face,

Hast heard the constant voice its
 charge repeat,
 Which, out of thy young heart's ora-
 cular seat,
 First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow
 of Time,
 Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
 Is won, and by all nations shall be
 worn! [torn,
 The blood-stained writing is for ever
 And thou henceforth wilt have a good
 man's calm,
 A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall
 find
 Repose at length, firm friend of human
 kind!

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come
 from you!
 Thus in your books the record shall
 be found,
 "A watchword was pronounced, a
 potent sound,
 ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked
 like dew
 Stirred by the breeze—they rose a
 nation, true,
 True to herself—the mighty Germany,
 She of the Danube and the Northern sea,
 She rose, and off at once the yoke she
 threw.
 All power was given her in the dread-
 ful trance;
 Those new-born kings she withered
 like a flame."
 Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and
 shame
 To that Bavarian who could first advance
 His banner in accursed league with
 France,
 First open traitor to the German name!

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMER
 LAKE, 1807.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid
 bars
 Through the gray west; and lo! these
 waters, steeled [yield
 By breezeless air to smoothest polish,
 A vivid repetition of the stars;
 Jove—Venus—and the ruddy crest of
 Mars,
 Amid his fellows beautifully revealed
 At happy distance from earth's groan-
 ing field,
 Where ruthless mortals wage incessant
 wars.
 Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere
 Opening to view the abyss in which she
 feeds
 Her own calm fires?—But list! a voice
 is near;
 Great Pan himself low-whispering
 through the reeds,
 "Be thankful, thou; for if unholy
 deeds
 Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

Go back to antique ages, if thine
 eyes
 The genuine mien and character would
 trace
 Of the rash spirit that still holds her
 place,
 Prompting the world's audacious
 vanities!
 Go back, and see the Tower of Babel
 rise;
 The pyramid extend its monstrous
 base,
 For some aspirant of our short-lived
 race,
 Anxious an aery name to immortalize.

But Thou, Supreme Disposer! may'st
not speed
The course of things, and change the
creed,
Which hath been held aloft before
men's sight
Since the first framing of societies,
Whether, as bards have told in ancient
song,
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
Or prest together by the appetite,
And by the power, of wrong!

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT
HISTORY.

A ROMAN master stands on Grecian
ground,
And to the people at the Isthmian
games
Assembled he, by a herald's voice,
proclaims
The liberty of Greece!—the words re-
bound [drowned;
Until all voices in one voice are
Glad acclamation by which the air was
rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at
the sound!
Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and
still that voice
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing
fancy's ear:
Ah! that a *conqueror's* words should be
so dear;
Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rap-
turous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of earth and
heaven.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the
beams of morn
The tidings passed of servitude re-
pealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isth-
mian field,
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter
scorn.
"Tis known," cried they, "that he,
who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian
crown,
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye
prop,
Sons of the brave who fought at
Marathon!
Your feeble spirits. Greece her head
hath bowed,
As if the wreath of liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove's will, descends on
Pelion's top."

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL
PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE
ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE,
MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to
climb:
How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by
thee
Is known,—by none, perhaps, so feel-
ingly;
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent
prime,
Didst first lead forth that enterprise
sublime,

O liberty! they stagger at the
 shock;
 From van to rear—and with one mind
 would flee,
 But half their host is buried:—rock
 on rock
 Descends:—beneath this godlike
 warrior, see!
 Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to
 bemock
 The tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

ADVANCE — come forth from thy
 Tyrolean ground,
 Dear liberty! stern nymph of soul un-
 tamed,
 Sweet nymph, oh, rightly of the moun-
 tains named
 Through the long chain of Alps from
 mound to mound
 And o'er the eternal snows, like echo,
 bound,—
 Like echo, when the hunter-train at
 dawn
 Have roused her from her sleep: and
 forest-dawn,
 Cliffs, woods, and caves her viewless
 steps resound
 And bubble of her pastime!—On,
 dread power!
 With such invisible motion speed thy
 flight,
 Through hanging clouds, from craggy
 height to height,
 Through the green vales and through
 the herdsman's bowen.
 That all the Alps may gladden in thy
 might,
 Here, there, and in all places at one
 hour.

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE land we from our fathers had in
 trust,
 And to our children will transmit, or
 die:
 This is our maxim, this our piety;
 And God and nature say that it is
 just.
 That which we *would* perform in arms
 —we must!
 We read the dictate in the infant's
 eye;
 In the wife's smile; and in the placid
 sky;
 And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
 Of them that were before us.—Sing
 aloud
 Old songs, the precious music of the
 heart!
 Give, herds and flocks, your voices to
 the wind!
 While we go forth, a self-devoted
 crowd,
 With weapons grasped in fearless hands,
 to assert
 Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

ALAS! what boots the long, laborious
 quest
 Of moral prudence, sought through
 good and ill:
 Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will.
 And lead us on to that transcendent
 rest
 Where every passion shall the sway
 attest
 Of reason, seated on her sov'reign
 hill;
 What is it, but a vain and curious skill.
 If sapient Germany must lie depressed.

There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
 Gave specious colouring to aim and
 act,
 See the first mighty hunter leave the
 brute
 To chase mankind, with men in armies
 packed
 For his field-pastime, high and ab-
 solute,
 While, to dislodge his game, cities are
 sacked!

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS
 ENGAGED IN WRITING A TRACT
 OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF
 CINTRA, 1808.

NOT 'mid the world's vain objects!
 that enslave
 The free-born soul,—that world whose
 vaunted skill
 In selfish interest perverts the will,
 Whose factions lead astray the wise
 and brave;
 Not there! but in dark wood and rocky
 cave,
 And hollow vale which foaming tor-
 rents fill
 With omnipresent murmur as they rave
 Down their steep beds, that never shall
 be still:
 Here, mighty nature! in this school
 sublime
 I weigh the hopes and fears of suffer-
 ing Spain:
 For her consult the auguries of time,
 And through the human heart explore
 my way,
 And look and listen—gathering,
 whence I may,
 Triumph, and thoughts no bondage
 can restrain.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON
 THE SAME OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen:—and listened to
 the wind
 That sang of trees up-torn and vessels
 tost;
 A midnight harmony, and wholly lost
 To the general sense of men by chains
 confined
 Of business, care, or pleasure,—or
 resigned
 To timely sleep. Thought I, the im-
 passionate strain,
 Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,
 Like acceptance from the world will
 find.
 Yet some with apprehensive ear shall
 drink
 A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows
 past,
 And to the attendant promise will give
 heed—
 The prophecy,—like that of this wild
 blast,
 Which, while it makes the heart with
 sadness shrink,
 Tells also of bright calms that shall
 succeed.

HOFFER.

OF mortal parents is the hero born
 By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are
 led?
 Or is it Tell's great spirit, from the dead
 Returned to animate an age forlorn?
 He comes like Phœbus through the
 gates of morn
 When dreary darkness is discomfited:
 Yet mark his modest state! upon his head,
 That simple crest, a heron's plume is
 worn.

And, when, impatient of her guilt and
woes,
Europe breaks forth; then, shepherds!
shall ye rise
For perfect triumph o'er your enemies.

HAIL, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold.

Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the
breast

Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without
remorse;

Disease consumed thy vitals; war upheaved

The ground beneath thee with volcanic
force;

Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained

Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,

And law was from necessity received.

Say, what is honour?—'Tis the finest
sense

Of justice which the human mind can
frame,

Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all
offence

Suffered or done. When lawless
violence

Invades a realm, so pressed that in the
scale

Of perilous war her weightiest armies

Honour is hopeful elevation—whence
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic
skill

Endangered states may yield to terms
unjust,

Stoop their proud heads, but not unto
the dust,—

A foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
Armies or kingdoms. We have heard
a strain

Of triumph, how the labouring Danube
bore

A weight of hostile corpses: drenched
with gore

Were the wide fields, the hamlets
heaped with slain.

Yet see, the mighty tumult overpast,
Austria a daughter of her throne hath
sold!

And her Tyrolean champion we behold
Murdered like one ashore by ship-
wreck cast,

Murdered without relief. Oh! blind
as bold,

To think that such assurance can stand
fast!

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take
thy flight

From Prussia's timid region. Go, and
rest

With heroes 'mid the islands of the
blest.

Or in the fields of empyrean light.

Beneath the brutal sword? Her
 haughty schools
 Shall blush; and may not we with
 sorrow say,
 A few strong instincts and a few plain
 rules,
 Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have
 wrought
 More for mankind at this unhappy day
 Than all the pride of intellect and
 thought?

AND is it among rude untutored dales,
 There, and there only, that the heart is
 true?

And, rising to repel or to subdue,
 Is it by rocks and woods that man
 prevails?

Ah, no! though nature's dread protec-
 tion fails,

There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
 Iberian burghers when the sword they
 drew

In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
 Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth
 was felt

By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,
 Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
 By ladies, meek-eyed women without
 fear;

And wanderers of the street, to whom
 is dealt

The bread which without industry they
 find.

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and
 on plain,
 Dwells in the affections and the soul of
 man

A godhead, like the universal Pan,
 But more exalted, with a brighter train.

And shall his bounty be dispensed in
 vain,

Showered equally on city and on field,
 And neither hope nor steadfast
 promise yield

In these usurping times of fear and
 pain?

Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it
 Heaven!

We know the arduous strife, the eter-
 nal laws

To which the triumph of all good is
 given,

High sacrifice, and labour without
 pause,

Even to the death:—else wherefore
 should the eye

Of man converse with immortality?

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

It was a *moral* end for which they
 fought;

Else how, when mighty thrones were
 put to shame,

Could they, poor shepherds, have pre-
 served an aim,

A resolution, or enlivening thought?

Nor hath that moral good been *vainly*
 sought;

For in their magnanimity and fame

Powers have they left, an impulse and
 a claim

Which neither can be overturned nor
 bought.

Sleep, warriors, sleep! among your
 hills repose!

We know that ye, beneath the stern
 control

Of awful prudence, keep the unvan-
 quished soul.

Filling from morn to night the heroic
 scene
 With deeds of hope and everlasting
 praise:
 Say can he think of this with mind
 serene
 And silent fetters? Yes, if visions
 bright
 Shine on his soul, reflected from the
 days
 When he himself was tried in open
 light.

1810.

AH! where is Palafox? Nor tongue
 nor pen
 Reports of him, his dwelling or his
 grave!
 Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the
 wave?
 Or is she swallowed up, remote from
 ken
 Of pitying human nature? Once again
 Methinks that we shall hail thee,
 champion brave,
 Redeemed to baffle that imperial
 slave,
 And through all Europe cheer de-
 sponding men
 With new-born hope. Unbounded is
 the might
 Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and
 right.
 Hark, how thy country triumphs!—
 Smilingly
 The Eternal looks upon her sword that
 gleams,
 Like his own lightning, over moun-
 tains, high,
 On rampart, and the banks of all her
 streams.

Is due observance of an ancien
 rite,
 The rude Biscayans, when their children
 lie
 Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
 Attire the peaceful corse in vestment
 white;
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph
 bright,
 They bind the unoffending creature
 brows
 With happy garlands of the pure white
 rose;
 Then do a festal company unite
 In choral song; and, while the uplifted
 cross
 Of Jesus goes before, the child i
 borne
 Uncovered to his grave: 'tis closed,—
 her loss
 The mother *then* mourns, as she need
 must mourn;
 But soon, through Christian faith, is
 grief subdued,
 And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT
 ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS. 1810.

YET, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our
 foes
 With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
 Our ancient freedom; else 'twere worse
 than vain
 To gather round the bier these festal
 shows.
 A garland fashioned of the pure white
 rose
 Becomes not one whose father is a
 slave;
 Oh! bear the infant covered to his
 grave!

A meteor wert thou crossing a dark
 night;
 Yet shall thy name conspicuous and
 sublime,
 Stand in the spacious firmament of
 time,
 Fixed as a star: such glory is thy
 right.
 Alas! it may not be: for earthly
 fame
 Is fortune's frail dependant; yet there
 lives
 A judge, who, as man claims by merit,
 gives;
 To whose all-pondering mind a noble
 aim,
 Faithfully-kept, is as a noble deed:
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth
 succeed.

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,
 Who never did to fortune bend the
 knee;
 Who slighted fear, rejected steadfastly
 Temptation; and whose kingly name
 and state
 Have "perished by his choice, and not
 his fate!"
 Hence lives he, to his inner self en-
 deared;
 And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
 He sits a more exalted potentate,
 Throned in the hearts of men. Should
 Heaven ordain
 That this great servant of a righteous
 cause
 Must still have sad or vexing thoughts
 to endure.
 Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,
 Admonished by these truths, and
 quench all pain
 In thankful joy and gratulation pure.

LOOK now on that adventurer who
 hath paid
 His vows to fortune; who, in cruel
 slight
 Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
 Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was
 made
 By the blind goddess;—ruthless, un-
 dismayed;
 And so hath gained at length a
 prosperous height
 Round which the elements of worldly
 might
 Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds,
 are laid!
 Oh, joyless power that stands by law-
 less force!
 Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn and
 hate,
 Internal darkness and unquiet breath;
 And, if old judgments keep their
 sacred course,
 Him from that height shall Heaven
 precipitate
 By violent and ignominious death.

Is there a power that can sustain and
 cheer
 The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's
 doom, [tomb,
 Forced to descend into his destined
 A dungeon dark! where he must waste
 the year,
 And lie cut off from all his heart holds
 dear;
 What time his injured country is a
 stage
 Whereon deliberate valour and the
 rage
 Of righteous vengeance side by side
 appear,

Patience and temperance with this
 high reserve,
 Honour that knows the path and will
 not swerve;
 Affections, which, if put to proof, are
 kind; [old
 And piety towards God. Such men of
 Were England's native growth; and,
 throughout Spain, [remain:
 (Thanks to high God) forests of such
 Then for that country let our hopes be
 bold;
 For matched with these shall policy
 prove vain, [her gold.
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and

 1810.

O'ERWEENING statesmen have full long
 relied [wealth;
 On fleets and armies, and external
 But from *within* proceeds a nation's
 health:
 Which shall not fail, though poor men
 cleave with pride
 To the paternal floor; or turn aside,
 In the thronged city, from the walks of
 gain,
 As being all unworthy to detain
 A soul by contemplation sanctified.
 There are who cannot languish in this
 strife, [good
 Spaniards of every rank, by whom the
 Of such high course was felt and
 understood;
 Who to their country's cause have
 bound a life,
 Erewhile by solemn consecration given
 To labour, and to prayer, to nature,
 and to heaven.*

* See Laborde's character of the Spanish
 people: from him the sentiment of these last
 two lines is taken.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH
 GUERRILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping
 blast
 From bleak hill-top, and length of
 march by night
 Through heavy swamp, or over snow-
 clad height,
 These hardships ill sustained, these
 dangers past,
 The roving Spanish bands are reached
 at last,
 Charged, and dispersed like foam; but
 as a flight
 Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
 So these,—and, heard of once again,
 are chased
 With combinations of long-practised
 art
 And newly-kindled hope; but they are
 fled,
 Gone are they, viewless as the buried
 dead;
 Where now?—Their sword is at the
 foeman's heart!
 And thus from year to year his walk
 they thwart.
 And hang like dreams around his
 guilty bed.

SPANISH GUERRILLAS. 1811.

THEY seek, are sought: to daily battle
 led,
 Shrink not, though far outnumbered
 by their foes:
 For they have learnt to open and to
 close
 The ridges of grim war; and at their
 head
 Are captains such as erst their country
 bred

These venerable mountains now in-
close
A people sunk in apathy and fear.
If this endure, farewell, for us, all
good!
The awful light of heavenly innocence
Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier;
And guilt and shame, from which is
no defence,
Descend on all that issues from our
blood.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the Church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME.

1810.

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier
power
Than that which in Dodona did en-
shrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice
divine,
Heard from the depths of its aerial
bower,
How canst thou flourish at this blight-
ing hour?
What hope, what joy can sunshine
bring to thee,
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic
sea,
The dews of morn, or April's tender
shower?
Stroke merciful and welcome would
that be

Which should extend thy branches on
the ground,
If never more within their shady round
Those lofty-minded lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED

SPANIARD. 1810.

We can endure that He should waste
our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and
flame [came;
Return us to the dust from which we
Such food a tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought that by
his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he
possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,
Where all the brave lie dead. But
when of bands,
Which he will break for us, he dares to
speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall
bless his sway,
Then, the strained heart of fortitude
proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale
cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we
lack strength to bear.

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!
I better like a blunt indifference
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
To win me at first sight: and be there
joined

These emblems suit the helpless and
forlorn,
But mighty winter the device shall
scorn.

For he it was—dread winter! who
beset,
Flinging round van and rear his
ghastly net,
That host,—when from the regions of
the pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren
goal,
That host, as huge and strong as e'er
defied
Their God, and placed their trust in
human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior
youth;
He called on frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in manhood's firmest
hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that
feebly runs;
For why, unless for liberty en-
rolled
And sacred home, ah! why should
hoary age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleet'er far the pinions of the
wind,
Which from Siberian caves the monarch
freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of
his kind.
And bade the snow their ample backs
bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire
assault;

Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and
blind,
Whole legions sink — and, in one
instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and
descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear
blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

YE storms, resound the praises of your
king!
And ye mild seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while father
Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of winter's triumph
sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and
fruits, and flowers,
Of winter's breath surcharged with
sleety showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft
green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips,
report your gain;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to the ærial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit winter—*He* hath slain,
That host, which rendered all your
bounties vain!

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardi-
hood;
The unfeeling elements no claim shall
raise
To rob our human nature of just praise

Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—
 like those
 Whom hardy Romewas fearful to oppose,
 Whose desperate shock the Cartha-
 ginian fled.
 In one who lived unknown a shep-
 herd's life
 Redoubted Viriatus breathes again;
 And Mina, nourished in the studious
 shade,
 With that great leader^a vies, who, sick
 of strife
 And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be
 laid
 In some green island of the western
 main.

1811.

THE power of armies is a visible thing,
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and
 space;
 But who the limits of that power shall
 trace
 Which a brave people into light can
 bring [bating,
 Or hide, at will,—for freedom com-
 By just revenge inflamed? No foot
 may chase,
 No eye can follow to a fatal place
 That power, that spirit, whether on the
 wing
 Like the strong wind, or sleeping like
 the wind
 Within its awful caves.—From year to
 year
 Springs this indigenious produce far
 "and near;
 No craft this subtle element can bind,
 Rising like water from the soil, to find
 In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

1811.

HERE pause: the poet claims at least
 this praise,
 That virtuous liberty hath been the
 scope
 Of his pure song which did not shrink
 from hope
 In the worst moment of these evil days;
 From hope, the paramount *duty* that
 Heaven lays,
 For its own honour, on man's suffering
 heart.
 Never may from our souls one truth
 depart,
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled
 eye;
 Nor, touched with due abhorrence of
their guilt
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and
 blood is spilt,
 And justice labours in extremity,
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is
 built,
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA. 1812-13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
 A fond reflection of her own decay,
 Hath painted winter like a traveller—
 old,
 Propped on a staff—and, through the
 sullen day,
 In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
 As though his weakness were disturbed
 by pain:
 Or, if a juster fancy should allow
 An undisputed symbol of command,
 The chosen sceptre is a withered
 bough,
 Infirmitly grasped within a palsied

Even to this hour; yet, some shall now
 forsake [spake,
 Their monstrous idol if the dead e'er
 To warn the living; if truth were ever
 told
 By aught redeemed out of the hollow
 grave: [pious, brave!
 O murdered prince! meek, loyal,
 The power of retribution once was given;
 But tis a rueful thought that willow-
 bands
 So often tie the thunder-wielding
 hands [heaven!
 Of justice, sent to earth from highest

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF
 WATERLOO.

*(The last six lines intended for an
 Inscription.)*

FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you
 Is life despised; ah, no, the spacious earth
 Ne'er saw a race who held, by right
 of birth.
 So many objects to which love is due.
 Ye slight not life—to God and nature
 true:
 But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
 When duty bids you bleed in open war:
 Hence hath your prowess quelled that
 impious crew.
 Heroes! for instant sacrifice prepared,
 Yet filled with ardour, and on triumph
 bent,
 Mid direst shocks of mortal accident.
 To you who fell, and you whom
 slaughter spared,
 To guard the fallen, and consummate
 the event,
 Your country rears this sacred monu-
 ment!

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN
 SOBIESKI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

OH! for a kindling touch of that pure
 flame
 Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
 Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
 In words like these: "Up voice of
 song! proclaim
 Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim:
 For lo! the imperial city stands released
 From bondage threatened by the em-
 battled East,
 And Christendom respires; from guilt
 and shame
 Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
 By one day's feat, one mighty victory.
 —Chant the deliverer's praise in every
 tongue!
 The cross shall spread, the crescent
 hath waxed dim,
 He conquering, as in joyful heaven is
 sung,
 HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND
 GOD BY HIM.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF
 WATERLOO.
 FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE bard, whose soul is meek as
 dawning day,
 Yet trained to judgments righteously
 severe;
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear.
 As recognising one Almighty sway:
 He whose experienced eye can pierce
 the array
 Of past events,—to whom, in vision
 clear,
 The aspiring heads of future things
 appear,

For what she did and suffered. Pledges
sure

Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if faith might tread the
beaten ways [High
Of Providence. But now did the Most
Exalt His still small voice;—to quell
that host

Gathered His Power, a manifest Ally;
He whose heaped waves confounded
the proud boast [and Frost,
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow,
Finish the strife by deadliest victory!

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF
HOCKHEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the strife;—the
field throughout
Resting upon his arms each warrior
stood, [blood,
Checked in the very act and deed of
With breath suspended, like a listening
scout. [shout,
O silence! thou wert mother of a
That through the texture of yon azure
dome [home
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest-
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
The barrier Rhine hath flashed,
through battle-smoke, [view,
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the
charge renew
Who have seen (themselves now casting
off the yoke) [pursue.*
The unconquerable stream his course

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces
bright,
Our aged sovereign sits; to the ebb
and flow
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy
or woe,
Insensible: he sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,
Whom no weak hopes deceived;
whose mind ensued,
Through perilous war, with regal forti-
tude,
Peace that should claim respect from
lawless might.
Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray
divine
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
Permit his heart to kindle, and to
embrace
(Though were it only for a moment's
space) [are THINE!
The triumphs of this hour; for they

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON
THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS
OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR reliques! from a pit of vilest
mould
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral
kings;
And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men
grown old,
In a blind worship; men perversely bold

* The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day: "When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: they

stood gazing on the river, with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop: they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."

Lay hushed ; till—through a portal in
 the sky [storm
 Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a
 Opening before the sun's triumphant
 eye,
 Issued, to sudden view, a glorious
 form!
 Earthward it glided with a swift de-
 scent :

Saint George himself this visitant must
 be ;

And ere a thought could ask on what
 intent

He sought the regions of humanity,
 A thrilling voice was heard, that
 vivified

City and field and flood,—aloud it
 cried,

“ Though from my celestial home,
 Like a champion armed I come ;
 On my helm the dragon crest,
 And the red cross on my breast ;
 I, the guardian of this land,
 Speak not now of toilsome duty—
 Well obeyed was that command,
 Whence bright days of festive beauty ;
 Haste, virgins, haste!—the flowers
 which summer gave

Have perished in the field ;
 But the green thickets plenteously
 shall yield

Fit garlands for the brave,
 That will be welcome, if by you en-
 twined !

Haste, virgins, haste:—and you, ye
 matrons grave,

Go forth with rival youthfulness of
 mind,

And gather what ye find

Of harkly laurel and wild holly boughs,
 To deck your stern defenders' modest
 brows !

Such simple gifts prepare,
 Though they have gained a worthier
 meed ;

And in due time shall share
 Those palms and amaranthine wreaths
 Unto their martyred countrymen de-
 creed,
 In realms where everlasting freshness
 breathes !”

And lo ! with crimson banners
 proudly streaming,
 And upright weapons innocently
 gleaming,
 Along the surface of a spacious plain
 Advance in order the redoubted bands,
 And there receive green chaplets from
 the hands

Of a fair female train,
 Maids and matrons—dight
 In robes of dazzling white,—
 While from the crowd bursts forth a
 rapturous noise
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted,—
 And a throng of rosy boys
 In loose fashion tell their joys,—
 And gray-haired sires, on staffs sup-
 ported,
 Look round—and by their smiling
 seem to say,
 Thus strives a grateful country to
 display [repay !
 The mighty debt which nothing can

Anon before my sight a palace rose,
 Built of all precious substances,—so
 pure

And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
 Ability like splendour to endure :
 Entered, with streaming thousands,
 through the gate,

I saw the banquet spread beneath a
 dome of state,

Like mountain-tops whose mists have
 rolled away :
 Assailed from all encumbrance of our
 time,*
 He only, if such breathe, in strains
 devout
 Shall comprehend this victory sublime ;
 Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
 The triumph hail, which from their
 peaceful clime [shout.
 Angels might welcome with a choral

EMPERORS and kings, how oft have
 temples rung
 With impious thanksgiving, the Al-
 mighty's scorn !
 How oft above their altars have been
 hung
 Trophies that led the good and wise
 to mourn
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle
 born,
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow
 clung !
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory,
 peace is sprung ;
 In this firm hour salvation lifts her
 horn.
 Glory to arms ! but conscious that the
 nerve
 Of popular reason, long mistrusted,
 freed
 Your thrones, ye powers, from duty fear
 to swerve ;
 Be just, be grateful ; nor, the op-
 pressor's creed
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to
 bleed.

* "From all this world's encumbrance did
 himself assolt."—Spenser.

ODE.

COMPOSED IN JANUARY, 1816.

"Carmina possumus
 Donare, et pretium dicere muneris.
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
 Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
 Post mortem ducibus
 ——— clarius indicant
 Laudes, quam ——— Pierides ; neque
 Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
 Mercedem tuleris."—HOR. Car. 8, Lib. 4.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had
 closed the latch
 On the tired household of corporeal
 sense,
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
 Was free her choicest favours to dis-
 pense ;
 Asaw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
 A landscape more august than happiest
 skill
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and
 shade ;
 An intermingled pomp of vale and
 hill,
 City, and naval stream, suburban
 grove,
 And stately forest where the wild deer
 rove ;
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky
 towns,
 And scattered rural farms of aspect
 bright,
 And, here and there, between the
 pastoral downs,
 The azure sea upswelled upon the
 sight !
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only
 shows !
 But not a living creature could be seen
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep
 repose,
 And, even to sadness, lonely and
 serene !

So shall the characters of that proud
page

Support their mighty theme from age
to age ;

And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have
given birth,

So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferr'd to every
clime ;

And the whole world, not envious but
admiring,

And to the like aspiring,
Own that the progeny of this fair isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in man's heroic
prime ;

Nor wanted, when their fortitude had
its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to beguile
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting
time ;

That not in vain they laboured to
secure,

For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
And fame as largely spread as land
and sea,

By works of spirit high and passion pure.

THANKSGIVING ODE.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOLLY unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, checked by these distresses, it might be deemed to protect me from a charge of insensibility, should I state my own belief that these sufferings will be transitory. Upon the

wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings ; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism or in disregard of sound philosophy, that I have given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of my countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which rendered it, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, a protection from the violence of their own troops, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power, to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was, or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are reaped within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of

A lofty dome, that dared to emulate
The heaven of sable night
With starry lustre; yet had power to
throw

Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below,
While the vault rang with choral har-
mony,

Like some nymph-haunted grot beneath
the roaring sea.

No sooner ceased that peal, than on
the verge

Of exultation hung a dirge,
Breathed from a soft and lonely in-
strument,

That kindled recollections
Of agonized affections;
And, though some tears the strain
attended,

The mournful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

But garlands wither,—festal shows
depart,

Like dreams themselves; and sweetest
sound,

Albeit of effect profound,
It was—and it is gone!
Victorious England! bid the silent art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not
fade,

Those high achievements, even as she
arrayed

With second life the deed of Marathon,
Upon Athenian walls:

So may she labour for thy civic halls;
And be the guardian spaces

Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by sculpture's patient
toil;

And let imperishable columns rise
Fixed in the depths of this courageous
soil;

Expressive signals of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life;
Records on which, for pleasure of all
eyes,

The morning sun may shine
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

And ye, Pierian sisters, sprung from
Jove

And sage Mnemosyne,—full long de-
barred

From your first mansions,—exiled all
too long

From many a hallowed stream and
grove,

Dear native regions where ye wont to
love,

Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song!

Now, (for, though truth descending
from above

The Olympian summit hath destroyed
for aye

Your kindred deities, ye live and move
Spared for obeisance from perpetual love

For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
Now, on the margin of some spotless
fountain,

Or top serene of unmolested moun-
tain,

Strike audibly the noblest of your
lyres,

And for a moment meet the soul's
desires!

That I, or some more favoured bard,
may hear

What ye, celestial maids! have often
sung

Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with
rapt ear,

And give the treasure to our British
tongue!

Divinest object, which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon yon snow-clad
heights has poured

Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble
vale,

Thou who dost warm earth's universal
mould,

And for thy bounty wert not un-
adored

By pious men of old;

Once more, heart-cheering sun, I bid
thee hail!

Bright be thy course to-day, let not
this promise fail!

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning
hour,

All nature seems to hear me while I
speak.

By feelings urged, that do not vainly
seek

Apt language, ready as the tuneful
notes

That stream in blithe succession from
the throats

Of birds in leafy bower.

Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.

There is a radiant though a short-lived
flame.

That burns for poets in the dawning
east;

And oft my soul hath kindled at the
same,

When the captivity of sleep had
ceased;

But he who fixed immovably the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws

as strong,

A solid refuge for distress,

The towers of righteousness;

He knows that from a holier altar
came

The quickening spark of this day's
sacrifice;

Knows that the source is nobler
whence doth rise

The current of this matin song;

That deeper far it lies

Than aught dependent on the fickle
skies.

Have we not conquered?—By the
vengeful sword?

Ah, no, by dint of magnanimity;

That curbed the baser passions, and
left free

A loyal band to follow their liege
lord,

Clear-sighted honour—and his staid
compeers,

Along a track of most unnatural years,
In execution of heroic deeds;

Whose memory, spotless as the crystal
beads

Of morning dew upon the untrodden
meads,

Shall live enrolled above the starry
spheres

He, who in concert with an earthly
string,

Of Britain's acts would sing,

He with enraptured voice will tell
Of one whose spirit no reverse could

quell;

Of one that 'mid the failing never
failed:

Who paints how Britain struggled and
prevailed

Shall represent her labouring with an
eye

Of circumspect humanity;
Shall show her clothed with strength

and skill,
All martial duties to fulfil;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight:

conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and refine them by culture.

But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. Trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, let me hope that the martial qualities which I venerate will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired;—by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving; by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country;—and by especial care to provide and support institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

I have only to add, that I should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of my country, if I did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within my province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

This Ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through this Volume.
JVO.

ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED
FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

HAIL, orient conqueror of gloomy night!
Thou that canst shed the bliss of
gratitude

On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;
Whether thy punctual visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs
dwell; [bright

Or thou, impartial sun, with presence
Cheer'st the low threshold of the
peasant's cell!

Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist
or haze,

Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to
gaze.

Well does thine aspect usher in this day;
As aptly suits therewith that modest
pace

Submitted to the chains
That bind thee to the path which God
ordains

That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou
pass away!

Nor less, the stillness of these frosty
plains,

Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yon ethereal summits white with
snow,

(Whose tranquil pomp, and spotless
purity,

Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below)
Do with the service of this day accord.

No more—the guilt is banish'd,
 And, with the guilt, the shame is
 fled;
 And, with the guilt and shame, the woe
 hath vanish'd,
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her
 head!

No more—these lingerings of distress
 Sully the limped stream of thankfulness.
 What robe can gratitude employ
 So seemly as the radiant vest of joy?
 What steps so suitable as those that
 move

In prompt obedience to spontaneous
 measures
 Of glory—and felicity—and love,
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred
 pleasures?

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,
 If one there be
 Of all thy progeny

Who can forget thy prowess, never
 more

Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
 Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents
 roar.

As springs the lion from his den,
 As from a forest-brake
 Upstarts a glistening snake,

The bold Arch-despot ré-appeared ;—
 again

Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be
 cast,

With all her armèd Powers,

On that offensive soil, like waves upon
 a thousand shores.

The trumpet blew a universal blast!
 But Thou art foremost in the field :—
 there stand :

Receive the triumph destined to thy
 hand!

All States have glorified themselves ;—
 their claims
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance
 even ;
 And now, in preference to the mightiest
 names,
 To Thee the exterminating sword is
 given.

Dread mark of approbation, justly
 gained!

Exalted office, worthily sustained!

Preserve, O Lord! within our
 hearts

The memory of thy favour,
 That else insensibly departs,
 And loses its sweet savour!

Lodge it within us!—as the power of
 light

Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
 Fixed on the front of eastern dia-
 dems,

So shine our thankfulness for ever
 bright!

What offering, what transcendent
 monument

Shall our sincerity to thee present?

Not work of hands; but trophies that
 may reach

To highest heaven—the labour of the
 soul;

That builds, as thy unerring precepts
 teach,

Upon the internal conquests made by
 each,

Her hope of lasting glory for the
 whole.

Yet will not heaven disown nor earth
 gainsay

The outward service of this day;
 Whether the worshippers entreat
 Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat;

In motion rapid as the lightning's
gleam;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at
mid night
To rouse the wicked from their giddy
dream—
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot
yield.

And thus is *missed* the sole true
glory
That can belong to human story!
At which they only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness
dive.
The very humblest are too proud of heart:
And one brief day is rightly set apart
For Him who lifteth up and layeth
low;
For that Almighty God to whom we
owe,
Say not that we have vanquished—but
that we survive.

How dreadful the dominion of the
impure!
Why should the song be tardy to pro-
claim
That less than power unbounded could
not tame
That soul of evil—which, from hell let
loose,
Had filled the astonished world with
such abuse;
As boundless patience only could
endure?
Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in
flame—
Who sees, may lift a streaming
eye
To heaven,—who never saw may heave
a sigh;

But the foundation of our nature
shakes,
And with an infinite pain the spirit
aches,
When desolated countries, towns on
fire,
Are but the avowed attire
Of warfare waged with desperate
mind
Against the life of virtue in mankind;
Assaulting without ruth
The citadels of truth;
While the fair gardens of civility
By ignorance defaced,
By violence laid waste,
Perish without reprieve for flower or
tree!

A crouching purpose—a distracted
will— [scorn,
Opposed to hopes that battened upon
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
Not all the light of earthly power could
fill;
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient
skill,
And to celerities of lawless force
Which, spurning God, had flung away
remorse—
What could they gain but shadows of
redress?
So bad proceeded propagating worse;
And discipline was passion's dire
excess.
Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,*
And deadlier poisons in the chalice
blend— [wise?
When will your trials teach you to be
O prostrate lands, consult your
agonies!

* "A discipline the rule whereof is passion."
—Lord Brook.

Or thanks and praises to His throne
ascend
That He has brought our warfare to an
end,
And that we need no second vic-
tory !
Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to
see ;
And to the heavenly saints in peace
who dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible ;
But to thy sovereign penetration,
fair,
Before whom all things are, that
were,
All judgments that have been, or e'er
shall be ;
Links in the chain of thy tranquillity !
Along the bosom of this favoured
nation,
Breathe thou, this day, a vital undula-
tion !
Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of thy moving spirit !
Oh, 'tis a goodly ordinance, — the
sight,
'Though sprung from bleeding war, is
one of pure delight ;
Bless thou the hour, or ere the hour
arrive,
When a whole people shall kneel down
in prayer,
And, at one moment, in one rapture,
strive
With lip and heart to tell their grati-
tude
For thy protecting care,
Their solemn joy—praising the Eter-
nal Lord
For tyranny subdued.
And for the sway of equity renewed,
For liberty confirmed, and peace re-
stored !

But hark—the summons!—down
the placid lake
Floats the soft cadence of the church-
tower bells ;
Bright shines the sun, as if his beams
would wake
The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;
Bright shines the sun—and not a
breeze to shake
The drops that tip the melting icicles.
O enter now His temple gate !
Inviting words—perchance already
flung,
(As the crowd press devoutly down the
aisle
Of some old minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the in-
spiring blast,
And has begun—its clouds of sound to
cast
Forth towards empyreal heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.
Us, humbler ceremonies now await ;
But in the bosom, with devout respect,
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall
elevate :
For to a few collected in his name,
Their heavenly Father will incline an
ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its
aim ;—
Awake ! the majesty of God revere !
Go—and with foreheads meekly
bowed
Present your prayers—go—and rejoice
aloud—
The Holy One will hear !
And what 'mid silence deep, with faith
sincere,
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate

Dependence infinite, proportion just ;
 A Pile that Grace approves, and Time
 can trust
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

III.

But if the valiant of this land
 In reverential modesty demand,
 That all observance, due to them, be
 paid
 Where their serene progenitors are laid ;
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-
 like sages,
 England's illustrious sons of long, long
 ages ;
 Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
 Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals ;
 Commemoration holy that unites
 The living generations with the dead ;
 By the deep soul-moving sense
 Of religious eloquence,—
 By visual pomp, and by the tie
 Of sweet and threatening harmony ;
 Soft notes, awful as the omen
 Of destructive tempests coming,
 And escaping from that sadness
 Into elevated gladness :
 While the white-robed choir attendant,
 Under mouldering banners pendant,
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
 Songs of victory and praise,
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or
 bled [graves
 With medicable wounds, or found their
 Upon the battle field, or under ocean's
 waves ;
 Or were conducted home in single
 state,
 And long procession—there to lie,
 Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
 Unheard by them, their deeds shall
 celebrate !

IV.

Nor will the God of peace and love
 Such martial service disapprove.
 He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
 Of locusts travels on his breath :
 The region that in hope was ploughed
 His drought consumes, his mildew
 taints with death ;
 He springs the hushed Volcano's
 mine,
 He puts the Earthquake on her still
 design,
 Darkens the sun, hath made the forest
 sink,
 And, drinking towns and cities, still
 can drink
 Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work
 is Thine !— [courts—
 The fierce Tornado sleeps within Thy
 He hears the word—he flies—
 And navies perish in their ports ;
 For Thou art angry with Thine enemies !
 For these, and mourning for our
 errors,
 And sins, that point their terrors,
 We bow our heads before Thee, and
 we laud
 And magnify Thy name, Almighty God !
 But Man is Thy most awful instru-
 ment,
 In working out a pure intent ;
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in their
 dazzling mail,
 And for Thy righteous purpose they
 prevail ;
 Thine arm from peril guards the
 coasts
 Of them who in Thy laws delight :
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubt-
 ful fight,
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of
 Hosts !

O D E.

1815.

I.

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
But aye ascending, restless in her pride
From all that martial feats could yield
To her desires, or to her hopes present—
Stooped to the Victory on that Belgic
field

Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
And with the embrace was satisfied.

—Fly, ministers of Fame,

With every help that ye from earth and
heaven may claim!

Bear through the world these tidings of
delight!

—Hours, Days, and Months, *have* borne
them in the sight

Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden
shower

That landward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendours to devour;

But this swift travel scorns the company
Of irksome change, or threats from sad-
dening power.

—*The shock is given—the Adversaries
bleed—*

Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!

Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—

It pierced the caverns of the sluggish
North—

It found no barrier on the ridge

Of Andes—frozen gulfs became its
bridge—

The vast Pacific gladdens with the
freight—

Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—

The Arabian desert shapes a willing road
Across her burning breast,

For this refreshing incense from the
West!—

—Where snakes and lions breed,

Where towns and cities thick as stars
appear, [where'er

Wherever fruits are gathered, and
The upturned soil receives the hopeful
seed—

While the Sun rules, and cross the
shades of night—

The unwearied arrow hath pursued its
flight! [heed,

The eyes of good men thankfully give
And in its sparkling progress read

Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless
meed:

Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that
mighty feats are done;

Even the proud Realm, from whose
distracted borders

This messenger of good was launched
in air,

France, humbled France, amid her wild
disorders,

Feels, and hereafter shall the truth
declare,

That she too lacks not reason to
rejoice,

And utter England's name with sadly-
plausive voice.

II.

O genuine glory, pure renown!

And well might it beseem that mighty
Town

Into whose bosom earth's best treasures
flow,

To whom all persecuted men retreat;

If a new Temple lift her votive brow

High on the shore of silver Thames—
to greet

The peaceful guest advancing from afar.

Bright be the Fabric, as a star

Fresh risen, and beautiful within!—
there meet

BRUGÈS.

THE spirit of antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet
song,

In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined—
Mounts to the seat of grace within the
mind:

Hence forms that glide with swan-like
ease along; [throng,

Hence motions, even amid the vulgar
To an harmonious decency confined;
As if the streets were consecrated ground,
The city one vast temple—dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
To social cares from jarring passions
freed; [found!
A deeper peace than that in deserts

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle fancy
choose?

Is this the stream, whose cities,
heights, and plains,

War's favourite playground, are with
crimson stains

Familiar, as the morn with pearly
dews?

The morn, that now, along the silver
Meuse,

Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls
the swains

To tend their silent boats and ringing
wains,

Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit
bestrews

The ripening corn beneath it. As mine
eyes

Turn from the fortified and threatening
hill,

How sweet the prospect of yon watery
glade,

With its gray rocks clustering in pen-
sive shade, [rise

That, shaped like old monastic turrets,
From the smooth meadow-ground,
serene and still!

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the seat of
Charlemaine?

To sweep from many an old romantic
strain

That faith which no devotion may renew!
Why does this puny church present to
view

Her feeble columns? and that scanty
chair!

This sword that one of our weak times
might wear; [true!

Objects of false pretence, or meanly
If from a traveller's fortune I might
claim

A palpable memorial of that day,

On would I seek the Pyrenean
breach [handed sway,

That Roland clove with huge two-
And to the enormous labour left his
name,

Where unremitting frosts the rocky
crescent bleach.*

* Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose that in the very middle of the wall a breach of three hundred feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the "*Breche de Roland*."—Raymond's Pyrenees.

v.

Forbear :—to Thee—

Father and Judge of all, with fervent
tongue,

But in a gentler strain

Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong

(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain

Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—

To THEE—TO THEE,

Just God of christianised Humanity,

Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks
ascend, [an end,

That Thou hast brought our warfare to
And that we need no second victory!

Blest, above measure blest,

If on Thy love our Land her hopes
shall rest,

And all the Nations labour to fulfil

Thy law, and live henceforth in peace,
in pure good will.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

1820.

DEDICATION.

DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the
Muse

To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no—though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.

For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul
piecée!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, *November, 1821.*

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is
seen;

But if the Nereid Sisters and their
Queen,

Above whose heads the tide so long
hath rolled,

The Dames resemble whom we here
behold,

How fearful were it down through
opening waves [caves,

To sink, and meet them in their fretted
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,

And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear
it not: [excel;

For they Earth's fairest daughters do

Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparr
grot,

The undisturbed abodes where Sea
nymphs dwell!

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF
WATERLOO.

A WINGED Goddess—clothed in vesture
wrought [was bold,

Of rainbow colours; One whose port
Whose overburthened hand could
scarcely hold

The glittering crowns and garlands
which it brought— [Spot.

Hovered in air above the far-famed

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

Not, like his great compeers, indig-
nantly *
Doth Danube spring to life! The
wandering stream
(Who loves the cross, yet to the
crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant
glee
Slips from his prison walls: and fancy,
free
To follow in his track of silver
light,
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a
moment's flight
Hath reached the encincture of that
gloomy sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade
to meet
In conflict: whose rough winds forgot
their jars—
To waft the heroic progeny of
Greece,
When the first ship sailed for the
golden fleece.
Argo, exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct
with stars.

* Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The spring appears in a capacious stone basin in front of a ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it.—and entering the garden. It joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The *topographer* of the spring at *Drieschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the source of the Danube.

MEMORIAL NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE
LAKE OF THUN.

DEM
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDES
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCXVIII.

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was captain-general of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway treading,
We reached a votive stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the friend who placed it there
For silence and protection,
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The sun regards it from the west,
And, while in summer glory;
He sets, his sinking yields a type
Of that pathetic story.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger:
Till all is dim, save this bright stone
Touched by his golden finger.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC
CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

DOOMED as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane.
Where simple sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

"WHAT know we of the blest above
 But that they sing and that they love?"
 Yet, if they ever did inspire
 A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
 Now, where those harvest damsels float
 Homeward in their rugged boat,
 (While all the ruffling winds are fled,
 Each slumbering on some mountain's
 head),
 Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
 Been felt, that influence is displayed.
 Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
 The rustic maidens, every hand
 Upon a sister's shoulder laid,—
 To chant, as glides the boat along,
 A simple, but a touching, song;
 To chant, as angels do above,
 'The melodies of peace in love!

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times nature
 takes
 The work of fancy from her willing
 hands;
 And such a beautiful creation makes
 As renders needless spells and magic
 wands,
 And for the boldest tale belief com-
 mands.
 When first mine eyes beheld that
 famous hill
 The sacred Engelberg,* celestial
 bands,
 With intermingling motions soft and
 still,

* The convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Hung round its top, on wings that
 changed their hues at will.
 Clouds do not name those visitants;
 they were
 The very angels whose authentic lays,
 Sung from that heavenly ground in
 middle air,
 Made known the spot where piety
 should raise
 A holy structure to the Almighty's
 praise.
 Resplendent apparition! if in vain
 My ears did listen. 'twas enough to
 gaze;
 And watch the slow departure of the
 train,
 Whose skirts the glowing mountain
 thirsted to detain!

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin mother, more benign
 Than fairest star upon the height
 Of thy own mountain † set to keep
 Lone vigils through the hours of sleep.
 What eye can look upon thy shrine
 Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they hang
 In sign of misery relieved,
 Even these, without intent of theirs,
 Report of comfortless despairs,
 Of many a deep and cureless pang
 And confidence deceived.

To thee, in this aerial cleft,
 As to a common centre, tend
 All sufferers that no more rely
 On mortal succour, all who sigh
 And pine, of human hope bereft,
 Nor wish for earthly friend.

† Mount Righi.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze;
Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss:
And to the chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity,—to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH,
LAUTERBRUNNEN.*

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—
designed [concert reach
For what strange service, does this
Our ears, and near the dwellings of man-
kind!
Mid fields familiarized to human speech?

* "The Staub-bach" is a narrow stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the waterfall; and reminded me of religious services chanted to streams and fountains in pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the spring, and set up,—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."—See notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."

No mermaids warble (to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a danger-
ous beach)
More thrilling melodies! witch answer-
ing witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more
musical!
Alas! that from the lips of abject want
Or idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow—free fancy to
enthrall,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born
waterfall.

THE FALL OF THE AAR.—HANDEG.

FROM the fierce aspect of this river
throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's
brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we
shrink:
But gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent
growing;
Flowers that peep forth from many a
cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger
drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress
blowing:
They suck, from breath that threaten-
ing to destroy
Is more benignant than the dewy eve,
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but He to whom yon pine-
trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship,
nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique fancy trimmed—though
lowly, bred
To dignity—in thee, O Schwytz! are seen
The genuine features of the golden
mean;
Equality by prudence govern'd,
Or jealous nature ruling in her stead;
And, therefore, art thou blest with
peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and
meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee
spread.
Majestic Berne, high on her guardian
steep,

Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble body's
head;

Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous en-
trenchments deep,

Its heart; and ever may the heroic land
Thy name, O Schwytz, in happy free-
dom keep!*

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES"
ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST.
GOTHARD.

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect.
Which, heard in foreign lands, the
Swiss affect

With tenderest passion, leaving him
to pine

(So fame reports) and die; his sweet-
breath'd kine

* Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

Remembering, and green Alpine
pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not
reject

The tale as fabulous.—Here while I
recline

Mindful how others by this simple
strain.

Are moved, for me—upon this moun-
tain named

Of God himself from dread pre-
eminence—

Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
Yield to the music's touching influence.
And joys of distant home my heart
enchain.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN
FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

This church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the patron saint were untouched. The mount, upon the summit of which the church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano: and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods, and dazzling waters, seduction and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe of so inconsiderable an elevation commands.

THOU sacred pile! whose turrets rise
From yon steep mountain's loftiest
stage,

Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage!

And hence, O Virgin mother mild!
Though plenteous flowers around thee
blow

Not only from the dreary strife
Of winter, but the storms of life,
Thee have thy votaries aptly styled
Our Lady of the Snow.

Even for the man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,
A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To summer-gladsomeness unkind;
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer light;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on!—a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

EFFUSION, IN PRESENCE OF THE
PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

This tower stands upon the spot where grew
the linden-tree against which his son is said to
have been placed, when the father's archery
was put to proof under circumstances so famous
in Swiss story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil
wrought not here,
Nor such fineskill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy
show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.

Thrice happy, burghers, peasants,
warriors old,
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Home-ward, or school-ward, ape what
ye behold;
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy
bold!

And when that calm spectatress from
on high
Looks down—the bright and solitary
moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze
of noon
Roused into fury, murmur a soft
tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness
recalls;
Then might the passing monk receive
a boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured
walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the
mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their
trials come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet boy their
mortal doom,
Whose head the ruddy apple tops,
while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden
tree,
He quakes not like the timid forest
game;
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to
free,
Assured that Heaven its justice will
proclaim,
And to his father give its own un-
erring aim.

To rest where the lizard may bask in
the palm

Of his half-open hand pure from
blemish or speck;
And the green, gilded snake, without
troubling the calm
Of the beautiful countenance, twine
round his neck.

Where haply (kind service to piety due!)
When winter the grove of its mantle
bereaves,
Some bird (like our own honoured
redbreast) may strew
The desolate slumberer with moss
and with leaves.

Fuentes once harboured the good and
the brave,
Nor to her was the dance of soft
pleasure unknown;
Her banners for festal enjoyment did
wave
While the thrill of her fifes through
the mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the path-
less ascent— [sway,
O silence of nature, how deep is thy
When the whirlwind of human de-
struction is spent,
Our tumults appeased, and our
strifes passed away!

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE
SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy
guide!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of images in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white steed.
Or bird that soared with Ganyমেদে:
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were
weight,
For him who bore the world!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A vendor of the well-wrought scale
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime;
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,
Though robbed of many a cherished
dream,
And crossed by many a shattered
scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud isle of liberty!
Yet will the wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can
chase,
Recall a sister's last embrace,
His mother's neck entwine!
Nor shall forget the maiden coy
That *would* have loved the bright
haired boy!

My song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenious face,
For this adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot;

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
 To rest the universal lord :
 Why leap the fountains from their
 cells
 Where everlasting bounty dwells ?
 That, while the creature is sustained,
 His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,
 Let all remind the soul of heaven ;
 Our slack devotion needs them all
 And faith, so oft of sense the thrall,
 While she, by aid of nature, climbs,
 May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic love,
 And all the pomps of this frail
 "spot
 Which men call earth," have yearned
 to seek,

Associate with the simply meek,
 Religion in the sainted grove,
 And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
 Of fainting hopes and backward
 wills,

Did mighty Tell repair of old—
 A hero cast in nature's mould,
 Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
 And of the ancient hills!

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
 Who, to recall his daunted peers,
 For victory shaped an open space,
 By gathering with a wide embrace,
 Into his single breast, a sheaf
 Of fatal Austrian spears.*

* Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sem-
 pach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this man-
 ner. The event is one of the most famous in
 the annals of Swiss heroism ; and pictures and
 prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

FORT FUENTES.

"The ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights ; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The ruin is interesting, both in mass and detail. An inscription upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third ; and the chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the chapel walls : a smooth green turf has taken the place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image ; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines, intermingled with bushes ; near the ruins were some, ill-tended, but growing willingly ; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined chapel, a statue of a child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. 'How little,' we exclaimed, 'are these things valued here ! Could we but transport this pretty image to our own garden !' Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years."—*Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour ! when upheaved by war's
 sulphurous blast,

This sweet-visaged cherub of Parian
 stone

So far from the holy enclosure, was
 cast,

To couch in this thicket of brambles
 alone ;

Due recompence, and safe return
 To Como's steeps—his happy bourne!
 Where he, aloft in garden glade,
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed maid,
 The towering maize, and prop the twig
 That ill supports the luscious fig;
 Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
 With purple of the trellis-roof,
 That through the jealous leaves escapes
 From Cadenabbia's pendant grapes.
 Oh, might he tempt that goatherd-child
 To share his wanderings! him whose
 look

Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
 So touchingly he smiled,
 As with a rapture caught from heaven,
 For unasked alms in pity given.

PART II.

WITH nodding plumes, and lightly drest,
 Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
 The Helvetian mountaineers, on ground
 For Tell's dread arehery renowned,
 Before the target stood—to elaim
 The guerdon of the stèadiest aim.
 Loud was the rifle-gun's report,
 A startling thunder quick and short!
 But, flying through the heights around,
 Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
 Of hearts and hands alike "prepared
 The treasures they enjoy to guard!"
 And, if there be a favoured hour
 When heroes are allowed to quit
 The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
 With tutelary power,
 On their descendants shedding grace,
 This was the hour, and that the place.
 But truth inspired the bards of old
 When of an iron age they told,
 Which to unequal laws gave birth,
 And drove Astræa from the earth.
 A gentle boy (perchance with blood
 As noble as the best endued,

But seemingly a thing despised,
 Even by the sun and air unprired;
 For not a tinge or flowery streak
 Appeared upon his tender cheek)
 Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,
 Apart, beside his silent goats,
 Sate watching in a forest shed,
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head,
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,
 And, as the saint he prays to, still.
 Ah, what avails heroic deed?
 What liberty? if no defence
 Be won for feeble innocence—
 Father of all! though wilful manhood read
 His punishment in soul-distress,
 Grant to the morn of life its natural
 blessedness!

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA, MILAN.

THOUGH searching damps and many
 an envious flaw
 Have marred this work,* the calm
 ethereal grace, [face,
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's
 The merey, goodness, have not failed
 to awe [thaw
 The elements; as they do melt and
 The heart of the beholder—and erase
 (Atleast for one rapt moment) every trace
 Of disobedience to the primal law.
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth
 Made to the Twelve, survives: lip,
 forehead, cheek,

* This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or printed over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs.—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Merghen, are both admirable: but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ;
 Her courage animates the flood ;
 Her steps the elastic green-sward meets
 Returning unreluctant sweets ;
 The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
 Aloud, saluted by her voice !
 Blithe paragon of Alpine grace,
 Be as thou art—for through thy veins
 The blood of heroes runs its race !
 And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
 That, for the virtuous, life prepares ;
 The fetters which the matron wears ;
 The patriot mother's weight of anxious
 cares !

"Sweet Highland girl ! a very shower*
 Of beauty was thy earthly dower,'
 When thou didst flit before mine eyes,
 Gay vision under sullen skies,
 While hope and love around thee played,
 Near the rough Falls of Inversnaid !
 Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
 Nor take one ray of light from thee ;
 For in my fancy thou dost share
 The gift of immortality ;
 And there shall bloom, with thee allied,
 The votaress by Lugano's side ;
 And that intrepid nymph, on Uri's
 steep, descried !

THE COLUMN, INTENDED BY BONA-
 PARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE
 IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-
 SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION, following down this far-
 famed slope
 Her pioneer, the snow-dissolving sun,
 While clarions prate of kingdoms to be
 won.
 Perchance in future ages here may stop ;

* See Address to a Highland Girl, p 234

Taught to mistrust her flattering horo-
 scope
 By admonition from this prostrate
 stone ; [thrown,
 Memento uninscribed of pride o'er
 Vanity's hieroglyphic ; a choice trope
 In fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of
 the rock, [power divine !
 Rest where thy course was stayed by
 The soul transported sees, from hint
 of thine, [provoke,
 Crimes which the great Avenger's hand
 Hears combats whistling o'er the en-
 sanguined heath ;
 What groans ! what shrieks ! what
 quietness in death !

STANZAS COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON
 PASS.

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy
 shadiest wood
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-
 covered floor,
 To listen to Anio's precipitous flood,
 When the stillness of evening hath
 deepened its roar ;
 To range through the temples of
 Pæstum, to muse
 In Pompeii, preserved by her burial
 in earth : [in their hues ;
 On pictures to gaze, where they drank
 And murmur sweet songs on the
 ground of their birth !

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur
 of Rome, [yield to regret ?
 Could I leave them unseen, and not
 With a hope (and no more) for a
 season to come,
 Which ne'er may discharge the
 magnificent debt ?

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
Each 'narrowing above each;—the
wings—

The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height,*
All steeped in this portentous light!
All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after man had fallen, (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun:
The cypress waves her sombre plume
More cheerily; and town and tower,
The vineyard and the olive-bower,
Their lustre re-assume!

O ye, who guard and grace my home,
While in far-distant lands we roam,
What countenance hath this day put on
for you? [eyes,
While we looked round with favoured
Did sullen mists hide lake and skies,
And mountains from your view?

Or was it given you to behold
Like vision, pensive though not cold,
From the smooth breast of gay Winandei?
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil [mere?
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
Helvellyn's brow severe?

I ask in vain—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my dwelling to this hour:
Sad blindness, but ordained to prove,
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling power.

* Above the highest circle of figures is a zone
of metallic stars.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

How blest the maid whose heart—yet free
From love's uneasy sovereignty,
Beats with a fancy running high
Her simple cares to magnify:
Whom labour, never urged to toil,
Hath cherished on a healthful soil,
Whom knows not pomp, whose heeds not pelf;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty self
Reflected in some crystal brook;
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds
no tear

But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

Such, (but, O lavish nature! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own?)
Such, haply, yon Italian maid,
Our lady's laggard votaress,
Halting beneath the chestnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
A sister serves with slacker hand;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins
the festal band.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The Helvetian girl—who daily braves,
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep?
Say whence that modulated shout?
From wood-nymph of Diana's throng?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy bacchanals belong?
Jubilant outcry!—rock and glade
Resounded—but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetian maid.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
 Thick boughs of palm, and willows
 from the brook,
 Marched round the altar—to commemorate
 How, when their course they through
 the desert took,
 Guided by signs which ne'er the sky
 forsook,
 They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;
 Green boughs were borne, while for
 the blast that shook
 Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
 Shouts rise, and storms of sound from
 lifted trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove
 Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing
 wells,
 The priests and damsels of Ammonian
 Jove
 Provoked responses with shrill canticles;
 While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
 They round his altar bore the horned
 god,
 Old Cham, the solar deity, who dwells
 Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
 When universal sea the mountains
 overflowed.

Why speak of Roman pomps? the
 haughty claims
 Of chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
 The feast of Neptune—and the cereal
 game,
 With images, and crowns, and empty cars;
 The dancing Salii—on the shields of
 Mars
 Smiting with fury; and a deeper dread
 Scattered on all sides by the hideous
 jars
 Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
 of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted!

At length a spirit more subdued and
 soft
 Appeared to govern Christian pagan-
 tries:
 The cross, in calm procession, borne
 aloft
 Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
 Even such, this day, came wafted on
 the breeze
 From a long train—in hooded vest-
 ments fair
 Enwrought — and winding, between
 Alpine trees
 Spiry and dark, around their house of
 prayer
 Below the icy bed of bright Argen-
 tière.

Still, in the vivid freshness of a dream,
 The pageant haunts me as it met
 our eyes!
 Still, with those white-robed shapes—
 a living stream,
 The glacier pillars join in solemn
 guise.*
 For the same service by mysterious
 ties;
 Numbers exceeding credible account
 Of number, pure and silent votaries
 Issuing or issued from a wintry fount;
 The impenetrable heart of that exalted
 mount!

* This procession is a part of the sacra-
 mental service performed once a month in
 the valley of Engelberg we had the good
 fortune, to be present at the *grand festival* of
 the virgin—but the procession on that day,
 though consisting of upwards of 1000 persons,
 assembled from all the branches of the
 sequestered valley, was much less striking
 (notwithstanding the sublimity of the sur-
 rounding scenery): it wanted both the
 simplicity of the other, and the accompaniment
 of the glacier columns, whose sisterly resem-
 blance to the *moving* figures gave it a most
 beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Thou fortunate region! whose greatness
 inurned,
 Awoke to new life from its ashes and
 dust;
 Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I
 turned
 From your infinite marvels, the sad-
 ness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed chamois
 retires
 From dew-sprinkled grass to heights
 guarded with snow,
 Toward the mists that hang over the
 land of my sires,
 From the climate of myrtles con-
 tented I go.
 My thoughts become bright like yon
 edging of pines,
 On the steep's lofty verge: how it
 blacken'd the air!
 But, touch'd from behind by the sun,
 it now shines
 With threads that seem part of his own
 silver hair.

Though the toil of the way with dear
 friends we divide,
 Though by the same zephyr our temples
 be fanned
 As we rest in the cool orange-bower
 side by side,
 A yearning survives which few hearts
 shall withstand:
 Each step hath its value while home-
 ward we move;—
 O joy, when the girdle of England
 appears!
 What moment in life is so conscious of
 love,
 Of love in the heart made more happy
 by tears?

ECHO UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken
 from the cover?
 Stern Gemmi listens to as full a cry,
 As multitudinous a harmony,
 Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos
 over,
 When, from the soft couch of her
 sleeping lover,
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the
 mountain-dew
 In keen pursuit—and gawc, where'er
 she flew,
 Impetuous motion to the stars above her.
 A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on
 Through the bleak concave, wakes
 this wondrous chime
 Of airy voices locked in unison,—
 Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn
 and sublime!
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunt-
 ing thoughts, proceed!

PROCESSIONS. SUGGESTED ON A SAB-
 BATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF
 CHAMOUNY.

To appease the gods; or public
 thanks to yield;
 Or to solicit knowledge of events,
 Which in her breast futurity concealed;
 And that the past might have its true
 intents
 Feelingly told by living monuments;
 Mankind of yore were prompted to
 devise
 Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
 Graven on her cankered walls,—
 solemnities
 That moved in long array before
 admiring eyes.

DESULTORY STANZAS, UPON RECEIVING
THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE
PRESS.

Is then the final page before me spread,
Nor further outlet left to mind or
heart?

Presumptuous book! too forward to
be read—

How can I give thee license to depart?
One tribute more;—unbidden feelings
start

Forth from their coverts—slighted
objects rise—

My spirit is the scene of such wild
art

As on Parnassus rules, when lightning
flies,

Visibly leading on the thunder's har-
monies.

All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my
ear,

All that I felt this moment doth
renew;

And where the foot with no unmanly
fear

Recoiled—and wings alone could
travel—there

I move at ease, and meet contending
themes

That press upon me, crossing the career
Of recollections vivid as the dreams

Of midnight,—cities—plains—forests
—and mighty streams.

Where mortal never breathed I dare
to sit

Among the interior Alps, gigantic
crew,

Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!
—and yet

What are they but a wreck and residue,

Whose only business is to perish?—true
To which sad course, these wrinkled
sons of time

Labour their proper greatness to
subdue;

Speaking of death alone, beneath a
clime

Where life and rapture flow in pleni-
tude sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep valley, furious
Rhône!

Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone
Of secondary birth—the Jungfrau's cone;
And, from that arch, down-looking on
the vale

The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,
Blithe autumn's purple crown, and win-
ter's icy mail!

Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern
forks,*

Down the main avenue my sight can
range:

And all its branchy vales, and all that
lurks

Within them, church, and town, and
hut, and grange,

For my enjoyment meet in vision
strange;

Snows—torrents;—to the region's
utmost bound,

Life, death, in amicable interchange—
But list! the avalanche—the hush pro-
found

That follows, yet more awful than that
awful sound!

* Les Fourches, the point at which the two
chains of mountains part, that inclose the
Valais, which terminates at St. Maurice.

They too, who send so far a holy gleam
While they the church engird with
motion slow,

A product of that awful mountain seem,
Poured from his vaults of everlasting
snow;

Not virgin-lilies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy
tide,

A livelier sisterly resemblance show
Than the fair forms that in long order
glide, [aloft desried !

Bear to the glacier band—those shapes

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among eternal things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind ;
And marvel not that antique faith
inclined

To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned :
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou
miss,

Avoid these sights; nor 'brood o'er
fable's dark abyss!

SKY-PROSPECT. FROM THE PLAIN OF
FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy
nape

Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's
shape;

There—combats a huge crocodile—
agape

A golden spear to swallow! and that
brown

And massy grove, so near yon blazing
town,
wo.

Stirs—and recedes—destruction to
escape!

Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades
Where spirits dwell in undisturbed
repose,

Silently disappears, or quickly fades ;—
Meek nature's evening comment on
the shows

That for oblivion take their daily birth,
From all the fuming vanities of earth!

AFTER LANDING. THE VALLEY OF
DOVER.—NOV. 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the
game

Which faction breeds? the turmoil
where? that passed

Through Europe, echoing from the
newsman's blast,

And filled our hearts with grief for
England's shame.

Peace greets us;—rambling on with-
out an aim

We mark majestic herds of cattle free
To ruminate* couched on the grassy lea,
And hear far-off the mellow horn

proclaim [sound

The season's harmless pastime. Ruder
Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange
delight,

While consciousnesses, not to be dis-
owned,

Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
And makes this rural stillness more
profound.

* This is a most grateful sight for an English-
man returning to his native land. Everywhere
one misses, in the cultivated grounds abroad,
the animating and soothing accompaniment of
animals ranging and selecting their own food
at will.

No more;—time halts not in his noise-
less march—

Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the
liquid flood;

Life slips from underneath us, like that
arch

Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, heaven in our
neighbourhood.

Go forth, my little book! pursue thy
way;

Go forth, and please the gentle and the
good:

Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may
— grace some future lay.

TO ENTERPRISE.

KEEP for the young the impassioned
smile

Shed from thy countenance, as I see
thee stand

High on that chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,
As slender volume grasping in thy hand—
(Perchance the pages that relate
The various turns of Crusoe's fate).

Ah! spare the exulting smile,
And drop thy pointing finger bright
As the first flash of beacon-light;

But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
Nor turn thy face away

From one who, in the evening of his
day,

To thee would offer no presumptuous

Bold spirit! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,

And oft in splendour dost appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,

While traversing this nether sphere,
Where mortals call thee Enterprise.

Daughter of Hope! her favourite child
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When hunter's arrow first defiled
The grove, and stained the turf with
— gore;

Thee wingèd Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
And where the mightier waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains
— hoar!

She wrapped thee in a panther's
— skin;

And thou, thy favourite food to win,
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst
— scare

From her rock-fortress in mid air,
With infant shout.—and often sweep,
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the
— plain;

Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink
— asleep

Upon the couchant lion's mane!
With rolling years thy strength in-
creased;

And, far beyond thy native East,
To thee, by varying titles known,
As variously thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing altars rise,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From supplicants panting for the skies!

What though this ancient earth be trod
No more by step of demi-god,
Mounting from glorious deed to deed
As thou from clime to clime didst lead,
Yet still, the bosom beating high,
And the hushed farewell of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infirmity betrays,
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
By thy divinity impelled,
The stripling seeks the tented field;

Is not the chamois suited to his place?
The eagle worthy of her ancestry?
Let empires fall; but ne'er shall ye disgrace

Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount,* there judge of fit
and right,

In simple democratic majesty:
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows
—the might

And purity of nature spread before
your sight!

From this appropriate court, renowned
Lucerne
Calls me to pace her honoured bridge †
that cheers

* Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Unterwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose château formerly stood there. On the 1st of January, 1308, the great day which the confederated heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their country, all the castles of the governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strongholds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

† The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters: those from Scripture history on the cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

The patriot's heart with pictures rude
and stern,

An uncouth chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source,
endears

That work of kindred frame, which
spans the lake

Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a stream to
take;

Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as
a snake,

Volumes of sound, from the cathedral
rolled,

This long-roofed vista penetrate—but
see,

One after one, its tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tasting of the fatal tree,
Till the bright star appeared in eastern
skies,

Announcing ONE was born mankind to
free;

His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all
eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings
'kill.

Long may these homely works devised
of old,

These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The state,—the country's destiny to
'mould;

Turning, for them who pass, the
common dust

Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments
august—

The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and
the just!

The aspiring virgin kneels; and, pale
 With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
 A soft and tender heroine ..
 Vowed to severer discipline;
 Inflamed by thee, the blooming boy
 Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
 And of the ocean's dismal breast
 A playground or a couch of rest;
 'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
 Thou to his dangers dost enchain
 The chamois-chaser, awed in vain
 By chasm or dizzy precipice;
 And hast thou not with triumph seen
 How soaring mortals glide between
 Or through the clouds, and brave the
 With bolder than Icarian flight? [light
 How they, in bells of crystal, dive
 Where winds and waters cease to strive,
 For no unholy visitings,
 Among the monsters of the deep,
 And all the sad and precious things
 Which there in ghastly silence sleep;
 Or, adverse tides and currents headed,
 And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
 In never-slackening voyage go
 Straight as an arrow from the bow;
 And, slighting sails and scorning oars,
 Keep faith with Time on distant shores?
 Within our fearless reach are placed
 The secrets of the burning waste,
 Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
 Nile trembles at his fountain head;
 Thou speak'st—and lo! the polar seas
 Unbosom their last mysteries.
 But oh! what transports, what sublime
 reward,
 Won from the world of mind, dost thou
 prepare
 For philosophic sage—or high-souled
 bard
 Who, for thy service trained in lonely
 woods,

Hath fed on pageants floating through
 the air, [floods;
 Or calentured in depth of limpid
 Nor grieves—though doomed, through
 silent night, to bear
 The domination of his glorious themes,
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy
 dreams!
 If there be movements in the patriot's
 soul, [worth,
 From source still deeper, and of higher
 'Tis thine the quickening impulse to
 control, [forth;
 And in due season send the mandate
 Thy call a prostrate nation can restore,
 When but a single mind resolves to
 crutch no more.

Dread minister of wrath!
 Who to their destined punishment dost
 urge
 The Pharaohs, of the earth, the men of
 hardened heart!
 Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
 When they in pomp depart,
 With trampling horses and refulgent
 cars— [surge;
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny
 Or, cast, for lingering death, on un-
 known strands;
 Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—
 An army noy, and now a living hill
 That a brief while heaves with con-
 vulsive throes—
 Then all is still;
 Or to forget their madness and their
 woes, [snows!
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless
 Back flows the willing current of my
 song: [dare,
 If to provoke such doom the impious

Or some of humbler name, to these
wild shores
Storm-driven; who, having seen the
cup of woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here
to guard
The precious Current they had taught
to flow?

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow
the sea-mew^{*}—white
As Menai's foam; and toward the
mystic ring
Where Augurs stand, the Future ques-
tioning
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy
flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite
That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept
o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the Bard: can these meek
doctrines blight
His transports? wither his heroic
strains?
But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian
spear
A way first opened; and, with Roman
chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified:
They come—they spread—the weak,
the suffering, hear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope
abide.

* This water fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy
road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift
of fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man be-
stowed!
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to
God,
Ancient of days! that to the eternal
Sire,
These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence wisdom
flowed,
Justice, and order. Tremblingly
escaped,
As if with prescience of the coming
storm,
That intimation when the stars were
shaped;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the
primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious
form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us; seeking, we
are lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian
coves,
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
Of Time and shadows of Tradition
crost;
And where the boatman of the Western
Isles
Slackens his course—to mark those
holy piles

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies,
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

INTRODUCTION.

I, who accompanied with faithful pace
Cerulean Duddon from its cloud-fed
spring,
And loved with spirit ruled by his to
sing
Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's
grace ;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to
trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plausible
string
Till the checked torrent, proudly
triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place ;
Now seek upon the heights of Time
the source
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are
found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that
have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless
force ;
And, for delight of him who tracks its
course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound,

CONJECTURES.

Ir there be prophets on whose spirits
rest
Past things, revealed like future, they
can tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred
well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island
blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering
through the west,
Did holy Paul* a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent
Stream invest ?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off,
whose prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice un-
barred ?

* Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury ; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
 And temples flashing, bright as polar
 ice,
 Their radiance through the woods—
 may yet suffice
 To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
 Your love of Him upon whose forehead
 sat
 The crown of thorns; whose life-blood
 flowed, the price
 Of your redemption. Shun the in-
 sidious arts
 That Rome provides, less dreading
 from her frown
 Than from her wily praise, her peaceful
 gown,
 Language, and letters;—these, though
 fondly viewed
 As humanising graces, are but parts
 And instruments of deadliest servitude!

DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be
 scanned
 Presumptuously) their roots both wide
 and deep,
 Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
 Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand
 Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery
 brand,
 A cherished Priestess of the new-
 baptized!
 But chastisement shall follow peace
 despised.
 The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate
 land
 By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant
 cries,
 And prayers that would undo her forced
 farewell;

For she returns not. Avowed by her own
 knell.
 She casts the Britons upon strange
 Alls,
 Soon to become more dreaded enemies
 Than heartless misery called them to
 repel.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST
 THE BARBARIANS.

Rise!—they *have* risen: of brave
 An-urin ask
 How they have scourged old foes,
 perfidious friends;
 The Spirit of Caractacus descends
 Upon the Patriots, animates their task;—
 Amazement runs before the towering
 casque
 Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy
 field
 The virgin sculptured on his Christian
 shield:—
 Stretched in the sunny light of victory
 bask
 The Host that followed Urien as he
 strode
 O'er heaps of slain;—from Cambrian
 wood and moss
 Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
 Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's
 still abode,
 Rush on the fight, to harps preferring
 swords,
 And everlasting deeds to burning words!

SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking
 aid
 Of hallelujahs* tost from hill to hill—

* Alluding to the victory gained under Ger-
 manus.—See Bede.

Which yet survive on bleak Iona's
coast.
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest
name,
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,
Nor characters of Greek or Roman
fame,
To an unquestionable Source have led;
Enough—if eyes, that sought the foun-
tain-head
In vain, upon the growing Rill may
gaze.

PERSECUTION.

LAMENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword
Works busy as the lightning; but
instinct
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon
linked,
Which God's ethereal storehouses
afford:
Against the Followers of the incarnate
Lord
It rages;—some are smitten in the
field—
Some pierced to the heart through the
ineffectual shield
Of sacred home;—with pomp are others
gored
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban
tried,
England's first Martyr, whom no threats
could shake;
Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith; nor shall his name
forsake
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems
to rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.*

* This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the
birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
Their nests, or chant a gratulating
hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled
plain;
Even so, in many a re-constructed
fane,
Have the survivors of this Storm re-
newed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their
fear—
That persecution, blind with rage
extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's
mild countenance,
Even in her own despite, both feed and
cheer;
For all things are less dreadful than
they seem.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm! for soul-subduing
vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps
await.

a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Variis herbarum floribus depictus imò usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet cum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur."

His wing who could seem lovelier to
 man's eye
 Than they appear to holy Gregory ;
 Who, having learnt that name, salva-
 tion craves
 For Them, and for their Land. The
 earnest Sire,
 His questions urging, feels, in slender
 ties
 Of chiming sound, commanding sym-
 pathies ;
 DE-IRIANS—he would save them from
 God's IRE ;
 Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall
 sing
 Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King !

GLAD TIDINGS.

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,
 Blest be the unconscious shore on
 which ye tread,
 And blest the silver Cross, which ye,
 instead
 Of martial banner, in procession bear ;
 The Cross preceding Him who floats
 in air,
 The pictured Saviour !—By Augustin
 led,
 They come—and onward travel without
 dread,
 Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful
 prayer—
 Sung for themselves, and those whom
 they would free !
 Rich conquest waits them :—the tem-
 pestuous sea
 Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and
 high
 And heeded not the voice of clashing
 swords,

These good men humble by a few
 bare words,
 And calm with fear of God's divinity.

PAULINUS.*

BUT to remote Northumbria's royal
 Hall,
 Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in
 the school
 Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen
 rule,
Wto comes with functions apostolical ?
 Mark him, of shoulders curved, and
 stature tall,
 Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre
 cheek,
 His prominent feature like an eagle's
 beak ;
 A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
 And strike with reverence. The
 Monarch leans
 Toward the pure truths this Delegate
 propounds.
 Repeatedly his own deep mind he
 sounds
 With careful hesitation—then convenes
 A synod of his Councillors ;—give ear,
 And what a pensive Sage doth utter,
 hear !

PERSUASION.

"MAN's life is like a Sparrow, mighty
 King !
 That—while at banquet with your
 Chiefs you sit

* The person of Paulinus is thus described by
 Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness :—
 "Longæ stature, paululum incurvus, nigro
 capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui,
 venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."

For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
 Permits a second and a darker shade
 Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
 The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains:
 O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like fountains;
 Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid
 By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
 For other monuments than those of Earth;
 Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,
 Will build their savage fortunes only there;
 Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
 Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.*

*THE oppression of the tumult—wrath
 and scorn—
 The tribulation—and the gleaming
 blades—
 Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
 The song of Taliesin;—Ours shall
 mourn*

* "Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'if they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble

The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn
 The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
 Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
 And Christian monuments, that now must burn
 To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things swerve
 From their known course, or vanish like a dream;
 Another language spreads from coast to coast;
 Only perchance some melancholy Stream
 And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
 When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost!

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
 Where Tiber's stream, the immortal City laves:
 ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves

monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice."—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.

Of elevation; let their odours float
 Around these Converts; and their
 glories blend.
 The midnight stars outshining, or the
 blaze
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that
 golden cords
 Of good works, mingling with the
 visions, raise
 The Soul to purer worlds: and *who* the
 line
 Shall draw, the limits of the power
 define,
 That even imperfect faith to man
 affords?

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.*

How beautiful your presence, how
 benign,
 Servants of God! who not a thought
 will share
 With the vain world; who, outwardly
 as bare
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit
 divine!
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his
 care
 Has called him forth to breathe the
 common air,
 Might seem a saintly Image from its
 shrine

* Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis labilis, in ut ubique clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere peregrinus inveniretur, accurrerant, et ferè cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se beneficii, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortationis diligenter aurium prebebant." *De eccl. cap. 26.*

Descended:—happy are the eyes that
 meet
 The Apparition; evil thoughts are
 stayed
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks
 entreat
 A benediction from his voice or hand:
 Whence grace, through which the heart
 can understand,
 And vows, that bind the will in silence
 made.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

Ah, when the Body, round which in
 love we clung,
 Is chilled by death, does mutual service
 fail?
 Is tender pity then of no avail?
 Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
 A waste of hope?—From this sad source
 have sprung
 Rites that console the Spirit, under
 grief
 Which ill can brook more rational relief:
 Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and
 dirges sung
 For Souls whose doom is fixed! The
 way is smooth
 For Power that travels with the human
 heart:
 Confession ministers the pang to soothe
 In him who at the ghost of guilt doth
 start.
 Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
 Of your own mighty instruments beware!

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished
 —at his side
 A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book.

Housed near a blazing fire—is seen
to flit

Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
Flies out, and passes on from cold to
cold; [behold

But whence it came we know not, nor
Whither it goes. Even such, that
transient Thing,

The human Soul; not utterly unknown
While in the Body lodged, her warm
abode;

But from what world She came, what
woe or weal [shown;

On her departure waits, no tongue hath
This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
His be a welcome cordially bestowed!"*

* See the original of this speech in Bede. — The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "'Who,' exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, 'shall first desecrate the altars and the temples?' 'I,' answered the Chief Priest: 'for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped?' Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emissarium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and a lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those Idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gahan, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas, quas ipse sa-raverat aras." The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel
Lore;

The Council closed, the Priest in full
career

Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls
a spear

To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and
Thor

Is overturned; the mace, in battle
heaved

(So might they dream) till victory was
achieved,

Drops, and the God himself is seen no
more.

Temple and Altar sink, to hide their
shame

Amid oblivious weeds. "O come to me,
Ye heavy laden!" such the inviting
voice

Heard near fresh streams;* and thou-
sands, who rejoice

In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise
claim.

APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft
doth lend

The Soul's eternal interests to promote:
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural
lot;

And evil Spirits may our walk attend
For aught the wisest know or compre-
hend;

Then be good Spirits free to breathe a
note

* The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.

From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely
 rains
 Or needful sunshine; prosperous enter-
 prise,
 Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet
 also rise
 The sacred Structures for less doubtful
 gains,
 The Sensual think with reverence of
 the palms
 Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond
 the grave;
 If penance be redeemable, thence alms
 Flow to the poor, and freedom to the
 slave;
 And if full oft the Sanctuary save
 Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

Not sedentary all: there are who roam
 To scatter seeds of life on barbarous
 shores;
 Or quit with zealous step their knee-
 worn floors
 To seek the general mart of Christendom;
 Whence they, like richly-laden mer-
 chants, come
 To their beloved cells:—or shall we say
 That, like the Red-cross Knight, they
 urge their way,
 To lead in memorable triumph home
 Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
 Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
 Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid
 the sigh
 That would lament her;—Memphis,
 Tyre, are gone
 With all their Arts,—but classic lore
 glides on
 By these Religious saved for all
 posterity.

ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
 The pious ALFRED, King to Justice
 dear!
 Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
 Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
 Might range the starry ether for a
 crown
 Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
 Pours forth his bounty, like the day
 doth cheer,
 And awes like night with mercy-
 tempered frown.
 Ease from this noble miser of his time
 No moment steals; pain narrows not
 his cares.*
 Though small his kingdom as a spark
 or gem,
 Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
 And Christian India, through her wide-
 spread clime,
 In sacred converse gifts with Alfred
 shares.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

WHEN thy great soul was freed from
 mortal chains,
 Darling of England! many a bitter
 shower
 Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power
 Flowed in thy line through undegenerate
 veins.
 The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains
 When dangers threaten, dangers ever
 new!
 Black tempests bursting, blacker still in
 view!
 But manly sovereignty its hold retains;

*Through the whole of his life, Alfred was
 subject to grievous maladies.

Dr staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
 The war-worn Chieftain quits the world
 —to hide
 His thin autumnal locks where Monks
 abide
 In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
 In soft repose he comes. Within his
 cell,
 Round the decaying trunk of human
 pride,
 At morn, and eve, and midnight's
 silent hour,
 Do penitential cogitations cling;
 Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they
 twine
 In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;
 Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth
 they bring
 For recompense—their own perennial
 bower.

CONTINUED.

HE THINKS that to some vacant hermitage
 His feet would rather turn—to some
 dry nook
 Scooped out of living rock, and near a
 brook
 Tumbled down a mountain-cove from
 stage to stage,
 Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling
 rage
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
 Hence creeping under sylvan arches
 cool,
 Its haunt of shapes whose glorious
 equipage
 Would elevate my dreams. A beechen
 bowl,
 A maple dish, my furniture should be;

Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the
 hooting owl
 My night-watch: nor should e'er the
 crested fowl
 From thorp or vill his matins sound
 for me,
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or
 flowery mead,
 Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
 Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
 Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!
 The saint, the scholar, from a circle
 freed
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
 Of learning, where thou heard'st the
 billows beat
 On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun
 the debt
 Imposed on human kind, must first
 forget
 Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
 Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
 The last dear service of thy passing
 breath*!

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND
 SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought
 pains,
 The people work like congregated bees;
 Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
 Where Piety, as they believe, obtains

*He expired dictating the last words of a
 translation of St. John's Gospel.

He listens (all past conquests and all
schemes
Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
Heart-touched, and haply not without a
tear.

The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is
still,
While his free Barge skims the smooth
flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant
Rhyme.*
O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest
clime
And rudest age are subject to the
thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
The evanescence of the Saxon line.
Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew!—the
stars shine;
But of the lights that cherish household
cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that
dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of
thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames
to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that
ensnares!
Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps
and fires,
Touch not the tapers of the sacred
quires;
Even so a thralldom, studious to expel

* Which is still extant.

Old laws, and ancient customs to
derange,
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal
change.

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, over-
powered
By wrong triumphant through its own
excess,
From fields laid waste, from house and
home devoured
By flames, look up to heaven and crave
redress
From God's eternal justice. Pitiless
Though men be, there are angels that
can feel
For wounds that death alone has power
to heal,
For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
And has a Champion risen in arms to
try
His Country's virtue, fought, and
breathes no more;
Him in their hearts the people canonize;
And far above the mine's most precious
ore
The least small pittance of bare mould
they prize
Scooped from the sacred earth where
his dear relics lie.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "pro-
faneness flow
From Nazareth—source of Christian
piety,
From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of
Agony
And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,

The root sincere, the branches bold to
strive
With the fierce tempest, while, within
the round,
Of their protection, gentle virtues
thrive;
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open
ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy
gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their
purple bloom.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest
skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a
dupe
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can
stoop,
And turn the instruments of good
to ill,
Moulding the credulous people to his
will
Such DUNSTAN :—from its Benedictine
coop
Issues the master Mind, at whose fell
swoop
The chaste affections tremble to
fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
The Might of spiritual sway! his
thoughts, his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world
abide :
So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled
with pride
In what they see of virtues pushed to
extremes,
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl
obey! *
Dissension, checking arms that would
restrain
The incessant Rovers of the northern
main,
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan
sway :
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
Fierceness and rage; and soon the
cruel Dane
Feels, through the influence of her
gentle reign,
His native superstitions melt away.
Thus often, when thick gloom the east
o'ershrouds,
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing,
doth appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds;
How no one can resolve; but every
eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed,
a clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the
Mere,
From Monks in Ely chanting service
high,
While as Canute the King is rowing by :
"My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty
King, "draw near,
That we the sweet song of the Monks
may hear!"

* The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See Turner.

AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbitress
 of grace,
 The Church, by mandate shadowing
 forth the power
 She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal
 door,
 Closes the gates of every sacred place.
 Straight from the sun and tainted air's
 embrace
 All sacred things are covered: cheerful
 morn
 Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is
 worn,
 Nor is a face allowed to meet a
 face
 With natural smiles of greeting. Bells
 are dumb;
 Ditches are graves—funereal rites
 denied;
 And in the churchyard he must take
 his bride
 Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly
 coine
 Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
 And comfortless despairs the soul
 benumb.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we
 pursue,
 The gross materials of this world pre-
 sent
 A marvellous study of wild accident;
 Uncouth proximities of old and new;
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined
 intent
 Then aught the sky's fantastic clement,
 When not fantastic, offers to the view.

Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's
 Shrine?
 Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia:
 —crown,
 Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring,
 laid down
 At a proud Legate's feet! The spears
 that line
 Baronial halls the opprobrious insult
 feel;
 And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred
 head,
 To Caesar's Successor the Pontiff
 spake;
 "Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on
 thy neck
 Levelled with earth this foot of mine
 may tread."
 Then he, who to the altar had been
 led,
 He, whose strong arm the Orient could
 not check,
 He, who had held the Soldan at his
 beck,
 Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
 And even the common dignity of
 man!—
 Amazement strikes the crowd: while
 many turn
 Their eyes away in sorrow, others
 burn
 With scorn, invoking a vindictive
 ban
 From outraged Nature: but the sense of
 most
 In abject sympathy with power is lost.

With prayers and blessings we your
 path will sow ;
 Like Moses hold our hands erect,
 till ye
 Have chased far off by righteous
 victory
 These sons of Amalek, or laid them
 low !"—
 "GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly
 cry ;
 Shout which the enraptured multitude
 astounds !
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers
 reply ;—
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill
 rebounds,
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and
 nigh,
 Through "Nature's hollow arch" that
 voice resounds.*

CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in
 thickening swarms
 Along the west ; though driven from
 Aquitaine,
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of
 Spain ;
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms ;
 The scimitar, that yields not to the
 charms
 Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will
 disdain ;
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian
 hills detain
 Their tents, and check the current of
 their arms.

* The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

Then blame not those who, by the
 mightiest lever
 Known to the moral world, Imagination,
 Upheave, so seems it, from her natural
 station
 All Christendom :—they sweep along
 (was never
 So huge a host!)—to tear from the
 Unbeliever
 The precious Tomb, their haven of
 salvation.

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
 I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to
 equip
 Thy warlike person with the staff and
 scrip ;
 I watch thee sailing o'er the midland
 brine ;
 In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride
 decline
 Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her
 lip,
 And see love-emblems streaming from
 thy ship,
 As thence she holds her way to Pales-
 tine.
 My Song, a fearless homager, would
 attend
 Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves
 the press
 Of war, but duty summons her away
 To tell—how, finding in the rash
 distress
 Of those Enthusiasts a subservient
 friend,
 To giddier heights hath clomb the
 Papal sway.

Realm there is none that if controlled
 or sway'd
 By her commands partakes not, in
 degree,
 Of good, o'er manners arts and arms,
 diffused:
 Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
 Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused
 By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

"*HERE Man more purely lives,* less
 oft doth fall,
 More promptly rises, walks with stricter
 heed,
 More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
 Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains
 vernal
 A brighter crown.*"—On yon Cistercian
 wall
*That confident assurance may be read;
 And, to like shelter, from the world
 have fled
 Increasing multitudes. The potent
 call
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's
 desires;
 Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant
 knee
 Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
 A gentler life spreads round the holy
 spires;
 Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste
 retires,
 And aery harvests crown the fertile lea.*

* "Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmuntur copiosius"—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the
 ground,
 His whole life long tills it, with heart-
 less toil
 Of villain-service, passing with the soil
 To each new Master, like a steer or
 bound,
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-
 bound;
 But mark how gladly, through their
 own domains,
 The Monks relax or break these iron
 chains;
 While Mercy, uttering, through their
 voice, a sound
 Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye
 Chiefs, abate
 These legalized oppressions! Man—
 whose name
 And nature God disdained not; Man—
 whose soul
 Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high
 claim
 To live and move exempt from all
 control
 Which fellow-feeling doth not miti-
 gate!"

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful
 pen,
 That many hooded Cenobites there are,
 Who in their private cells have yet a
 care
 Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
 Counsellors for the world, of piercing
 ken;
 Whose fervent exhortations from afar
 Move Princes to their duty, peace or
 war:
 And oft-times in the most forbidding den

PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless
 wind
 Must come and ask permission when
 to blow,
 What further empire would it have?
 for now
 A ghostly Domination, unconfined ;
 As that by dreaming Bards to Love
 assigned,
 Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
 Perplex the wise, the strong to over-
 throw ;

Through earth and heaven to bind and
 to unbind !—
 Resist—the thunder quails thee !—
 crouch—rebuff
 Shall be thy recompense ! from land to
 land
 The ancient thrones of Christendom
 ; are stuff
 For occupation of a magic wand,
 And 'tis the Pope that wields it :—
 whether rough
 Or smooth his front, our world is in his
 hand !

PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF
 CHARLES I.

How soon—alas ! did Man, created
 pure—
 By Angels guarded, deviate from the
 line
 Prescribed to duty :—woeful forfeitūre
 He made by wilful breach of law
 divine.
 With like perverseness did the Church
 abjure
 Obedience to her Lord, and haste to
 twine,
 'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for
 aye endure,
 Weeds on whose front the world had
 fixed her sign.
 O Man,—if with thy trials thus it
 fares,
 If good can smooth the way to evil
 choice,
 From all rash censure be the mind kept
 free ;

He only judges right who weighs, com-
 pares,
 And, in the sternest sentence which his
 voice
 Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

FROM false assumption rose, and fondly
 hailed
 By superstition, spread the Papal power ;
 Yet do not deem the Autocracy pre-
 vailed
 Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.
 She daunts, forth-thundering from her
 spiritual tower
 Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she
 tames.
 Justice and Peace through Her uphold
 their claims ;
 And Chastity finds many a sheltering
 bower.

Am I deceived? Or is their requiem
chanted

By voices never mute when Heaven
unties

Her inmost, softest, tenderest har-
monies;

Requiem which Earth takes up with
voice undaunted,

When she would tell how Brave, and
Good, and Wise,

For their high guerdon not in vain have
panted! —————

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's
crest

While from the Papal Unity there came,
What feeblér means had failed to give,
one aim

Diffused thro' all the regions of the
West;

So does her Unity its power attest

By works of Art, that shed, on the out-
ward frame

Of worship, glory and grace, which who
shall blame

That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
Hail countless Temples! that so well
befit

Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take
Form spirit and character from holy
writ,

Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and
make

The unconverted soul with awe submit.

WHERE long and deeply hath been
fixed the root

In the blest soil of gospel truth, the
Tree

(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches
be,

Put forth to wither, many a hopeful
shoot)

Can never cease to bear celestial
fruit.

Witness the Church that oft-times, with
effect

Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to
eject

Her bane, her vital energies recruit.

Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine

When such good work is doomed to be
undone,

The conquests lost that were so hardly
won:—

All promises vouchsafed by Heaven
will shine

In light; confirmed while years their
course shall run,

Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

—————
TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn; the odorous incense
feeds

A greedy flame; the pompous mass
proceeds;

The Priest bestows the appointed con-
secration;

And, while the Host is raised, its ele-
vation

An awe and supernatural horror
breeds;

And all the people bow their heads,
like reeds

To a soft breeze, in lowly adora-
tion.

This Valdo brooks not. On the banks
of Rhone

He taught, till persecution chased him
thence,

Of solitude, with love of science
 strong,
 How patiently the yoke of thought they
 bear!
 How subtly glide its finest threads
 along!
 Spirits that crowd the intellectual
 sphere
 With many boundaries, as the as-
 tronomer
 With orb and cycle girds the starry
 throng.

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the
 sight,
 Religion finds even in the stern
 retreat
 Of feudal sway her own appropriate
 seat;
 From the collégiate pomps on Windsor's
 height
 Down to the humbler altar, which the
 Knight
 And his Retainers of the embattled
 hall
 Seek in domestic oratory small,
 For prayer in stillness, or the chanted
 rite;
 Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted
 round,
 Who teach the intrepid guardians of
 the place —
 Hourly exposed to death, with famine
 worn,
 And suffering under many a perilous
 wound —
 How sad would be their durance, if
 forlorn
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times
 prevail!
 And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
 Pours on the surface of the turbid
 Stream!
 What heartfelt fragrance mingles with
 the gale
 That swells the bosom of our passing sail!
 For, where, but on *this* River's margin,
 blow
 Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the
 brow,
 Of hardihood with wreaths that shall
 not fail? —
 Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the
 world!
 I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
 Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;
 And meekness tempering honourable
 pride;
 The lamb is crouching by the lion's side,
 And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the
 dove.

CRUSADERS.

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy
 oars
 Through these bright regions, casting
 many a glance
 Upon the dream-like issues — the
 romance
 Of many-coloured life that Fortune
 pours
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant
 shores
 Their labours end; or they return to lie,
 The vow performed, in cross-legged
 effigy,
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel
 floors.

But they desist not;—and the sacred
 fire,
 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage
 woods
 Moves, handed on with never-ceasing
 care,
 Through courts, through camps, o'er
 liminary floods;
 Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely
 share
 Of the new Flame, not suffered to
 expire.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V.

"WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured
 field
 The lively beauty of the leopard
 shows?
 What flower in meadow-ground or
 garden grows
 That to the towering lily doth not
 yield?
 Let both meet only on thy royal
 shield!
 Go forth, great King! claim what thy
 birth bestows;
 Conquer the Gallic lily which thy
 foes
 Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to
 wield,
 And Heaven will crown the right."—
 The mitred Sire
 Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul
 address,
 Ploughs her bold course across the
 wondering seas;
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the
 breast
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning
 breeze.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

THUS is the storm abated by the craft
 Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
 The Church, whose power hath recently
 been checked,
 Whose monstrous riches threatened.
 So the shaft —
 Of victory mounts high, and blood is
 quaffed
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—
 Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
 For deep as hell itself, the avenging
 draught
 Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal
 power
 Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual
 truth
 Maintains the else endangered gift of
 life;
 Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
 And, under cover of this woeful strife,
 Gathers unblighted strength from hour
 to hour.

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with
 sudden fear,
 And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:
 Yea, his dry bones to ashes are con-
 sumed
 And flung into the brook that travels
 near; ———
 Forthwith that ancient Voice which
 Streams can hear
 Thus speaks (that Voice which walks
 upon the wind,
 Though seldom heard by busy human
 kind)—
 "As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt
 bear

To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
Nor are his followers loth to seek
defence,
'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's
craggy throne,
From rites that trample upon soul and
sense.

THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the
Saviour Lord
Have long borne witness as the Scrip-
tures teach?—
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to
preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
Their fugitive Progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
Where that pure Church survives,
though summer heats
Open a passage to the Romish sword,
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-
sown,
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut-
wood,
Nourish the sufferers then; and mists,
that brood
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles
bestrown,
Protect them; and the eternal snow
that daunts
Aliens, is God's good winter for their
haunts.

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their
mountain springs
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy ban-
ners here!"
To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled
wings!"

Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's
car—

'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes
dear,
Their own creation. Such glad wel-
comings [rose
As Po was heard to give, where Venice
Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth
divine

Who near his fountains, sought obscure
repose, [shine,
Yet came prepared as glorious lights to
Should that be needed for their sacred
Charge; [at large!
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were

WALDENSES.

THOSE had given earliest notice, as the
lark
Springs from the ground the morn to
gratulate;
Or rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom
was dark. — [whom Hate
Then followed the Waldensian bands,
In vain endeavours to exterminate,
Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous
bark: *

* The list of foul names bestowed upon
those poor creatures is long and curious:—and,
as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious
appellations are drawn from circumstances
into which they were forced by their perse-
cutors, who even consolidated their miseries
into one reproachful term, calling them Patar-
enians, or Paturins, from *patis*, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the
pine
And green oak are their covert; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom;
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
One and the same through practices malign"

To stay the precious waste. Through
 every brain
 The domination of the sprightly
 juice
 Spreads high conceits to madding
 Fancy dear,
 Till the arched roof, with resolute
 abuse
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral
 strain
 Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KING-
 DOM'S HERE!"

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

TREATHS come which no submission
 may assuage,
 No sacrifice avert, no power dis-
 pute:
 The tapers shall be quenched, the
 belfries mute,
 And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by
 selfish rage.
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy
 cage;
 The gadding bramble hang her purple
 fruit;
 And the green lizard and the gilded
 newt
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of
 age.
 The owl of evening and the woodland
 fox
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham
 choose:
 Proud Glastonbury can no more
 refuse
 To stoop her head before these
 desperate shocks—
 She whose high pomp displaced. as
 story tells,
 Armathean Joseph's wattled cells.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more
 meek
 Through saintly habit than from effort
 due
 To unrelenting mandates that pursue
 With equal wrath the steps of strong
 and weak)
 Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
 While through the Convent's gate to
 open view
 Softly she glides, another home to
 seek.
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy
 shrine,
 An Apparition more divinely bright!
 Not more attractive to the dazzled
 sight
 Those watery glories, on the stormy
 brine
 Poured forth, while summer suns at
 distance shine,
 And the green vales lie hushed in sober
 light!

CONTINUED.

YET many a Novice of the cloistral
 shade,
 And many chained by vows, with eager
 glee
 The warrant hail, exulting to be free;
 Like ships before whose keels, full long
 embayed
 In polar ice, propitious winds have
 made
 Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea.
 Their liquid world, for bold discovery.
 In all her quarters temptingly dis-
 played!

Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into main Ocean they, this deed
 accurst
 An emblem yields to friends and
 enemies
 How the bold Teacher's Doctrine,
 sanctified
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the
 world dispersed."

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"WOE to you, Prelates! rioting in
 ease
 And cumbrous wealth—the shame of
 your estate;
 You, on whose progress dazzling trains
 await
 Of pompous horses; whom vain titles
 please;
 Who will be served by others on their
 knees,
 Yet will yourselves to God no service
 pay;
 Pastors who neither take nor point the
 way
 To Heaven; for, either lost in
 vanities
 Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye
 know
 And speak the word—"Alas! of
 fearful things
 'Tis the most fearful when the people's
 eye
 Abuse hath cleared from vain imagin-
 ings;
 And taught the general voice to
 prophesy
 Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid
 low.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is Penance with her knotted
 thong;
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with
 prayer,
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to
 wrong
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,
 And rob the people of his daily care,
 Scorning that world whose blindness
 makes her strong?
 Inversion strange! that, unto One who
 lives
 For self, and struggles with himself
 alone,
 The amplest share of heavenly favour
 gives;
 That to a Monk allots, both in the
 esteem
 Of God and man, place higher than to
 him
 Who on the good of others builds his
 own!

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more,—round many a Convent's
 blazing fire
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
 There Venus sits disguised like a
 Nun,—
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance
 of a Friar,
 Pours out his choicest beverage high
 and higher
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but
 run
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath
 won
 An instant kiss of masterful desire—

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone
 From Sages justly honoured by man-
 kind ;
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous
 groan
 Issues for that dominion overthrown :
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges,
 blind
 As his own worshippers : and Nile, re-
 clined
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell
 moan
 Renews. Through every forest, cave,
 and den,
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath
 sorrow past—
 Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native
 Waste,
 Where once his airy helpers schemed
 and planned
 'Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty
 men,
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

REFLECTIONS.

GRANT that by this unsparing hurricane
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn
 away,
 And goodly fruitage with the mother-
 spray ;
 'Twere madness—wished we, therefore,
 to detain,
 With hands stretched forth in mollified
 disdain,
 The “trumpety” that ascends in bare
 display—
 Bulls, pardon's, relics, cows black,
 white, and gray—
 Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal
 plain

Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet
 not choice
 But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown :
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty
 transferred
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred
 Book,
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
 Assumes the accents of our native
 tongue ;
 And he who guides the plough, or wields
 the crook,
 With understanding spirit now may look
 Upon her records, listen to her song,
 And sift her laws—much wondering
 that the wrong,
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could
 calmly brook.
 Transcendent Boon! noblest that
 earthly King
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
 Under the weight of mortal wretched-
 ness !
 But passions spread like plagues, and
 thousands wild
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise?—for
 nothing less
 Than that the Soul, freed from the
 bonds of Sense,
 And to her God restored by evidence
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from
 their recess,

Hope guides the young; but when the
 old must pass
 The threshold, whither shall they turn
 to find
 The hospitality—the alms (alas!)
 Alms may be needed) which that House
 bestowed?
 Can they, in faith and worship, train
 the mind
 To keep this new and questionable
 road?

SAINTS.

Yr, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
 Angels and Saints, in every hamlet
 mourned!
 Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
 Let not your radiant Shapes desert the
 Land:

Her adoration was not your demand,
 The fond heart proffered it—the servile
 heart;
 And therefore are ye summoned to
 depart,
 Michael, and thou, St. George, whose
 flaming brand
 The Dragon quelled; and valiant Mar-
 garet

Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew;
 And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
 Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
 Who in the penitential desert met
 Gales sweet as those that over Eden
 blew!

THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was
 uncrossed
 With the least shade of thought to sin
 allied;
 Woman! above all women glorified,
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast,

Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak
 strewn
 With fancied roses, than the un-
 blest moon
 Before her wane, begins on heaven's
 blue coast;
 Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I
 ween,
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee
 might bend,
 As to a visible Power, in which did
 blend
 All that was mixed and reconciled in
 Thee
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom
 Aerial keystone haughtily secure;
 Supremacy from heaven-transmitted
 pure,
 As many hold; and, therefore, to the
 tomb
 Pass, some through fire—and by the
 scaffold some—
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending
 More.
 "Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
 Upon his throne;" unsoftened, undis-
 mayed
 By aught that mingled with the tragic
 scene
 Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius
 played
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
 Than the bare axe more luminous and
 keen.

Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
 The Creature, to the Creature glory give;
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke
 Like those the Heathen served; and
 mass is sung;
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
 Runs through blind channels of an
 unknown tongue.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is un-
 rolled!
 See Latimer and Ridley in the might
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common
 flight!
 One (like those prophets whom God
 sent of old)
 Transfigured,* from this kindling hath
 foretold
 A torch of inextinguishable light;
 The Other gains a confidence as bold;
 And thus they foil their enemy's despite.

* "M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked silke (weak) olde man, he now stood bold upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. . . . Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out.'"—*Fox's Acts, etc.*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

The penal instruments, the shows of
 crime,
 Are glorified while this once-mitred
 pair
 Of saintly Friends the "murtherer's
 chain partake,
 Corded, and burning at the social
 stake:"
 Earth never witnessed object more sub-
 lime
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his up-
 braided hand
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
 Of judgment such presumptuous doom
 repeat!)
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cran-
 mer stand;
 Firm as the stake to which with iron
 band
 His frame is tied; firm from the naked
 feet
 To the bare head. The victory is
 complete;
 The shrouded Body to the Soul's
 command
 Answers with more than Indian forti-
 tude,
 Through all her nerves with finer sense
 endued,
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the
 fire,
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous
 attestation! *

* For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians

Root there, and not in forms, her holiness ;—
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress ;—
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
 The temples of their hearts who, with his word
 Informed, were resolute to do his will,
 And worship him in spirit and in truth.

EDWARD VI.

"SWEET is the holiness of Youth"—so felt
 Time-honoured Chaucer, speaking through that Lay
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
 And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
 Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt,
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy
 For universal Christendom had thrilled
 Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR
 THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush
 From various sources; gently overflow
 From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
 And some, coeval with the earliest blush
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
 Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
 And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
 The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
 The noblest drops to admiration known,
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
 Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
 To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

REVIVAL OF POPEY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule,
 By unrelenting Death, O People keen
 For change, to whom the new looks always green!
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
 Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the sound
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)
 Lifting them up, the worship to confound

EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest
 soil,
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to
 wave,
 Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL
 gave
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
 The gift exalting, and with playful
 smile : †
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his
 head
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he
 dread
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of
 toil ?—
 More sweet than odours caught by him
 who sails

* "On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.' — See WATSON'S *Life of Richard Hooker*.

Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
 A thousand times more exquisitely
 sweet,
 The freight of holy feeling which we
 meet,
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the
 gales
 From fields where good men walk, or
 bowers wherein they rest.

THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
 With what entire affection do they prize
 Their Church reformed ! labouring with
 earnest care
 To baffle all that may her strength
 impair ;
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's
 seat ;
 In their afflictions a divine retreat ;
 Source of their liveliest hope, and
 tenderest prayer !—
 The truth exploring with an equal mind.
 In doctrine and communion they have
 sought
 Firmly between the two extremes to
 steer ;
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
 To trace right courses for the stubborn
 blind,
 And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence
 soon defy
 Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed
 and split
 With morbid restlessness :—the ecstatic

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF
THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields
of light,
Our mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven's
decrees are just :
Which few can hold committed to a
fight
That shows, ev'n on its better side, the
night
Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
Which showers of blood seem rather to
incite
Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
From both sides ; veteran thunders
(the brute test
Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
Tartarean flags are caught at, and un-
furled—
Friends strike at friends—the flying
shall pursue—
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to
rest !

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the
fowler's net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign
strand ;
Most happy, re-assembled in a land ,
By dauntless Luther freed, could they
forget
Their Country's woes. But scarcely
have they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in
distress,
Free to pour forth their common thank-
fulness,
Ere hope declines :—their union is beset

With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of
poisonous weeds ;
Their forms are broken staves ; their
passions, steeds
That master them. How enviably
blest
Is he who can, by help of grace,
enthrone
The peace of God within his single
breast !

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen ! o'er many an
envious bar
Triumphant, snatched from many a
treacherous wile !
All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful
Isle
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal
war
Stilled by thy voice ! But quickly from
afar
Defiance breathes with more malignant
aim ;
And alien storms with home-bred fer-
ments claim
Portentous fellowship. Her silver
car,
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides
slowly on ;
Unhurt by violence, from menaced
taint
Emerging pure, and seemingly more
bright :
Ah ! wherefore yields it to a foul con-
straint
Black as the clouds its beams dispersed,
while shone,
By men and angels blest, the glorious
light ?

Against the ancient pine-trees of the
 grove
 And the Land's humblest comforts.
 Now her mood
 Recalls the transformation of the
 flood,
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain
 reprove,
 Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
 Of headstrong will! Can this be
 Piety?
 No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped
 her name;
 And scourges England struggling to be
 free:
 Her peace destroyed! her hopes a
 wilderness!
 Her blessings cursed—her glory turned
 to shame!

LAUD.*

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to
 spare,
 An old weak Man for vengeance thrown
 aside,
 Laud, "in the painful art of dying"
 tried
 (Like a poor bird entangled in a
 snare
 Whose heart still flutters, though his
 wings forbear

To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
 On hope that conscious innocence
 supplied,
 And in his prison breathes celestial air.
 Why tarries then thy chariot? Where-
 fore stay,
 O Death! the ensanguined yet trium-
 phant wheels,
 Which thou prepar'st, full often, to
 convey
 (What time a State with madding
 faction reels)
 The Saint or Patriot to the world that
 heals
 All wounds, all perturbations doth
 allay?

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! couldst thou venture, on thy
 boldest string,
 The faintest note to echo which the
 blast
 Caught from the hand of Moses as it
 passed
 O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-
 king,
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
 Of dread Jehovah; then should wood
 and waste
 Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
 Off to the mountains, like a covering

* In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:

—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than the external public worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and as little enough to keep it in any vigour."

Spreads wide ; though special mysteries
 multiply,
The Saints must govern is their common
 cry ;
 And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
 Disgraced by aught that seems content
 to sit
 Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
 The Romanist exults ; fresh hope he
 draws
 From the confusion, craftily incites
 The overweening, personates the mad—
 To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause :
 Totters the Throne ; the new-born
 Church is sad,
 For every wave against her peace unites.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
 To plague her beating heart ; and there
 is one
 (Nor idlest that) which holds com-
 munion
 With things that were not, yet were
 meant to be.
 Aghast within its gloomy cavity
 That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and
 done
 Crimes that might stop the motion of
 the sun)
 Beholds the horrible catastrophe
 Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
 From subterraneous Treason's darkling
 power :
 Merciless act of sorrow infinite !
 Worse than the product of that dismal
 night,
 When gushing, copious as a thunder-
 shower,
 The blood of Huguenots through Paris
 streamed,

ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE
 RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin-Mountain,* wearing like a
 Queen
 A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
 Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men
 below
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
 Can link with desolation. Smooth and
 green,
 And seeming, at a little distance,
 slow,
 The waters of the Rhine ; but on they
 go
 Fretting and whitening, keener and
 more keen ;
 Till madness seizes on the whole wide
 Flood,
 Turned to a fearful Thing whose
 nostrils breathe
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke—where-
 with he tries
 To hide himself, but only magnifies ;
 And doth in more conspicuous torment
 writhe,
 Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er
 we move,
 To the mind's eye Religion doth pre-
 sent ;
 Now with her own deep quietness con-
 tent ;
 Then, like the mountain, thundering
 from above

* The Jung Frau.

Or would have taught, by discipline of
 pain
 And long privation, now dissolves
 amain,
 Or is remembered only to give zest
 To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!
 But for what gain? if England soon
 must sink
 Into a gulf which all distinction levels—
 That bigotry may swallow the good
 name,
 And, with that draught, the life-blood:
 misery, shame,
 By Poets loathed; from which Historians
 shrink!

LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and
 the wind
 Charged with rich words poured out in
 thought's defence;
 Whether the Church inspire that elo-
 quence,
 Or a Platonic Piety confined
 To the sole temple of the inward
 mind;
 And One there is who builds immortal
 lays,
 Though ~~crossed~~ ^{crossed} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ solitary
 ways,
 Darkness before and ~~dear's~~ ^{dear's} voice
 behind;
 Yet not alone, nor helpless to ~~be~~
 Sad thoughts; for from above the starry
 sphere
 Come secrets, whispered nightly to his
 ear;
 And the pure spirit of celestial light
 Shines through his soul—"that he may
 see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight."

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THRE are no colours in the fairest sky
 So fair as these. The feather, whence
 the pen
 Was shaped that traced the lives of
 these good men,
 _Dropped from an Angel's wing. With
 moistened eye
 We read of faith and purest charity
 In Statesman, Priest, and humble
 Citizen:
 Oh could we copy their mild virtues,
 then
 What joy to live, what blessedness to
 die!
 Methinks their very names shine still
 and bright;
 Apart—like glow-worms on a summer
 night;
 Or lonely tapers when from far they
 fling
 A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on
 high,
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring
 Around meek Walton's heavenly
 memory.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
 Those Unconforming; whom one
 rigorous day
 Drives from their Cures; a voluntary prey
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
 And some to want—as if by tempests
 wrecked
 On wild coast; how destitute! did
 Feel not the conscience mean
 betray,
 That peace of mind is Virtue's
 effect.

Of which the Lord was weary. Weep,	Their suppliant hands ; but holy is the
oh ! weep,	feast
Weep with the good, beholding King	He keepeth ; like the firmament, his
and Priest	ways :
Despised by that stern God to whom	His statutes like the chambers of the
they raise	deep.

PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid	Yet, my beloved Country ! I partake
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,	Of kindred agitations for thy sake ;
Whose fondly-overhanging canopy,	Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight
Set off her brightness with a pleasing	dream ;
shade.	Thy glory meets me with the earliest
No Spirit was she ; <i>that</i> my heart	beam
betrayed,	Of light, which tells that Morning is
For she was one I loved exceedingly ;	awake.
But while I gazed in tender reverie	If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy	Or but forbode destruction, I deplore
played ?)	With filial love the sad vicissitude ;
The bright corporal presence—form	If thou hast fallen, and righteous
and face—	Heaven restore
Remaining still distinct grew thin and	The prostrate, then my spring-time is
rare,	renewed,
Like sunny mist ;—at length the golden	And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.
hair,	
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features,	
keeping pace,	
Each with the other in a lingering race	
Of dissolution, melted into air.	

Patriotic Sympathies.

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision	
spake	
Fear to my Soul, and sadness which	
might seem	
Wholly dis severed from our present	
theme ;	

	CHARLES THE SECOND.
	Who comes—with rapture greeted, and
	caressed
	With frantic love—his kingdom to
	regain ?
	Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in
	vain
	Received, and fostered in her iron
	breast :
	For all she taught of hardiest and of
	best,

Had mortal action e'er a nobler
 scope?
 The Hero comes to liberate, not
 defy;
 And while he marches on with steadfast
 hope,
 Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
 The vacillating Bondman of the
 Pope
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast
 eye.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS
 LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er
 forget
 The sons who for thy civil rights have
 bled!
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his
 head,
 And Russell's milder blood the scaffold
 wet;
 But these had fallen for profitless
 regret
 Had not thy holy Church her cham-
 pions bred,
 And claims from other worlds in-
 spirited
 The star of Liberty to rise. Nor
 yet
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual
 things
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or
 fear,
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises sup-
 port,
 However hardly won or justly dear:
 What came from heaven to heaven by
 nature clings,
 nd, if dissevered thence, its course is
 short.

SACHEVEREL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
 In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or
 feigned,
 Spread through all ranks; and lo! the
 Sentinel
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female
 eyes
 Mingling their glances with grave flat-
 teries
 Lavished on *Him*—that England may
 rebel
 Against her ancient virtue. High and
 Low,
 Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are
 rife;
 As if a Church, though sprung from
 heaven, must owe
 To opposites and fierce extremes her
 life,—
 Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
 Of truths that soften hatred, temper
 strife.

Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold
 design,
 Have we pursued, with livelier stir of
 heart
 Than his who sees, borne forward by
 the Rhine,
 The living landscapes greet him, and
 depart;
 Sees spires fast sinking—up again to
 start!
 And strives the towers to number, that
 recline
 O'er the dark steepes, or on the horizon
 line
 Striding with shattered crests his eye
 athwart.

Their altars they forego, their homes
 they quit,
 Fields which they love, and paths they
 daily trod,
 And cast the future upon Provi-
 dence;
 As men the dictate of whose inward
 sense
 Outweighs the world; whom self-
 deceiving wit
 Lures not from what they deem the
 cause of God.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH
 COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a
 suppliant cry,
 The majesty of England interposed
 And the sword stopped; the bleeding
 wounds were closed;
 And Faith preserved her ancient
 purity.
 How little boots that precedent of
 good,
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst
 testify,
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm!
 from wood,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded
 street, where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain by Compatriot-protestants that
 draw
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild
 sword-law;
 But who would force the Soul tilts with
 a straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands
 sent,
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and
 spire;
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
 Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as
 fire
 Coursing a train of gunpowder—it
 went,
 And transport finds in every street a
 vent,
 Till the whole City rings like one vast
 quire.
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,
 With outstretched hands and earnest
 speech—in vain!
 Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
 And to Religion's self no friendly
 will,
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended
 knees.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under-current, strong to
 draw
 Millions of waves into itself, and
 run,
 From sea to sea, impervious to the
 sun
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of
 Nassau
 (Swerves not, how blest if by religious
 awe
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
 With the wide world's commotions)
 from its end
 Swerves not—diverted by a casual
 law.

What force had severed. Thence they
 fetched the seed
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed
 Of praise from Heaven. To thee, O
 saintly WHITE,
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall
 turn,
 Whether they would restore or build—
 to Thee,
 As one who rightly taught how zeal
 should burn,
 As one who drew from out Faith's
 holiest urn
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

BISHOPS and Priests, blessed are ye, if
 deep
 (As yours above all offices is high)
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed
 and keep
 From wolves your portion of His chosen
 sheep;
 Labouring as ever in your Master's
 sight,
 Making your hardest task your best
 delight.
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall
 reap!—
 But in the solemn Office which ye
 sought
 And undertook premonished, if unsound
 Your practice prove, faithless though
 but in thought.
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf
 profound
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly
 taught
 Who framed the Ordinance by your
 lives disowned!

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star
 Is to the sky while we look up in love;
 As to the deep fair ships which though
 they move
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them
 from afar;
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,
 With palm-groves shaded at wide
 intervals,
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt
 Native falls
 Of roving tired or desultory war—
 Such to this British Isle her christian
 Fanes,
 Each linked to each for kindred ser-
 vices;
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with
 glittering vanes [tress,
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among
 Where a few villagers on bended knees
 Find solace which a busy world
 disdains

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board.
 And a refined rusticity, belong
 To the neat mansion,* where, his flock
 among,
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watch-
 ful Lord.

* Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, & they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unite

So have we hurried on with troubled
 pleasure:
 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a
 stream
 That slackens, and spreads wide a
 watery gleam,
 We, nothing loth a lingering course to
 measure,
 May gather up our thoughts, and mark
 at leisure [theme.
How widely spread the interests of our

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

WELL worthy to be magnified are they
 Who, with sad hearts, of friends and
 country took
 A last farewell, their loved abodes
 forsook,
 And hallowed ground in which their
 fathers lay;
 Then to the new-found World explored
 their way,
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled
 to brook
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering
 nook
 Her Lord might worship and his word
 obey
 In freedom. Men they were who could
 not bend;
 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for
 guide
 A will by sovereign Conscience sancti-
 fied;
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods
 ascend
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
 But in His glory who for Sinners died.

II. CONTINUED.

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they
 fled
 To Wilds where both were utterly un-
 known;
 But not to them had Providence fore-
 shown
 What benefits are missed, what evils
 bred,
 In worship neither raised nor limited
 Save by Self-will. Lo! from that
 distant shore,
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is
 led
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left
 of yore,
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth
 and Love
 By Conscience governed do their steps
 retrace.—
 Fathers! your Virtues, such the power
 of grace,
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus
 approve.
 Transcendent over time, unbound by
 place,
 Concord and Charity in circles move.

III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic
 light
 Were they who, when their Country had
 been freed,
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient
 creed,
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church
 their sight,
 And strove in filial love to re-
 unite

Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds

The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from
above

As the high service pledges now, now
pleads.

There, should vain thoughts outspread
their wings and fly

To meet the coming hours of festal
mirth,

The tombs—which hear and answer
that brief cry,

The Infant's notice of his second
birth—

Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven,
yet fears from Earth.

SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot
give

A holier name! then lightly do not
bear

Both names conjoined, but of thy
spiritual care

Be duly mindful: still more sensitive

Do Thou, in truth a second Mother,
strive

Against disheartening custom, that by
Thee

Watched, and with love and pious in-
dustry

Tended at need, the adopted Plant may
thrive

For everlasting bloom. Benign and
pure

This Ordinance, whether loss it would
supply,

event omission, help deficiency,

or seek to make assurance doubly sure.

Shame if the consecrated Vow be
found

An idle form, the Word an empty
sound!

CATECHISING.

FROM 'Little down to Least, in due
degree,

Around the Pastor, each in new-
wrought vest,

Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
We stood, a trembling, earnest Com-
pany!

With low soft murmur, like a distant
bee,

Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears
betrayed;

And some a bold unerring answer
made:

How fluttered then thy anxious heart
for me,

Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy
hand

Had bound the flowers I wore, with
faithful tie:

Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible com-
mand

Her countenance, phantom-like, doth
reappear:

O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill
and dale,

With holiday delight on every brow:

'Tis past away; far other thoughts pre-
vail;

For they are taking the baptismal Vow

Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword ;
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
 To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
 Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand ;
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
 For re-subjecting to divine command
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
 Of England's Church; stupendous mysteries!
 Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
 As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story
 We only dare to cast a transient glance,
 Trusting in hope that Others may advance
 With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
 From his mild advent till his countenance
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
 Distinct with signs, through which in set career,

BAPTISM.

DEAR be the Church that, watching
 o'er the needs
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
 Whose virtue changes to a christian
 Flower
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of
 weeds!—

the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman; would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommoda-

tions and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling, no part of the burial-ground is seen; but as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view.

Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the
bands
O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing give,
That mutually assisted they may live
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
So prays the Church, to consecrate a
Vow
“The which would endless matrimony
make;”
Union that shadows forth and doth
partake
A mystery potent human love to endow
With heavenly, each more prized for the
other’s sake:
Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid
brow.

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

WOMAN! the Power who left His throne
on high,
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh
we wear,
The Power that thro’ the straits of
Infancy
Did pass dependent on maternal care,
His own humanity with Thee will share,
Pleased with the thanks that in His
People’s eye
Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
From Childbirth’s perilous throes. And
should the Heir
Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk in-
clined
To courses fit to make a mother rue
That ever he was born, a glance of mind
Cast upon this observance may renew
A better will; and, in the imagined view
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may
find.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting
peal;
Glad music! yet there be that, worn
with pain
And sickness, listen where they long
have lain.
In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
Inspired, the Church sends ministers
to kneel
Beside the afflicted; to sustain with
prayer,
And soothe the heart confession hath
laid bare—
That pardon, from God’s throne, may
set its seal
On a true Penitent. When breath departs
From one disburthened so, so com-
forted,
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be
hope [bed,
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-
Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to
cope
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter’s
arts.

THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

SHUN not this Rite, neglected, yea
abhorred.
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous
and appalling).
Go thou and hear the threatenings of
the Lord;
Listening within his Temple see his
sword
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the
offender’s head,
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.

Upon their conscious selves; their
 own lips speak
 The solemn promise. Strongest sinews
 fail,
 And many a blooming, many a lovely,
 cheek
 Under the holy fear of God turns
 pale;
 While on each head his lawn-robed
 servant lays
 An apostolic hand, and with prayer
 seals
 The Covenant. The Omnipotent will
 raise
 Their feeble Souls; and bear with *his*
 regrets,
 Who, looking round the fair assem-
 blage, feels
 That ere the Sun goes down their
 childhood sets.

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent
 Upon a Maiden trembling as she
 knelt;
 In and for whom the pious Mother
 felt
 Things that we judge of by a light too
 faint:
 Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned
 Muse, or Saint!
 Tell what rushed in, from what she was
 relieved—
 Then, when her Child the hallowing
 touch received,
 And such vibration through the Mother
 went
 That tears burst forth amain. Did
 gleams appear?
 Opened a vision of that blissful place

Where dwells a Sister-child? And was
 power given
 Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
 Even to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt,
 and, ere
 The summer-leaf had faded, passed to
 Heaven.

SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be
 tied:
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacra-
 ment!
 The Offspring, haply at the Parent's
 side;
 But not till They, with all that do abide
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts
 to laud
 And magnify the glorious name of God,
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for
 sinners died.
 Ye, who have duly weighed the sum-
 mons, pause
 No longer: ye, whom to the saving rite
 The Altar calls; come early under laws
 That can secure for you a path of light
 Through 'gloomiest shade; put on (nor
 dread its weight)
 Armour divine, and conquer in your
 cause!

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

THE Vested Priest before the Altar
 stands;
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in
 sight
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth
 to plight
 With the symbolic ring, and willing
 hands

The village Children, while the sky is
red
With evening lights, advance in long
array
Through the still churchyard, each with
garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the
head

Of the proud Bearer. To the wide
church-door,
Charged with these offerings which
their fathers bore

For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent Procession softly
moves:—

The spirit of Laud is pleased in
heaven's pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle ap-
proves!

REGRETS.

Would that our scrupulous Sires had
dared to leave

Less scanty measure of those graceful
rites

And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to
deceive;

Giving to Memory help when she would
weave

A crown for Hope!—I dread the
boasted lights

That all too often are but fiery
blights,

Killing the bud o'er which in vain we
grieve.

Go, seek, when Christmas snows dis-
comfort bring,

The counter Spirit found in some gay
church

Green with fresh holly, every pew a
perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might
sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying
search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

MUTABILITY.

From low to high doth dissolution
climb,

And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not
fail;

A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not
with crime,

Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms
that bear

The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and
plain

And is no more; drop like the tower
sublime

Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even
sustain

Some casual shout that broke the silent
air,

Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my down-
ward way,

Untouched by due regret I marked
your fall!

Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we
lay

Two aspects bears Truth needful for
salvation;
Who knows not *that?*—yet would this
delicate age
Look only on the Gospel's brighter
page:
Let light and dark duly our thoughts
employ;
So shall the fearful words of Commina-
tion
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and
joy.

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

To kneeling Worshippers no earthly
floor
Gives holier invitation than the deck
Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from
Wreck
(When all that Man could do availed
no more)
By Him who raised the Tempest and
restrains:
Happy the crew who this have felt, and
pour
Forth for His mercy, as the Church
ordains,
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they*
implore
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give
breath
To words the Church prescribes aiding
the lip
For the heart's sake, ere ship with
hostile ship
Encounters, armed for work of pain and
death:
Suppliants! the God to whom you
cause ye trust
Will listen, and ye know that He is
just.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal
and woe,
The Church extends her care to thought
and deed;
Nor quits the Body when the Soul is
freed,
The mortal weight cast off to be laid
low.
Blest Rite for him who hears in faith,
"I know
That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears
each word
That follows—striking on some kindred
chord
Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears
will flow.
Man is as grass that springeth up at
morn,
Grows green, and is cut down and
withereth
Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim
a sigh,
Its natural echo; but hope comes
reborn
At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O
Death,
Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where
is thy Victory?"

RURAL CEREMONY.*

CLOSING the sacred Book which long
has fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay;
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,

* This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

The State (ah, surely not preserved in
vain!)
Forbear to shape due channels which
the Flood
Of sacred truth may enter—till it
brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the
Egyptian plain
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the
time
Is conscious of her want; through
England's bounds,
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples
rise!
I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious
chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of
all sounds
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site; the virgin
sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy
eve,
Shall disappear, and grateful earth
receive
The corner-stone from hands that build
to God.
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to
the rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheer-
fully:
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the
Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid
this band
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and
wove

May-garlands, there let the holy altar
stand
For kneeling adoration;—while—above,
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic
Dove, [Land.
That shall protect from blasphemy the

CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk
subdued,
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
When each pale brow to dread hosannas
bowed
While clouds of incense mounting
veiled the rood,
That glimmered like a pine tree dimly
viewed [ling rite
Through Alpine vapours. Such appal-
Our Church prepares not, trusting to
the might
Of simple truth with grace divine
imbued;
Yet will we not conceal the precious
Cross,
Like men ashamed: the Sun with his
first smile
Shall greet that symbol crowning the
low Pile:
And the fresh air of incense-breathing
morn
Shall wooingly embrace it; and green
moss [unborn.
Creep round its arms through centuries

NEW CHURCHYARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf
arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring
Heaven;

On our past selves in life's declining
day:

For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor
deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.*
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable
seals?

Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and
live.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of
France

Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled
From altars threatened, levelled, or
defiled,

Wander the Ministers of God, as
chance

Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of faith invites. More welcome to no
land

The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the
vigilance

Of true compassion greet them. Creed
and test

Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity:—distrest
They came,—and, while the moral
tempest roars

Throughout the Country they have left,
our shores

Give to their Faith a fearless resting-
place.

* This is borrowed from an affecting passage
in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured
By THEM who blessed, the soft and
happy gale

That landward urged the great De-
liverer's sail,

Till in the sunny bay his fleet was
moored!

Propitious hour! had we, like them,
endured

Sore stress of apprehension,* with a
mind

Sickened by injuries, dreading worse
designed,

From month to month trembling and
unassured,

How had we then rejoiced! But we
have felt,

As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for,
we have seen;

A State whose generous will through
earth is dealt;

A State—which, balancing herself
between

Licence and slavish order, dares be
free.

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the
Main,

And laurelled armies, not to be with-
stood—

What serve they? if, on transitory
good

Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,

* See Burnet, who is unusually animated on
this subject; the east wind, so anxiously
expected and prayed for, was called the
"Protestant wind."

In the soft chequerings of a sleepy
light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves
unseen,
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn
sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming
Night!—
But, from the arms of silence—list!
O list!
The music bursteth into second
life; .
The notes luxuriate, every stone is
kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in many
strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before
the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable
home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in
hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge
here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to
roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's
dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where
the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let
my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-
like dome
ath typified by reach of daring art

Infinity's embrace; whose guardian
crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall
spread
As now, when She hath also seen her
breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its
part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Power who
came
In filial duty, clothed with love
divine,
That made His human tabernacle
shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal
flame;
Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its
name
From roseate hues, far kenne'd at morn
and even,
In hours of peace, or when the storm
is driven
Along the nether region's rugged
frame!
Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us
seek the light,
Studious of that pure intercourse
begun
When first our infant brows their lustre
won;
So, like the Mountain, may we grow
more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the
Sun,
At the approach of all-involving
night.

And where the rugged colts their
 gambols played,
 And wild deer bounded through the
 forest glade,
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw
 driven,
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn
 and even;
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's
 spade
 Shall wound the tender sod. Encinc-
 ture small,
 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and
 flow;—
 The spousal trembling, and the "dust
 to dust,"
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and
 the trust [through all.
 That to the Almighty Father looks

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
 Types of the spiritual Church which
 God hath reared;
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed
 sward
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous
 aisles
 To kneel, or thrid your intricate defiles,
 Or down the nave to pace in motion
 slow;
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall
 tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living
 wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead
 the will
 By a bright ladder to the world above.
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love

Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign
 hill!
 Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose
 splendours cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
 CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain
 expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect
 who planned—
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only—this
 immense
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven
 rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for
 the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branch-
 ing roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten
 thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where
 music dwells
 Linger—*and wandering on as loth to
 die;*
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness
 yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective! while from
 our sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows
 hide
 Their Portraitures, their stone-work
 glimmers, dyed

Notes could we hear as of a faery
shell

Attuned to words with sacred wisdom
fraught;

Free fancy prized each specious
miracle,

And all its finer inspiration caught:

Till, in the bosom of our rustic cell.

We by a lamentable change were
taught

That "bliss with mortal man may not
abide:—"

How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to
flow,

For us the voice of melody was mute.

But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary
snow,

And give the timid herbage leave to
shoot,

Heaven's breathing influence failed not
to bestow

A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit.

Fair fruit of pleasure and serene con-
tent

From blossoms wild of fancies inno-
cent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to
hear

Once more of troubles wrought by
~ magic spell:

And griefs whose aery motion comes
not near

The pangs that tempt the spirit to
rebel;

Then, with mild Una in her sober
cheer,

High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake

All that she suffered for her dear lord's
sake.

Then, too, this song of mine once
more could please,

Where anguish, strange as dreams of
restless sleep,

Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
aloft ascending, and descending
deep,

Even to the inferior kinds; whom
forest trees

Protect from beating sunbeams, and
the sweep

Of the sharp winds;—fair creatures!—
to whom Heaven

A calm and sinless life, with love, hath
given.

This tragic story cheered us: for it
speaks

Of female patience winning firm re-
pose;

And of the recompense that conscience
seeks

A bright, encouraging example shows:
Needful when o'er wide realms the

tempest breaks,

Needful amid life's ordinary woes;

Hence, not for them unfitted who
would bless

A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugi-
tive:

Oh, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which
they give—

Vain aspiration of an earnest will!

Yet in this moral strain a power may
live,

Bèloved wife! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

Rydal Mount, Westmoreland,

April, 20, 1815.

CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake
 enrolled,
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the
 WORD
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith
 explored,
 Power at whose touch the sluggard
 shall unfold
 His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that
 Stream behold,
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we
 have passed

Floating at ease while nations have
 effaced
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his
 fold
 Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth,
 my Soul!
 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to
 trust)
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they
 roll,
 Till they have reached the eternal
 City—built
 For the perfected Spirits of the just!

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the Summer of 1807, the author visited, for the first time, the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the poem of the White Doe, founded upon a tradition connected with the place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION.

IN trellised shed with clustering roses
 gay,
 And, Mary! oft beside our blazing
 fire,
 When years of wedded life were as a
 day
 Whose current answers to the heart's
 desire,
 Did we together read in Spenser's lay,
 How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
 The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
 To seek her knight went wandering
 o'er the earth.

Ah, then, beloved! pleasing was the
 smart,
 And the tear precious in compassion
 shed
 For her, who, pierced by sorrow's
 thrilling dart,
 Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
 Meek as that emblem of her lowly
 heart
 The milk-white lamb which in a line
 she led,—
 And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
 Like the brave lion slain in her de-
 fence.

Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe!
White she is as lily or June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are
driven.

And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for Sabbath hours
If I with this bright creature go,
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a spirit, for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven:

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state,
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed as well

Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to
dwell.

The presence of this wandering doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, re-appearing, she no less [blow
Sheds on the flowers that round her
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair pilgrim! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing,—
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament?
She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast:
As little she regards the sight,
As a common creature might:
If she be doomed to inward care
Or service, it must lie else.

"Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done; and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity. [seem
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it
And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal
bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine."

"They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kinn to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kinn to God by his spirit, he is a base ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of humane nature: for take an example of a dogg, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, or *melior natura*. Which courage is manifestly such, as that creature without that confidence of a better nature than his own could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain."—LORD BACON.

CANTO I.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun shines bright; the fields are gay,
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Through the vale retired and lowly.
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their
way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there?—Full fifty
years

That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part;
A chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills;—anon
Look again, and they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak.
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel:
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal,
Of a pure faith the vernal prime—
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down, the path through the open
green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yongateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard
ground;

Why thus the milk-white doe is found
 Couchant beside that lonely mound ;
 And why she duly loves to pace
 The circuit of this hallowed place,
 Nor to the child's inquiring mind
 Is such perplexity confined :
 For, spite of sober truth, that sees
 A world of fixed remembrances
 Which to this mystery belong.
 If, undecieved, my skill can trace,
 The characters of every face,
 There lack not strange delusion here,
 Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
 And superstitious fancies strong,
 Which do the gentle creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported sire,
 (Who in his boyhood often fed
 Full cheerily on convent-bread,
 And heard old tales by the convent-
 fire,
 And to his grave will go with
 scars,
 Relics of long and distant wars)
 That old man—studious to expound
 The spectacle—is mounting high
 To days of dim antiquity;
 When Lady Aahza mourned
 Her son, and felt in her despair,
 The pang of unavailing prayer;
 Her son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
 The noble boy of Egremound.
 From which affliction, when the grace
 Of God had in her heart found
 place,
 A pious structure, fair to see,
 Rose up—this stately priory!
 The lady's work, — but now laid
 low;
 To the grief of her soul that doth
 come and go
 In the beautiful form of this innocent
 doe:

Which, though seemingly doomed in
 its breast to sustain
 A softened remembrance of sorrow and
 pain,
 Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and
 bright ;
 And glides o'er the earth like an angel
 of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry
 door;
 And, through the chink in the frac-
 tured floor,
 Look down, and see a griesly sight ;
 A vault where the bodies are buried
 upright !
 There, face by face and hand by
 hand,
 The Claphams and Mauleverers
 stand ;
 And, in his place, among son and
 sire,
 Is John de Clapham, that fierce
 esquire,
 A valiant man, and a name of dread,
 In the ruthless wars of the White and
 Red ;
 Who dragged Earl Pembroke from
 Banbury church,
 And smote off his head on the stones
 of the porch !
 Look down among them, if you dare ;
 Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
 Prying into the darksome rent ;
 Nor can it be with good intent ;—
 So thinks that dame of haughty air,
 Who hath a page her book to hold,
 And, wears a frontlet edged with
 gold.
 Harsh thoughts with her high mood
 agree—
 Who counts among her ancestry
 Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously !

But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how
light?

Nor spares to stoop her head, and
taste

The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;

And thus she fares, until at last

Beside the ridge of a grassy grave

In quietness she lays her down;

Gently as a weary wate

Sinks, when the summer breeze hath
died,

Against an anchored vessel's side;

Even so, without distress, doth she

Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,

To a lingering motion bound,

Like the crystal stream now flowing

With its softest summer sound:

So the balmy minutes pass,

While this radiant creature lies

Couched upon the dewy grass,

Pensively with downcast eyes.

But now again the people raise

With awful cheer a voice of praise;

It is the last, the parting song;

And from the temple forth they
throng—

And quickly spread themselves
abroad—

While each pursues his several road.

But some, a variegated band,

Of middle-aged, and old, and
young,

And little children by the hand

Upon their leading mothers hung,

With mute obeisance gladly paid,

Turn towards the spot, where, full in
view,

The white doe, to her service
true,

Her Sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;
Which two spears' length of level
ground

Did from all other graves divide:

As if in some respect of pride;

Or melancholy's sickly mood,

Still shy of human neighbourhood;

Or guilt, that humbly would express

A penitential loneliness.

"Look; there she is, my child!
draw near;

She fears not, wherefore should we
fear?

She means no harm;"—but still the
boy,

To whom the words were softly said,
Hung back, and smiled and blushed
for joy,

A shame-faced blush of glowing red!

Again the mother whispered low,

"Now you have seen the famous doe;
From Rylstone she hath found her
way

Over the hills this Sabbath-day;

Her work, whate'er it be, is done,

And she will départ when we are gone;

Thus doth she keep from year to
year,

Her Sabbath morning, foul or fair."

Bright was the creature—as in dreams

The boy had seen her—yea, more
bright;

But is she truly what she seems?

He asks with insecure delight,

Asks of himself—and doubts—and
still

The doubt returns against his will:

Though he, and all the standers-by,

Could tell a tragic history

Of facts divulged, wherein appear

Substantial motive, reason clear,

CANTO II.

THE harp in lowliness obeyed ;
 And first we sang of the green-wood
 shade,
 And a solitary maid ;
 Beginning, where the song must end,
 With her, and with her sylvan friend ;
 The friend who stood before her sight,
 Her only unextinguished light ;
 Her last companion in a dearth
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For she it was—this maid, who
 wrought
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,
 In vermeil colours and in gold
 An unblest work ; which, standing by,
 Her father did with joy behold,—
 Exulting in its imagery ;
 A banner, fashioned to fulfil
 Too perfectly his headstrong will :
 For on this banner had her hand
 Embroidered (such her sire's command)
 The sacred cross : and figured there
 The five dear wounds our Lord did
 bear ;
 Full soon to be uplifted high,
 And float in rueful company !

It was the time when England's
 queen
 Twelve years had reigned, a sovereign
 dread ;
 Nor yet the restless crown had been
 Disturbed upon her virgin head ;
 But now the inly-working north
 Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
 A potent vassalage, to fight
 In Percy's and in Neville's right.
 Two earls fast leagued in discontent,
 Who gave their wishes open vent ;
 And boldly urged a general plea,
 The rites of ancient piety

To be triumphantly restored,
 By the stern justice of the sword !
 And that same banner, on whose
 breast

The blameless lady had exprest
 Memorials chosen to give life
 And sunshine to a dangerous strife ;
 That banner, waiting for the call,
 Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came,—and Francis Norton said,
 " O father ! rise not in this fray—
 The hairs are white upon your head ;
 Dear father, hear me when I say
 It is for you too late a day !
 Bethink you of your own good name :
 A just and gracious queen have we,
 A pure religion, and the claim
 Of peace on our humanity.
 'Tis meet that I endure your scorn,—
 I am your son, your eldest born ;
 But not for lordship or for land,
 My father, do I clasp your knees—
 The banner touch not, stay your
 hand.—

This multitude of men disband,
 And live at home in blameless ease ;
 For these my brethren's sake, for me :
 And, most of all, for Emily !"

Tumultuous noises filled the hall ;
 And scarcely could the father hear
 That name—pronounced with a dying
 fall,
 The name of his only daughter dear,—
 As on the banner which stood near
 He glanced a look of holy pride,
 And his moist eyes were glorified ;
 Then did he seize the staff, and say :
 " Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's
 name,
 Keep thou this ensign till the day
 When I of thee require the same :

That slender youth, a scholar pale,
From Oxford come to his native vale;
He also hath his own conceit:
It is, thinks he, the gracious fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to
meet

In his wanderings solitary:
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
A song of nature's hidden powers;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'Twas said that she all shapes could
wear;

And oftentimes before him stood,
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair;
And taught him signs, and showed
him sights,

In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian
heights;

When under cloud of fear he lay,
A shepherd clad in homely gray,
Nor left him at his later day:
And hence, when he, with spear and
shield

Rode full of years to Flodden field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow;
The fatal end of Scotland's king,
And all that hopeless overthrow.
But not in wars did he delight,
Thus Clifford wished for worthier
might:

Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state:
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he.
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the starry sky;
Or, in their cells, with him did pry

For other lore,—by keen desire
Urged to close toil with chemic fire:
In quest belike of transmutations
Rich as the mine's most bright creations.
But they and their good works are
faded—

And all is now disquieted—
And peace is none, for living or dead!

Ah, pensive scholar, think not so,
But look again at the radiant doe!
What quiet watch she seems to keep,
Alone, beside that grassy heap!
Why mention other thoughts unmeet
For vision so composed and sweet?
While stand the people in a ring,
Gazing, doubting, questioning;
Yea, many overcome in spite
Of recollections clear and bright;
Which yet do unto some impart
An undisturbed repose of heart,
And all the assembly own a law
Of orderly respect and awe;
But see—they vanish, one by one.
And last, the doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long be-
guiled
By vague thoughts, lured by fancies
wild;

To which, with no reluctant strings,
Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;
And now before this pile we stand
In solitude, and utter peace;
But, harp! thy murmurs may not
cease—

A spirit, with his angelic wings,
In soft and breeze-like visitings,
Has touched thee, and a spirit's hand:
A voice is with us—a command
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
A tale of tears, a mortal story.

For faithful we must call them, bearing
That soul of conscientious daring.
There were they all in circle—there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
And those bright twins were side by
side ;

And there by fresh hopes beautified.
Stood he, whose arm yet lacks the
power

Of man, our youngest, fairest flower !
I, by the right of eldest born,
And in a second father's place,
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
And meet their pity face to face ;
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
I to my father knelt and prayed,
And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
Methought, was yielding inwardly,
And would have laid his purpose by,
But for a glance of his father's eye,
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

"Then, be we, each, and all, forgiven !
Thou, chiefly thou, my sister dear,
Whose pangs are registered in heaven.
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
And smiles, that dared to take their
place

Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
As that unhallowed banner grew
Beneath a loving old man's view.
Thy part is done—thy painful part ;
Be thou then satisfied in heart !
A further, though far easier, task
Than thine hath been, my duties ask ;
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
I cannot for such cause contend ;
Their aims I utterly forswear ;
But I in body will be there.
Unarmed and naked will I go,
Be at their side, come weal or woe :

On kind occasions I may wait,
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.
Bare breast I take and an empty
hand."*

Therewith he threw away the lance,
Which he had grasped in that strong
trance,
Spurned it—like something that would
stand

Between him and the pure intent
Of love on which his soul was bent.

"For thee, for thee, is left the sense
Of trial past without offence
To God or man ;—such innocence,
Such consolation, and the excess
Of an unmerited distress ;
In that thy very strength must lie.
O-sister, I could prophesy !
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well ;
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee a woman, and thence weak ;
Hope nothing, I repeat ; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly :
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side.
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss :
But look not for me when I am gone.
And be no farther wrought upon.
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that !
Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend ;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours,
This mansion and these pleasant
bowers,

* See the old ballad,—*"The Rising of the North."*

Thy place be on my better hand ;—
And seven as true as thou, I see,
Will cleave to this good cause and
me."

He spake, and eight brave sons
straightway

All followed him, a gallant band !

Thus, with hissons, when forth he came
The sight was hailed with loud acclaim
And din of arms and minstrelsy,
From all his warlike tenantry,
All horsed and harnessed with him to
ride ;
A voice to which the hills replied !

But Francis, in the vacant hall,
Stood silent under dreary weight,—
A phantasm, in which roof and wall
Shook—tottered—swam before his
sight ;

A phantasm like a dream of night !
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
He found his way to a postern-gate ;
And, when he waked, his languid eye
Was on the calm and silent sky ;
With air about him breathing sweet,
And earth's green grass beneath his
feet ;

Nor did he fail ere long to hear
A sound of military cheer,
Faint—but it reached that sheltered
spot ;
He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance
Which he had grasped unknowingly,—
Had blindly grasped in that strong
trance,
That dimness of heart agony ;
There stood he, cleansed from the
despair
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.

The past he calmly hath reviewed :
But where will be the fortitude
Of this brave man, when he shall see
That form beneath the spreading tree,
And know that it is Emily ?

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew,—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling ;
" Might ever son *command* a sire,
The act were justified to-day."
This to himself—and to the maid,
Whom now he had approached, he
said,
" Gone are they,—they have their
desire,
And I with thee one hour will
stay,
To give thee comfort if I may."

She heard, but looked not up, nor
spake ;
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence ; then his thoughts turned
round,
And fervent words a passage found.

" Gone are they, bravely, though
misled ;
With a dear father at their head !
The sons obey a natural lord ;
The father had given solemn word
To noble Percy,—and a force,
Still stronger, bends him to his course.
This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of sire and sons
Untried our brothers have been loved
With heart by simple nature moved ;
And now their faithfulness is proved ;

These will be faithful to the end;
They are my all"—voice failed him
here.

"My all save one, a daughter dear!
Whom I have left, love's mildest birth,
The meekest child on this blessed earth,
I had—but these are by my side,
These eight, and this is a day of pride!
The time is ripe—with festive din
Lo! how the people are flocking in,—
Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth; for far and near
From every side came noisy swarms
Of peasants in their homely gear;
And, mixed with these to Brancepeth
came

Grave gentry of estate and name,
And captains known for worth in arms:
And prayed the earls in self-defence
To rise, and prove their innocence.—
"Rise, noble earls, put forth your might
For holy Church, and the people's right!"

The Norton fixed, at this demand,
His eye upon Northumberland,
And said, "The minds of men will
own

No loyal rest while England's crown
Remains without an heir, the bait
Of strife and factions desperate;
Who, paying deadly hate in kind
Through all things else, in this can find
A mutual hope, a common mind;
And plot, and pant to overwhelm
All ancient honour in the realm.
Brave earls! to whose heroic veins
Our noblest blood is given in trust,
To you a suffering state complains,
And ye must raise her from the dust.
With wishes of still bolder scope
On you we look, with dearest hope.

Even for our altars,—for the prize
In heaven, of life that never dies;
For the old and holy Church we mourn,
And must in joy to her return.
Behold!"—and from his son whose stand
Was on his right, from that guardian
hand

He took the banner, and unfurled
The precious folds—"behold," said he,
"The ransom of a sinful world;
Let this your preservation be,—
The wounds of hands and feet and side.
And the sacred cross on which Jesus
died!"

This bring I from an ancient hearth.
These records wrought in pledge of love
By hands of no ignoble birth.

A maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
While she the holy work pursued."
"Uplift the standard!" was the cry
From all the listeners that stood round:
"Plant it,—by this we live or die!"—
The Norton ceased not for that sound.
But said, "The prayer which ye have
heard

Much injured earls! by these preferred
Is offered to the saints, the sigh
Of tens of thousands, secretly."—
"Uplift it!" cried once more the
band,

And then a thoughtful pause ensued.
"Uplift it!" said Northumberland—
Whereat, from all the multitude,
Who saw the banner reared on high
In all its dread emblazonry,
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
The transport was rolled down the
river of Wera.

And Durham, the time-honoured
ham, did hear,
And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were
stirred by the shout!

Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead,
hall,
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;
The young horse must forsake his
manger,

And learn to glory in a stranger;
The hawk forget his perch—the hound
Be parted from his ancient ground:
The blast will sweep us all away,
One desolation, one decay!

And even this creature!" which words
saying

He pointed to a lovely doe,
A few steps distant, feeding, straying,
Fair creature, and more white than
snow!

"Even she will to her peaceful
woods

Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same
She was before she hither came,—
Ere she had learned to love us all,
Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall.
But thou, my sister, doomed to be
The last leaf on a blasted tree;

If not in vain we breathed the
breath

Together of a purer faith—
If hand in hand we have been led,
And thou, (oh, happy thought this
day!)

Not seldom foremost in the way—
If on one thought our minds have fed,
And we have in one meaning read—
If, when at home our private weal
Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,
Together we have learned to prize
Forbearance and self-sacrifice—

If we like combatants have fared,
And for this issue been prepared—
If thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endue thee with all
truth—
wo.

Be strong;— be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place:
A soul, by force of sorrows high,
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity!"

He ended,—or she heard no more:
He led her from the yew-tree shade,
And at the mansion's silent door,
He kissed the consecrated maid;
And down the valley then pursued,
Alone, the armed multitude.

CANTO III.

Now joy for you who from the
towers

Of Brancepeth look in doubt and
fear,

Telling melancholy hours!

Proclaim it, let your masters hear
That Norton with his band is near!
The watchmen from their station high
Pronounced the word,—and the earls
descry

Well-pleased, the armed company
Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair
Gone forth to greet him on the plain—
"This meeting, noble lords! looks fair,
I bring with me a goodly train;
Their hearts are with you:—hill and
dale

Have helped us:—Ure we crossed,
and Swale.

And horse and harness followed—
see

The best part of their yeomanry!
Stand forth, my sons!—these eight
are mine,

Whom to this service I commend;
Which way so'er our fate incline,

And now upon a chosen plot
 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot !
 He takes alone his far-off stand, [hand.
 With breast unmailed, unweaponed
 Bold is his aspect ; but his eye
 Is pregnant with anxiety,
 While, like a tutelary power, [hour ;
 He there stands fixed, from hour to
 Yet sometimes in more humble guise,
 Upon the turf-clad height he lies ;
 Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
 In sunshine were his only task,
 Or by his mantle's help to find
 A shelter from the nipping wind :
 And thus, with short oblivion blest,
 His weary spirits gather rest.
 Again he lifts his eyes ; and lo !
 The pageant glancing to and fro ;
 And hope is awakened by the sight,
 He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the chieftains bent ;
 But what avails the bold intent ?
 A royal army is gone forth
 To quell the rising of the North ;
 They march with Dudley at their head,
 And, in seven days' space, will to York
 be led !

Can such a mighty host be raised
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near ?
 The earls upon each other gazed,
 And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear ;
 For, with a high and valiant name,
 He bore a heart of timid frame,
 And bold if both had been, yet they
 "Against so many may not stay." *
 Back therefore will they hie to seize
 A stronghold on the banks of Tees ;
 There wait a favourable hour,
 Until Lord Dacre with his power

From Naworth come ; and Howard's air
 Be with them ; openly displayed.

While through the host, from man
 to man,
 A rumour of this purpose ran,
 The standard trusting to the care
 Of him who heretofore did bear
 That charge, impatient Norton sought.
 The chieftains to unfold his thought,
 And thus abruptly spake,—“ We yield
 (And can it be ?) an unfought field !
 How oft has strength, the strength of
 Heaven,
 To few triumphantly been given !
 Still do our very children boast
 Of mitred Thurston, what a host
 He conquered !—Saw we not the plain,
 (And flying shall behold again)
 Where faith was proved ?—while to
 battle moved

The standard on the sacred wain
 That bore it, compassed round by a
 bold

Fraternity of barons old ; [stood,
 And with those gray-haired champions
 Under the saintly ensigns three,
 The infant heir of Mowbray's blood—
 All confident of victory !

Shall Percy blush, then, for his name ?
 Must Westmoreland be asked with
 shame, [loss,

Whose were the numbers, where the
 In that other day of Neville's Cross ?
 When the Prior of Durham with holy
 hand

Raised, as the vision gave command,
 Saint Cuthbert's relic—far and near
 Kenned on the point of a lofty spear,
 While the monks prayed in maiden's
 bower

To God descending in his power.

* From the old ballad.

Now was the North in arms:—they
 shine
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
 At Percy's voice; and Neville sees
 His followers gathering in from Tees.
 From Were, and all the little rills—
 Concealed among the forked hills—
 Seven hundred knights, retainers all
 Of Neville, at their master's call
 Had sate together in Raby hall!
 Such strength that earldom held of
 yore;
 Nor wanted at this time rich store
 Of well-appointed chivalry.
 Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
 And greet the old paternal shield,
 They heard the summons;—and,
 furthermore,
 Horsemen and foot of each degree,
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,
 Appeared, with free and open hate
 Of novelties in Church and State;
 Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire;
 And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
 And thus, in arms, a zealous band
 Proceeding under joint command,
 To Durham first their course they bear;
 And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
 Sang mass, and tore the Book of
 Prayer,—
 And trod the Bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth
 and free,
 "They mustered their host at Wether-
 by,
 Full sixteen thousand, fair to see;"*
 The choicest warriors of the North!
 But none for beauty and for worth
 Like those eight sons—who, in a ring,
 (Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)

* From the old ballad.

Each with a lance, erect and tall,
 A falchion, and a buckler small.
 Stood by their sire, on Clifford-moor,
 To guard the standard which he bore.
 On foot they girt their father round;
 And so will keep the appointed ground
 Where'er their march: no steed will he
 Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly
 He stands upon the grassy sod,
 Trusting himself to the earth, and
 God.

Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
 Proud was the field of sons and sire,
 Of him the most; and sooth to say,
 No shape of man in all the array
 So graced the sunshine of that day.
 The monumental pomp of age
 Was with this goodly personage;
 A stature undepressed in size,
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
 In open victory o'er the weight
 Of seventy years, to loftier height;
 Magnific limbs of withered state,—
 A face to fear and venerate,—
 Eyes dark and strong, and on his head
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick-spread.
 Which a brown morion half-concealed,
 Light as a hunter's of the field;
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,
 Whereon the banner-staff might rest
 At need, he stood, advancing high
 The glittering, floating pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and
 one
 With unparticipated gaze;
 Who, 'mong those thousands, friend
 And treads in solitary ways. [hath none,
 He, following wheresoe'er he might,
 Hath watched the banner from afar,
 As shepherds watch a lonely star,
 Or mariners the distant light [night.
 That guides them through a stormy

Less would not at our need be due
 To us, who war against the untrue ;—
 The delegates of heaven we rise,
 Convoked the impious to chastise ;
 We, we the sanctities of old
 Would re-establish and uphold.”
 Be warned—his zeal the chiefs con-
 founded,

But word was given—and the trumpet
 sounded ;

Back through the melancholy host
 Went Norton, and resumed his post.
 Alas ! thought he, and have I borne
 This banner, raised with joyful pride,
 This hope of all posterity,
 By those dread symbols sanctified ;
 Thus to become at once the scorn
 Of babbling winds as they go by,
 A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
 To the light clouds a mockery !

“ Even these poor eight of mine would
 stem ;”

Half to himself, and half to them
 He spake, “ would stem, or quell a force
 Ten times their number, man and horse ;
 This by their own unaided might,
 Without their father in their sight,
 Without the cause for which they fight ;
 A cause, which on a needful day
 Would breed us thousands brave as
 they.”

So speaking he his reverend head
 Raised towards that imagery once more :
 But the familiar prospect shed
 Despondency unfelt before :
 A shock of intimations vain,
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,
 Fell on him, with the sudden thought
 Of her by whom the work was wrought :
 Oh, wherefore was her countenance bright
 With love divine and gentle light ?
 She would not, could not, disobey,
 But her faith leaned another way.

Ill tears she wept.—I saw them fall,
 I overheard her as she spake
 Sad words to that mute animal,
 The White Doe in the hawthorn
 brake ;

She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
 This cross in tears :—by her, and one
 Unworthier far, we are undone—
 Her recreant brother—he prevailed
 Over that tender spirit—assailed
 Too oft alas ! by her whose head
 In the cold grave hath long been laid,
 She first, in reason's dawn beguiled
 Her docile, unsuspecting child :
 Far back—far back my mind must go
 To reach the well-spring of this woe !
 While thus he brooded, music sweet
 Of border tunes was played to cheer
 The footsteps of a quick retreat ;
 But Norton lingered in the rear : [last
 Stung with sharp thoughts—and ere the
 From his distracted brain was cast,
 Before his father, Francis stood,
 And spake in firm and earnest mood.

“ Though here I bend a suppliant knee
 In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
 In your indignant thoughts my share ;
 Am grieved this backward march to see
 So careless and disorderly. [lead,
 I scorn your chiefs—men who would
 And yet want courage at their need :
 Then look at them with open eyes !
 Deserve they further sacrifice ?—
 If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
 In open field their gathering foes,
 (And fast, from this decisive day,
 Yon multitude must melt away ;)
 If now I ask a grace not claimed
 While ground was left for hope ; un-
 Be an endeavour that can do [blamed
 No injury to them or you.

—She feels it, and her pangs are
checked.

But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was
chased,

Came one who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus
spake ;

“An old man’s privilege I take ;
Dark is the time—a woeful day !
Dear daughter of affliction, say
How can I serve you ? point the way.”

“Rights have you, and may well be
bold :

You with my father have grown old
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming woe :
This would I beg ; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid ;
You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine.”

“Hope,” said the old man, “must
abide

With all of us, whate’er betide.
In Craven’s wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men :
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave ;
Or let them cross the river Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed !”

“Ah tempt me not !” she faintly
sighed ;

“I will not counsel nor exhort,—
With my condition satisfied ;
But you, at least, may make report
Of what befalls ;—be this your task—
‘This may be done ;—’tis all I ask !”

She spake—and from the lady’s
sight

The sire, unconscious of his age,
Departed promptly as a page
Bound on some errand of delight.
The noble Francis—wise as brave,
Thought he, may want not skill to
save :

With hopes in tenderness concealed,
Unarmed he followed to the field.
Him will I seek ! the insurgent powers
Are now besieging Barnard’s towers,—
“Grant that the moon which shines
this night
May guide them in a prudent flight !”

But quick the turns of chance and
change,
And knowledge has a narrow range ;
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—
The moon may shine, but cannot
be

Their guide in flight—already she
Hath witnessed their captivity.
She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made ;—
But dark and dismal is the vault
Where Norton and his sons are
laid !

Disastrous issue ! He had said
“This night yon faithless towers must
yield,

Or we for ever quit the field.
Neville is utterly dismayed,
For promise fails of Howard’s aid ;
And Dacre to our call replies
That *he* is unprepared to rise.
My heart is sick ; this weary pause
Must needs be fatal to our cause.
The breach is open—on the wall,
This night, the banner shall be
planted !

Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie :
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range unrestricted as the wind,
Through park or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated maid
Emerging from a cedar shade
To open moonshine, where the doe
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;
Like a patch of April snow,
Upon a bed of herbage green,
Lingering in a woody glade,
Or behind a rocky screen ;
Lonely relic ! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
Nor more regard doth she bestow
Upon the uncomplaining doe ! [day
Now couched at ease, though oft this
Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
When she had tried, and tried in vain,
Approaching in her gentle way,
To win some look of love, or gain
Encouragement to sport or play ;
Attempts which still the heart-sick maid
Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed ;—the breeze
Came fraught with kindly sympathies :
As she approached yon rustic shed
Hung with late-flowering woodbine,
spread
Along the walls and overhead ;
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revived a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote alcove,
(While from the pendant woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly-anxious mother strove
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years.

Yes, she is soothed :—an image faint—
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her ;—that blessed saint
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence !
“But oh ! thou angel from above,
Mute spirit of maternal love,
That stood'st before my eyes more clear
Than ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear ;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry,
Descend on Francis ; nor forbear
To greet him with a voice, and say ;—
‘If hope be a rejected stay,
Do thou, my Christian son, beware
Of that most lamentable snare,
The self-reliance of despair !”

Then from within the embowcred
retreat
Where she had found a grateful scat
Perturbed she issues.—She will go ;
Herself will follow to the war,
And clasp her father's knees ;—ah, no !
She meets the insuperable bar,
The injunction by her brother laid ;
His parting charge—but ill obeyed !
That interdicted all debate,
All prayer for this cause or for that ;
All efforts that would turn aside
The headstrong current of their fate :
Her duty is to stand and wait ;
In resignation to abide
The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.

To Rylstone he the tidings brought;
Then on this height the maid had sought;
And, gently as he could, had told
The end of that dire tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the lady turned: "You said
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead?"

"Your noble brother hath been spared,
To take his life they have not dared.
On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever!
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain;
Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came—
What, lady, if their feet were tied!
They might deserve a good man's blame;
But, marks of infamy and shame,
These were their triumph, these their
pride.

Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
Deep feeling that found utterance loud,
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,
'A prisoner once, but now set free!
'Tis well, for he the worst defied
Through force of natural piety;
He rose not in this quarrel, he
For concord's sake and England's good,
Suit to his brothers often made
With tears, and of his father prayed—
And when he had in vain withstood
Their purpose—then did he divide,
He parted from them; but at their side
Now walks in unanimity—
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity!' "

"And so in prison were they laid—
Oh, hear me, hear me, gentle maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams, through your dis-
tress.

Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move
And privilege of ancient love;
And, in your service making bold—
Entrance I gained to that strong-hold.

"Your father gave me cordial greet-
ing;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned—
He was commanding and entreating,
And said, 'We need not stop, my
son!
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying
on'—

And so to Francis he renewed
His words more calmly thus pursued.

" 'Might this our enterprise have
sped,
Change wide and deep the land had seen
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green:
The darksome altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the rood had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then, had I survived to see
New life in Bolton Priory;
The voice restored, the eye of truth
Re-opened that inspired my youth;
To see her in her pomp arrayed;
This banner (for such vow I made)
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same temple, have found rest:
I would myself have hung it high,
Fit offering of glad victory!

'Twas done:—his sons were with him
 —all;—
 They belt him round with hearts undaunted;
 And others follow;—sire and son
 Leap down into the court—"Tis won"—
 They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed
 That with their joyful shout should close
 The triumph of a desperate deed
 Which struck with terror friends and
 foes!
 The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils
 From Norton and his filial band;
 But they, now caught within the toils,
 Against a thousand cannot stand:—
 The foe from numbers courage drew,
 And overpowered that gallant few.
 "A rescue for the standard!" cried
 The father from within the walls;
 But, see, the sacred standard falls!—
 Confusion through the camp spread
 wide:
 Some fled—and some their fears detained:
 But ere the moon had sunk to rest
 In her pale chambers of the west,
 Of that rash levy nought remained.

CANTO V.

HIGH on a point of rugged ground,
 Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
 Above the loftiest ridge or mound
 Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
 An edifice of warlike frame
 Stands single (Norton Tower its name);
 It fronts all quarters, and looks round
 O'er path and road, and plain and
 dell,
 Dark moor, and gleam of pool and
 stream,
 Upon a prospect without bound.
 wo.

The summit of this bold ascent,
 Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
 As Pendle-hill or Pennygent
 From wind, or frost, or vapours wet;
 Had often heard the sound of glee
 When there the youthful Nortons met,
 To practise games and archery:
 How proud and happy they! the crowd
 Of lookers-on how pleased and proud!
 And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
 From showers, or when the prize was
 won,
 They to the tower withdrew, and
 there
 Would mirth run round, with generous
 fare;
 And the stern old lord of Rylstone-
 hall,
 Was happiest, proudest, of them all!

But now, his child, with anguish
 pale,
 Upon the height walks to and fro;
 'Tis well that she hath heard the
 tale,
 Received the bitterness of woe:
 For she *had* hoped, had hoped and
 feared,
 Such rights did feeble nature claim;
 And oft her steps had hither steered,
 Though not unconscious of self-blame;
 For she her brother's charge revered,
 His farewell words; and by the same,
 Yea, by her brother's very name,
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood
 (That gray-haired man of gentle
 blood,
 Who with her father had grown old
 In friendship, rival hunters they,
 And fellow-warriors in their day);

"Yes—God is rich in mercy," said
 The old man to the silent maid,
 "Yet, lady! shines, through this black
 night,
 One star of aspect heavenly bright;
 Your brother lives—he lives—is come
 Perhaps already to his home;
 Then let us leave this dreary place."
 She yielded, and with gentle pace,
 Though without one uplifted look,
 To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

CANTO VI.

Why comes not Francis?—Joyful cheer,
 He fled—and in his flight could hear
 The death-sounds of the minster-bell;
 That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
 To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!
 To Ambrose that! and then a knell
 For him, the sweet half-opened flower!
 For all—all dying in one hour!
 Why comes not Francis? Thoughts
 of love
 Should bear him to his sister dear
 With the fleet motion of a dove;
 Yea, like a heavenly messenger,
 Of speediest wing, should he appear.
 Why comes he not?—for westward fast
 Along the plain of York he past;
 Reckless of what impels or leads,
 Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds
 The sorrow through the villages;
 Spread by triumphant cruelties
 Of vengeful military force,
 And punishment without remorse.
 He marked not, heard not as he fled;
 All but the suffering heart was dead
 For him, abandoned to blank awe,
 To vacancy, and horror strong;
 And the first object which he saw,
 With conscious sight, as he swept
 along,—

It was the banner in his hand!
 He felt, and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:
 What hath he done? what promise made?
 Oh, weak, weak moment! to what
 end

Can such a vain oblation tend,
 And he the bearer?—Can he go
 Carrying this instrument of woe,
 And find, find anywhere, a right
 To excuse him in his country's sight?
 No, will not all men deem the change
 A downward course, perverse and
 strange?
 Here is it,—but how, when? must she,
 The unoffending Emily,
 Again this piteous object see?

Such conflict long did he maintain
 Nor liberty nor rest could gain;
 His own life into danger brought
 By this sad burden, even that thought,
 Exciting self-suspicion strong,
 Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
 And how, unless it were the sense
 Of all-disposing Providence,
 Its will unquestionably shown,
 How has the banner clung so fast
 To a palsied, and unconscious hand;
 Clung to the hand to which it passed
 Without impediment? And why
 But that Heaven's purpose might be
 known

Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,
 No intervention, to withstand
 Fulfilment of a father's prayer
 Breathed to a son forgiven, and blest
 When all resentments were at rest,
 And life in death laid the heart bare?—
 Then, like a sceptre sweeping by,
 Rushed through his mind the prophecy

“ ‘A shadow of such thought remains
To cheer this sad and pensive time;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble being—bids me climb
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my faith, if not restore.

“ ‘Hear then,’ said he, ‘while I impart,
My son, the last wish of my heart.
The banner strive thou to regain;
And, if the endeavour prove not vain,
Bear it—to whom if not to thee
Shall I this lonely thought consign?—
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary’s shrine,—
To wither in the sun and breeze
’Mid those decaying sanctities.
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed;
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost faith and Christ’s dear name,
I helmeted a brow though white,
And took a place in all men’s sight;
Yea, offered up this noble brood,
This fair unrivalled brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my son!
And left—but be the rest unsaid,
The name untouched, the tear unshed.—
My wish is known, and I have done:
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!’

“Then Francis answered—‘Trust
thy son,
For, with God’s will, it shall be done!’—

“The pledge obtained, the solemn
word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And officers appeared in state
To lead the prisoners to their fate.

They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, lady, you to hear?
They rose—embraces none were given—
They stood like trees when earth and
heaven
Are calm; they knew each other’s
worth,
And reverently the band went forth:
They met, when they had reached the
door,

One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there—that he might go before
And, with that rueful banner borne
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment;
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command
Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier’s hand;
And all the people that stood round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound
High transport did the father shed
Upon his son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath,
Together died, a happy death!
But Francis, soon as he had braved
That insult, and the banner saved,
Athwart the unresisting tide
Of the spectators occupied,
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his charge away.?

These things, which thus had in the
sight

And hearing passed of him who stood
With Emily, on the watch-tower height,
In Rylstone’s woeful neighbourhood,
He told; and oftentimes with voice
Of power to comfort or rejoice;
For deepest sorrows that aspire,
Go high, no transport ever higher.

Proudly the horsemen bore away
 The standard ; and where Francis lay
 There was he left alone, unwept,
 And for two days unnoticed slept.
 For at that time bewildering fear
 Possessed the country, far and near ;
 But, on the third day, passing by
 One of the Norton tenantry
 Espied the uncovered corse ; the man
 Shrunk as he recognised the face ;
 And to the nearest homesteads ran,
 And called the people to the place.
 How desolate is Rylstone-hall !
 This was the instant thought of all ;
 And if the lonely lady there
 Should be ; to her they cannot bear
 This weight of anguish and despair.
 So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
 Thoughtssadderstill, they deemed it best
 That, if the priest should yield assent
 And no one hinder their intent,
 Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,
 In holy ground a grave would make ;
 And straightway buried he should be
 In the church-yard of the priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
 The grave where Francis must be laid.
 In no confusion or neglect
 This did they,—but in pure respect
 That he was born of gentle blood ;
 And that there was no neighbourhood
 Of kindred for him in that ground ;
 So to the church-yard they are bound,
 Bearing the body on a bier
 And psalms they sing—a holy sound
 That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,
 And is again disquieted ;
 She must behold '—so many gone,
 Where is the solitary one?

And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped
 she,
 To seek her brother forth she went,
 And tremblingly her course she bent
 Toward Bolton's ruined priory.
 She comes, and in the vale hath heard
 The funeral dirge ;—she sees the knot
 Of people, sees them in one spot—
 And darting like a wounded bird
 She reached the grave, and with her
 breast
 Upon the ground received the rest,—
 The consummation, the whole ruth
 And sorrow of this final truth !

CANTO VII.

THOU spirit, whose angelic hand
 Was to the harp a strong command,
 Called the submissive strings to wake
 In glory for this maiden's sake,
 Say, spirit ! whither hath she fled
 To hide her poor afflicted head ?
 What mighty forest in its gloom
 Enfolds her ?—is a rifted tomb
 Within the wilderness her seat ?
 Some island which the wild waves
 beat,
 Is that the sufferer's last retreat ?
 Or some aspiring rock that shrouds
 Its perilous front in mists and clouds ?
 High-climbing rock—low sunless dale—
 Sea—desert—what do these avail ?
 Oh, take her anguish and her fears
 Into a deep recess of years !

'Tis done ;—despoil and desola-
 tion
 O'er Rylstone's fair domain have
 blown ;
 Pools, terraces, and walks are sown
 With weeds, the bowers are over-
 thrown,

Of utter desolation, made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade :
He sighed, submitting will and power,
To the stern embrace of that grasping
hour.

"No choice is left, the deed is mine—
Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
Will lay the relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will
He went, and traversed plain and hill;
And up the vale of Wharf his way
Pursued ;—and, at the dawn of day,
Attained a summit whence his eyes
Could see the tower of Bolton rise.
There Francis for a moment's space
Made halt—but hark ! a noise behind
Of horsemen at an eager pace !
He heard, and with misgiving mind.
'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the
band !

They come, by cruel Sussex sent ;
Who, when the Nortons from the hand
Of death had drunk their punishment,
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,
How Francis with the banner claimed
As his own charge, had disappeared,
By all the standers-by revered.
His whole bold carriage (which had
quelled

Thus far the opposer, and repelled
All censure, enterprise so bright
That even bad men had vainly striven
Against that overcoming light)
Was then reviewed, and prompt word
given,

That to what place soever fled
He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the
height
Where Francis stood in open sight.

They hem him round—"Behold the
proof,"

They cried, "the ensign in his hand !
He did not arm, he walked aloof !
For why ?—to save his father's land :—
Worst traitor of them all is he,
A traitor dark and cowardly !"

"I am no traitor," Francis said,
"Though this unhappy freight I bear ;
And must not part with. But beware ;—
Err not, by hasty zeal misled,
Nor do a suffering spirit wrong,
Whose self-reproaches are too strong !"
At this he from the beaten road
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
That like a place of vantage showed ;
And there stood bravely, though for-
lorn.

In self-defence with warlike brow
He stood,—nor weaponless was now ;
He from a soldier's hand had snatched
A spear,—and, so protected, watched
The assailants, turning round and
round : [wound
But from behind with treacherous
A spearman brought him to the ground.
The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
Dropped from him ; but his other hand
The banner clenched ; till, from out
the band,

One, the most eager for the prize,
Rushed in ; and—while, O grief to tell !
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
Unclosed the noble Francis lay—
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey ;
But not before the warm life-blood
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
The wounds the broidered banner
showed,
Thy fatal work, O maiden, innocent as
good !

Thus checked, a little while it
stayed ;

A little thoughtful pause it made :

And then advanced with stealth-like
pace.

Drew softly near her—and more near.
Looked round—but saw no cause for
fear ;

So to her feet the creature came,
And laid its head upon her knee,
And looked into the lady's face,
A look of pure benignity.

And fond unclouded memory ;
It is, thought Emily, the same,
The very doe of other years !
The pleading look the lady viewed,
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
She melted into tears—

A flood of tears, that flowed apace
Upon the happy creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest ! O pair !
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen
care,
This was for you a precious greeting,—
And may it prove a fruitful meeting.
Joined are they, and the sylvan doe
Can she depart ? can she forego
The lady, once her playful peer,
And now her sainted mistress dear ?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely chronicler of things
Long past, delights and sorrows ?
Lone sufferer ! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face,
And welcome, as a gift of grace,
Thesaddest thought the creature brings ?

That day, the first of a reunion
Which was to teem with high com-
munion,

That day of balmy April weather,
They tarried in the wood together.

And when, ere fall of evening dew,
She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,
The white doe tracked with faithful
pace

The lady to her dwelling-place ;
That nook where, on paternal ground,
A habitation she had found,
The master of whose humble board
Once owned her father for his lord ;
A hut, by tufted trees defended,
Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is
blended.

When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the doe stood there in
sight.

She shrunk :—with one frail shock of
pain,

Received and followed by a prayer,
She saw the creature once again ;
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear ;—
But, wheresoever she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground.
And therefore now she deems it good
Once more this restless neighbourhood
To leave.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,
The white doe followed up the vale,
Up to another cottage—hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale ;
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
By lurking Dembrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and forti-
fied ?

For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and
deed,

Endless history that lies
In her silent follower's eyes !
Who with a power like human reason
Discerns the favourable season,

Or have given way to slow mutation,
 While, in their ancient habitation
 The Norton name hath been unknown.
 The lordly mansion of its pride
 Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
 Through park and field, a perishing
 That mocks the gladness of the spring!
 And with this silent gloom agreeing
 Appears a joyless human being,
 Of aspect such as if the waste
 Were under her dominion placed:
 Upon a primrose bank, her throne
 Of quietness, she sits alone;
 Among the ruins of a wood,
 Erewhile a covert bright and green,
 And where full many a brave tree stood;
 That used to spread its boughs, and
 ring
 With the sweet bird's carolling,
 Behold her, like a virgin queen,
 Neglecting in imperial state
 These outward images of fate,
 And carrying inward a serene
 And perfect sway, through many a
 thought
 Of chance and change, that hath been
 brought
 To the subjection of a holy,
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
 The like authority, with grace
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—
 There hath she fixed it; yet it seems
 To o'ershadow by no native right
 That face, which cannot lose the
 gleams,
 Lose utterly the tender gleams
 Of gentleness and meek delight,
 And loving-kindness ever bright:
 Such is her sovereign mien;—her dress
 (A vest, with woollen cincture tied,
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
 Is homely,—fashioned to express
 A wandering pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and
 far,
 Beneath the light of sun and star;
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,
 Yea, like a ship at random blown
 To distant places and unknown.
 But now she dares to seek a haven
 Among her native wilds of Craven;
 Hath seen again her father's roof,
 And put her fortitude to proof;
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
 And she is thoroughly forlorn:
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
 Sustained by memory of the past
 And strength of reason; held above
 The infirmities of mortal love;
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so, beneath a mouldered tree
 A self-surviving leafless oak,
 By unregarded age from stroke
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
 There did she rest, with head recline
 Herself most like a stately flower,
 (Such have I seen) whom chance
 birth
 Hath separated from its kind,
 To live and die in a shady bower,
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant
 thunder,
 A troop of deer came sweeping by;
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
 For one, among those rushing deer,
 A single one in mid career
 Hath stopped, and fixed her large full
 eye
 Upon the Lady Emily,
 A doe most beautiful, clear-white,
 A radiant creature, silver-bright!

If tears are shed, they do not fall
 For loss of him, for one or all;
 Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she
 weep,
 Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;
 A few tears down her cheek descend
 For this her last and living friend.

Bless tender hearts, their mutual lot,
 And bless for both this savage spot:
 Which Emily doth sacred hold
 For reasons dear and manifold—
 Here hath she, here before her sight,
 Close to the summit of this height,
 The grassy rock-encircled pound
 In which the creature first was found
 So beautiful the timid thrall,
 (A spotless youngling white as foam,)
 Her youngest brother brought it home,
 The youngest, then a lusty boy,
 Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
 With heart brimful of pride and joy!

But most to Bolton's sacred pile,
 On favouring nights, she loved to go:
 There ranged through cloister, court,
 and aisle,
 Attended by the soft-paced doe;
 Nor feared she in the still moonshine
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.
 For that she came; there oft she
 sate
 Forlorn, but not disconsolate:
 And, when she from the abyss returned
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor
 mourned;
 Was happy that she lived to greet
 Her mute companion as it lay
 In love and pity at her feet;
 How happy in its turn to meet

The recognition! the mild glance
 Beamed from that gracious countenance;
 Communication, like the ray
 Of a new morning, to the nature
 And prospects of the inferior creature!

A mortal song we sing, by dower
 Encouraged of celestial power;
 Power which the viewless spirit shed
 By whom we were first visited;
 Whose voice we heard, whose hand
 and wings

Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
 When, left in solitude, erewhile
 We stood before this ruined pile,
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
 Sang in this presence kindred themes;
 Distress and desolation spread
 Through human hearts, and pleasure
 dead,—

Dead—but to live again on earth.
 A second and yet nobler birth;
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high
 The re-ascent in sanctity!
 From fair to fairer; day by day
 A more divine and loftier way!
 Even such this blessed pilgrim trod,
 By sorrow lifted towards her God;
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed mortality.
 Her own thoughts loved she; and
 could bend
 A dear look to her lowly friend,—
 There stopped;—her thirst was satisfied
 With what this innocent spring sup-
 plied—
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,
 And stood apart from human cares:
 But to the world returned no more,
 Although with no unwilling mind
 Help did she give at need, and joined
 The Wharfedale peasants in their
 prayers.

Skilled to approach or to retire,—
 From looks conceiving her desire,
 From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
 That vary to the heart within.

If she too passionately wreathed
 Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
 Walked quick or slowly, every mood
 In its degree was understood ;
 Then well may their accord be true,
 And kindest intercourse ensue.
 Oh ! surely 'twas a gentle rousing
 When she by sudden glimpse espied
 The white doe on the mountain
 browsing,
 Or in the meadow wandered wide !
 How pleased, when down the straggler
 sank
 Beside her, on some sunny bank !
 How soothed, when in thick bower
 enclosed,
 They like a nested pair reposed !
 Fair vision ! when it crossed the maid
 Within some rocky cavern laid,
 The dark cave's portal gliding by,
 White as whitest cloud on high,
 Floating through the azure sky.
 What now is left for pain or fear ?
 That presence, dearer and more dear,
 While they, side by side, were straying,
 And the shepherd's pipe was playing,
 Did now a very gladness yield
 At morning to the dewy field,
 And with a deeper peace endued
 The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her companion, in such frame
 Of mind, to Rylstone back she came ;
 And, ranging through the wasted
 groves,
 Received the memory of old loves,
 Undisturbed and undistrest,
 Into a soul which now was blest

With a soft spring-day of holy,
 Mild, and grateful, melancholy :
 Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
 But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone
 played
 Their Sabbath music—"God us ayde !"
 That was the sound they seemed to
 speak ;
 Inscriptive legend, which I ween
 May on those holy bells be seen,
 That legend, and her grandsire's
 name ;
 And oftentimes the lady meek
 Had in her childhood read the same,
 Words which she slighted at that day ;
 But now, when such sad change was
 wrought,
 And of that lonely name she thought,
 The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
 While she sate listening in the shade,
 With vocal music, "God us ayde ;"
 And all the hills were glad to bear
 Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she reason's firmest power ;
 But with the white doe at her side
 Up would she climb to Norton tower,
 And thence look round her far and
 wide ;
 Her fate there measuring—all is stilled,—
 The weak one hath subdued her
 heart ;
 Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
 Fulfilled, and she sustains her part !
 But here her brother's words have
 failed ;
 Here hath a milder doom prevailed ;
 That she, of him and all bereft,
 Hath yet this faithful partner left ;
 This one associate that disproves
 His words, remains for her, and loves.

"Wherefore in praise, the worthiest
that I may,
Jesu! of thee, and the white lily-flower
Which did thee bear, and is a maid for
aye,

To tell a story I will use my power;
Not that I may increase her honour's
dower,
For she herself is honour, and the root
Of goodness, next her Son our soul's
best boot.

"O mother maid! O maid and mother
free!
O bush unburnt! burning in Moses'
sight!

That down didst ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the Spirit that
did alight

Upon thy heart, whence, through that
glory's might,
Conceiv'd was the Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

"Lady, thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, lady! ere men pray to
thee

Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy
prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

"My knowledge is so weak, O blissful
queen!

To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sus-
tain;

But as a child of twelve months old or
less,

That laboureth his language to
express,

Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee
pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee
shall say.

"There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where
Jews might be;

Assigned to them and given them for
their own

By a great lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to His com-
pany;

And through this street who list might
ride and wend;

Free was it, and unbarred at either
end.

"A little school of Christian people
stood

Down at the farther end, in which
there were

A nest of children come of Christian
blood,

That learned in that school from year
to year

Such sort of doctrine as men used
there,

That is to say, to sing and read also
As little children in their childhood do.

"Among these children was a widow's
son,

A little scholar, scarcely seven years
old,

Who day by day unto this school hath
gone,

And eke, when he the image did
behold

Of Jesu's mother, as he had been told,
This child was wont to kneel adown

and say
Ave Marie, as he goeth by the way.

At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
 To earth, she was set free, and died.
 Thy soul, exalted Emily,
 Maid of the blasted family,
 Rose to the God from whom it came!
 In Rylstone church her mortal frame
 Was buried by her mother's side

Most glorious sunset!—and a ray
 Survives—the twilight of this day;
 In that fair creature whom the fields
 Support, and whom the forest shields;
 Who, having filled a holy place,
 Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's
 grace;

And bears a memory and a mind
 Raised far above the law of kind;
 Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
 Which her dear mistress once held dear:
 Loves most what Emily loved most—
 The enclosure of this church-yard
 ground;

Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
 And every Sabbath here is found;
 Comes with the people when the bells

Are heard among the moorland dells,
 Finds entrance through yon arch, where
 Lies open on the Sabbath-day; [way
 Here walks amid the mournful waste
 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
 And floors encumbered with rich show
 Of fret-work imagery laid low;
 Paces softly, or makes halt,
 By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,
 By plate of monumental brass
 Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
 And sculptured forms of warriors brave;
 But chiefly by that single grave,
 That one sequestered hillock green,
 The pensive visitant is seen.
 Where doth the gentle creature lie
 With those adversities unmoved;
 Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
 In their benignity approved!
 And aye, methinks, this hoary pile,
 Subdued by outrage and decay,
 Looks down upon her with a smile,
 A gracious smile, that seems to say,
 "Thou, thou art not a child of time,
 But daughter of the eternal prime!"

SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER MODERNISED.

THE PRIORESS' TALE.

"Call up him who left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold."

In the following poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the author; so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as *also* and *alway*, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the

prioress forms a fine background for her tender-hearted sympathies with the mother and child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

"O LORD; our Lord! how wondrously,"
 (quoth she) [spread abroad!
 "Thy name in this large world is
 For not alone by men of dignity [laud;
 Thy worship is performed and precious
 But by the mouths of children, gracious
 God! {they lie
 Thy goodness is set forth; they when
 Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

O Alma Redemptoris! high and low:
The sweetness of Christ's mother
pierced so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to
pray,
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

"The serpent, Satan, our first foe, that
hath
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, up-
swelled—'O woe,
O Hebrew people!' said he in his
wrath,
'Is it an honest thing? Shall this be
so?
That such a boy where'er he lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns
and saws,
Which is against the reverence of our
laws!'"

"From that day forward have the Jews
conspired
Out of the world this innocent to chase;
And to this end a homicide they hired,
That in an alley had a privy place.
And, as the child 'gan to the school to
pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held
him fast
And cut his throat, and in a pit him
cast.

"I say that him into a pit they threw.
A loathsome pit, whence noisome
scents exhale;
O cursed folk! away, ye Herods new!
What may your ill intentions you avail?
Murder will out; certes it will not fail;
Know, that the honour of high God
may spread,
The blood cries out on your accursed
deed.

"O martyr! scoldish in virginity!
Now may'st thou sing for aye before
the throne,
Following the Lamb celestial, quench
she,
"Of which the great Evergeest Saint
John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them
that go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did
know.

"Now this poor widow waiteth all that
night
After her little child, and he came
not:
For which, by earliest glimpse of
morning light
With face all pale with dread and busy
thought
She at the school and elsewhere him
hath sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had
been
In the Jews' street, and there he last
was seen.

"With mother's pity in her breast en-
closed
She goeth as she were half out of her
mind,
To every place wherein she hath sup-
posed
By likelihood her little son to
find;
And ever on Christ's mother meek and
kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she was
brought,
And him among the accursed Jews she
sought.

"This widow thus her little son hath
taught
Our blissful lady, Jesu's mother
dear,
To worship aye, and he forgat it
not,
For simple infant hath a ready ear.
Sweet is the holiness of youth: and
hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I
may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth
aye,
For he so young to Christ did rever-
ence.

"This little child, while in the school
he sate
His primer conning with an earnest
cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem book
repeat
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and
near,
And hearkened to the words and to
the note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by
rote.

"This Latin knew he nothing what it
said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and
prayed
That he the meaning of this song
would show,
And unto him declare why men sing
so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at
ease,
This child did him beseech on his
bare knees.

"His schoolfellow, who elder was than
he,
Answered him thus:—'This song, I
have heard say,
Was fashioned for our blissful lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day.
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I
have got.'

"And is this song fashioned in rever-
ence
Of Jesu's mother?' said this Innocent,
'Now, certès, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be
spent;
Although I for my primer shall be
shent,
And shall be beaten three times in an
hour,
Our lady I will praise with all my
power.'

"His schoolfellow, whom he had so
besought,
As they went homeward taught him
privily;
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the
note:
Twice in a day it passèd through his
throat;
Homeward and schoolward whensoever
he went,
On Jesu's mother fixed was his intent.

"Through all the Jewry (this before
said I,)
This little child, as he came to and
fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and
cry,

- "My throat is cut unto the bone, I
 trow;
 Said this young child, 'and by the law
 of kind
 I should have died, yea, many hours
 ago;
 But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye
 find,
 Will that his glory last, and be in
 mind;
 And, for the worship of his mother
 dear,
 Yet may I sing, *O Alma!* loud and
 clear.
- "This well of mercy Jesu's mother
 sweet
 After my knowledge I have loved
 alway.
 And in the hour when I my death did
 meet
 To me she came, and thus to me did
 say,
 'Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,'
 As ye have heard; and soon as I had
 sung
 Methought she laid a grain upon my
 tongue.
- "Wherefore I sing, nor can from song
 refrain,
 In honour of that blissful maiden free,
 Till from my tongue off taken is the
 grain;
 And after that thus said she unto
 me,
 'My little child, then will I come for
 thee
 Soon as the grain from off thy tongue
 they take,
 Be not dismayed, I will not thee for-
 sake."
- "This holy monk, this abbot—him
 mean I,
 Touched then his tongue, and took
 away the grain;
 And he gave up the ghost full peace-
 fully;
 And, when the abbot had this wonder
 seen,
 His salt tears trickled down like
 showers of rain,
 And on his face he dropped upon the
 ground,
 And still he lay as if he had been
 bound.
- "Eke the whole convent on the pave-
 ment lay,
 Weeping and praising Jesu's mother
 dear;
 And after that they rose, and took
 their way
 And lifted up this martyr from the bier
 And in a tomb of precious marble
 clear
 Enclosed his uncorrupted body
 sweet.—
 Where'er he be, God grant us him to
 meet!
- "Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort
 laid low
 By cursed Jews—thing well and widely
 known,
 For it was done a little while
 ago—
 Pray also thou for us, while here we
 tarry,
 Weak sinful folk, that God with pity-
 ing eye.
 In mercy would his mercy multiply
 On us, for reverence of his mother
 Mary!"

"She asketh, and she piteously doth pray

To every Jew that dwelleth in that place
To tell her if her child had passed that way;

They all said nay; but Jesu of his grace

Gave to her thought, that in a little space

She for her son in that same spot did cry

Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

"O thou great God that dost perform thy laud

By mouths of innocents, lo! here thy might;

This gem of chastity, this emerald,
And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,

There, where with mangled throat he lay upright,

The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing
So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

"The Christian folk that through the Jewry went

Come to the spot in wonder at the thing;

And hastily they for the provost sent;
Immediately he came not tarrying,

And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly king,

And eke his mother, honour of mankind:
Which done, he bade that they the Jews should bind.

"This child with piteous lamentation then

Was taken up, singing his song alway;
And with procession great and pomp of men

To the next abbey him they bare away;

His mother swooning by the body lay:
And scarcely could the people that were near

Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

"Torment and shameful death to every one

This provost doth for those bad Jews prepare

That of this murder wist, and that anon;

Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare;

Who will do evil, evil shall he bear;

Them therefore with wild horses did he draw.

And after that he hung them by the law.

"Upon his bier this innocent doth lie
Before the altar while the mass doth last:

The abbot with his convent's company
Then sped themselves to bury him full fast;

And, when they holy water on him cast,

Yet spake this child when sprinkled was the water,

And sang, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater!*

"This abbot, for he was a holy man,
As all monks are, or surely ought to be,

In supplication to the child began;
Thus saying, 'O dear child! I summon thee

In virtue of the holy Trinity,
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,

Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
Through all this May that I have little
sleep;

And also 'tis not likely unto me,
That any living heart should sleepy be
In which Love's dart its fiery point
doth steep.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which Lovers
heed;

How among them it was a common
tale,
That it was good to hear the
Nightingale,
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be utterèd.

And then I thought anon as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essay
If I perchance a Nightingale might
hear,
For yet had I heard none, of all that
year,
And it was then the third night of the
May.

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But straightway to a wood that was
hard by,
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
And held the pathway down by a
brook-side;

Till to a lawn I came all white and
green,
I in so fair a one had never been.
The ground was green, with daisy
powdered over;
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty
cover,
All green and white; and nothing else
was seen.

There sate I down among the fair fresh
flowers,
And saw the birds come tripping from
their bowers,
Where they had rested them all night;
and they,
Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honour May with all their
powers.

Well did they know that service all by
rote,
And there was many and many a lovely
note,
Some, singing loud, as if they had
complained;
Some with their notes another manner
feigned; [throat.
And some did sing all out with the full

They pruned themselves, and made
themselves right gay,
Dancing and leaping light upon the
spray;
And ever two and two together were,
The same as they had chosen for the
year,

Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.
Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I
sate upon,
Was making such a noise as it ran on
Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmony;
Methought that it was the best melody
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

And for delight, but how I never wot,
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught.
Not all asleep and yet not waking
wholly;
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
Broke silence, or I heard him in my
thought.

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE God of Love—*ah, benedicite!*

How mighty and how great a Lord
is he!

For he of low hearts can make high, of
high

He can make low, and unto death bring
nigh;

And hard hearts he can make them
kind and free.

Within a little time, as hath been
found,

He can make sick folk whole and fresh
and sound;

Them who are whole in body and in
mind,

He can make sick,—bind can he and
unbind

All that he will have bound, or have
unbound.

To tell his might my wit may not
suffice;

Foolish men he can make them out of
wise;—

For he may do all that he will devise;
Loose livers he can make abate their

vice,
And proud hearts can make tremble in

a trice.

In brief, the whole of what he will, he
may;

Against him dare not any wight say
nay;

To humble or afflict whome'er he
will,

To gladden or to grieve, he hath like
skill;

But most his might he sheds on the
eve of May.

For every true heart, gentle heart and
free,

That with him is, or thinketh so
to be,

Now against May shall have some
stirring—whether

To joy, or be it to some mourning;
never

At other time, methinks, in like
degree.

For now when they may hear the small
birds' song,

And see the budding leaves the branches
throng,

This unto their remembrance doth
bring

All kinds of pleasure mix'd with
sorrowing;

And longing of sweet thoughts that ever
long.

And of that longing heaviness doth
come,

Whence oft great sickness grows of
heart and home;

Sick are they all for lack of their
desire;

And thus in May their hearts are set on
fire,

So that they burn forth in great martyr-
dom.

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what
though now

Old am I, and to genial pleasure
slow;

Yet have I felt of sickness through the
May,

Both hot and cold, and heart-aches
every day,—

How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

And also would I that they all were
 dead,
 Who do not think in love their life to
 lead;
 For who is loth the God of Love to
 obey,
 Is only fit to die, I dare well say,
 And for that cause OSEE I cry; take
 heed!

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint
 law,
 That all must love or die; but I with-
 draw,
 And take my leave of all such
 company,
 For mine intent it neither is to
 die,
 Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to
 draw.

For lovers, of all folk that be
 alive,
 The most disquiet have and least do
 thrive;
 Most feeling have of sorrow, woe and
 care,
 And the least welfare cometh to their
 share;
 What need is there against the truth to
 strive?

What! quoth she, thou art all out of
 thy mind,
 That in thy churlishness a cause canst
 find
 To speak of Love's true Servants in this
 mood;
 For in this world no service is so
 good
 To every wight that gentle is of
 kind.

For thereof comes all goodness and all
 worth;
 All gentleness and honour thence come
 forth;
 Thence worship comes, content and
 true heart's pleasure,
 And full-assured trust, joy without
 measure,
 And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and
 mirth;

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
 And seemliness, and faithful com-
 pany,
 And dread of shame that will not do
 amiss;
 For he that faithfully Love's ser-
 vant is,
 Rather than be disgraced, would chuse
 to die.

And that the very truth it is
 which I
 Now say—in such belief I'll live and
 die;
 And Cuckoo, do thou so, by my
 advice.
 Then, quoth she, let me never hope for
 bliss,
 If with that counsel I do e'er
 comply.

Good Nightingale! thou speakest won-
 drous fair,
 Yet for all that, the truth is found else-
 where;
 For Love in young folk is but rage, I
 wis;
 And Love in old folk a great
 dotage is;
 Who most it useth, him 'twill most
 impair.

And that was right upon a tree fast
by,
And who was then ill satisfied
but I?
Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the
rood,
From thee and thy base throat, keep
all that's good,
Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan
chide,
In the next bush that was me fast
beside,
I heard the lusty Nightingale so
sing,
That her clear voice made a loud
rioting,
Echoing thorough all the green wood
wide.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my
heart's cheer,
Hence hast thou stayed a little while
too long;
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo
here,
And she hath been before thee with
her song;
Evil light on her! she hath done me
wrong.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I
pray;
As long as in that swooning-fit 'I
lay,
Methought I wist right well what these
birds meant,
And had good knowing both of their
intent,
And of their speech, and all that they
would say.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing
spake:—
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or
brake,
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell
here;
For every wight eschews thy song to
hear,
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou
make.

What! quoth she then, what is't that
ails thee now?
It seems to me I sing as well as
thou;
For mine's a song that is both true and
plain,—
Although I cannot quaver so in
vain
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not
how.

All men may understanding have of
me,
But, Nightingale, so may they not of
thee;
For thou hast many a foolish and
quaint cry:—
Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE, then how
may I
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this
may be?

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not
what it is?
Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,
Then mean I, that I should be wonder-
ous fain
That shamefully they one and all were
slain,
Whoever against Love mean aught
amiss.

And so methought I started up anon,
 And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
 Which at the Cuckoo hardily I cast,
 And he for dread did fly away full fast;
 And glad, in sooth, was I when he was
 gone.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and
 aye,
 Kept crying, "Farewell! — farewell,
 Popinjay!"
 As if in scornful mockery of me;
 And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
 Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

Then straightway came the Nightingale
 to me,
 And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I
 thank thee,
 That thou wert near to rescue me; and
 now,
 Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
 That all this May I will thy songstress
 be.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she
 said,
 By this mishap no longer be dismayed,
 Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere
 thou heard'st me;
 Yet if I live it shall amended be,
 When next May comes, if I am not
 afraid.

And one thing will I counsel thee also,
 The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his
 Love's saw;
 All that she said is an outrageous lie.
 Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto,
 quoth I,
 For Love, and it hath done me mighty
 woe.

Yea, hath it? use, quoth she, this
 medicine;
 This May-time, every day before thou
 dine,
 Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,
 Although for pain thou may'st be like
 to die,
 Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop
 and pine.

And mind always that thou be good
 and true,
 And I will sing one song, of many new,
 For love of thee, as loud as I may cry;
 And then did she begin this song full
 high,
 "Beshrew all them that are in love
 untrue."

And soon as she had sung it to the end,
 Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence
 must wend;
 And, God of Love, that can right well
 and may,
 Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,
 As ever he to Lover yet did send.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of
 me;
 I pray to God with her always to be,
 And joy of love to send her evermore;
 And shield us from the Cuckoo and
 her lore,
 For there is not so false a bird as she.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Night-
 ingale,
 To all the Birds that lodged within that
 dale,
 And gathered each and all into one
 place; [ful case,
 And them besought to hear her dole-
 And thus it was that she began her tale.

For thereof come all contraries to glad-
ness;
Thence sickness comes, and over-
whelming sadness,
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
Dishonour, shame, envy importunate,
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and
madness.

Loving is aye an office of despair,
And one thing is therein which is not
fair;
For whoso gets of love a little bliss,
Unless it alway stay with him, I wis
He may full soon go with an old man's
hair.

And, therefore, Nightingale! do thou
keep nigh,
For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint
cry,
If long time from thy matethou be, or far,
Thou'lt be as others that forsaken are;
Then shalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill
beseen!
The God of Love afflict thee with all
teen,
For thou art worse than mad a thousand
fold;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been nought, if Love had
never been.

For evermore his servants Love
amendeth,
And he from every blemish them
defendeth;
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
In loyalty, and worshipful desire,
And, when it likes him, joy enough
them sendeth.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be
still,
For Love no reason hath but his own
will;—
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and
joy;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
He lets them perish through that
grievous ill.

With such a master would I never
be;*
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not
see,
And knows not when he hurts and
when he heals;
Within this court full seldom Truth
avails,
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

Then of the Nightingale did I take
note,
How from her inmost heart a sigh she
brought,
And said, Alas! that ever I was
born,
Not one word have I now, I am so
forlorn,—
And with that word, she into tears
burst out.

Alas, alas! my very heart will
break,
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird
thus speak
Of Love, and of his holy services;
Now, God of Love! thou help me in
some wise,
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may
wreak.

* From a manuscript in the Bodleian.

L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladness!
 Luna by night, with heavenly influence
 Illumined! root of beauty and goodness,
 Write, and allay by your beneficence,
 My sighs breathed forth in silence,—
 comfort give!
 Since of all good you are the best
 alive.

EXPLICIT.

TROILUS AND CRESIDA.

NEXT morning Troilus began to
 clear
 His eyes from sleep, at the first break
 of day,
 And unto Pandarus, his own Brother
 dear,
 For love of God, full piteously did
 say,
 We must the Palace see of Cresida;
 For since we yet may have no other
 feast,
 Let us behold her Palace at the least!

And therewithal to cover his intent
 A cause he found into the Town to
 go,
 And they right forth to Cresid's Palace
 went;
 But, Lord, this simple Troilus was
 woe,
 Him thought his sorrowful heart would
 break in two;
 For when he saw her doors fastbolted
 all,
 Well nigh for sorrow doz'd he 'gan to
 fall.

Therewith when this true Lover 'gan
 behold,
 How shut was every window of the
 place,
 Like frost he thought his heart was icy
 cold;
 For which, with changèd, pale, and
 deadly face,
 Without word uttered, forth he 'gan to
 pace;
 And on his purpose bent so fast to ride,
 That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus,—O Palace desolate!
 O house of houses, once so richly dight!
 O Palace empty and disconsolate!
 Thou lamp of which extinguished is the
 light;
 O Palace whilom day that now art night,
 Thou ought'st to fall and I to die;
 since she
 Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.

O, of all houses once the crownèd boast!
 Palace illumined with the sun of bliss;
 O ring of which the ruby now is lost,
 O cause of woe, that cause has been of
 bliss:
 Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss
 Thy cold doors; but I dare not for this
 rout;
 Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint
 is out!

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,
 With changèd face, and piteous to be-
 hold;
 And when he might his time aright espy,
 Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told
 Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,
 So piteously, and with so dead a hue,
 That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

The Cuckoo—'tis not well that I should
hide
How she and I did each the other
chide,
And without ceasing, since it was day-
light;
And now I pray you all to do me
right
Of that false Bird whom Love can not
abide.

Then spake one Bird, and full assent
all gave;
This matter asketh counsel good as
grave,
For birds we are—all here together
brought;
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is
not;
And therefore we a Parliament will
have.

And thereat shall the Eagle be our
Lord,
And other Peers whose names are on
record;
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be
sent,
And judgment there be given; or that
intent
Failing, we finally shall make accord.

And all this shall be done, without a
nay,
The morrow after Saint Valentine's
day,
Under a maple that is well bescen,
Before the chamber-window of the
Queen,
At Woodstock, on the meadow green
and gay.

She thanked them; and then her leave
she took,
And flew into a hawthorn by that
brook;
And there she sate and sung—upon
that tree—
"For term of life Love shall have hold
of me"—
So loudly, that I with that song awoke.

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I
know,
For beauty thou hast none, nor elo-
quence,
Who did on thee the hardiness bestow
To appear before my Lady? but a
sense
Thou surely hast of her benevolence,
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth
give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness,
To show to her some pleasant meanings
writ
In winning words, since through her
gentleness,
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to
give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,
Though I be far from her I reverence,
To think upon my truth and steadfast-
ness,
And to abridge my sorrow's violence,
Caused by the wish, as knows your
sapience,
She of her liking proof to me would give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

And after this he to the gate did
 go
 Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she
 was;
 And up and down there went, and to
 and fro,
 And to himself full oft he said,
 alas!
 From hence my hope and solace forth
 did pass.
 O would the blissful God now for his
 joy,
 I might her see again coming to
 Troy!

And up to yonder hill was I her
 guide;
 Alas, and there I took of her my
 leave;
 Yonder I saw her to her Father
 ride.
 For very grief of which my heart shall
 cleave;—
 And hither home I came when it was
 eve:
 And here I dwell an outcast from all
 joy,
 And shall, unless I see her soon in
 Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,
 That he was blighted, pale, and waxen
 less
 Than he was wont; and that in whispers
 soft
 Men said, what may it be, can no one
 guess
 Why Troilus hath all this heaviness?—
 All which he of himself conceited
 wholly
 Out of his weakness and his melan-
 choly.

Another time he took into his
 head,
 That every wight, who in the way passed
 by,
 Had of him ruth, and fancied that they
 said,
 I am right sorry Troilus will die:
 And thus a day or two drove
 wearily;
 As ye have heard; such life 'gan he to
 lead
 As one that standeth betwixt hope and
 dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs
 to show
 The occasion of his woe, as best he
 might;
 And made a fitting song, of words but
 few,
 Somewhat his woeful heart to make
 more light;
 And when he was removed from all
 men's sight,
 With a soft voice, he of his Lady
 dear,
 That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may
 hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the
 light,
 With a sore heart well ought I to
 bewail,
 That ever dark in torment, night to
 night,
 Toward my death with wind I steer and
 sail;
 For which upon the tenth night if thou
 fail
 With thy bright beams to guide me but
 one hour,
 My ship and me Charybdis will devour

Forth from the spot he rideth up and
 down,
 And everything to his remembrance
 Came as he rode by places of the
 town
 Where he had felt such perfect pleasure
 once.
 Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady
 dance,
 And in that Temple she with her bright
 eyes,
 My Lady dear, first bound me captive-
 wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart
 have I
 Heard my own Cresid's laugh, and
 once at play
 I yonder saw her eke full bliss-
 fully;
 And yonder once she unto me 'gan
 say—
 Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I
 pray!
 And there so graciously did me
 behold,
 That hers unto the death my heart I
 hold.

And at the corner of that self-same
 house
 Heard I my most beloved Lady
 dear,
 So womanly, with voice melodious
 Singing so well, so goodly, and so
 clear,
 That in my soul methinks I yet do
 hear
 The blissful sound; and in that very
 place
 My Lady first me took unto her
 grace.
 wo.

O blissful God of Love! then thus he
 cried,
 When I the process have in memory,
 How thou hast wearied me on every
 side,
 Men thence a book might make, a
 history;
 What need to seek a conquest over
 me,
 Since I am wholly at thy will? what
 joy
 Hast thou thy own liege subjects to
 destroy?

Dread Lord! so fearful when provoked,
 thine ire
 Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain
 and grief;
 Now mercy, Lord! thou know'st well I
 desire
 Thy grace above all pleasures first and
 chief;
 And live and die I will in thy
 belief;
 For which I ask for guerdon but one
 boon,
 That Cresida again thou send me
 soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to
 return,
 As thou dost mine with longing her to
 see,
 Then know I well that she would not
 sojourn.
 Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not
 be
 Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of
 thee,
 As Juno was unto the Theban blood,
 From whence to Thebes came griefs in
 multitude.

THE RIVER DUDDON.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, serving as a boundary to the two last counties, for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.)

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with foiled wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played,
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,
Hast heard this never-falling rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light,
Which nature, and these rustic powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er:
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared,
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, usages of pristine mould,
And ye, that guard them, mountains old!

Bear with me, brother! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

As soon as he this song had thus sung , Upon the walls fast also would he
 through walk,
 He fell again into his sorrows old; To the end that he the Grecian host
 And every night, as was his wont to might see;
 do, And ever thus he to himself would
 Troilus stood the bright moon to be talk:—
 hold; Lo! yonder is my own bright Lady
 And all his trouble to the moon he free;
 told, Or yonder is it that the tents must
 And said: I wis, when thou art horn'd be;
 anew, And thence does come this air which is
 I shall be glad if all the world be true. so sweet,
 That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

Thy horns were old as now upon that
 morrow,
 When hence did journey my bright
 Lady dear,
 That cause is of my torment and my
 sorrow;
 For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and
 clear,
 For love of God, run fast above thy
 sphere;
 For when thy horns begin once more
 to spring,
 Then shall she come, that with her bliss
 may bring.

And certainly this wind, that more and
 more
 By moments thus increaseth in my
 face,
 Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and
 sore;
 I prove it thus; for in no other
 space
 Of all this town, save only in this
 place,
 Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like
 pain;
 It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain?

The day is more, and longer every
 night
 Than they were wont to be—for he
 thought so;
 And that the sun did take his course
 not right,
 By longer way than he was wont
 to go;
 And said, I am in constant dread I
 trow,
 That Phaeton his son is yet alive,
 His too fond father's car amiss to
 drive.

A weary while in pain he tosseth
 thus,
 Till fully passed and gone was the ninth
 night;
 And ever at his side stood Pandarus,
 Who busily made use of all his
 might
 To comfort him, and make his heart
 more light;
 Giving him always hope, that she the
 morrow
 Of the tenth day will come, and end
 his sorrow

IV.

TAKE, cradled nursling of the mountain, take
 This parting glance, no negligent adieu !
 A Protean change seems wrought, while
 I pursue
 The curves, a loosely-scattered chain
 doth make ;
 Or rather thou appear'st a glistening
 snake.
 Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
 Thridding with sinuous lapse the
 rushes, through
 Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny
 brake.
 Starts from a dizzy steep the un-
 daunted rill
 Robed instantly in garb of snow-white
 foam ;
 And laughing dares the adventurer,
 who hath clomb
 So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;
 Else let the dastard backward wend,
 and roam.
 Seeking less bold achievement, where
 he will !

V.

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze
 that played
 With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful
 sound
 Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy
 mound,
 Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to
 upbraid
 The sun in heaven !—but now, to form
 a shade
 For thee, green alders have together
 wound
 Their foliage ; ashes flung their arms
 around ;
 And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.

And thou hast also tempted here to
 rise,
 'Mid sheltering pines, this cottage rude
 and gray ;
 Whose ruddy children, by the mother's
 eyes
 Carelessly watched, sport through the
 summer day,
 Thy pleased associates :—light as end-
 less May
 On infant bosoms lonely nature lies.

VI.

FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with
 social trees
 It lacked not old remains of hawthorn
 bowers,
 Where small birds warbled to their
 paramours ;
 And, earlier still, was heard the hum
 of bees ;
 I saw them ply their harmless rob-
 beries,
 And caught the fragrance which the
 sundry flowers,
 Fed by the stream with soft perpetual
 showers,
 Plenteously yielded to the vagrant
 breeze.
 There bloomed the strawberry of the
 wilderness ;
 The trembling eyebright showed her
 sapphire blue,
 The thyme her purple, like the blush
 of even ;
 And, if the breath of some to no
 caress
 Invited, forth they peeped so fair to
 view,
 All kinds alike seemed favourites of
 Heaven.

I.

NOT envying Latian shades—if yet they
 throw
 A grateful coolness round that crystal
 spring,
 Blandusia, prattling as when long
 ago
 The Sabine bard was moved her praise
 to sing;
 Careless of flowers that in perennial
 blow
 Round the moist marge of Persian
 fountains cling;
 Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
 Through ice-built arches radiant as
 heaven's bow;
 I seek the birthplace of a native
 stream.
 All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou
 morning light!
 Better to breathe at large on this clear
 height
 Than toil in needless sleep from
 dream to dream:
 Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous,
 free, and bright,
 For Duddon, long-loved Duddon is
 my theme!

II.

CHILD of the clouds! remote from
 every taint
 Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
 Thine are the honours of the lofty
 waste;
 Not seldom, when with heat the
 valleys faint,
 Thy hand-maid frost with spangled
 tissue quaint
 Thy cradle decks; to chant thy birth
 thou hast
 No meaner poet than the whistling
 blast,

And desolation is thy patron-saint!
 She guards thee, ruthless power! who
 would not spare
 Those mighty forests, once the bison's
 screen,
 Where stalked the huge deer to his
 shaggy lair*
 Through paths and alleys roofed with
 darkest green,
 Thousands of years before the silent air
 Was pierced by whizzing shaft of
 hunter keen!

III.

How shall I paint thee?—Be this
 naked stone
 My seat while I give way to such in-
 tent;
 Pleased could my verse, a speaking
 monument,
 Make to the eyes of men thy features
 known.
 But as of all those tripping lambs not
 one
 Outruns his fellows, so hath nature
 lent
 To thy beginning naught that doth
 present
 Peculiar ground for hope to build
 upon.
 To dignify the spot that gives thee
 birth,
 No sign of hoar antiquity's esteem
 Appears, and none of modern fortune's
 care;
 Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed
 a gleam
 Of brilliant moss, instinct with fresh-
 ness rare;
 Prompt offering to thy foster-mother
 earth!

* The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

X.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that pair whose youthful spirits
dance

With prompt emotion, urging them to
pass;

A sweet confusion checks the shep-
herd-lass;

Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood
askance.—

To stop ashamed—too timid to
advance;

She ventures once again—another
pause!

His outstretched hand he tauntingly
withdraws—

She sues for help with piteous utterance!
Chidden she chides again; the thrill-
ing touch

Both feel when he renews the wished-
for aid:

Ah! if their fluttering hearts should
stir too much,

Should beat too strongly, both may be
betrayed.

The frolic loves who, from yon high
rock, see

The struggle, clap their wings for
victory!

XI.

THE FAËRY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age;
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
Is of the very footmarks unbereft

Which tiny elves impressed; on that
smooth stage

Dancing with all their brilliant
equipage

In secret revels—haply after theft
Of some sweet babe, flower stolen,
and coarse weed left

or the distracted mother to assuage

Her grief with, as she might!—But,
where, oh! where

Is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances, wild in
character?

Deep underground?—Or in the upper air,
On the shrill wind of midnight? or
where floats

O'er twilight fields the autumnal gos-
samer?

XII.

HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

Oh, loitering muse—the swift stream
chides us—on!

Albeit his deep-worn channel doth
immure

Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange com-
parison!

Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to
endure

When the broad oak drops, a leafless
skeleton,

And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust!
The bard who walks with Duddon for
his guide.

Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set;—
Turn from the sight, enamoured muse
—we must;

And, if thou canst, leave them without
regret!

XIII.

OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields—with dwellings
sprinkled o'er.

And one small hamlet, under a green
hill.

Clustering with barn and byre, and
spouting mill!

VII.

"CHANGE me, some god, into that
breathing rose!"
The love-sick stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower, beholding, as it
lies
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;
Or he would pass into her bird, that
throws
The darts of song from out its wiry
cage;
Enraptured,—could he for himself en-
gage
The thousandth part of what the
nymph bestows,
And what the little careless innocent
Ungraciously receives. Too daring
choice!
There are whose calmer mind it would
content
To be an uncultured floweret of the
glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe; or
darkling wren,
That tunes on Duddon's banks her
slender voice.

VIII.

WHAT aspect bore the man who roved
or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—
who first
In this pellucid current slaked his
thirst?
What hopes came with him? what
designs were spread
Along his path? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompassed? Was the
intruder nursed
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed
the dead?

No voice replies;—both air and earth
are mute;
And thou, blue streamlet, murmuring
yield'st no more
Than a soft record that whatever
fruit
Of ignorance thou mightst witness
heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to re-
store,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden
and pollute!

IX.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling rill insensibly is
grown
Into a brook of loud and stately
march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or
arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might
seem a zone
Chosen for ornament: stone matched
with stone
In studied symmetry, with inter-
space
For the clear waters to pursue their
race
Without restraint.—How swiftly have
they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here
the child
Puts, when the high-swollen flood runs
fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof;—
and here
Declining manhood learns to note the
sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end
how near!

Aimed at the white man's ignorance,
 the while
 Of the Great Waters telling how they
 rose,
 Covered the plains, and, wandering
 where they chose,
 Mounted through every intricate de-
 file,
 Triumphant.—Inundation wide and
 deep,
 O'er which his fathers urged, to ridge
 and steep
 Else unapproachable, their buoyant
 way;
 And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded
 side,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of
 chase or prey;
 Whatever they sought, shunned, loved,
 or deified!*

XVII.

RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon
 blasted yew,
 Perched on whose top the Danish
 raven croaks;
 Aloft, the imperial bird of Rome in-
 vokes
 Departed ages, shedding where he
 flew
 Loose fragments of wild wailing, that
 bestrew
 The clouds, and thrill the chambers
 of the rocks,
 And into silence hush the timorous
 flocks,
 That, calmly couching while the
 nightly dew
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the
 twinkling stars

* See Hambolke's Personal Narrative.

Slept amid that lone camp on Hard-
 knot's height,
 Whose guardians bent the knee to
 Jove and Mars:
 Or, near that mystic round of Druid
 frame
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight
 Deep into patient earth, from whose
 smooth breast it came!

XVIII.

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED religion, "mother of form and
 fear,"
 Dread arbitress of - mutable re-
 spect.
 New rites ordaining, when the old are
 wrecked,
 Or cease to please the fickle wor-
 shipper;
 Mother of love! (that name best suits
 thee here)
 Mother of love! for this deep vale,
 protect
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source of
 bright effect,
 Gifted to purge the vapoury atmo-
 sphere
 That seeks to stifle it;—as in those
 days
 When this low pile a gospel teacher
 knew,
 Whose good works formed an endless
 retinue:
 A pastor such as Chaucer's verse por-
 trays;
 Such as the Heaven-taught skill of
 Herbert drew;
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with
 deathless praise!

A glance suffices;—should we wish for
 more,
 Gay June would scorn us: but when
 bleak winds roar
 Through the stiff lance-like shoots of
 pollard ash,
 Dread swell of sound! loud as the
 gusts that lash
 The matted forests of Ontario's shore
 By wasteful steel unsmitten, then
 would I
 Turn into port,—and, reckless of the
 gale,
 Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping
 by,
 While the warm hearth exalts the
 mantling ale,
 Laugh with the generous household
 heartily
 At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

XIV.

O MOUNTAIN stream! the shepherd
 and his cot
 Are privileged inmates of deep solitude;
 Nor would the nicest anchorite ex-
 clude
 A field or two of brighter green, or
 plot
 Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like
 a spot
 Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast
 viewed
 These only, Duddon! with their paths
 renewed
 By fits and starts, yet this contents thee
 not.
 Thee hath some awful spirit impelled
 to leave,
 Utterly to desert, the haunts of
 men,
 Though simple thy companions were
 and few;
 wo.

And through this wilderness a passage
 cleave
 Attended but by thy own voice, save
 when
 The clouds and fowls of the air thy
 way pursue!

XV.

FROM this deep chasm—where quiver-
 ing sunbeams play
 Upon its loftiest crags—mine eyes be-
 hold
 A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and
 cold;
 A concave free from shrubs and
 mosses gray;
 In semblance fresh, as if, with dire
 affray,
 Some statue; placed amid these
 regions old
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
 Startling the flight of timid yesterday!
 Was it by mortals sculptured?—weary
 slaves
 Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring
 blast
 Tempestuously let loose from central
 caves?
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
 Then, when o'er highest hills the
 deluge pass'd?

XVI.

AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long
 beguile
 Or plague the fancy, 'mid the sculp-
 tured shows
 Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko
 flows;
 There would the Indian answer with
 a smile

XXII.

TRADITION.

A LOVE-LORN maid, at some far-distant
time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose
depths surpass
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-
glass;
And, gazing, saw that rose, which
from the prime
Derives its name, reflected as the
chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet
sound:
The starry treasure from the blue
profound
She longed to ravish:—shall she
plunge, or climb
The humid precipice, and seize the
guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air?
Desperate alternative! what fiend
could dare
To prompt the thought?—Upon the
steep rock's breast
The lonely primrose yet renews its
bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless
doom!

XXIII.

SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avaunt!—partake we
their blithe cheer
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn
flock
To wash the fleece, where haply bands
of rock,
Checking the stream, make a pool
smooth and clear
As this we look on. Distant mountains
hear,

Hear and repeat, the turmoil that
unites
Clamour of boys with innocent despoil
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from
strange fear.
And what if Duddon's spotless flood
receive
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth
noise
Thickens, the paternal river will forgive
Such wrong; nor need we blame the
licensed joy,
Though false to nature's quiet
equipage:
Frank are the spots, the stains are
fugitive.

XXIV.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

MID-NOON is past;—upon the sultry
mead
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its
shadow throws:
If we advance unstrengthened by re-
pose,
Farewell the solace of the fragrant
reed!
This nook, with woodbine hung and
straggling weed,
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose.
Half grot, half arbour, proffers to
enclose
Body and mind from molestation
freed,
In narrow compass—narrow as itself:
Or if the fancy, too industrious elf,
Be loth that we should breathe awhile
exempt
From new incitements friendly to our
task,
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that
may tempt
Loose idlers to forego her wily mask.

XIX.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with
 delight
 When hope presented some far-distant
 good,
 That seemed from Heaven descend-
 ing, like the flood
 Of yon pure waters, from their aery
 height
 Hurrying with lordly Duddon to
 unite;
 Who, 'mid a world of images imprest
 On the calm depth of his transparent
 breast,
 Appears to cherish most that torrent
 white,
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them
 all!
 And seldom hath ear listened to a
 tune
 More lulling than the busy hum of
 noon,
 Swoln by that voice—whose murmur
 musical
 Announces to the thirsty fields a
 boon
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again
 shall fall.

XX.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive poets, had they
 seen,
 Or rather felt, the entrancement that
 detains
 Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these
 flowery plains,
 The still repose, the liquid lapse
 serene,
 Transferred to bowers imperishably
 green,

Had beautified Elysium! But these
 chains
 Will soon be broken;—a rough course
 remains,
 Rough as the past; where, thou, of
 placid mien,
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean
 sky,
 Shalt change thy temper; and, with
 many a shock
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
 Dance like a Bacchanal, from rock to
 rock,
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and
 high!

XXI.

WHENCE that low voice?—A whisper
 from the heart,
 That told of days long past, when here
 I roved
 With friends and kindred tenderly be-
 loved;
 Some who had early mandates to
 depart,
 Yet are allowed to 'steal my path
 athwart
 By Duddon's side; once more do we
 unite,
 Once more beneath the kind earth's
 tranquil light;
 And smothered joys into new being
 start.
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
 Of time, breaks forth triumphant
 Memory;
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light
 and free
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and
 fall
 On gales that breathe too gently to recall
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

XXVIII.

JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-
 opprest,
 Crowded together under rustling trees,
 Brushed by the current of the water-
 breeze;
 And for *their* sakes, and love of all
 that rest,
 On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering
 nest;
 For all the startled scaly tribes that slink
 Into his coverts, and each fearless link
 Of dancing insects forged upon his
 breast;
 For these, and hopes and recollections
 worn
 Close to the vital seat of human clay;
 Glad meetings,—tender partings—that
 upstay
 The drooping mind of absence, by
 vows sworn
 In his pure presence near the trysting
 thorn;
 I thanked the leader of my onward
 way.

XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to
 lance,
 Horse charging horse, 'mid these re-
 tired domains;
 Tells that their turf drank purple from
 the veins
 Of heroes fallen, or struggling to
 advance,
 Till doubtful combat issued in a trance
 Of victory, that struck through heart
 and reins,
 Even to the inmost seat of mortal
 pains,
 And lightened o'er the pallid counte-
 nance.

Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who
 lie
 In the blank earth, neglected and for-
 lorn,
 The passing winds memorial tribute
 pay;
 The torrents chant their praise, in-
 spiring scorn
 Of power usurped with proclamation
 high,
 And glad acknowledgment of lawful
 sway.

XXX.

WHO swerves from innocence, who
 makes divorce
 Of that serene companion—a good
 name,
 Recovers not his loss; but walks with
 shame,
 With doubt, with fear, and haply with
 remorse.
 And oft-times he, who, yielding to the
 force
 Of chance temptation, ere his journey
 end,
 From chosen comrade turns, or faith-
 ful friend,
 In vain shall rue the broken inter-
 course.
 Not so with such as loosely wear the
 chain
 That binds them, pleasant river! to
 thy side:—
 Through the rough copse wheel thou
 with hasty stride,
 I choose to saunter o'er the grassy
 plain,
 Sure, when the separation has been
 tried,
 That we, who part in love, shall meet
 again.

XXV.

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented
 feat
 Should some benignant minister of air
 Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
 The one for whom my heart shall
 ever beat
 With tenderest love;—or, if a safer
 seat
 Atween his downy wings be furnished,
 there
 Would lodge her, and the cherished
 burden bear
 O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!
 Rough ways my steps have trod; too
 rough and long
 For her companionship; here dwells
 soft ease:
 With sweets that she partakes not
 some distaste
 Mingles, and lurking consciousness of
 wrong;
 Languish the flowers; the waters seem
 to waste
 Their vocal charm; their sparklings
 cease to please.

XXVI.

RETURN, content! for fondly I pur-
 sued,
 Even when a child, the streams—un-
 heard, unseen;
 Through tangled woods, impending
 rocks between;
 Or, free as air, with flying inquest
 viewed
 The sullen reservoirs whence their
 bold brood,
 Pure as the morning, fretful, bois-
 terous, keen,
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white
 and green,

Poured down the hills, a choral multi-
 tude!
 Nor have I tracked their course for
 scanty gains;
 They taught me random cares and
 truant joys,
 That shield from mischief and pre-
 serve from stains
 Vague minds, while men are growing
 out of boys;
 Maturer fancy owes to their rough
 noise
 Impetuous thoughts that brook not
 servile reins.

XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless
 heap,
 Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
 Is that embattled house, whose massy
 keep
 Flung from yon cliff a shadow large
 and cold.—
 There dwelt the gay, the bountiful,
 the bold,
 Till nightly lamentations, like the
 sweep
 Of winds—though winds were silent,
 struck a deep
 And lasting terror through that ancient
 hold.
 Its line of warriors fled;—they shrunk
 when tried
 By ghostly power:—but Time's un-
 sparing hand
 Hath plucked such foes, like weeds,
 from out the land;
 And now, if men with men in peace
 abide,
 All other strength the weakest may
 withstand,
 All worse assaults may safely be de-
 fied.

At seemly distance, to advance like thee,
 Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
 And soul, to mingle with eternity!

XXXIV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

I THOUGHT of thee, my partner and my guide,
 As being past away. Vain sympathies!
 For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide;
 Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide;

The form remains, the function never dies;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We men, who in our morn of youth defied
 The elements, must vanish:—be it so!
 Enough, if something from our hands have power
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

I.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

March, 1832

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed;
 And in the Senate some there were who doffed
 The last of their humanity, and scoffed [mayed
 At providential judgments, undisturbed
 By their own daring. But the people prayed [grew soft
 As with one voice; their flinty heart

With penitential sorrow, and aloft
 Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid!"
 Oh that with aspirations more intense,
 Chastised by self-abasement more profound,
 This people, once so happy, so renowned
 For liberty, would seek from God defence
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
 Of revolution, impiously unbound!

XXXI.

THE Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's
 eye
 Is welcome as a star, that doth
 present
 Its shining forehead through the peace-
 ful rent
 Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the
 sky:
 Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering
 high
 O'er the parched waste beside an
 Arab's tent;
 Or the Indian tree whose branches,
 downward bent,
 Take root again, a boundless canopy.
 How sweet were leisure I could it yield
 no more
 Than 'mid that wave-washed church-
 yard to recline,
 From pastoral graves extracting
 thoughts divine;
 Or there to pace, and mark the sum-
 mits hoar
 Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly
 shine,
 Soothed by the unseen river's gentle
 roar.

XXXII.

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to
 steep;
 Lingered no more 'mid flower-
 enamelled lands
 And blooming thickets; nor by rocky
 bands
 Held;—but in radiant progress toward
 the deep
 Where mightiest rivers into powerless
 sleep
 Sink, and forget their nature;—*now*
 expands

Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat
 sands
 Gliding in silence with unfettered
 sweep!
 Beneath an ampler sky a region
 wide
 Is opened round him:—hamlets,
 towers, and towns,
 And blue-topped hills, behold him
 from afar;
 In stately mien to sovereign Thames
 allied
 Spreading his bosom under Kentish
 downs,
 With commerce freighted, or trium-
 phant war.

XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the
 gale;
 Upon the wave no haughty pendants
 cast
 A crimson splendour; lowly is the
 mast
 That rises here, and humbly spread
 the sail;
 While, less disturbed than in the
 narrow vale
 Through which with strange vicissi-
 tudes he passed,
 The wanderer seeks that receptacle
 vast
 Where all his unambitious functions
 fail.
 And may thy poet, cloud-born stream!
 be free,
 The sweets of earth contentedly re-
 signed,
 And each tumultuous working left be-
 hind

V.

CONTINUED.

Who ponders national events shall find
 An awful balancing of loss and gain.
 Joy based on sorrow, good with ill
 combined, [pain
 And proud deliverance issuing out of
 And direful throes; as if the All-ruling
 Mind.
 With whose perfection it consists to
 ordain
 Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurri-
 cane,
 Dealt in like sort with feeble human
 kind
 By laws immutable. But woe for
 him
 Who thus deceived shall lend an eager
 hand
 To social havoc. Is not Conscience
 ours.
 And Truth, whose eye guilt only can
 make dim;
 And Will, whose office, by divine com-
 mand.
 Is to control and check disordered
 Powers!

VI.

CONCLUDED.

LONG-FAVOUR'D England! be not thou
 misled
 By monstrous theories of alien growth.
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing
 wrath.
 Self-written till thy garments reek
 dyed red
 With thy own blood, which tears in
 torrents shed

Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy
 troth
 Be plighted, not to ease but sullen
 sloth,
 Or wan despair—the ghost of false
 hope fled
 Into a shameful grave. Among thy
 youth.
 My Country! if such warning be held
 dear.
 Then shall a Veteran's heart be
 thrilled with joy.
 One who would gather from eternal
 truth.
 For time and season, rules that work
 to cheer—
 Not scourge, to save the People—
 not destroy.

VII.

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's
 dark book
 Whence these opprobrious leaves of
 dire portent?
 Think ye your British Ancestors for-
 sook
 Their native Land, for outrage pro-
 vident;
 From unsubmissive necks the bright
 shock
 To give, in their Descendants, freer
 vent
 And wider range to passions tur-
 bulent.
 To mutual tyranny, a deadlier look?
 Nay, said a voice, soft as the south
 wind's breath.
 Dive through the stormy surface of
 the flood
 To the great current flowing under
 neath;

II.

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
Falsehood and Treachery, in close
council met,
Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
"The frost of England's pride will
soon be thawed ;
Hooded the open brow that overawed
Our schemes ; the faith and honour,
never yet
By us with hope encountered, be
upset ;—
For once I burst my bands, and cry,
applaud !"
Then whispered she, "The Bill is
carrying out !"
They heard, and, starting up, the
Brood of Night
Clapped hands, and shook with glee
their matted locks ;
All Powers and Places that abhor the
light
Joined in the transport, echoed back
their shout,
Hurrah for —, hugging his Ballot-
Box !

III.

BLEST Statesman he, whose Mind's
unselfish will
Leaves him at ease among grand
thoughts : whose eye
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not ; nor the humbler
skill
Of Prudence, disentangling good and
ill
With patient care. What though
assaults run high,
They daunt not him who holds his
ministry,
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil

Its duties ;—prompt to move, but
firm to wait,—
Knowing, things rashly sought are
rarely found :
That, for the functions of an ancient
State—
Strong by her charters, free because
imbound,
Servant of Providence, not slave of
Fate—
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance
unsound.

IV.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT
HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PORTENTOUS change when History
can appear
As the cool Advocate of foul device ;
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
At consciences perplexed with scruples
nice !
They who bewail not must abhor the
sneer
Born of Conceit, Power's blind
Idolater ;
Or haply sprung from vaunting
Cowardice
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.
Hath it not long been said the wrath
of Man
Works not the righteousness of God ?
Oh bend,
Bend, ye Perverse ! to judgments from
on High,
Laws that lay under Heaven's per-
petual ban
All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity.

Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy
 scope
 Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights
 approve
 To thy own conscience gradually re-
 newed;
 Learn to make Time the father of
 wise Hope;
 Then trust thy cause to the arm of
 Fortitude,
 The light of Knowledge, and the
 warmth of Love.

X.

CONTINUED.

II.

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined,
 to lean
 On Patience coupled with such slow
 endeavour
 That long-lived servitude must last for
 ever. [between
 Perish the grovelling few, who, prest
 Wrongs and the terror of redress.
 would wean
 Millions from glorious aims. Our
 chains to sever
 Let us break forth in tempest now or
 never!— [golden mean
 What is there then no space for
 And gradual progress?—Twilight
 leads to day,
 And, even within the burning zones of
 earth,
 The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate
 ray; [gives birth:
 The softest breeze to fairest flowers
 Think not that Prudence dwells in
 dark abodes,
 She scans the future with the eye of
 gods.

XI.

CONCLUDED.

III.

As leaves are to the tree whereon
 - they grow
 And wither, every human generation
 Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
 Locked in our world's embrace
 through weal and woe;
 Thought that should teach the zealot
 to forego
 Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish
 agitation,
 And seek through noiseless pains and
 moderation
 The unblemished good they only can
 bestow.
 Alas! with most who weigh futurity
 Against time present, passion holds
 the scales:
 Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
 And nations sink; or, struggling to
 be free.
 Are doomed to flounder on, like
 wounded whales
 Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

XII.

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then be-
 come of Old,
 Of dear Old England? Think they
 she is dead,
 Dead to the very name? Presump-
 tion fed
 On empty air! That name will keep
 its hold
 In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
 For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred at the
 head
 Of all who for her rights watch'd
 toil'd and bled,

Explore the countless springs of silent
good ;
So shall the truth be better under-
stood,
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong
in faith.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWS-
PAPER OF THE DAY.

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing
link by link ;
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—
the Poor
Meet them half way." Vain boast! for
These, the more
They thus would rise, must low and
lower sink
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to
think ;
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo.
And mix the poison, they themselves
must drink.
Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease
to cry
"Knowledge will save me from the
threatened woe."
For, if than other rash ones more thou
know,
Yet on presumptuous wings as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

VIII.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and
staid, -
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness
obeyed,

Words that require no sanction from
an oath,
And simple honesty a common
growth—
This high repute, with bounteous
Nature's aid,
Won confidence, now ruthlessly be-
trayed
At will, your power the measure of
your truth!—
All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild
woods his name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous
aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate
Men
For state-dishonour black as ever
came
To upper air from Mammon's loath-
some den.

IX.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE
LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

I.

AH, why deceive ourselves! by no
mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men
attain
True freedom where for ages they
have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more
unknit,
Here, there, a banded few who loathe
the Chain
May rise to break it: effort worse than
vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split

II.

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
 For worst offenders: though the heart
 will heave
 With indignation, deeply moved we
 grieve,
 In after thought, for Him who stood in
 awe
 Neither of God nor man, and only saw,
 Lost wretch, a horrible device
 enthroned
 On proud temptations, till the victim
 groaned
 Under the steel his hand had dared to
 draw.
 But O, restrain compassion, if its
 course,
 As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
 Judgments and aims and acts whose
 higher source
 Is sympathy with the unforewarned,
 who died
 Blameless—with them that shuddered
 o'er his grave,
 And all who from the law firm safety
 crave.

III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons
 to die
 Who had betrayed their country. The
 stern word
 Afforded (may it through all time
 afford)
 A theme for praise and admiration
 high.
 Upon the surface of humanity
 He rested not; its depths his mind
 explored;
 He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
 Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.

And some, we know, when they by wil-
 ful act
 A single human life have wrongly
 taken,
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess
 the fact,
 And, to atone for it, with soul un-
 shaken
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for
 faith
 Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV.

Is *Death*, when evil against good has
 fought
 With such fell mastery that a man may
 dare
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay
 bare—
 Is *Death*, for one to that condition
 brought,
 For him, or any one, the thing that
 ought
 To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, be-
 ware,
 Lest, capital pains remitting till ye
 spare
 The murderer, ye, by sanction to that
 thought
 Seemingly given, debase the general
 mind;
 Tempt the vague will tried standards
 to disown,
 Nor only palpable restraints un-
 bind,
 But upon Honour's head disturb the
 crown,
 Whose absolute rule permits not to
 withstand
 In the weak love of life his least com-
 mand.

Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
 What—how! shall she submit in will and deed
 To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,
 The *seruum pecus* of a Gallic breed?
 Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,
 Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
 Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

XIII.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken
 Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
 And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
 In silence and the awful modesties
 Of sorrow,—feel for all, as brother Men:
 Rest not in hope Want's icy chain to thaw
 By casual boons and formal charities;
 Learn to be just, just through impartial law:
 Far as ye may, erect and equalise,
 And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

IN SERIES.

I.

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH).

THIS Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
 Of sea and land, with yon gray towers that still
 Rise up as if to lord it over air—
 Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
 Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill
 The heart with joy and gratitude to God

For all His bounties upon man bestowed:

Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill?"

Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,

A prison's crown, along this way they past

For lingering durance or quick death with shame,

From this bare eminence thereon have cast

Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers

Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name.

And, the main fear once doomed to
 banishment,
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse
 event,
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark
 abode
 Crime might lie better hid. And,
 should the change
 Take from the horror due to a foul
 deed,
 Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
 And, guilt escaping, passion then
 might plead
 In angry spirits for her old free
 range,
 And the "wild justice of revenge"
 prevail.

IX.

THOUGH to give timely warning and
 deter
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend
 Thy mental vision further and ascend
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou
 err.
 What is a State? The wise behold in
 her
 A creature born of time, that keeps
 one eye
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
 To which her judgments reverently
 defer.
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate
 voice, the State
 Endues her conscience with external
 life
 And being, to preclude or quell the
 strife
 Of individual will, to elevate
 The grovelling mind, the erring to
 recall,
 And fortify the moral sense of all.

X.

Our bodily life, some plead, that life
 the shrine
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
 So sacred, so informed with light
 divine,
 That no tribunal, though most wise to
 sift
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being
 adrift
 Into that world where penitential tear
 May not avail, nor prayer have for
 God's ear
 A voice—that world whose veil no
 hand can lift
 For earthly sight. "Eternity and
 Time,"
 They urge, "have interwoven claims
 and rights
 Not to be jeopardised through foulest
 crime:
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-
 born lights."
 Even so: but measuring not by finite
 sense
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI.

AH, think how one compelled for life
 to abide
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat
 the heart
 Out of his own humanity, and part
 With every hope that mutual cares pro-
 vide;
 And, should a less unnatural doom
 confide
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer
 pride.

v.

Nor to the object specially designed,
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
 Good to promote or curb depravity,
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft
 most kind;

As all Authority in earth depends
 On Love and Fear, their several
 powers he blends,

Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.
 Uncaught by processes in show
 humane,

He feels how far the act would
 derogate

From even the humblest functions of
 the State;

If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
 That never more shall hang upon her
 breath

The last alternative of Life or Death.

vi.

YE brood of conscience—Spectres!
 that frequent

The bad Man's restless walk, and
 haunt his bed—

Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
 In act, as hovering Angels when they
 spread

Their wings to guard the unconscious
 Innocent—

Slow be the Statutes of the land to
 share

A laxity that could not but impair
 Your power to punish crime, and so
 prevent.

And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like
 about

The adage on all tongues, "Murder
 will out,"

How shall your ancient warnings work
 for good

In the full might they hitherto have
 shown,

If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
 Survive not Judgment that requires his
 own?

vii.

BEFORE the world had past her time of
 youth,

While polity and discipline were weak,
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for
 tooth, [daybreak,

Came forth—a light, though but as of
 Strong as could then be borne. A
 Master meek

Proscribed the spirit fostered by that
 rule, [school,

Patience' *his* law, long-suffering *his*
 And love the end, which all through
 peace must seek.

But lamentably do they err who strain
 His mandates, given rash impulse to
 controul [the soul,

And keep vindictive thirstings from
 So far that, if consistent in their
 scheme, [pain,

They must forbid the State to inflict a
 Making of social order a mere dream.

viii.

FIR retribution, by the moral code
 Determined, lies beyond the State's
 embrace,

Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
 She plants well-measured terrors in the
 road

Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and
 broad,

And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats	From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed
Against all barriers which his labour meets	Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way [move
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.	Each takes in this high matter, all may
Enough;—before us lay a painful road,	Cheered with the prospect of a
And guidance have I sought in duteous love	brighter day.

1840.

SONNETS AND STANZAS.

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect	<i>A POET!</i> —He hath put his heart to school,
The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops	Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops	Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt,	By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect	Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
The lingering dew—there steals along, or stops,	And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
Watching the least small bird that round her hops.	In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool,
Or creeping worm, with sensitive re- spect.	Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
Her functions are they therefore less divine,	How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent	Because the lovely little flower is free
Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,	Down to its root, and, in that freedom bold;
Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,	And so the grandeur of the Forest- tree
With brow in penitential sorrow bent!	Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
	But from its <i>own</i> divine vitality.

Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage
 and pure,
 Sanctions the forfeiture' that Law demands,
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
 Whose goodness knows no change,
 whose love is sure,
 Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge
 amiss,
 And wafts at will the contrite soul to
 bliss.

XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his
 cell,
 And prostrate at some moment when
 remorse
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless
 force,
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to
 quell.
 Then mark him, him who could so
 long rebel,
 The crime confessed, a kneeling Peni-
 tent
 Before the Altar, where the Sacra-
 ment
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes
 outwell
 Tears of salvation. Welcome death!
 while Heaven
 Does in this change exceedingly re-
 joice;
 While yet the solemn heed the State
 hath given
 Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's
 voice
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he
 cast
 On old temptations, might for ever
 blast.

XIII.

CONCLUSION.

Yes, though He well may tremble at
 the sound
 Of his own voice, who from the judg-
 ment-seat
 Sends the pale convict to his last
 retreat
 In death; though Listeners shudder all
 around,
 They know the dread requital's source
 profound;
 Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
 (Would that it were!) the sacrifice
 unmeet
 For Christian Faith. But hopeful
 signs abound.
 The social rights of man breathe purer
 air;
 Religion deepens her preventive
 care;
 Then, moved by needless fear of past
 abuse,
 Strike not from Law's firm hand that
 awful rod,
 But leave it thence to drop for lack of
 use:
 Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty
 God!

XIV.

APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold
 chain
 For One who speaks in numbers;
 ampler scope
 His utterance finds; and, conscious of
 the gain,
 Imagination works with bolder hope
 The cause of grateful reason to sus-
 tain;

'Tis he whose yester-evening's high
 disdain
 Beat back the roaring storm—but how
 subdued
 His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
 Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee
 restrain?
 Or, like the nightingale, her joyous
 vein
 Pleased to renounce, does this dear
 Thrush attune
 His voice to suit the temper of yon
 Moon?
 Doubly depressed, setting, and in her
 wane?
 Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster
 prove
 (The balance trembling between night
 and morn
 No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
 He can pour forth his spirit. In
 heaven above,
 And earth below, they best can serve
 true gladness
 Who meet most feelingly the calls of
 sadness.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY, 1838.

FAILING impartial measure to dispense
 To every suitor, Equity is lame;
 And social justice, stript of reverence
 For natural rights, a mockery and a
 shame;
 Law but a servile dupe of false pre-
 tence,
 If, guarding grossest things from com-
 mon claim,
 Now and for ever, She, to works that
 came
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-
 lived fence.

"What! lengthened privilege, a lineal
 tie
 For *Books!*" Yes, heartless Ones, or
 be it proved
 That 'tis a fault in us to have lived
 and loved
 Like others, with like temporal hopes
 to die;
 No public harm that Genius from her
 course
 Be turned; and streams of truth dried
 up even at their source.

AT DOVER.

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and
 with increase
 Of wonder, I have watched this sea-
 side Town,
 Under the white cliff's battlemented
 crown,
 Hushed to a depth of more than Sab-
 bath peace:
 The streets and quays are thronged.
 but why disown
 Their natural utterance: whence this
 strange release
 From social noise—silence elsewhere
 unknown?
 A spirit whispered, "Let all wonder
 cease: [set free
 Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have
 Thy sense from pressure of life's com-
 mon din;
 As the dread Voice that speaks from
 out the sea
 Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of
 Time
 Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks
 of crime,
 The shouts of folly, and the groans of
 sin."

THE most alluring clouds that mount
 the sky
 Owe to a troubled element their forms,
 Their hues to sunset. If with raptured
 eye
 We watch their splendour, shall we
 covet storms,
 And wish the Lord of day his slow
 decline
 Would hasten, that such pomp may
 float on high?
 Behold, already they forget to shine,
 Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed
 a sigh,
 Not loth to thank each moment for its
 boon
 Of pure delight, come whencesoe'er it
 may,
 Peace let us seek,—to steadfast things
 attune
 Calm expectations: leaving to the gay
 And volatile their love of transient
 bowers, [ours.
 The house that cannot pass away be

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF
 WELLINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF
 WATERLOO, BY HAYDON.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and
 War-horse stand
 On ground yet strewn with their last
 battle's wreck;
 Let the Steed glory while his Master's
 hand
 Lies fixed for ages on his conscious
 neck;
 But by the Chieftain's look, though at
 his side
 Hangs that day's treasured sword, how
 firm a check
 Is given to triumph and all human
 pride!

Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a
 shadowy speck
 In his calm presence! Him the mighty
 deed
 Elates not, brought far nearer the
 grave's rest,
 As shows that time-worn face, for he
 such seed [of fame
 Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit
 In Heaven; hence no one blushes for
 thy name,
 Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts,
 divinely blest!

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, un-
 deprest,
 By twilight premature of cloud and
 rain;
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his
 strain
 Who carols thinking of his Love and
 nest, [blest.
 And seems, as more incited, still more
 Thanks; thou hast snapped a fireside
 Prisoner's chain,
 Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted
 brain,
 And in a moment charmed my cares to
 rest.
 Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front
 the blast [wilt.
 That we may sing together, if thou
 So loud, so clear, my Partner through
 life's day,
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not
 love-built
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons
 past
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social
 Lay.

Rydal Mount, 1838.

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn
 thine eye
 On earth, air, ocean, or the starry
 sky,
 Converse with Nature in pure sympathy.

All vain desires, all lawless wishes
 quelled,
 Be Thou to love and praise alike im-
 pelled,
 Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"Why, William, on that old gray stone,
 Thus for the length of half a day,
 Why, William, sit you thus alone,
 And dream your time away?"

"Where are your books?—that light
 bequeathed
 To beings else forlorn and blind!
 Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
 From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your mother earth,
 As if she for no purpose bore you;
 As if you were her first-born birth,
 And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
 When life was sweet, I knew not why,
 To me my good friend Matthew spake,
 And thus I made reply—

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;
 We cannot bid the ear be still;
 Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
 Against, or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are powers
 Which of themselves our minds impress:
 That we can feed this mind of ours
 In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
 Of things for ever speaking,
 That nothing of itself will come,
 But we must still be seeking?"

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
 Conversing as I may,
 I sit upon this old gray stone,
 And dream my time away."

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE, ON THE SAME
 SUBJECT.

Up! up! my friend, and quit your
 books;

Or surely you'll grow double:
 Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks,
 Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
 A freshening lustre mellow
 Through all the long green fields has
 spread,
 His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
 Come, hear the woodland linnet,
 How sweet his music! on my life,
 There's more of wisdom in it.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge
and brake,
Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
A poor old Dame will bless them for
the boon :

Great is their glee while flake they
add to flake

With rival earnestness ; far other strife
Than will hereafter move them, if
they make

Pastime their idol, give their day of life
To pleasure snatched for reckless
pleasure's sake.

Can pomp and show allay one heart-
born grief ?

Pains which the World inflicts can she
requite ?

Not for an interval however brief ;
The silent thoughts that search for
steadfast light,

Love from her depths, and Duty in her
might, [relief.

And Faith—these only yield secure

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an evening star)
to the earth, Jan., 1838.

WHAT strong allurements draw, what
spirit guides

Thee, Vesper ! brightening still, as if
the nearer

Thou com'st to 'man's abode the spot
grew dearer [hides

Night after night ? 'True' is it Nature
Her treasures less and less. Man now
presides

In power where once he trembled in
his weakness ;

Science advances with gigantic strides ;
But are we aught enriched in love and
meekness ?

Aught dost thou see, bright Star ! of
pure and wise,

More than in humbler times graced
human story ;

That makes our hearts more apt to
sympathise

With heaven, our souls more fit for
future glory,

When earth shall vanish from our
closing eyes,

Ere we lie down in our last dormitory ?

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
Would that the little Flowers were
born to live,

Conscious of half the pleasure which
they give ;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were
known [thrown

The beauty of its star-shaped shadow,
On the smooth surface of this naked
stone !

And what if hence a bold desire should
mount [account

High as the Sun, that he could take
Of all that issues from his glorious
fount !

So might he ken how by his sovereign
aid [made ;

These delicate companionships are
And how he rules the pomp of light
and shade ;

And were the Sister-power that shines
by night

So privileged, what a countenance of
delight

Would through the clouds break forth
on human sight !

Yet, God is my witness, thou small
 helpless thing!
 Thy life I would gladly sustain
 Till summer come up from the south,
 and with crowds
 Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst
 sound through the clouds;
 And back to the forests again!

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is
 he
 That every man in arms should wish
 to be?
 It is the generous spirit, who, when
 brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath
 wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his
 boyish thought:
 Whose high endeavours are an inward
 light
 That makes the path before him al-
 ways bright:
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is
 diligent to learn;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not
 there,
 But makes his moral being his prime
 care;
 Who, doomed to go in company with
 pain,
 And fear, and bloodshed, miserable
 train!
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 In face of these doth exercise a
 power
 Which is our human nature's highest
 dower;

Controls them and subdues, trans-
 mutes, bereaves,
 Of their bad influence, and their good
 receives;
 By objects, which might force the soul
 to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more com-
 passionate;
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even
 more pure,
 As tempted more; more able to en-
 dure,
 As more exposed to suffering and dis-
 tress;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 'Tis he whose law is reason; who de-
 pends
 Upon that law as on the best of
 friends;
 Whence, in a state where men are
 tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation
 rest,
 He labours good on good to fix, and
 To virtue every triumph that he
 knows;
 Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means; and there will
 stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire;
 Who comprehends his trust, and
 the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of
 aim;
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie
 in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for world
 state;

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things
—/e murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
—lose up those barren leaves,
—come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

IN ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE
CENTURY.

The reader must be apprised, that the stoves,
North Germany generally have the im-
pression of a galloping horse upon them, this
being part of the Brunswick Arms.

PLAGUE ON your languages, German
and Norse!

Let me have the song of the kettle;
And the tongs and the poker, instead
Of that horse,

That gallops away with such fury and
force

On this dreary dull plate of black
metal.

See that fly,—a disconsolate creature!
perhaps
A child of the field or the grove;
And, sorrow for him! the dull treach-
erous heat

Has seduced the poor fool from his
winter retreat,
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains
Which this comfortless oven environ!
He cannot find out in what track he
must crawl,

Now back to the tiles, then in search
of the wall,

And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a
traveller bemazed;

The best of his skill he has tried;
His feelers, methinks, I can see him
put forth

To the east and the west, to the south
and the north;

But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg,
and thigh;

His eyesight and hearing are lost;
Between life and death his blood
freezes and thaws;

And his two pretty pinions of blue
dusky gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him

—while I [my love;
Can draw warmth from the cheek of
A blessed, and as glad in this, desolate

gloom,
As if green summer grass were the

floor of my room,
And woodbines were hanging above.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A soldier, and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
That ever-dwindling soul, away!

A moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor
sod:

And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God:

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can
cling

Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the
latch;

Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks,
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own
heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave.

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND,

(AN AGRICULTURIST).

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING
TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE-GROUND
SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath

tilled his lands,

And known these pleasant walks by

if he riside,
by our tool of honour in my
hands:

I press thee, through the yielding soil,
with pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to
know;
Long hast thou served a man to reason
true;
Whose life combines the best of high
and low,
The labouring many and the resting few.

Whom they must follow; on whose
 head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come
 at all:
 Whose powers shed round him in the
 common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven
 has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human
 kind,
 Is happy as a lover; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a man in-
 spired:
 And, through the heat of conflict,
 keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he
 foresaw;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:
 He who though thus endued as with a
 sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle
 scenes;
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve;
 More brave for this, that he hath much
 to love:—
 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or
 not,
 Plays, in the many games of life, that
 one
 Where what he most doth value must
 be won:
 wo.

Whom neither shape of danger can
 dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness be-
 tray;
 Who, not content that former worth
 stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the
 last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpast.
 Who, whether praise of him must
 walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give
 birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his
 fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name,
 Finds comfort in himself and in his
 cause;
 And, while the mortal mist is gather-
 ing, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's
 applause:
 This is the happy warrior; this is he
 That every man in arms should wish
 to be.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statist in the van
 Of public conflicts trained and bred?
 First learn to love one living man;
 Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh;
 Go, carry to some fitter place
 The keenness of that practised eye,
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer?
 A rosy man, right plump to see?
 Approach; yet, doctor, not too near;
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our
souls :
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland
dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR
TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE
COUNTRY.

DEAR child of nature, let them rail!
There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt
see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,
And treading among flowers of joy,
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee
cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not
die,
Nor leave thee when gray-hairs are
nigh,
A melancholy slave ;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

LINES

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant
thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts in that green
bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played ;
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If such be nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTS- MAN,

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS
CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old man dwells, a little man,
'Tis said he once was tall.

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness
secure,
And industry of body and of mind;
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
As nature is;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast thou heard the poet
sing
In concord with his river murmuring
by;

Or in some silent field, while timid spring
Is yet uncheered by other minstrels.

Who shall inherit thee when death has
laid

Low in the darksome cell, thine own
dear lord?

That man will have a trophy, humble
spade!

A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword!

If he be one that feels, with skill to
part

False praise from true, or greater from
the less,

Thee will he welcome to his hand and
heart,

Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with thee a toilsome
day, {mate!

Thee his loved servant, his inspiring
And, when thou art past service, worn
away, [fate.

No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy

His thrift thy uselessness will never
scorn;

An heirloom in his cottage wilt thou
be—

High will he hang thee up, well pleased
to adorn

His rustic chimney with the last of thee!

TO MY SISTER,

WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE FROM
MY HOUSE, AND SENT BY MY LITTLE
BOY.

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before,
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you; and pray
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth
It is the hour of feeling

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to day.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed :
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun ;
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought ?"

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool :
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

A second time did Matthew stop ;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply :

The sighs which Matthew heaved were
sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness ;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up—
He felt with spirit so profound.

"And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !
Thou happy soul ! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee ?

"With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave, [short
And, to the church-yard come, stopped
Beside my daughter's grave.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun :
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and
said,
"The will of God be done !"

"Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale ;
And then she sang ;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering gray ;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"And turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare ;
Her brow was smooth and white :
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight !

Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could
 sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee
When echo banded, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse be-
 hind;

And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the
 world

At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change!—bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred,
 see!

Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty.

His master's dead,—and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, an only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

Often, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little—all
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store,
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you would find
A tale in everything.
'What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it:
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand;
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains,

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

IF thou indeed derive thy light from
Heaven, [born light,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-
Shine, poet! in thy place, and be content:—
The stars' pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart
their beams, [earth,
(Visible though they be to half the
Though half a sphere be conscious of
their brightness)

Are yet of no diviner origin, [burns,
No purer essence, than the one that
Like an untended watch-fire, on the
ridge [which seem
Of some dark mountain; or than those
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter
lamps, [trees;
Among the branches of the leafless
All are the undying offspring of one sire:
Then, to the measure of the light
vouchsafed. [tent.
Shine, poet! in thy place, and be con-

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S "OSSIAN."

Ort have I caught upon a fitful breeze
Fragments of far-off melodies,
With ear not coveting the whole,
A part so charmed the pensive soul;
While a dark storm before my sight
Was yielding, on a mountain height
Loose vapours have I watched, that
won

Prismatic colours from the sun;
Nor felt a wish that heaven would
show

The image of its perfect bow.
What need, then, of these finished
strains?

Away with counterfeit remains!
An abbey in its lone recess,
A temple of the wilderness,
Wrecks though they be, announce with
feeling

The majesty of honest dealing.
Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
In language thou mayst yet be found,
If aught (intrusted to the pen,
Or floating on the tongues of men,
Albeit shattered and impaired)
Subsist thy dignity to guard,
In concert with memorial claim
Of old gray stone, and high-born name,
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave,
Where moans the blast or beats the
wave,

Let truth, stern arbitress of all
Interpret that original,
And for presumptuous wrongs atone;
Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind;—yet he, who spares
Pyramid pointing to the stars.
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight

"No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again:
And did not wish her mine."

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him start,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now Matthew!" said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old Border song, or catch,
That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed,
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this streamlet
How merrily it goes! [fears;
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

"With nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
'Am I enough beloved."

Fair as a gorgeous fabric of the East
 Suddenly raised by some enchanter's
 power, [old tower
 Where nothing was; and firm as some
 Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
 Waves high, embellished by a gleam-
 ing shower!

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
 Rested a golden harp;—he touched
 the strings;
 And, after prelude of unearthly sound
 Poured through the echoing hills around
 He sang—

 “No wintry desolations,
 Scorching blight, or noxious dew,
 Affect my native habitations;
 Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
 Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope
 Imaged, though faintly, in the hue
 Profound of night's ethereal blue;
 And in the aspect of each radiant orb;—
 Some fixed, some wandering with no
 timid curb; [eye,
 But wandering star and fixed, to mortal
 Blended in absolute serenity,
 And free from semblance of decline;
 Fresh as if evening brought their natal
 hour; [power,
 Her darkness splendour gave her silence
 To testify of love and grace divine.

“What if those bright fires
 Shine subject to decay,
 Sons haply of extinguished sires, [away
 Themselves to lose their light, or pass
 Like clouds before the wind,
 Be thanks poured out to Him whose
 hand bestows,
 Nightly, on human kind
 That vision of endurance and repose.
 And though to every draught of vital
 breath

Renewed throughout the bounds of
 earth or ocean,
 The melancholy gates of death
 Respond with sympathetic motion;
 Though all that feeds on nether air,
 Howe'er magnificent or fair,
 Grows but to perish, and entrust
 Its ruins to their kindred dust:
 Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
 Her procreant vigils nature keeps
 Amid the unfathomable deeps;
 And saves the peopled fields of earth
 From dread of emptiness or dearth.
 Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd
 the sky
 The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
 The shadow-casting race of trees survive:
 Thus, in the train of spring, arrive
 Sweet flowers;—what living eye hath
 viewed
 Their myriads?—endlessly renewed,
 Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
 Where'er the subtle waters stray;
 Wherever sportive zephyrs bend
 Their course or genial showers descend!
 Mortals, rejoice! the very angels quit
 Their mansions unsusceptible of change.
 Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
 And through your sweet vicissitudes to
 range!”

Oh, nursed at happy distance from the
 cares [muse!
 Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral
 That, to the sparkling crown Urania
 wears,
 And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath.
 Prefer'st a garland culled from purple
 heath, [ing dews:
 Or blooming thicket moist with morn-
 Was such bright spectacle vouchsafed
 to me?

Of the pœtic ecstasy
 Into the land of mystery.
 No tongue is able to rehearse
 One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;
 Musæus, stationed with his lyre
 Supreme among the Elysian quire,
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
 Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.
 Whygrieve for these, though passed away
 The music, and extinct the lay?
 When thousands, by severer doom,
 Full early to the silent tomb
 Have sunk, at nature's call; or strayed
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
 The garland withering on their brows;
 Stung with remorse for broken vows;
 Frantic—else how might they rejoice?
 And friendless, by their own sad choice.

Hail, bards of mightier grasp! on you
 I chiefly call, the chosen few,
 Who cast not off the acknowledged
 guide,
 Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
 Whose lofty genius could survive
 Privation, under sorrow thrive;
 In whom the fiery muse revered
 The symbol of a snow-white beard,
 Bedewed with meditative tears
 Dropped from the lenient cloud of
 years.

Brothers in soul! though distant
 times
 Produced you, nursed in various climes,
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
 A plenitude of love retained;
 Hence, while in you each sad regret
 By corresponding hope was met,
 Ye lingered among human kind,
 Sweet voices for the passing wind;
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
 Though smiling on the last hill top!

Such to the tender-hearted maid
 Even ere her joys begin to fade;
 Such, haply, to the rugged chief
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
 'The Son of Fingal; such was blind
 Mæconides of ampler mind;
 Such Milton, to the fountain head
 Of glory by Urania led!

VERNAL ODE.

"*Remum natura tota est nusquam magis
 quam in minimis.*"—PLIN. *Nat. Hist.*

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,
 When all the fields with freshest green
 were dight,
 Appeared, in presence of the spiritual
 eye
 That aids or supersedes our grosser
 sight,
 The form and rich habiliments of
 one
 Whose countenance bore resemblance
 to the sun,
 When it reveals, in evening majesty,
 Features half lost amid their own pure
 light.
 Poised, like a weary cloud, in middle
 air
 He hung,—then floated with angelic
 ease
 (Softening that bright effulgence by
 degrees)
 Till he had reached a summit sharp
 and bare,
 Where oft the venturous heifer drinks
 the noontide breeze.
 Upon the apex of that lofty cone
 Alighted, there the stranger stood
 alone;

And was it granted to the simple ear
 Of thy contented votary
 Such melody to hear!
Him rather suits it, side by side with
 thee,
 Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
 While thy tired lute hangs on the haw-
 thorn tree,
 To lie and listen, till o'er-drowsed
 sense
 Sinks, hardly conscious of the influ-
 ence,
 To the soft murmur of the vagrant
 bee.
 A slender sound! yet hoary time
 Doth to the *soul* exalt it with the
 chime
 Of all his years;—a company
 Of ages coming, ages gone;
 (Nations from before them sweeping,
 Regions in destruction steeping,)
 But every awful note in unison
 With that faint utterance, which
 tells
 Of treasure sucked from buds and
 bells,
 For the pure keeping of those waxen
 cells;
 Where she, a statist prudent to confer
 Upon the common weal; a warrior
 bold,—
 Radiant all over with unburnished
 gold,
 And armed with living spear for mor-
 tal fight;
 A cunning forager
 That spreads no waste;—a social
 builder; one
 In whom all busy offices unite
 With all fine functions that afford de-
 light,
 Safe through the winter storm in quiet
 dwells!

And is she brought within the
 power
 Of vision? — o'er this tempting
 flower
 Hovering until the petals stay
 Her flight, and take its voice
 away!—
 Observe each wing—a tiny van!—
 The structure of her laden thigh,
 How fragile!—yet of ancestry
 Mysteriously remote and high,
 High as the imperial front of man,
 The roseate bloom on woman's
 cheek;
 The soaring eagle's curved beak;
 The white plumes of the floating
 swan;
 Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's
 mane
 Ere shaken by that mood of stern
 disdain
 At which the desert trembles.—Hum-
 ming bee!
 Thy sting was needless then, per-
 chance unknown;
 The seeds of malice were not sown;
 All creatures met in peace, from fierce-
 ness free,
 And no pride blended with their dig-
 nity.
 Tears had not broken from their
 source;
 Nor anguish strayed from her Tar-
 tarian den;
 The golden years maintained a course
 Not undiversified, though smooth and
 even;
 We were not mocked with glimpse and
 shadow, then
 Bright seraphs mixed familiarly with
 men;
 And earth and stars composed a uni-
 versal heaven!

Nor is there any one in sight
 All round, in hollow or on height;
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;
 What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn* below!
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land;
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,
 In symphony austere;
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
 And mists that spread the flying
 shroud;
 And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
 That, if it could, would hurry past;
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
 The shepherd stood: then makes his
 way

O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
 As quickly as he may;
 Not far had gone before he found
 A human skeleton on the ground;
 The appalled discoverer with a sigh
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
 The man had fallen, that place of
 fear!

At length upon the shepherd's mind
 It breaks, and all is clear:

* A tarn is a *small* mere or lake, mostly high
 up in the mountains.

He instantly recalled the name,
 And who he was, and whence he
 came;
 Remembered, too, the very day
 On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
 This lamentable tale I tell!
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The dog, which still was hovering
 nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This dog had been through three
 months' space
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
 When this ill-fated traveller died,
 The dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side:
 How nourished here through such long
 time
 He knows who gave that love sublime;
 And gave that strength of feeling great
 Above all human estimate.

TO THE LADY FLEMING.

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPAR-
 ING FOR THE ERECTION OF RYDAL
 CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

BLEST is this isle—our native land;
 Where battlement and moated gate
 Are objects only for the hand
 Of hoary time to decorate:
 Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
 Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
 No rampart's stern defence require,
 Nought but the heaven-directed spire,
 And steeple tower (with pealing bells,
 Far heard)—our only citadels.

Making a truth and beauty of her own :
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing
 shades,
And gurgling rills, assist her in the
 work
More efficaciously than realms out-
 spread,
As in a map, before the adventurer's
 gaze—
Ocean and earth contending for re-
 gard.

The umbrageous woods are left—
how far beneath !
But lo ! where darkness seems to guard
the mouth
Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows
are fringed
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
And sultry air, depending motionless.
Yet cool the space within, and not un-
cheered
(As whoso enters shall ere long per-
ceive)
By stealthy influx of the timid day
Mingling with night, such twilight to
compose
As Numa loved ; when, in the Egerian
grot,
From the sage nymph appearing at his
wish,
He gained whate'er a regal mind might
ask,
Or need, of counsel breathed through
lips divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that
dim cave
Protect us, there deciphering as we
may
Diluvian records ; or the sighs of earth
Interpreting ; or counting for old time
His minutes, by reiterated drops, ' ' ,

Audible tears, from some invisible
source
That deepens upon fancy—more and
more
Drawn toward the centre whence
those sighs creep forth
To awe the lightness of humanity.
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,
There let me see thee sink into a mood
Of gentler thought, protracted till
thine eye
Be calm as water when the winds are
gone,
And no one can tell whither. Dearest
friend!
We too have known such happy hours
together,
That, were power granted to replace
them (fetched
From out the pensive shadows where
they lie)
In the first warmth of their original
sunshine,
Loth should I be to use it: passing
sweet
Are the domains of tender memory!

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;
He halts and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks :
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern ;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry :

But turn we from these "bold bad"
men;
The way, mild lady! that hath led
Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"
Is all too rough for thee to tread.
Softly as morning vapours glide
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,
Should move the tenor of *his* song
Who means to charity no wrong;
Whose offering gladly would accord
With this day's work in thought and word.

Heaven prosper it! may peace and love,
And hope, and consolation fall,
Through its meek influence from above,
And penetrate the hearts of all;
All who, around the hallowed fane,
Shall sojourn in this fair domain;
Grateful to thee, while service pure,
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
For opportunity bestowed
To kneel together, and adore their God!

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

"Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening piety requires;
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires."

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known; nor, that the degree of deviation from due east, often noticeable in the ancient ones, was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

WHEN in the antique age of bow and
spear
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear
The mother church in yon sequestered
vale;

Then, to her patron saint a previous
rite
Resounded with deep swell and solemn
close,
Through unremitting vigils of the
night,
Till from his couch the wished-for sun
uprose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine
command,
They who had waited for that sign to
trace
Their work's foundation, gave with
careful hand,
To the high altar its determined place;
Mindful of Him who in the Orient
born
There lived, and on the cross his life
resigned,
And who, from out the regions of the
morn,
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge
mankind.

So taught *their* creed;—nor failed the
eastern sky,
'Mid these more awful feelings, to in-
fuse
The sweet and natural hopes that shall
not die
Long as the sun his gladsome course
renews.

For us hath such prelusive 'vigils
ceased;
Yet still we plant, like men of elder
days,
Our Christian altar faithful to the
east,
Whence the tall window drinks the
morning rays;

O lady! from a noble line
 Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
 The spear, yet gave to works divine
 A bounteous help in days of yore,
 (As records mouldering in the dell
 Of nightshade* haply yet may tell)
 Thee kindred aspirations moved
 To build, within a vale beloved,
 For him upon whose high behests
 All peace depends, all safety rests.

How fondly will the woods embrace
 This daughter of thy pious care,
 Lifting her front with modest grace
 To make a fair recess more fair;
 And to exalt the passing hour;
 Or soothe it with a healing power
 Drawn from the sacrifice fulfilled,
 Before this rugged soil was tilled,
 Or human habitation rose
 To interrupt the deep repose!

Well may the villagers rejoice!
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
 Will be a hindrance to the voice
 That would unite in prayer and praise;
 More duly shall wild-wandering youth
 Receive the curb of sacred truth,
 Shall tottering age, bent earthward, hear
 The promise, with uplifted ear!
 And all shall welcome the new ray
 Imparted to their Sabbath-day.

Nor deem the poet's hope misplaced,
 His fancy cheated—that can see
 A shade upon the future cast,
 Of time's pathetic sanctity;
 Can hear the monitory clock
 Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock

At evening, when the ground beneath
 Is ruffled o'er with cells of death;
 Where happy generations lie,
 Here tutored for eternity.

Lives there a man whose sole delights
 Are trivial pomp and city noise,
 Hardening a heart that loathes or
 slights

What every natural heart enjoys?
 Who never caught a noon-tide dream
 From murmur of a running stream;
 Could strip, for aught the prospect
 yields

To him, their verdure from the fields;
 And take the radiance from the
 clouds

In which the sun his setting shrouds.

A soul so pitifully forlorn,
 If such do on this earth abide,
 May season apathy with scorn,
 May turn indifference to pride,
 And still be not unblest—compared
 With him who grovels, self-debarred
 From all that lies within the scope
 Of holy faith and Christian hope;
 Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
 False fires, that others may be lost.

Alas! that such perverted zeal
 Should spread on Britain's favoured
 ground?

That public order, private weal,
 Should e'er have felt or feared a
 wound

From champions of the desperate law
 Which from their own blind hearts
 they draw;

Who tempt their reason to deny
 God, whom their passions dare defy,
 And boast that *they alone* are free
 Who reach this dire extremity!

* Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade
 —in which stands St. Mary's Abbey, in Low
 Furness.

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there
be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately priory!"

The stately priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our Friend!

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION;

OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE
SEA-SHORE.

THE Danish conqueror, on his royal
chair, [eighty,
Mustering a face of haughty sover-
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"Oh, ye
Approaching waters of the deep, that
share
With this green isle my fortunes, come
not where
Your master's throne is set!"—Deaf
was the sea;
Her waves rolled on, respecting his
decree [air.
Less than they heed a breath of wanton

Then Canute, rising from the invaded
throne,
Said to his servile courtiers, "Poor the
reach, [sway!
The undisguised extent, of mortal
He only is a king, and he alone
Deserves the name (this truth the
billows preach)
Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and
heaven obey."

This just reproof the prosperous Dane
Drew, from the influx of the main.
For some whose rugged northern
mouths would strain
At oriental flattery;
And Canute (truth more worthy to be
known)
From that time forth did for his brows
disown
The ostentatious symbol of a crown;
Esteeming earthly royalty
Contemptible and vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,
Rich theme of England's fondes
praise,
Her darling Alfred, *might* have
spoken;
To cheer the remnant of his host
When he was driven from coast to
coast, [unbroken
Distressed and harassed, but with min

"My faithful followers, lo! the tide
is spent;
That rose, and steadily advanced to f
The shores and channels, working
nature's will
Among the mazy streams that back-
ward went,
And in the sluggish pools where shi
are pent;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it
gave,
That symbol of the day-spring from on
high,
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the
grave.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER; *

OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

(A TRADITION.)

"**What is good for a bootless bene?**"
With these dark words begins my tale;
And their meaning is, Whence can
comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail?

"**What is good for a bootless bene?**"
The falconer to the lady said;
And she made answer, "Endless
sorrow!"

For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,
And from the look of the falconer's
eye;
And from the love which was in her
soul
For her youthful Romilly.

Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful
chasm,
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in,
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called The Strid,
A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne that
name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across The Strid?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the
rocks were steep?
But the greyhound in the leash hung
back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking sorrow:
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of
death;—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

* See "The White Doe of Rylstone," page 375.

Though waves to every breeze its high-
 arched roof,
 And storms the pillars rock. But we
 such schools
 Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
 In the still summer noon, while beams
 of light,
 Reposing here, and in the aisles be-
 yond
 Traceably gliding through the dusk,
 recall
 To mind the living presences of
 nuns;
 A gentle, pensive, white-robed sister-
 hood,
 Whose saintly radiance mitigates the
 gloom
 Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they
 serve,
 To Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
 espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic
 lore.
 To these glad eyes from bondage
 freed, again
 Lie open; and the book of Holy
 Writ,
 Again unfolded, passage clear shall
 yield
 To heights more glorious still, and into
 shades
 More awful, where advancing hand in
 hand
 We may be taught, O darling of my
 care!
 To calm the affections, elevate the
 soul,
 And consecrate our lives to truth and
 love.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
 Are hung, as if with golden shields,
 Bright trophies of the sun!
 Like a fair sister of the sky,
 Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
 The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
 Albeit uninspired by love,
 By love untaught to ring,
 May well afford to mortal ear
 An impulse more profoundly dear
 Than music of the spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat
 Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
 In nature's struggling frame,
 Some region of impatient life;
 And jealousy, and quivering strife,
 Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear
 These vespers of another year,
 This hymn of thanks and praise,
 My spirit seems to mount above
 The anxieties of human love,
 And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh.
 Unchecked is that soft harmony:
 There lives who can provide
 For all his creatures; and in Him,
 Even like the radiant seraphim,
 These choristers confide.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING summer hath assumed
 An aspect tenderly illumed,
 The gentlest look of spring:
 That calls from yonder leafy shade
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
 A timely carolling.

And now, his task performed, the flood
stands still

At the green base of many an inland
hill,

In placid beauty and sublime content !
Such the repose that sage and hero
find ;

Such measured rest the sedulous and
good

Of humbler name ; whose souls do,
like the flood

Of ocean, press right on ; or gently
wind,

Neither to be diverted nor withstood,
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven
assigned."

*"A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding
hand*

*To these dark steps, a little further
on !"*

What trick of memory to *my* voice
hath brought

This mournful iteration ? For though
Time

The conqueror, crowns the conquered,
on this brow

Planting his favourite silver diadem,
Nor he, nor minister of his—intent

To run before him, hath enrolled me
yet,

Though not unmenaced, among those
who lean

Upon a living staff, with borrowed
sight.

O my Antigone, beloved child !

Should that day come—but hark ! the
birds salute

The cheerful dawn, brightening for me
the east ;

For me, thy natural leader, once again
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst

A tottering infant, with compliant
stoop

From flower to flower supported ; but
to curb

Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding
o'er the lawn,

Along the loose rocks, or the slippery
verge

Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons
Come forth ; and, while the morning
air is yet

Transparent as the soul of innocent
youth,

Let me, thy happy guide, now point
thy way,

And now precede thee, winding to and
fro,

Till we by perseverance gain the top
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink
precipitous

Kindles intense desire for powers with-
held

From this corporeal frame ; whereon
who stands,

Is seized with strong incitement to
push forth

His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge
—dread thought !

For pastime plunge—into the " abrupt
abyss,"

Where ravens spread their plummy vans,
at ease !

And yet more gladly thee would I
conduct

Through woods and spacious forests,
—to behold

There, how the original of human art,
Heaven-prompted nature, measures
and erects

Her temples, fearless for the stately
work,

Historic figures round the shaft embost
 Ascend, with lineaments in air not
 lost :
 Still as he turns, the charmed spectator
 sees
 Group winding after group with dream-
 like ease ;
 Triumphs in sunbright gratitude dis-
 played,
 Or softly stealing into modest shade.
 So, pleased with purple clusters to en-
 twine
 Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring
 vine ;
 The woodbine so, with spiral grace,
 and breathes
 Wide-spreading odours from her
 flowery wreaths.

Borne by the muse from rills in
 shepherds' ears
 Murmuring but one smooth story for
 all years,
 I gladly commune with the mind and
 heart
 Of him who thus survives by classic art,
 His actions witness, venerate his mien,
 And study Trajan as by Pliny seen ;
 Behold how fought the chief whose
 conquering sword
 Stretched far as earth might own a
 single lord ;
 In the delight of moral prudence
 schooled,
 How feelingly at home the sovereign
 ruled ;
 Best of the good—in pagan faith allied
 To more than man by virtue deified.

Memorial pillar ! 'mid the wrecks of
 time
 Preserve thy charge with confidence
 sublime—

The exultations, pomps, and cares of
 Rome.
 Whence half the breathing world re-
 ceived its doom ;
 Things that recoil from language ; that,
 if shown
 By apter pencil, from the light had
 flown.
 A pontiff, Trajan *here* the gods im-
 plores,
There greets an embassy from Indian
 shores ;
 Lo ! he harangues his cohorts—*there*
 the storm
 Of battle meets him in authentic
 form !
 Unharnessed. naked, troops of Moor-
 ish horse
 Sweep to the charge ; more high, the
 Dacian force,
 To hoof and finger mailed ;—yet, high
 or low,
 None bleed, and none lie prostrate but
 the foe ;
 In every Roman, through all turns of
 fate,
 Is Roman dignity inviolate ;
 Spirit in him pre-eminent ; who guides.
 Supports, adorns, and over all pre-
 sides ;
 Distinguished only by inherent state
 From honoured instruments that round
 him wait ;
 Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns
 the test
 Of outward symbol. nor will deign to
 rest
 On aught by which another is de-
 prest.
 Alas ! that one thus disciplined could
 toil
 To enslave whole nations on their
 native soil ;

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays!
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough:—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice:
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like demi-gods are strong
On whom the muses smile;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest
framed
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn:
Trembled the groves, the stars grew
pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong;
Woe! woe to tyrants! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
By wingèd love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit;
Love listening while the Lesbian maid
With finest touch of passion swayed
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust:
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?
Can haughty time be just!

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

WHERE towers are crushed, and unfor-
bidden weeds
O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;
And temples, doomed to milder
change, unfold
A new magnificence that vies with old;
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
A votive column, spared by fire and
flood;—
And, though the passions of man's fret-
ful race
Have never ceased to eddy round its
base,
Not injured more by touch of meddling
hands
Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,
Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save
From death the memory of the good
and brave.

Nor doth the general voice abstain
 from prayer,
 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
 As if a very Déity he were !

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica ! and
 mourn

Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn !
 Mourn, and lament for him whose
 spirit dreads

Your once-sweet memory, studious
 walks and shades !

For him who to divinity aspired,
 Not on the breath of popular applause,
 But through dependence on the sacred
 laws

Framed in the schools where wisdom
 dwelt retired,

Intent to trace the ideal path of right
 (More fair than heaven's broad cause-
 way paved with stars)

Which Dion learned to measure with
 sublime delight ;

But he hath overleaped the eternal
 bars ;

And, following guides whose craft holds
 no consent

With aught that breathes the ethereal
 element,

Hath stained the robes of civil power
 with blood,

Unjustly shed, though for the public
 good.

Whence doubts that came too late, and
 wishes vain,

Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain ;
 And oft his cogitations sink as low

As, through the abysses of a joyless
 heart,

The heaviest plummet of despair can
 But whence that sudden check ? that
 fearful start !

He hears an uncouth sound—
 Anon his lifted eyes

Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky
 bound

A shape of more than mortal size
 And hideous aspect, stalking round
 and round ;

A woman's garb the phantom wore,
 And fiercely swept the marble
 floor,—

Like Auster whirling to and fro,
 His force on Caspian foam to try ;

Or Boreas when he scours the snow
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,
 Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops.

So, but from toil less sign of profit
 reaping

The sullen spectre to her purpose
 bowed,

Sweeping, vehemently sweeping,
 No pause admitted, no design avowed?
 "Avaunt, inexplicable guests!—avaunt!"
 Exclaimed the chieftain—"Let me
 rather see

The coronal that coiling vipers make ;
 The torch that flames with many a
 lurid flake,

And the long train of doleful pageantry
 Which they behold, whom vengeful
 furies haunt :

Who, while they struggle from the
 scourge to flee,

Move where the blasted soil is not
 unworn,

And, in their anguish, bear what other
 minds have borne !"

But shapes that come not at an earthly
 call

Will not depart when mortal voices
 bid :

So emulous of Macedonian fame,
 That, when his age was measured with
 his aim,
 He drooped, 'mid else unclouded vic-
 tories,
 And turned his eagles back with deep-
 drawn sighs ;
 Oh, weakness of the great ! Oh, folly
 of the wise !

Where now the haughty empire that
 was spread
 With such fond hope ? her very speech
 is dead ;
 Yet glorious art the power of time
 defies,
 And Trajan still, through various en-
 terprise,
 Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward
 the skies :
 Still are we present with the imperial
 chief,
 Nor cease to gaze upon the bold relief
 Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,
 Becomes with all her years a vision of
 the mind.

DION

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,
 Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace
 Of haughtiness without pretence,
 And to unfold a still magnificence,
 Was princely Dion, in the power
 And beauty of his happier hour.
 And what pure homage *then* did wait
 On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam
 Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
 Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
 Softening their inbred dignity austere—

That he, not too elate
 With self-sufficing solitude,
 But with majestic lowliness endued,
 Might in the universal bosom reign,
 And from affectionate observance gain
 Help, under every change of adverse
 fate.

Five thousand warriors—Oh, the rap-
 turous day !
 Each crowned with flowers and armed
 with spear and shield,
 Or ruder weapon which their course
 might yield,
 To Syracuse advance in bright array.
 Who leads them on ?—The anxious
 people see
 Long-exiled Dion marching at their
 head,
 He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
 And in a white, far-beaming, corslet
 clad !
 Pure transport undisturbed by doubt
 or fear
 The gazers feel ; and rushing to the
 plain,
 Salute those strangers as a holy train
 Or blest procession (to the immortals
 dear)
 That brought their precious liberty
 again.
 Lo ! when the gates are entered, on
 each hand,
 Down the long street, rich goblets filled
 with wine
 In seemly order stand,
 On tables set, as if for rites divine ;—
 And, as the great deliverer marches by,
 He looks on festal ground with fruits
 bestrown ;
 And flowers are on his person thrown
 In boundless prodigality ;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
 In frosty moonlight glistening ;
 Or mountain rivers, where they creep
 Along a channel smooth and deep,
 To their own far-off murmurs listening.

ODE TO DUTY.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more cō
 perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere
 possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

STERN daughter of the voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free ;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail
 humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth ;
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or
 blot ;

Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread
 Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according
 to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
 No sport of every random gust, -
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more
 strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control ;
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :
 My hopes no more must change their
 name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the
 same.

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace :
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :
 Flowers laugh before thee on their
 beds ;
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from
 wrong ;
 And the most ancient heavens, through
 thee, are fresh and strong

To humbler functions, awful power !
 I call thee : I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give ;
 And in the light of truth thy bondage
 let me live !

Lords of the visionary eye whose lid
Once raised, remains aghast and will
not fall!

Ye gods, thought he, that servile im-
plement

Obeys a mystical intent!

Your minister would brush away

The spots that to my soul adhere;

But should she labour night and day,

They will not, cannot disappear;

Whence angry perturbations,—and that
look

Which no philosophy can brook!

Ill-fated chief; there are whose hopes
are built

Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;

Who, through the portal of one
moment's guilt,

Pursue thee with their deadly aim!

O matchless perfidy! portentous lust

Of monstrous crime!—that horror-
striking blade,

Drawn in defiance of the gods, hath
laid

The noble Syracusan low in dust!

Shudder the walls—the marble city
wept—

And sylvan places heaved a pensive
sigh;

But in calm peace the appointed victim
slept,

As he had fallen in magnanimity;

Of spirit too capacious to require

That destiny her course should change;
too just

To his own native greatness to desire

That wretched boon, days lengthened
by mistrust.

So were the hopeless troubles, that
involved

The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.

Released from life and cares of
princely state,

He left this moral grafted on his
fate—

“Him only pleasure leads, and peace
attends,

Him, only him, the shield of Jove
defends,

Whose means are fair and spotless
as his ends.”

MEMORY.

A PEN—to register; a key—

That winds through secret wards;

Are well assigned to memory

By allegoric bards.

As aptly, also, might be given

A pencil to her hand;

That, softening objects, sometimes even

Ontstrips the heart's demand;

That smooths foregone distress, the lines

Of lingering care subdues,

Long-vanished happiness refines,

And clothes in brighter hues.

Yet, like a tool of fancy, works

Those spectres to dilate

That startle conscience, as she lurks

Within her lonely seat.

Oh, that our lives, which flee so fast,

In purity were such,

That not an image of the past

Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look

Upon a soothing scene,

Age steal to his allotted nook,

Contented and serene;

If kindred humours e'er would make
 My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
 From Fancy following in thy wake,
 Bright ship of heaven!
 A counter impulse let me take
 And be forgiven.

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF
 THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

Who rashly strove thy Image to
 portray?
 Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
 How could he think of the live crea-
 ture—gay
 With a divinity of colours, drest
 In all her brightness, from the dancing
 crest
 Far as the last gleam of the filmy
 train
 Extended and extending to sustain
 The motions that it graces—and for-
 bear
 To drop his pencil! Flowers of every
 clime
 Depicted on these pages smile at
 time;
 And gorgeous insects copied with nice
 care
 Are here, and likenesses of many a
 shell
 Tossed ashore by restless waves,
 Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from
 caves
 Where sea-nymphs might be proud to
 dwell:
 But whose rash hand (again I ask)
 could dare,

'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous
 shows,
 To circumscribe this Shape in fixed
 repose;
 Could imitate for indolent survey,
 Perhaps for touch profane,
 Plumes that might catch, but cannot
 keep, a stain;
 And, with cloud-streaks lightest and
 loftiest, share
 The sun's first greeting, his last fare-
 well ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed
 with glad eyes
 Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
 To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
 Eastern Islanders have given
 A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
 And even a title higher still,
 The Bird of God! whose blessed will
 She seems performing as she flies
 Over the earth and through the skies
 In never-wearyed search of Paradise—
 Region that crowns her beauty with the
 name
 She bears for us—for us how blest,
 How happy at all seasons, could like
 aim
 Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred
 On wings that fear no glance of God's
 pure sight,
 No tempest from his breath, their
 promised rest
 Seeking with indefatigable quest
 Above a world that deems itself most
 wise
 When most enslaved by gross realities

A CHARACTER.

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find
 space [human face :
 For so many strange contrasts in one
 There's thought and no thought, and
 there's paleness and bloom
 And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure
 and gloom.

There's weakness, and strength both
 redundant and vain ; [pain
 Such strength as, if ever affliction and
 Could pierce through a temper that's
 soft to disease,
 Would be rational peace—a philoso-
 pher's ease.

There's indifference, alike when he fails
 or succeeds,
 And attention full ten times as much as
 there needs ;
 Pride where there's no envy, there's so
 much of joy ; [and coy.
 And mildness, and spirit both forward

There's freedom, and sometimes a
 diffident stare
 Of shame scarcely seeming to know
 that she's there,
 There's virtue, the title it surely may
 claim,
 Yet wants heaven knows what to be
 worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to
 depart,
 Yet the Man would at once run away
 with your heart ;
 And I for five centuries right gladly
 would be
 Such an odd such a kind happy
 creature as he.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest
 attribute,
 And written words the glory of his
 hand ;
 Then followed Printing with enlarged
 command
 For thought—dominion vast and
 absolute
 For spreading truth, and making love
 expand.
 Now prose and verse sunk into dis-
 repute [suit
 Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can
 The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
 A backward movement surely have we
 here,
 From manhood—back to childhood ;
 for the age—
 Back towards caverned life's first rude
 career.
 Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page !
 Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and
 ear
 Nothing? Heaven keep us from a
 lower stage !

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Lo ! where the Moon along the sky
 Sails with her happy destiny ;
 Oft is she hid from mortal eye
 Or dimly seen,
 But when the clouds asunder fly
 How bright her mien !

Far different we—a froward race,
 Thousands though rich in Fortune's
 grace
 With cherished sullenness of pace
 Their way pursue,
 Ingrates who wear a smileless face
 The whole year through.

For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;
 May classic Fancy, linking
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O ! while they minister to thee,
 Each vying with the other,
 May Health return to Mellow Age,
 With Strength, her venturous
 brother ;
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill
 Renowned in song and story,
 With unimagined beauty shine,
 Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
 By tales of love and sorrow,
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;
 And streams unknown, hills yet un-
 seen,
 Wherever they invite thee,
 At parent Nature's grateful call,
 With gladness must requite Thee

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
 Such looks of love and honour
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me
 When first I gazed upon her ;
 Beheld what I had feared to see,
 Unwilling to surrender
 Dreams treasured up from early days,
 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive ha'p, no pen.
 Memorial tribute offer ?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localised Romance
 Plays false with our affections ;
 Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
 For fanciful dejections :
 Ah, no ! the visions of the past
 Sustain the heart in feeling
 Life as she is—our changeful Life,
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts the
 day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred :
 Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark enter'd,
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last)
 Ere he his Tale recounted !

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream !
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,
 Well pleased that future Bards should
 chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty,
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen.
 Dear to the common sunshine,
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine !

SONNETS.

I.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER
 SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR
 NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping
 rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple
 height :
 Spirits of Power, assembled there
 complain

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS,

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1834.

YARROW REVISITED.

[The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other Friends, visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples]

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,

Or seeks, a "Winsome Marrow,"
Was but an Infant in the lap

When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a Warder, [Thee,
I stood, looked, listened, and with
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet
Their dignity installing [day,

In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling,
But breezes played, and sunshine
The forest to embolden; [gleamed—
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
- In foamy agitation;

And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation:

No public and no private care
The freeborn mind entralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of
youth,

With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy,
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united, [far,
Like guests that meet, and some from
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed, and
changing;

If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment! [Sons
The blameless Muse, who trains her
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness lingering yet
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot

Of music reached its height, and even
 when sank
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a
 blank
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sump-
 tuous roof,
 Pillars, and arches—not in vain time-
 proof,
 Though Christian rites be wanting!
 From what bank
 Came those live herbs? by what hand
 were they sown
 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops
 seem unknown?
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly
 niche
 Share with their sculptured fellows,
 that, green-grown,
 Copy their beauty more and more,
 and preach,
 Though mute, of all things blending
 into one.

v.

THE TROSSACHS.

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn
 Pass,
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his
 autumn gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning
 grass
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art
 which chase
 That thought away, turn, and with
 watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more
 clear than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice
 happy quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray
 'October's workmanship to rival May)

The pensive warbler of the ruddy
 breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught
 lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to
 rest.

vi.

THE Pibroch's note, discountenanced
 or mute;
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
 The target mouldering like ungathered
 fruit;
 The smoking steam-boat eager in pur-
 suit,
 As eagerly pursued; the umbrella
 spread
 To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's
 head—
 All speak of manners withering to the
 root,
 And of old honours, too, and passions
 high:
 Then may we ask, though pleased that
 thought should range
 Among the conquests of civility,
 Survives imagination—to the change
 Superior? Help to virtue does she
 give?

If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

vii.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH
 ETIVE.

THIS Land of Rainbows, spanning
 glens whose walls,
 Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-
 coloured mists,
 Of far-stretched meres, whose salt
 flood never rests,
 Of tuneful caves and playful water-
 falls, [crests—
 Of mountains varying momentarily their

For kindred Power departing from
 their sight;
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting
 a blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
 Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for
 the might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with
 him goes;
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
 Than sceptred King or laurelled Con-
 queror knows,
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be
 true,
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland
 sea,
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthen-
 ope!

II.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH
OF SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged
 steep
 That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-
 yard lies;
 The Hare's best couching-place for
 fearless sleep;
 Which moonlit Elves, far seen by
 credulous eyes,
 Enter in dance. Of Church, or Sab-
 bath ties, [creep
 No vestige now remains; yet thither
 Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish
 weep
 Their prayers out to the wind and
 naked skies.
 Proud tomb is none; but rudely-
 sculptured knights,
 By humble choice of plain old times,
 are seen
 Level with earth, among the hillocks
 green:
 wo

Union not sad, when sunny daybreak
 smites
 The spangled turf, and neighbouring
 thickets ring
 With *jubilant* from the choirs of
 spring!

III.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE
SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing
 hills,
 Among the happiest-looking Homes of
 men [glen,
 Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep
 On airy upland, and by forest rills,
 And o'er wide plains cheered by the
 lark that trills
 His sky-born warblings; does aught
 meet your ken
 More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
 Aught that more surely by its aspect
 fills [Abode
 Pure minds with sinless envy, than the
 Of the good Priest: who, faithful
 through all hours
 To his high charge, and truly serving
 God,
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees
 and flowers,
 Enjoys the walk his Predecessors
 trod,
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and
 towers.

IV.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING
A STORM.

THE wind is now tly organist;—a
 clank
 (We know not whence) ministers for
 a bell
 To mark some change of service. As
 the swell

This way or that, or give it even a
 thought [be brought
 More than by smoothest pathway may
 Into a vacant mind. Can written
 book
 Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy
 Mountaineer!
 And guide the Bard, ambitious to be
 one
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see
 and hear
 To what dread Powers He delegates
 his part [heavens, alone.
 On earth, who works in the heaven of

XI.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED
 MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-
 PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the
 Grave, in strains
 Thoughtful and sad, the "Narrow
 House." No style
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
 Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where
 he detains
 The sleeping dust, stern Death: how
 reconcile
 With truth, or with each other, decked
 Remains [Pile,
 Of a once warm Abode, and that *new*
 For the departed, built with curious
 pains
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they
 stand [bowers,
 Together.—'mid trim walks and artful
 To be looked down upon by ancient
 hills, [demand
 That, for the living and the dead,
 And prompt a harmony of genuine
 powers, [stills.
 Concord that elevates the mind, and

XII.

"REST AND BE THANKFUL!"
 AT THE HEAD OF GLENCOE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious
 walk,
 Who, that has gained at length the
 wished-for Height,
 This brief this simple way-side call can
 slight,
 And rests not thankful? Whether
 cheered by talk
 With some loved Friend, or by the
 unseen Hawk
 Whistling to clouds and sky-born
 streams, that shine
 At the sun's outbreak, as with light
 divine,
 Ere they descend to nourish root and
 stalk
 Of valley flowers. Nor, while the
 limbs repose,
 Will we forget that, as the Fowl can
 keep
 Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
 And Fishes front, unmoved, the tor-
 rent's sweep,—
 So may the Soul, through powers that
 Faith bestows,
 Win rest, and ease, and peace, with
 bliss that Angels share.

XIII.

HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this
 earth-built Cot,
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence
 and how it may,
 Shines in the greeting of the Sun's
 first ray
 Like wreaths of vapour without stain
 or blot.
 The limpid mountain rill avoids
 not;

Proud be this Land! whose poorest
 huts are halls
 Where Fancy entertains becoming
 guests; [calls.
 While native song the heroic Past re-
 Thus, in the net of her own wishes
 caught, [must hide
 The Muse exclaimed; but Story now
 Her trophies, Fancy crouch;—the
 course of pride
 Has been diverted, other lessons
 taught, [head
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her
 Where the all-conquering Roman
 feared to tread.

VIII.

EAGLES.

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE, IN THE
 DAY OF ORAN.

DISHONOUR'D Rock and Ruin! that,
 by law [barred
 Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove em-
 Like a lone criminal whose life is
 spared.
 Vexed is he, and screams aloud. The
 last I saw [with awe
 Was on the wing; stooping, he struck
 Man, bird, and beast; then, with a
 consort paired,
 From a bold headland, their loved
 airy's guard,
 Flew high above Atlantic waves, to
 draw [sun.
 Light from the fountain of the setting
 Such was this Prisoner once; and,
 when his plumes
 The sea-blast ruffles as the storm
 comes on, [sumes
 Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, re-
 His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that
 live free,
 His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

IX.

IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion,
 throw
 Thy veil, in mercy, o'er the records
 hung
 Round strath and mountain, stamped
 by the ancient tongue
 On rock and ruin darkening as we
 go,¹—
 Spots where a word, ghost-like, sur-
 vives to show
 What crimes from hate, or desperate
 love, have sprung;
 From honour misconceived, or fancied
 wrong,
 What feuds, not quenched but fed by
 mutual woe:
 Yet, though a wild vindictive Race,
 untamed
 By civil arts and labours of the pen,
 Could gentleness be scorned by those
 fierce Men,
 Who, to spread wide the reverence
 they claimed
 For patriarchal occupations, named
 Yon towering peaks, "Shepherds of
 Etive Glen?" * .

X.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian
 crook,
 And all that Greece and Italy have
 sung
 Of Swains reposing myrtle groves
 among!
 Ours couch on naked rocks, will cross
 a brook
 Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast
 a look

* In Gaelic, *Buachaill Etive*.

XVI.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(PASSED UNSHOWN, ON ACCOUNT OF
STORMY WEATHER.)

IMMURED in Bothwell's Towers, at
times the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steeps I roamed at
large, and have [sight;
In mind the landscape, as if still in
The river glides, the woods before me
wave; [crave
The why repine that now in vain I
Needless renewal of an old delight.
Better to thank a dear and long-past
day
For joy its sunny hours were free to
give
Than blame the present, that our wish
hath crost.
Memory, like Sleep, hath powers
which dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not
fugitive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!

XVII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN
AT HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood
And fresh with rivers, well did it
' become
The Ducal Owner, in his Palace-home
To naturalise this tawny Lion brood;
Children of Art, that claim strange
brotherhood,
Couched in their Den, with those that
roam at large
Over the burning wilderness, and
charge
The wind with terror while they roar
for food.

Satiate are *these*; and stilled to eye and
ear;

Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring
fear: [leave

Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the
Daunt him—if his Companions, now
bedrowsed

Outstretched and listless, were by
hunger roused:

Man placed him here, and God, he
knows, can save.

XVIII.

THE AVON.

(A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.)

AVON—a precious, an immortal name!
Yet is it one that other Rivulets
bear

Like this unheard-of, and their chan-
nels wear

Like this contented, though unknown
to Fame:

For great and sacred is the modest
claim

Of streams to Nature's love, where'er
they flow;

And ne'er did genius slight them, as
they go,

Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding
without blame.

But Praise can waste her voice on work
of tears,

Anguish, and death: full oft where
innocent blood

Has mixed its current with the limpid
flood,

Her heaven-offending trophies *Glory*
rears;

Never for like distinction may the
good

Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with
unpleased ears!

And why shouldst thou? If rightly
 trained and bred,
 Humanity is humble,—finds no spot
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse
 to tread.
 The walls are cracked, sunk is the
 flowery roof,
 Undressed the pathway leading to the
 door;
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely
 Poor;
 Search, for their worth, some gentle
 heart wrong-proof,
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials
 fewer,
 Belike less happy.—Stand no more
 aloof!

XIV.

THE BROWNIE.

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "*The Brownie*." The following Sonnet is a sequel to the Brownie's Cell, p. 247.]

"How disappeared he?" Ask the
 newt and toad;
 Ask of his fellow men, and they will
 tell
 How he was found, cold as an icicle,
 Under an arch of that forlorn abode;
 Where he, unpropp'd, and by the
 gathering flood
 Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt,
 prepared to try
 Privation's worst extremities, and die
 With no one near save the omnipresent
 God.

Verily so to live was an awful
 choice—
 A choice that wears the aspect of a
 doom;
 But in the mould of mercy all is
 cast
 For Souls familiar with the eternal
 Voice;
 And this forgotten Taper to the last
 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful
 gloom.

XV.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING
 STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

THOUGH joy attend thee orient at the
 birth
 Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit
 most
 To watch thy course when Day-light,
 fled from earth,
 In the gray sky hath left his lingering
 ghost,
 Perplexed as if between a splendour
 lost
 And splendour slowly mustering. Since
 the Sun,
 The absolute, the world-absorbing
 One,
 Relinquished half his empire to the
 host
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy
 Star,
 Holy as princely, who that looks on
 thee
 Touching, as now, in thy humility
 The mountain borders of this seat of
 care,
 Can question that thy countenance is
 bright,
 Celestial Power, as much with love as
 light?

XIX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,
That swept from hill to hill, from
flood to flood;
On her last thorn the nightly Moon
has shone;
Yet still, though inappropriate Wild
be none,
Fair parks spread wide where Adam
Bell might deign
With Clym o' the Clough, were they
alive again,
To kill for merry feast their venison.
Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding
Shade
His Church with monumental wreck
bestrown;
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost un-
laid,
Hath still his Castle, though a Skele-
ton,
That he may watch by night, and
lessons con [that fade.
Of Power that perishes, and Rights

XX.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an Oak, that long had
borne affixed [art,
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle
Among its withering topmost branches
mixed,
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
Whom the dog Hercules pursued—his
part
Each desperately sustaining, till at last
Both sank and died, the life-veins of
the chased [smart.
And chaser bursting here with one dire

Mutual the Victory, mutual the De-
feat!

High was the trophy hung with pitiless
pride;
Say, rather, with that generous sym-
pathy
That wants not, even in rudest breasts,
a seat;
And, for this feeling's sake, let no one
chide
Verse that would guard thy memory,
Hart's-horn Tree!

XXI.

COUNTESS' PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, etc., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brongham, every 2nd day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"]

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the
end of time
May this bright flower of Charity dis-
play
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed
day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal
prime
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's
purest clime!
"Charity never faileth." on that creed,
More than on written testament or
deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sub-
lime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for
ever!*

To meet such need as might befall—
 Roof, raiment, bread, or burial :
 For woman, even of tears bereft,
 The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go,
 Their arts, their customs, ebb and
 flow ;
 Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers
 away,
 And feeble, of themselves, decay ;
 What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,
 In which the castle once took pride !
 Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
 If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
 Lo ! ships, from seas by nature barred,
 Mount along ways by man prepared ;
 And in far-stretching vales, whose
 streams
 Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.
 Lo ! busy towns spring up on coasts
 Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;
 Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
 Among the novelties of morn,
 While young delights on old encroach,
 Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

THE EGYPTIAN MAID ;

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

[For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable: only it may be proper to add, that the Lotus, with the bust of the goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.]

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish
 sands,
 Forth-looking toward the Rocks of
 Scilly,
 The pleased Enchanter was aware
 Of a bright Ship that seemed to
 hang in air,
 Yet was she work of mortal hands,
 And took from men her name—THE
 WATER LILY.

Such was the wind, that landward
 blew ;
 And, as the Moon, o'er some dark

Into a cave had Merlin fled
 From mischief, caused by spells
 himself had muttered;
 And, while repentant all too late,
 In moody posture there he sate,
 He heard a voice, and saw, with
 half-raised head,
 A Visitant by whom these words were
 uttered:

"On Christian service this frail Bark
 Sailed" (hear me, Merlin!) "under
 high protection,
 Though on her prow a sign of
 heathen power
 Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily
 flower,
 The old Egyptian's emblematic
 mark
 Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

"Her course was for the British
 strand,
 Her freight it was a Damsel peer-
 less;
 God reigns above, and Spirits
 strong
 May gather to avenge this wrong
 Done to the Princess, and her
 Land
 Which she in duty left, sad but not
 cheerless.

"And to Caerleon's loftiest tower
 Soon will the Knights of Arthur's
 Table
 A cry of lamentation send;
 And all will weep who there attend,
 To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,
 For whom the sea was made unnavi-
 gable.

"Shame! should a Child of Roy
 Line
 Die through the blindness of th
 malice:"
 Thus to the Necromancer spake
 Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
 A gentle Sorceress, and benign,
 Who ne'er embittered any good man's
 chalice.

"What boots," continued she, "to
 mourn?
 To expiate thy sin endeavour!
 From the bleak isle where she is
 laid,
 Fetched by our art, the Egyptian
 Maid
 May yet to Arthur's court be borne
 Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever."

"My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
 That brought me down that sunless
 river,
 Will bear me on from wave to wave.
 And back with her to this sea-cave;
 Then Merlin! for a rapid flight
 Through air to thee my charge will I
 deliver.

"The very swiftest of thy Cars
 Must, when my part is done, be
 ready;
 Meanwhile, for further guidance,
 look
 Into thy own prophetic book;
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars
 To learn thy course; farewell! be
 prompt and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again
 Was seated in her gleaming Shallop
 That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,

Now, though a Mechanist, whose
skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of
modern science,
Grave Merlin (and belike the more
For practising occult and perilous
lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared
them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast
An altered look upon the advancing
Stranger
Whom he had hailed with joy, and
cried,
"My Art shall help to tame her
pride—"
Anon the breeze became a blast,
And the waves rose, and sky portended
danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign
Traced on the beach, his work the
Sorcerer urges;
The clouds in blacker clouds are
lost,
Like spiteful Fiends that vanish,
crossed
By Fiends of aspect more malign;
And the winds roused the Deep with
fiercer scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore
Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant
Galley;
Supreme in loveliness and grace
Of motion, whether in the embrace
Of trusty anchorage, or scudding
o'er
The main flood roughened into hill
and valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves
Her sides, the Wizard's craft con-
founding;
Like something out of Ocean
sprung
To be for ever fresh and young,
Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge
waves
Top-gallant high, rebounding and re-
bounding!

But Ocean under magic heaves,
And cannot spare the Thing he
cherished;
Ah! what avails that She was fair,
Luminous, blithe, and debonair?
The storm has stripped her of her
leaves;
The Lily floats no longer!—She hath
perished.

Grieve for her,—She deserves no
less;
So like, yet so unlike, a living
Creature!
No heart had she, no busy brain;
Though loved, she could not love
again;
Though pitied, *feel* her own dis-
tress;
Nor aught that troubles us, the fools
of Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing
tears;
So richly was this Galley laden;
A fairer than Herself she bore,
And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
A lovely One, who nothing hears
Of wind or wave—a meek and guile-
less Maiden.

"But where attends thy chariot—
where?"

Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,

So have I done; as trusty as thy barge

My vehicle shall prove—O precious Charge!

If this be sleep, how soft! if death,
how fair!

Much have my books disclosed, but
the end is hidden."

He spake, and gliding into view

Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber

Came two mute Swans, whose
plumes of dusky white

Changed, as the pair approached the light

Drawing an ebon car, their hue
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid
amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift

The Princess, passive to all changes:

The car received her; then up-went
Into the ethereal element

The Birds with progress smooth and
swift

As thought, when through bright
regions memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
Instructs the Swans their way to
measure;

And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,

And notes of minstrelsy were heard
From rich pavilions spreading wide,

For some high day of long-expected
pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights
and Dames

Ere on firm ground the car alighted:

Eftsoons astonishment was past,

For in that face they saw the last

Last lingering look of clay, that
tames

All pride, by which all happiness is
blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair
Lords,

Away with feast and tilt and tour-
ney!

Ye saw, throughout this Royal
House,

Ye heard, a rocking marvellous

Of turrets, and a clash of swords

Self-shaken, as I closed my airy
journey.

"Lo! by a destiny well known

To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;

This is the wished-for Bride, the
Maid

Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed

Where she by shipwreck had been
thrown;

Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere the
morrow."

"Though vast thy power, thy words
are weak,"

Exclaimed the King, "a mockery
hateful;

Dutiful Child! her lot how hard!

Is this her piety's reward?

Those watery locks, that bloodless
cheek!

O winds without remorse! O shore un-
grateful!

Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
Or like a steed, without a rein,
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive
gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
That Isle without a house or haven;
Landing, she found not what she
sought,
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
But a carved Lotus cast upon the
beach
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble
graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!
For gently each from each retreating
With backward curve, the leaves
revealed
The bosom half, and half concealed,
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
On Nina as she passed, with hopeful
greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,
Of tortured hope and purpose
shaken;
Following the margin of a bay,
She spied the lonely Cast-away,
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
But with closed eyes,—of breath and
bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
With tenderness and mild emotion,
The Damsel, in that trance embound;
And, while she raised her from the
ground,
And in the pearly shallop placed,
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the
ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs
Of music opened, and there came a
blending
Of fragrance, underived from earth,
With gleams that owed not to the
Sun their birth,
And that soft rustling of invisible
wings
Which Angels make, on works of love
descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
Than if the Goddess of the Flower
had spoken:
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame!
what none
Less pure in spirit could have
done;
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, suc-
cess betoken."

So cheered she left that Island
bleak,
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;
And, as they traversed the smooth
brine,
The self-illuminated Brigantine
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan
cheek
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when
they came
To the dim cavern, whence the
river
Issued into the salt-sea flood,
Merlin, as fixed in thought he
stood,
Was thus accosted by the Dame:
"Behold to thee my Charge I now
deliver.

"So be it," said the King;—"anon,
 Here, where the Princess lies, begin
 the trial;
 Knights each in order as ye stand
 Step forth."—To touch the pallid
 hand
 Sir Agravaïne advanced; no sign he
 won
 From Heaven or Earth;—Sir Kaye
 had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;
 Even for Sir Percival was no dis-
 closure;
 Though he, devoutest of all Cham-
 pions, ere
 He reached that ebon car, the bier
 Whereon diffused like snow the
 Damsel lay,
 Full thrice had crossed himself in
 meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)
 How in still air the balance trem-
 bled;
 The wishes, peradventure the de-
 spites
 That overcame some not ungenerous
 Knights;
 And all the thoughts that lengthened
 out a span
 Of time to Lords and Ladies thus
 assembled.

What patient confidence was here!
 And there how many bosoms panted!
 While drawing toward the Car Sir
 Gawaine, mailed
 For tournament, his Beaver veiled,
 And softly touched; but, to his
 princely cheer
 And high expectancy, no sign was
 granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
 Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as
 a brother,
 Came to the proof, nor grieved
 that there ensued
 No change;—the fair Izonda he
 had wooed
 With love too true, a love with
 pangs too sharp,
 From hope too distant, not to dread
 another.

Not so Sir Launcelot;—from
 Heaven's grace
 A sign he craved, tired slave of vain
 contrition; [glad
 The royal Guinever looked passing
 When his touch failed.—Next came
 Sir Galahad;
 He paused, and stood entranced
 by that still face
 Whose features he had seen in noon-
 tide vision.

For late, as near a murmuring
 stream [shady,
 He rested 'mid an arbour green and
 Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
 A light around his mossy bed;
 And, at her call, a waking dream
 Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian
 Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front
 he bowed,
 And stood, far-kenned by mantle
 furred with ermine,
 As o'er the insensate Body hung
 The enrapt, the beautiful, the
 young,
 Belief sank deep into the crowd
 That he the solemn issue would de-
 termine.

"Rich robes are fretted by the
moth;
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of
thunder;
Will that, or deeper thoughts,
abate
A Father's sorrow for her fate?
He will repent him of his troth;
His brain will burn, his stout heart
split asunder.

"Alas! and I have caused this woe;
For, when my prowess from invad-
ing Neighbours
Had freed his Realm, he plighted
word
That he would turn to Christ our
Lord,
And his dear Daughter on a Knight
bestow
Whom I should choose for love and
matchless labours.

"Her birth was heathen, but a
fence
Of holy Angels round her hovered;
A Lady added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompense
For fifty kingdoms by my sword re-
covered.

"Ask not for whom, O champions
true!
She was reserved by me her life's
betrayer;
She who was meant to be a bride
Is now a corse; then put aside
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with
observance due
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground
to lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not
close
Upon her yet, earth hide her
beauty;
Not froward to thy sovereign will
Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill
Wafted her hither, interpose
To check this pious haste of erring
duty.

"My books command me to lay bare
The secret thou art bent on keep-
ing;
Here must a high attest be given,
What Bridegroom was for her or-
dained by Heaven;
And in my glass significant there
are
Of things that may to gladness turn
this weeping.

"For this, approaching, One by
One,
Thy Knights must touch the cold
hand of the Virgin;
So, for the favoured One, the Flower
may bloom
Once more; but, if unchangeable
her doom,
If life departed be for ever gone,
Some blest assurance, from this cloud
emerging,

"May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not, with a grief that, like a vapour,
rises
And melts; but grief devout that
shall endure
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought
shall cross
A harvest of high hopes and noble
enterprises."

The Flower, the Form within it,
 What served they in her need?
 Her port she could not win it,
 Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,
 And she was seen no more;
 But gently, gently blame her,
 She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,
 And kept to him her faith,
 Till sense in death was darkened,
 Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
 Kept watch, a viewless band;
 And, billow favouring billow,
 She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,
 Your faith in Him approve
 Who from frail earth can call you,
 To bowers of endless love!

ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

WHILE from the purpling east departs
 The Star that led the dawn,
 Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts.
 For May is on the lawn.
 A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
 Foreran the expected Power,
 Whose first-drawn breath, from bush
 and tree.
 Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
 Tempers the year's extremes;
 Who scattereth lustres o'er noon day,
 Like morning's dewy gleams;

While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
 The tremulous heart excite:
 And hums the balmy air to still
 The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when Youths
 and Maids
 At peep of dawn would rise,
 And wander forth, in forest glades
 Thy birth to solemnize.
 Though mute the song—to grace the
 rite
 Untouched the hawthorn bough,
 Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
 Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings
 In love's disport employ;
 Warmed by thy influence, creeping
 Things
 Awake to silent joy:
 Queen art thou still for each gay
 Plant
 Where the slim wild Deer roves;
 And served in depths where Fishes
 haunt
 Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing Peak, and trackless
 Heath,
 Instinctive homage pay;
 Nor wants the dim-lit Cave a wreath
 To honour Thee, sweet May!
 Where Cities fanned by thy brisk airs
 Behold a smokeless sky,
 Their puniest Flower-pot-nursling
 dares
 To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
 The Pole, from which thy name
 Hath not departed, stands forlorn
 Of song and dance and game.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth
 had worn
 That very mantle on a day of glory,
 The day when he achieved that
 matchless feat,
 The 'marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,
 Which whosoe'er approached of
 strength was shorn,
 Though King or Knight the most re-
 nowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand,
 And lo! those Birds, far-famed
 through Love's dominions,
 The Swans, in triumph clap their
 wings; [rings,
 And their necks play, involved in
 Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy
 land;—

"Mine is she," cried the Knight;—
 again they clapped their pinions.

"Mine was she—mine she is,
 though dead,
 And to her name my soul shall
 cleave in sorrow;"
 Whereat, a tender twilight streak
 Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's
 cheek;
 And her lips, quickening with un-
 certain red,
 Seemed from each other a faint
 warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
 Of love emboldened, hope with
 dread entwining,
 When, to the mouth, relenting
 Death
 Allowed a soft and flower-like
 breath,
 Precursor to a timid sigh, [ing.
 To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shin-

In silence did King Arthur gaze
 Upon the signs that pass away or
 tarry;
 In silence watched the gentle strife
 Of Nature leading back to life;
 Then eased his Soul at length by
 praise
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—
 the blissful Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy
 heart [giveth,
 Sir Galahad! a treasure that God
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
 Through mortal change and im-
 mortality; [art
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who
 A goodly Knight that hath no Peer
 that liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;
 And sage tradition still rehearses
 The pomp the glory of that hour
 When toward the Altar from her
 bower
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed
 verses:—

Who shrinks not from alliance
 Of evil with good Powers,
 To God proclaims defiance,
 And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted
 From the Land of Nile did go;
 Alas! the bright Ship floated,
 An idol at her Prow.

By magic domination,
 The Heaven-permitted vent
 Of purblind mortal passion,
 Was wrought her punishment.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
 When May is whispering, "Come!
 Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
 The happiest for your home;
 Heaven's bounteous love through me
 is spread

From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
 Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
 And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs
 For lilies that must fade,
 Or "the rathe primrose as it dies
 Forsaken" in the shade!
 Vernal fruitions and desires
 Are linked in endless chase;
 While, as one kindly growth retires,
 Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast
 known
 Mishap by worm and blight;
 If expectations newly blown
 Have perished in thy sight;
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
 Were caught as in a snare;
 Such is the lot of all the young,
 However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not
 check
 Are patient of thy rule;
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,
 Loitering in glassy pool:
 By thee, thee only, could be sent
 Such gentle Mists as glide,
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,
 On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
 Through which yon House of God
 Glams 'mid the peace of this deep
 By few but shepherds trod! [dale

And lowly Huts, near beaten ways,
 No sooner stand attired.
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for
 praise
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
 Permit not for one hour
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,
 Nor add to it a flower!
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
 Of self-restraining art,
 This modest charin of not too much,
 Part seen, imagined part!

INSCRIPTION.

THE massy Ways, carried across these
 Heights
 By Roman Perseverance, are de-
 stroyed.
 Or hidden underground, like sleeping
 worms.
 How venture then to hope that Time
 will spare
 This humble Walk? Yet on the
 mountain's side
 A Poet's hand first shaped it; and the
 steps
 Of that same Bard, repeated to and
 fro
 At morn, at noon, and under moon-
 light skies,
 Through the vicissitudes of many a
 year,
 Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its
 gray line.
 No longer, scattering to the heedless
 winds
 The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,
 Shall he frequent these precincts;
 locked no more

Still from the village-green a vow
Aspires to thee address,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst
teach
The soul to love the more;
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
That never loved before.
Stript is the haughty One of pride,
The bashful freed from fear,
While rising, like the ocean-tide,
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words, refuse
The service to prolong!
To yon exulting Thrush the Muse
Entrusts the imperfect song;
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
Throughout the live-long day,
Till the first silver Star appear,
The sovereignty of May.

TO MAY.

THOUGH many suns have risen and
set
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hailed thee, may
forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away!
Oh for a deathless song to meet
The soul's desire—a lay

That, when a thousand years are told,
Should praise thee, genial Power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, Sea, thy presence feel—nor less
If yon ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
The Heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man if glad
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and
weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health!
The Old, by thee revived, have said,
“Another year is ours;”
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lips a merry song
Amid his playful peers?
The tender Infant who was long
A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its sheath,
His Mother leaves him free to taste
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the Weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground;
No Cliff so bare but on its steeps
Thy favours may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to
look,
And seem to love it best.

In earnest converse with beloved Friends,
 Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,
 As from the beds and borders of a garden
 Choice flowers are gathered! But, if
 Power may spring
 Out of a farewell yearning favoured more
 Than kindred wishes mated suitably
 With vain regrets, the Exile would consign
 This Walk, his loved possession, to the care
 Of those pure Minds that reverence
 the Muse.

INSCRIPTION.

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE
 GROUNDS OF RYDAL MOUNT.

In these fair Vales hath many a Tree
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
 And from the Builder's hand this Stone,
 For some rude beauty of its own,
 Was rescued by the Bard:
 So let it rest;—and time will come
 When here the tender-hearted
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,
 As one of the departed.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it
 lasts; [scorn not one;
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature!
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from
 the Sun.

INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Bruges town is many a street
 Whence busy life hath fled;
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet,
 The grass-grown pavement tread.
 There heard we, halting in the shade
 Flung from a Convent-tower,
 A harp that tuneful prelude made
 To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
 Was fit for some gay throng;
 Though from the same grim turret fell
 The shadow and the song.
 When silent were both voice and chords
 The strain seemed doubly dear,
 Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words
 Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
 And pinnacle and spire
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
 Clothed with innocuous fire;
 But where we stood, the setting sun
 Showed little of his state;
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,
 'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
 Nor pity idly born,
 If even a passing Stranger sighs
 For them who do not mourn.
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
 Captive, whoe'er thou be!
 Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
 And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
 A feeling sanctified
 By one soft trickling tear that stole
 From the Maiden at my side;
 Less tribute could she pay than this,
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
 Of English liberty?

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST.
 GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings
 Might bear thee to this glen,
 With faithful memory left of things
 To pencil dear and pen,

II.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my
liking,"

Said she, lifting up her veil ;

"Pluck it for me, gentle Gar-
dener,

Ere it wither and grow pale."

"Princess fair, I till the ground, but
may not take

From twig or bed an humbler flower,
even for your sake."

III.

"Grieved am I, submissive Chris-
tian!

To behold thy captive state ;

Women, in your land, may pity
(May they not?) the unfortunate."

"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise Man
could not bear

Life, which to every one that breathes
is full of care."

IV.

"Worse than idle is compassion

If it end in tears and sighs ;

Thee from bondage would I rescue

And from vile indignities ;

Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in
high degree,

Look up—and help a hand that longs
to set thee free."

V.

"Lady, dread the wish, nor venture

In such peril to engage ;

Think how it would stir against
you

Your most loving Father's rage :

Sad deliverance would it be, and joke
with shame,

Should troubles overflow on her from
whom it came."

VI.

"Generous Frank! the just in effort

Are of inward peace secure ;

Hardships for the brave en-
countered,

Even the feeblest may endure :

If Almighty Grace through me thy
chains unbind,

My Father for slave's work may seek a
slave in mind."

VII.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness.

My long-frozen heart grows
warm!"

"Yet you make all courage fruitless,

Me to save from chance of harm :

Leading such Companion I that gilded
Dome,

Yon Minarets, would gladly leave for
his worst home."

VIII.

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair
Princess!

And your brow is free from scorn,

Else these words would come like
mockery,

Sharper than the pointed thorn."

"Whence the undeserved mistrust?

Too wide apart

Our faith hath been,—O would that
eyes could see the heart!"

IX.

"Tempt me not, I pray ; my doom is

These base implements to wield ;

Rusty Lance, I ne'er shall grasp
thee,

Ne'er assoil my cobwebb'd shield!

Never see my native land, nor castle
towers,

Nor Her who thinking of me there
counts widowed hours."

Mount from the earth; aspire!
aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral choir,
In strains that from their solemn
height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight:
While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging censer,
shrouds
The taper lights, and curls in clouds
Around angelic Forms, the still
Creation of the painter's skill,
That on the service wait concealed
One moment, and the next revealed.
—Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
And for no transient ecstasies!
What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery?
The iterated summons loud,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng
Hurrying the busy streets along?

Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualise the mind,
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humours change, are spurned like
weeds:

The priests are from their altars
thrust,
Temples are levelled with the dust:
And solemn rites, and awful forms,
Founder amid fanatic storms;
Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered Poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the
skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies;

And ground fresh cloven by the plough
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
Where birds and brooks from leafy
dells

Chime forth unwearied canticles,
And vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head;
Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the eternal Will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Divine monition Nature yields;
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some
part

Free for a sabbath of the heart;
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

[The subject of the following poem is from the *Orlandus* of the Author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby; and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time.]

I.

You have heard "a Spanish Lady
How she wooed an English
Man;"*
Hear now of a fair Armenian,
Daughter of the proud Soldàn;
How she loved a Christian Slave, and
told her pain
By word, look, deed, with hope that
he might love again.

* See in *Percy's Reliques*, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted.

XVIII.

Mutual was the sudden transport;
 Breathless questions followed fast,
 Years contracting to a moment,
 Each word greedier than the last;
 "Hie thee to the Countess, I'friend!
 return with speed,
 And of this Stranger speak by whom
 her Lord was freed.

XIX.

"Say that I, who might have languished,
 Drooped and pined till life was spent,
 Now before the gates of Stolberg
 My Deliverer would present
 For a crowning recompence, the
 precious grace
 Of her who in my heart still holds her
 ancient place.

XX.

"Make it known that my Companion
 Is of royal Eastern blood,
 Thirsting after all perfection,
 Innocent, and meek, and good,
 Though with misbelievers bred; but
 that dark night
 Will Holy Church disperse by beams
 of Gospel Light."

XXI.

Swiftly went that gray-haired Servant,
 Soon returned a trusty Page
 Charged with greetings, benedictions,
 Thanks and praises, each a gage
 For a sunny thought to cheer the
 Stranger's way,
 Her virtuous scruples to remove, her
 fears allay.

XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,
 While beneath their castle-walls
 Runs a deafening noise of welcome!—
 Blest, though every tear that
 falls
 Doth in its silence of past sorrow
 tell,
 And makes a meeting seem most like a
 dear farewell.

XXIII.

Through a haze of human nature,
 Glorified by heavenly light,
 Looked the beautiful Deliverer
 On that overpowering sight,
 While across her virgin cheek pure
 blushes strayed,
 For every tender sacrifice her heart
 had made.

XXIV.

On the ground the weeping Countess
 knelt, and kissed the Stranger's
 hand;
 Act of soul-devoted homage,
 Pledge of an eternal band:
 Nor did aught of future days that kiss
 belie,
 Which, with a generous shout, the
 crowd did ratify.

XXV.

Constant to the fair Armenian,
 Gentle pleasures round her
 moved,
 Like a tutelary Spirit
 Reverenced, like a Sister, loved.
 Christian meekness smoothed for all
 the path of life,
 Who, loving most, should wiseliest
 love, their only strife.

X.

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;
 Wedded? ' If you *can*, say no!—
 Blessed is and be your Consort;
 Hopes I cherished let them
 go!
 Handmaid's privilege would leave my
 purpose free,
 Without another link to my felicity."

XI.

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,
 Lady, is a mystery rare;
 Body, heart, and soul in union,
 Make one being of a pair."
 "Humble love in me would look 'for
 no return,
 Soft as a guiding star that cheers but
 cannot burn."

XII.

"Gracious Allah! by such title
 Do I dare to thank the God,
 Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
 Flower of an unchristian sod!
 Or hast thou put off wings which thou
 in heaven dost wear?
 What have I seen, and heard, or
 dreamt? where am I? where?"

XIII.

Here broke off the dangerous con-
 verse:
 Less impassioned words might
 tell
 How the pair escaped together,
 Tears not wanting, nor a knell
 Of sorrow in her heart while through
 her Father's door,
 And from her narrow world, she passed
 for evermore.

XIV.

But affections higher, holier,
 Urged her steps; she shrunk from
 trust
 In a sensual creed that trampled
 Woman's birthright into dust.
 Little be the wonder then, the blame
 be none,
 If she, a timid Maid, hath put such
 boldness on.

XV.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:
 In those old romantic days
 Mighty were the soul's command-
 ments
 To support, restrain, or raise.
 Foes might hang upon their path,
 snakes rustle near,
 But nothing from their inward selves
 had they to fear.

XVI.

Thought infirm ne'er came between
 them,
 Whether printing desert sands
 With accordant steps, or gathering
 Forest-fruit with social hands;
 Or, whispering like two reeds that in
 the cold moonbeam
 Bend with the breeze their heads, be
 side a crystal stream.

XVII.

On a friendly deck reposing
 They at length for Venice steer;
 There, when they had closed their
 voyage
 One, who daily on the Pier
 Watched for tidings from the East,
 beheld his Lord,
 Fell down and clasped his knees for
 joy, not uttering word.

PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right
 Who deem that ye from open light
 Retire in fear of shame;
 All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch
 Of vulgar sense, and, being such,
 Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,
 The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
 Were mine in early days;
 And now, unforced by Time to part
 With Fancy, I obey my heart,
 And venture on your praise.

What though some busy Foes to good,
 Too potent over nerve and blood,
 Lurk near you, and combine
 To taint the health which ye infuse,
 This hides not from the moral Muse
 Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers!
 Comes Faith that in auspicious hours
 Builds castles, not of air;
 Bodings unsanctioned by the will
 Flow from your visionary skill,
 And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
 That no philosophy can lift,
 Shall vanish, if ye please,
 Like morning mist; and, where it lay,
 The spirits at your bidding play
 In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided Contemplations move
 Through space, though calm, not
 raised above
 Prognostics that ye rule;
 The naked Indian of the Wild,
 And haply, too, the cradled Child,
 Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
 Number their signs or instruments?
 A rainbow, a sunbeam,
 A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
 Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
 An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth
 With sighs of self-exhausted mirth
 Ye feelingly reprove;
 And daily, in the conscious breast,
 Your visitations are a test
 And exercise of love.

When some great change gives bound-
 less scope
 To an exulting Nation's hope,
 Oft, startled and made wise
 By your low-breathed interpretations,
 The simply-meek foretaste the springs
 Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of War,
 Pervade the lonely Ocean far
 As sail hath been unfurled;
 For Dancers in the festive hall
 What ghastly Partners hath your call
 Fetched from the shadowy world!

'Tis said, that warnings ye dispense
 Emboldened by a keener sense;
 That men have lived for whom,
 With dread precision, ye made clear
 The hour that in a distant year
 Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome Insight! Yet there are
 Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
 Truth shows a glorious face,
 While on that Isthmus which com-
 mands
 The councils of both worlds she
 stands,
 Sage Spirits! by your grace.

XXVI.

Mute Memento of that union
 In a Saxon Church survives,
 Where a cross-legged Knight lies
 sculptured
 As between two wedded Wives—
 Figures with armorial signs of race
 and birth,
 And the vain rank the Pilgrims bore
 while yet on earth.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A Rock there is whose homely front
 The passing Traveller slights;
 Yet there the Glow-worms hang their
 lamps,
 Like stars, at various heights;
 And one coy Primrose to that Rock
 The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
 What kingdoms overthrown,
 Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft
 And marked it for my own;
 A lasting link in Nature's chain
 From highest Heaven let down!

The Flowers, still faithful to the stems
 Their fellowship renew;
 The stems are faithful to the root,
 That worketh out of view;
 And to the rock the root adheres
 In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
 Though threatening still to fall;
 The earth is constant to her sphere;
 And God upholds them all:
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
 Her annual funeral.

* * * *

Here closed the meditative Strain;
 But air breathed soft that day,
 The hoary mountain-heights were
 cheered,
 The sunny vale looked gay;
 And to the Primrose of the Rock
 I gave this after-lay.

I sang, Let myriads of bright
 flowers,
 Like Thee, in field and grove,
 Revive unenvied,—mightier far
 Than tremblings that reprove
 Our vernal tendencies to hope
 Is God's redeeming love:

That love which changed, for wan
 disease,
 For sorrow that had bent
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered
 age,
 Their moral element,
 And turned the thistles of a curse
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we
 too,
 The reasoning Sons of Men,
 From one oblivious winter called
 Shall rise, and breathe again;
 And in eternal summer lose
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
 This prescience from on high,
 The faith that elevates the Just,
 Before and when they die;
 And makes each soul a separate
 heaven,
 A court for Deity.

Of human life: a Stripling's graces
 blow,
 Fade and are shed, that from their
 timely fall
 (Misdeem it not a cankerous change)
 may grow
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks
 shall call;
 In *all* men, sinful is it to be slow
 To hope—in *Parvus*, sinful above all.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT
 BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the
 ground
 Upturned with curious pains, the Bard,
 a Seer,
 Takes fire:—The men, that have been
 reappear;
 Romans for travel girt, for business
 gowned,
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-
 crowned,
 In festal glee: why not? For fresh
 and clear,
 As if its hues were of the passing
 year,
 Dawns this time-buried pavement.
 From that mound
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans,
 Maximins,
 Shrunk into coins with all their warlike
 toil:
 Or a fierce impress issues with its
 foil
 Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suck-
 ling Twins
 The unlettered Ploughboy pities when
 he wins
 The casual treasure from the furrowed
 soil.

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

WHEN human touch, as monkish books
 attest,
 Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury
 bells
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the
 dells,
 And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy
 crest;
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble
 Lady blest
 To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
 Of her loved Mistress: soon the music
 died,
 And Catherine said, "Here I set up
 my rest."
 Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long
 had sought
 A home that by such miracle of sound
 Must be revealed:—she heard it now,
 or felt
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding
 thought;
 And there, a saintly Anchoress she
 dwelt [happy ground.
 Till she exchanged for heaven that

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

[Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his
 entertaining Memoirs the substance of this
 Tale, affirms, that, besides the concurring
 reports of others, he had the story from the
 Lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the
 close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that
 name as the acknowledged wife of Peter the
 Great.]

PART I.

I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes
 Like harebells bathed in dew,
 Of cheek that with carnation vies,
 And veins of violet hue;

God, who instructs the Brutes to scent
 All changes of the element,
 Whose wisdom fixed the scale
 Of Natures, for our wants provides
 By higher, sometimes humbler,
 guides,
 When lights of Reason fail.

THE POET AND THE CAGED

TURTLEDOVE.

As often as I murmur here
 My half-formed melodies,
 Straight from her osier mansion
 near
 The Turtle-dove replies:
 Though silent as a leaf before,
 The captive promptly coos,
 Is it to teach her own soft lore,
 Or second my weak Muse?

I rather think, the gentle Dove
 Is murmuring a reproof,
 Displeased that I from lays of love
 Have dared to keep aloof;
 That I, a Bard of hill and dale,
 Have carolled, fancy free,
 As if nor dove, nor nightingale,
 Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,
 Sweet Bird! to do me wrong;
 Love, blessed Love, is every where
 The spirit of my song:
 'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
 Love animates my lyre;
 That coo again!—'tis not to chide,
 I feel, but to inspire.

SONNETS.

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion,
 and the pride
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do
 present [rent
 To house and home in many a craggy
 Of the wild Peak; where new-born
 waters glide
 Through fields whose thrifty Occu-
 pants abide
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,
 With every semblance of entire con-
 tent;
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!
 Yet He whose heart in childhood gave
 her troth
 To pastoral dales, thin set with
 modest farms,
 May learn, if judgment strengthen with
 his growth,
 That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath
 charms;
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless
 harms
 The extremes of favoured life, may
 honour both.

DESPONDING Father! mark this altered
 bough,
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine
 warmed,
 Or moist with dews; what more un-
 sightly now,
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if
 formed,
 Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow
 Knits not o'er that discolouring and
 decay,
 As false to expectation. Nor fret
 thou
 At like unlovely process in the May

And must be hidden from his wrath :
 You, Foster-father dear,
 Will guide me in my forward path ;
 I may not tarry here !

X.

"I cannot bring to utter woe
 Your proved fidelity."—
 "Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not
 For you we both would die." [so !
 "Nay, nay, I come with semblance
 feigned
 And cheek embrowned by art ;
 Yet, being inwardly unstained,
 With courage will depart."

XI.

"But whither would you, could you,
 A poor Man's counsel take ; [flee ?
 The Holy Virgin gives to me
 A thought for your dear sake ;
 Rest shielded by our Lady's grace ;
 And soon shall you be led
 Forth to a safe abiding-place,
 Where never foot doth tread."

PART II.

I.

THE Dwelling of this faithful pair
 In a straggling village stood,
 For One who breathed unquiet air
 A dangerous neighbourhood ;
 But wide around lay forest ground
 With thickets rough and blind ;
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade
 Impervious to the wind.

II.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
 Was spread a treacherous swamp,
 On which the noonday sun shed light
 As from a lonely lamp ;

And midway in the unsafe morass,
 A single Island rose
 Of firm dry ground, with healthful
 grass
 Adorned, and shady boughs.

III.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft
 This Russian Vassal plied,
 That never fowler's gun, nor shaft
 Of archer, there was tried ;
 A sanctuary seemed the spot
 - From all intrusion free ;
 And there he planned an artful Cot
 For perfect secrecy.

IV.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
 Of Power's far-stretching hand,
 The bold good Man his labour sped
 At nature's pure command ;
 Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,
 While, in a hollow nook,
 She moulds her sight-eluding den
 Above a murmuring brook.

V.

His task accomplished to his mind,
 The twain ere break of day
 Creep forth, and through the forest
 wind
 Their solitary way ;
 Few words they speak, nor dare to
 slack
 Their pace from mile to mile.
 Till they have crossed the quaking
 marsh,
 And reached the lonely isle.

VI.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
 A bright and cheerful face ;
 And Ina looked for her abode,
 The promised hiding-place ;

Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
 A likening to frail flowers;
 Yea, to the stars, if they were born
 For seasons and for hours.

II.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold un-
 barred,
 Stepped one at dead of night,
 Whom such high beauty could not
 guard
 From meditated blight;
 By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
 As doth the hunted fawn,
 Nor stopped, till in the dappling east
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

III.

Seven days she lurked in brake and
 field,
 Seven nights her course renewed,
 Sustained by what 'her scrip might
 yield,
 Or berries of the wood;
 At length, in darkness travelling on,
 When lowly doors were shut,
 The haven of her hope she won,
 Her Foster-mother's hut.

IV.

"To put your love to dangerous proof
 I come," said she, "from far;
 For I have left my Father's roof,
 In terror of the Czar."
 No answer did the Matron give,
 No second look she cast;
 But hung upon the Fugitive,
 Embracing and embraced.

V.

She led the Lady to a seat
 Beside the glimmering fire,
 Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,
 Prevented each desire:

The cricket chirped, the house-dog
 And on that simple bed, [dozed,
 Where she in childhood had reposed,
 Now rests her weary head.

VI.

When she, whose couch had been the
 Whose curtain pine or thorn, [sod,
 Had breathed a sigh of thanks to
 God,
 Who comforts the forlorn;
 While over her the Matron bent
 Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
 Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
 And trouble from the soul.

VII.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,
 And soon again was dight
 In those unworthy vestments worn
 Through long and perilous flight;
 And "O beloved Nurse," she said,
 "My thanks with silent tears
 Have unto Heaven and You been
 paid;
 Now listen to my fears!

VIII.

"Have you forgot"—and here she
 smiled—
 "The babbling flatteries
 You lavished on me when a child
 Disporting round your knees?
 I was your lambkin, and your bird,
 Your star, your gem, your flower;
 Light words, that were more lightly
 heard
 In many a cloudless hour!

IX.

"The blossom you so fondly praised
 Is come to bitter fruit;
 A mighty One upon me gazed;
 I spurned his lawless suit,

III.

Into the mists of fabled Time
 So far runs back the praise
 Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
 Along forbidden ways ;
 That scorns temptation ; power defies
 Where mutual love is not ;
 And to the tomb for rescue flies
 When life would be a blot.

IV.

To this fair Votress, a fate
 More mild doth Heaven ordain
 Upon her Island desolate ;
 And words, not breathed in vain,
 Might tell what intercourse she found,
 Her silence to endear ;
 What birds she tamed, what flowers
 the ground
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

V.

To one mute Presence, above all,
 Her soothed affections clung,
 A picture on the Cabin wall
 By Russian usage hung—
 The Mother-maid, whose countenance
 bright
 With love abridged the day ;
 And, communed with by taper light,
 Chased spectral fears away.

VI.

And oft, as either guardian came,
 The joy in that retreat
 Might any common friendship shame,
 So high their hearts would beat ;
 And to the lone Recluse, what'er
 They brought, each visiting—
 Was like the crowding of the year
 With a new burst of spring.

VII.

But, when she of her Parents thought
 The pang was hard to bear ;
 And, if with all things not enwrought,
 That trouble still is near,
 Before her flight she had not dared
 Their constancy to prove.
 Too much the heroic Daughter feared
 The weakness of their love.

VIII.

Dark is the Past to them, and dark
 The Future still must be,
 Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
 Into a safer sea—
 Or gentle Nature close her eyes,
 And set her Spirit free
 From the altar of this sacrifice,
 In vestal purity.

IX.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms !
 The white swans southward passed,
 High as the pitch of their swift plume
 Her fancy rode the blast ;
 And bore her toward the fields of
 France,
 Her Father's native land.
 To mingle in the rustic dance,
 The happiest of the band !

X.

Of those beloved fields, she oft
 Had heard her father tell
 In phrase that now, with echoes soft
 Haunted her lonely cell ;
 She saw the hereditary bowers,
 She heard the ancestral stream :
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers
 Forgotten like a dream !

She sought in vain, the Woodman
 smiled,
 No threshold could be seen,
 Nor roof, nor window; all seemed
 wild
 As it had ever been.

VII.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
 The front with such nice care
 Is masked, "if house it be or bower,"
 But in they entered are;
 As shaggy as were wall and roof
 With branches intertwined,
 So smooth was all within, air-proof,
 And delicately lined.

VIII.

And hearth was there, and maple dish,
 And cups in seemly rows,
 And couch—all ready to a wish
 For nurture or repose;
 And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
 That here she may abide
 In solitude, with every want
 By cautious love supplied.

IX.

No Queen, before a shouting crowd,
 Led on in bridal state,
 E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
 Entering her palace gate;
 Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
 No saintly Anchoress
 E'er took possession of her cell
 With deeper thankfulness.

X.

"Father of all, upon thy care
 And mercy am I thrown;
 Be thou my safeguard!"—such her
 prayer
 When she was left alone,

vo.

Kneeling amid the wilderness
 When joy had passed away,
 And smiles, fond efforts of distress
 To hide what they betray!

XI.

The prayer is heard, the Saints have
 seen,
 Diffused through form and face,
 Resolves devotedly serene;
 That monumental grace
 Of Faith, which doth all passions
 tame
 That reason *should* control;
 And shows in the untrembling frame
 A statue of the soul.

PART III.

I.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
 That Phœbus wont to wear
 "The leaves of any pleasant tree
 Around his golden hair,"
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
 Of his imperious love,
 At her own prayer transformed, took
 root,
 A laurel in the grove.

II.

Then did the Penitent adorn
 His brow with laurel green;
 And 'mid his bright locks never
 shorn
 No meaner leaf was seen;
 And Poets sage, through every age,
 About their temples wound
 The bay; and Conquerors thanked the
 Gods,
 With laurel chaplets crowned.

R

IX.

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;
 And in her face and mien
 The soul's pure brightness he beheld
 Without a veil between;
 He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame
 Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;
 The passion of a moment came
 As on the wings of years.

X.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"
 Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,
 Preparing your deliverance,
 To me the charge hath given.
 The Czar full oft in words and deeds
 Is stormy and self-willed;
 But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,
 His violence is stilled.

XI.

"Leave open to my wish the course.
 And I to her will go;
 From that humane and heavenly
 source,
 Good, only good, can flow."
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier
 Was eager to depart,
 Though question followed question,
 dear
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

XII.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more
 light.
 Kept pace with his desires;
 And the fifth morning gave him sight
 Of Moscow's glittering spires.
 He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,
 To the lorn Fugitive
 The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
 As sovereign power could give.

XIII.

O more than mighty change! If *éc*
 Amazement rose to pain,
 And joy's excess produced a fear
 Of something void and vain,
 'Twas when the Parents, who had
 mourned
 So long the lost as dead,
 Beheld their only Child returned,
 The household floor to tread.

XIV.

Soon gratitude gave way to love
 Within the Maiden's breast:
 Delivered and Deliverer move
 In bridal garments drest:
 Meek Catherine had her own reward:
 The Czar bestowed a dower,
 And universal Moscow shared
 The triumph of that hour.

XV.

Flowers strewed the ground; the
 nuptial feast
 Was held with costly state:
 And there, 'mid many a noble Guest,
 The Foster-parents sate:
 Encouraged by the imperial eye,
 They shrank not into shade:
 Great was their bliss, the honour high
 To them and nature paid!

SONNETS.

Why art thou silent! Is thy love a
 plant
 Of such weak fibre that the treach-
 erous air
 Of absence withers what was once so
 fair?
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to
 grant?

PART IV.

I.

THE ever-changing Moon had traced
 Twelve times her monthly round,
 When through the unfrequented Waste
 Was heard a startling sound;
 A shout thrice sent from one who chased
 At speed a wounded Deer,
 Bounding through branches interlaced
 And where the wood was clear.

II.

The fainting creature took the marsh,
 And toward the Island fled,
 While plovers screamed with tumult
 harsh
 Above his antlered head;
 This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,
 Shrunk to her citadel;
 The desperate Deer rushed on, and
 near
 The tangled covert fell.

III.

Across the marsh, the game in view,
 The Hunter followed fast,
 Nor paused, till o'er the Stag he blew
 A death-proclaiming blast;
 Then, resting on her upright mind,
 Came forth the Maid—"In me,
 Behold," she said, "a stricken Hind
 Pursued by destiny!"

IV.

"From your deportment, Sir! I deem
 That you have worn a sword,
 And will not hold in light esteem
 A suffering woman's word;
 There is my covert, there perchance
 I might have lain concealed,
 My fortunes hid, my countenance
 Not even to you revealed.

V.

"Tears might be shed, and I might
 pray
 Crouching and terrified,
 That what has been unveiled to-day,
 You would in mystery hide;
 But I will not defile with dust
 The knee that bends to adore
 The God in heaven;—attend, be just:
 This ask I, and no more!

VI.

"I speak not of the winter's cold,
 For summer's heat exchanged,
 While I have lodged in this rough
 hold,
 From social life estranged;
 Nor yet of trouble and alarms:
 High Heaven is my defence;
 And every season has soft arms
 For injured Innocence.

VII.

"From Moscow to the Wilderness,
 It was my choice to come,
 Lest virtue should be harbourless,
 And honour want a home;
 And happy were I, if the Czar
 Retain his lawless will,
 To end life here like this poor Deer,
 Or a Lamb on a green hill."

VIII.

"Are you, the Maid," the Stranger
 cried,
 "From Gallic Parents sprung,
 Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,
 Sad theme for every tongue;
 Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?
 You, Lady, forced to wear
 These rude habiliments, and rest
 Your head in this dark lair!"

Yet have my thoughts for thee been
vigilant
Bound to thy service with unceasing
care,
The mind's least generous wish a
mendicant
For naught but what thy happiness
could spare.

Speak, though this soft warm heart,
once free to hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and
mine,

Be left more desolate, more dreary
cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with
snow

'Mid its own bush of leafless eglan-
tine;

Speak, that my torturing doubts their
end may know!

Four fiery steeds impatient of the
rein

Whirled us o'er sunless ground be-
neath a sky

'As void of sunshine, when, from that
wide Plain,

Clear tops of far-off Mountains we
descrie,

Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,

All light and lustre. Did no heart
repley?

Yes, there was One;—for One,
asunder fly

The thousand links of that ethereal
chain;

And green vales open out, with grove
and field,

And the fair front of many a happy
home;

Such tempting spots as into vision
come

While soldiers, weary of the arms they
wield

And sick at heart of strife-ful Christen-
dom,

Gaze on the moon by parting clouds
revealed.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill,
Esq., for St. John's College, Cambridge.]

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long
hath knelt

Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take
thy place;

And, if Time spare the colours for
the grace

Which to the work surpassing skill
hath dealt,

Thou, on thy rock reclined, though
Kingdoms melt

And States be'torn up by the roots,
wilt seem

To breathe in rural peace, to hear the
stream,

And think and feel as once the Poet
felt.

Whate'er thy fate, those features have
not grown

Unrecognised through many a house-
hold tear,

More prompt more glad to fall than
"drops of dew

By morning shed around a flower half
blown;

Tears of delight, that testified how
true

To life thou art, and, in thy truth,
how dear!

Their peace, perhaps, our lightest foot-
 fall marred;
 On their quick sense our sweetest
 music jarred:
 And whither could they dart, if
 seized with fear?
 No sheltering stone, no tangled root
 was near.
 When fire or taper ceased to cheer
 the room,
 They wore away the night in starless
 gloom;
 And, when the sun first dawned upon
 the streams,
 How faint their portion of his vital
 beams!
 Thus, and unable to complain, they
 fared,
 While not one joy of ours by them
 was shared.

Is there a cherished Bird (I venture
 now
 To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's
 reverend brow)—
 Is there a brilliant Fondling of the
 cage,
 Though sure of plaudits on his costly
 stage,
 Though fed with dainties from the
 snow-white hand
 Of a kind Mistress, fairest of the
 land,
 But gladly would escape; and, if need
 were.
 Scatter the colours from the plumes
 that bear
 The emancipated captive through
 blithe air
 Into strange woods, where he at large
 may live
 On best or worst which they and
 Nature give?

The Beetle loves his unpretending
 track,
 The Snail the house he carries on his
 back:
 The far-fetched Worm with pleasure
 would disown
 The bed we give him, though of
 softest down:
 A noble instinct; in all kinds the
 same,
 All Ranks! What Sovereign, worthy
 of the name,
 If doomed to breathe against his lar-
 ful will
 An element that flatters him—to kill,
 But would rejoice to barter outward
 show
 For the least boon that freedom can
 bestow?

But most the Bard is true to inborn
 right,
 Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of
 night,
 Exults in freedom, can with rapture
 vouch
 For the dear blessings of a lowly
 couch,
 A natural meal—days, months, from
 Nature's hand;
 Time, place, and business, all at his
 command!
 Who bends to happier duties, who
 more wise
 Than the industrious Poet, taught to
 prize,
 Above all grandeur, a pure life un-
 crossed
 By cares in which simplicity is lost?
 That life—the flowery path that winds
 by stealth,
 Which Horace needed for his spirit's
 health;

Those silent Inmates now no longer
 share,
 Nor do they need, our hospitable
 care,
 Removed in kindness from their glassy
 Cell
 To the fresh waters of a living Well;
 An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
 No winds disturb; the mirror of whose
 breast
 Is smooth as clear, save where with
 dimples small
 A fly may settle, or a blossom
 fall.
 —*There* swims, of blazing sun and
 beating shower
 Fearless (but how obscured!) the
 golden Power,
 That from his bauble prison used to
 cast
 Gleams by the richest jewel unsur-
 past;
 And near him, darkling like a sullen
 Gnome,
 The silver Tenant of the crystal
 dome;
 Discovered both from all the mysteries
 Of hue and altering shape that
 charmed all eyes.
 Alas! they pined, they languished
 while they shone;
 And, if not so, what matters beauty
 gone
 And admiration lost, by change of
 place,
 That brings to the inward creature
 no disgrace?
 But if the change restore his birth-
 right, then,
 What'e'r the difference, boundless is
 the gain.

Who can divine what impulses from
 God
 Reached the caged Lark, within a
 town-abode,
 From his poor inch or two of daisied
 sod?
 O yield him back his privilege! No
 sea
 Swells like the bosom of a man set
 free;
 A wilderness is rich with liberty.
 Roll on, ye spouting Whales, who die
 or keep
 Your independence in the fathomless
 Deep!
 Spread, tiny Nautilus, the living sail;
 Dive, at thy choice, or brave the
 freshening gale!
 If unproved the ambitious Eagle
 mount
 Sunward to seek the daylight in its
 fount,
 Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width,
 shall be,
 Till the world perishes, a field for
 thee!

While musing here I sit in shadow
 cool,
 And watch these mute Companions,
 in the pool,
 Among reflected boughs of leafy trees,
 By glimpses caught—disporting at
 their ease—
 Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,
 I ask what warrant fixed them (like a
 spell
 Of witchcraft fixed them) in the
 crystal Cell;
 To wheel with languid motion round
 and round,
 Beautiful, yet in mournful durance
 bound.

Then, with a blessing granted from
 above
 To every act, word, thought, and look
 of love,
 Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed,
 till age
 Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its
 latest page.*

EPISTLE TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND
 BEAUMONT, BART.

Far from our home by Grasmere's
 quiet Lake,
 From the Vale's peace which all her
 fields partake,
 Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's
 shore
 We sojourn stunned by Ocean's cease-
 less roar;
 While, day by day, grim neighbour!
 huge Black Comb
 Frowns deepening visibly his native
 gloom,

* There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realised: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz., quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.

Unless, perchance rejecting in despite
 What on the Plain *we* have of warmth
 and light,
 In his own storms he hides himself
 from sight.
 Rough is the time; and thoughts, that
 would be free
 From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to
 thee;
 Turn from a spot where neither
 sheltered road
 Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps
 abroad;
 Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it
 might
 Attained a stature twice a tall man's
 height,
 Hopeless of further growth, and brow
 and sere
 Through half the summer, stands with
 top cut sheer,
 Like an unshifting weathercock which
 proves
 How cold the quarter that the wind
 best loves,
 Or like a Centinel that, evermore
 Darkening the window, ill defends the
 door
 Of this unfinished house—a Fortress
 bare,
 Where strength has been the Builder's
 only care;
 Whose rugged walls may still for years
 demand
 The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.
 —This Dwelling's Inmate more than
 three weeks' space
 And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place.
 I—of whose touch the fiddle would
 complain,
 Whose breath would labour at the flute
 in vain,

sighed for, in heart and genius, over-
 come
 By noise, and strife, and questions
 wearisome,
 And the vain splendours of Imperial
 Rome?
 Let easy mirth his social hours in-
 spire,
 And fiction animate his sportive
 lyre,
 Attuned to verse that crowning light
 Distress
 With garlands cheats her into happi-
 ness;
 Give *me* the humblest note of those
 sad strains
 Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded
 chains,
 As a chance sunbeam from his
 memory fell
 Upon the Sabine Farm he loved so
 well;
 Or when the prattle of Blandusia's
 spring
 Taunted his ear—he only listening—
 He proud to please, above all rivals,
 fit
 To win the palm of gaiety and wit;
 He, doubt not, with involuntary
 dread,
 Shrink from each new favour to be
 shed,
 By the World's Ruler, on his honoured
 head!

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Such earnest longings and regrets as
 keen
 Depressed the melancholy Cowley,
 laid
 Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless
 shade;
 wo.

A doleful bower for penitential song,
 Where Man and Muse complained of
 mutual wrong;
 While Cam's ideal current glided
 by,
 And antique Towers nodded their
 foreheads high,
 Citadels dear to studious privacy.
 But Fortune, who had long been used
 to sport
 With this tried Servant of a thankless
 Court,
 Relenting met his wishes; and to
 You
 The remnant of his days at least was
 true; [loved best;
 You, whom, though long deserted, he
 You, Muses, Books, Fields, Liberty,
 and Rest!

Far happier they who, fixing hope
 and aim
 On the humanities of peaceful fame,
 Enter betimes with more than martial
 fire
 The generous course, aspire, and still
 aspire;
 Upheld by warnings heeded not too
 late
 Stifle the contradictions of their fate,
 And to one purpose cleave, their
 being's godlike mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the
 placid brow
 That Woman ne'er should forfeit, keep
 thy vow;
 With modest scorn reject whate'er
 would blind
 The ethereal eyesight, cramp the
 winged mind!

Soon as the herring-shoals at distance
shine
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the
brine.

Mona from our Abode is daily seen,
But with a wilderness of waves between;
And by conjecture only can we speak
Of aught transacted there in bay or
creek:

No tidings reach us thence: from town
or field,

Only faint news her mountain-sunbeams
yield,

And some we gather from the misty
air,

And some the hovering clouds, our
telegraph, declare.

But these poetic mysteries I withhold:
For Fancy hath her fits both hot and
cold,

And should the colder fit with You
be on

When You might read, my credit would
be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen
engage,
And nearer interests culled from the
opening stage

Of our migration.—Ere the welcome
dawn

Had from the east her silver star with-
drawn,

The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-
door.

Thoughtfully freighted with a various
store;

And long or ere the uprising of the
Sun

O'er dew-damp'd dust our journey was
begun,

Andedful journey, under favouring skies
Through peopled Vales: yet something
in the guise

Of those old Patriarchs when from ro-
to well

They roamed through Wastes where
now the tented Arabs dwell.

Say first, to whom did we the charge
confide,

Who promptly undertook the Wain's
guide

Up many a sharply-twining road and
down,

And over many a wide hill's craggy
crown,

Through the quick turns of many a
hollow nook,

And the rough bed of many an un-
bridged brook?

A blooming Lass—who in her better
hand

Bore a light switch, her sceptre of
command

When, yet a slender Girl, she often led
Skilful and bold, the horse and
burthened sled*

From the peat-yielding Moss on
Gowdar's head.

What could go wrong with such a
Charioteer

For goods and chattels, or those
Infants dear,

A Pair who smilingly sat side by side.
Our hope confirming that the salt-sea
tide,

Whose free embraces we were bound to
seek.

Would their lost strength restore and
freshen the pale cheek?

* A local word for sledge.

For music all unversed, nor blessed with
skill

bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,
Tired of my books, a scanty company!
And tired of listening to the boisterous
sea—

pace between door and window muttering
rhyme,
An old resource to cheat a froward
time!

Though these dull hours (mine is it, or
their shame?)

Would tempt me to renounce that
humble aim.

—But if there be a Muse who, free to
take

her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake
those heights (like Phœbus when his
golden locks

he veiled, attendant on Thessalian
flocks)

And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her
pail

Trips down the pathways of some
winding dale;

Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the
shores

To fishers mending nets beside their
doors;

Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,
Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless
wind,

Or listens to its play among the boughs
Above her head and so forgets her
vows—

If such a Visitant of Earth there be
And she would deign this day to smile
on me

And aid my verse, content with local
bounds

Of natural beauty and life's daily
rounds,

Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings,
which we tell

Without reserve to those whom we love
well—

Then haply, Beaumont! words in
current clear

Will flow, and on a welcome page
appear

Duly before thy sight, unless they
perish here.

What shall I treat of? News from
Mona's Isle?

Such have we, but unvaried in its
style;

No tales of Runagates fresh landed,
whence

And wherefore fugitive or on what
pretence;

Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the
wind

Most restlessly alive when most con-
fined.

Ask not of me, whose tongue can best
appease

The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF
KEYS;

The last year's cup whose Ram or
Heifer gained,

What slopes are planted, or what
mosses drained:

An eye of fancy only can I cast
On that proud pageant now at hand or
past,

When full five hundred boats in trim
array,

With nets and sails outspread and
streamers gay,

And chanted hymns and stiller voice of
prayer,

For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep
repair,

Thus gladdened from our own dear
 Vale we pass
 And soon approach Diana's Looking-
 glass!
 To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and
 bright as heaven,
 Such name Italian fancy would have
 given,
 Ere on its banks the few gray cabins
 rose
 That yet disturb not its concealed
 repose
 More than the feeblest wind that idly
 blows.

Ah, Beaumont! when an opening in
 the road
 Stopped me at once by charm of what
 it showed,
 The encircling region vividly exprest
 Within the mirror's depth, a world at
 rest—
 Sky streaked with purple, grove and
 craggy *bield*,*
 And the smooth green of many a
 pendent field,
 And, quieted and soothed, a torrent
 small,
 A little daring would-be waterfall,
 One chimney smoking and its azure
 wreath,
 Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,
 With here and there a faint imperfect
 gleam
 Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—
 What wonder at this hour of stillness
 deep,
 A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and
 sleep,

When Nature's self, amid such blend-
 ing, seems
 To render visible her own soft dreams,
 If, mixed with what appeared of rock,
 lawn, wood,
 Fondly embosomed in the tranquil
 flood,
 A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by
 Thee
 Designed to rise in humble privacy.
 A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread.
 Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful
 head
 Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,
 Nor ever was; I sighed, and left the
 spot
 Unconscious of its own untoward lot,
 And thought in silence, with regret too
 keen,
 Of unexperienced joys that might have
 been;
 Of neighbourhood and intermingling
 arts,
 And golden summer days uniting cheer-
 ful hearts.
 But time, irrevocable time, is flown,
 And let us utter thanks for blessings
 sown
 And reaped—what hath been, and what
 is, our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of
 glee,
 Startling us all, dispersed my reverie;
 Such shout as many a sportive echo
 meeting
 Oft-times from Alpine *chalets* sends a
 greeting.
 Whence the blithe hail? behold a
 Peasant stand
 On high, a kerchief waving in her
 hand!

* A word common in the country, signifying
 shelter, as in Scotland.

uch hope did either Parent entertain
acing behind along the silent lane.

Blithe hopes and happy musings
soon took flight,
'or lo! an uncouth melancholy sight—
On a green bank a creature stood
forlorn
ust half protruded to the light of
morn,
ts hinder part concealed by hedge-row
thorn.
The Figure called to mind a beast of
prey
stript of its frightful powers by slow
decay,
And, though no longer upon rapine
bent,
Dim memory keeping of its old intent.
We started, looked again with anxious
eyes,
And in that griesly object recognise
The Curate's Dog—his long-tried
fiend, for they,
As well we knew, together had grown
gray.
The Master died, his drooping servant's
grief
Found at the Widow's feet some sad
relief;
Yet still he lived in pining discontent,
Sadness which no indulgence could
prevent;
Hence whole day wanderings, broken
nightly sleeps
And lonesome watch that out of doors
he keeps;
Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor
brute!
Espied him on his legs sustained,
blank, mute,
And of all visible motion destitute,

So that the very heaving of his breath
Seemed stopt, though by some other
power than death.
Long as we gazed upon the form and
face,
A mild domestic pity kept its place,
Unscared by thronging fancies of
strange hue
That haunted us in spite of what we
knew.
Even now I sometimes think of him as
lost
In second-sight appearances, or crost
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the
ground,
On which he stood, by spells unnatural
bound,
Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to
wait
In days of old romance at Archimago's
gate.

Advancing Summer, Nature's law
fulfilled,
The choristers in every grove had
stilled;
But we, we lacked not music of our
own,
For lightsome Fanny had thus early
thrown,
Mid the gay prattle of those infant
tongues,
Some notes prelusive, from the round
of songs
With which, more zealous than the
liveliest bird
That in wild Arden's brakes was ever
heard,
Her work and her work's partners she
can cheer,
The whole day long, and all days of ti
year.

Instinct with light whose sweetest
 promise lies,
 Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,
 Dark but to every gentle feeling true,
 As if their lustre flowed from ether's
 purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have
 been wept
 By those bright eyes, what weary vigils
 kept,
 Beside that hearth what sighs may have
 been heaved
 For wounds inflicted, nor what toil
 relieved
 By fortitude and patience, and the
 grace
 Of heaven in pity visiting the place.
 Not unadvisedly those secret springs
 I leave unsearched: enough that
 memory clings,
 Here as elsewhere, to notices that
 make
 Their own significance for hearts
 awake,
 To rural incidents, whose genial
 powers
 Filled with delight three summer morn-
 ing hours.

More could my pen report of grave
 or gay
 That through our gipsy travel cheered
 the way;
 But, bursting forth above the waves,
 the Sun
 Laughs at my pains, and seems to say,
 "Be done."
 Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust,
 reprove
 This humble offering made by Truth to
 Love,

Nor chide the Muse that stooped to
 break a spell
 Which might have else been on me
 yet:—FAREWELL.

UPON PLEASING THE FOREGOING
 EPISTLE THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS
 COMPOSITION.

SOON did the Almighty Giver of all rest
 Take those dear young Ones to a
 fearless nest;
 And in Death's arms has long reposed
 the Friend
 For whom this simple Register was
 penned.
 Thanks to the moth that spared it for
 our eyes;
 And Strangers even the slighted Scroll
 may prize,
 Moved by the touch of kindred sym-
 pathies.
 For—save the calm repentance sheds
 o'er strife
 Raised by remembrances of misused life,
 The light from past endeavours purely
 willed
 And by Heaven's favour happily ful-
 filled;
 Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth,
 may share
 The joys of the Departed—what so fair
 As blameless pleasure, not without
 some tears,
 Reviewed through Love's transparent
 veil of years?

Note—LOUGHRIGG TARN, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Spatium Dianæ* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as

Not unexpected that by early day
 Our little Band would thrid' this
 mountain-way,
 Before her cottage on the bright hill-
 side
 She hath advanced with hope to be
 descried.
 Right gladly answering signals we
 displayed,
 Moving along a tract of morning
 shade,
 And vocal wishes sent of like good
 will
 To our kind Friend high on the sunny
 hill—
 Luminous region, fair as if the prime
 Were tempting all astir to look aloft or
 climb;
 Only the centre of the shining cot
 With door left open makes a gloomy
 spot,
 Emblem of those dark corners some-
 times found
 Within the happiest breast on earthly
 ground.

 Rich prospect left behind of stream
 and vale,
 And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we
 scale;
 Descend and reach, in Yewdale's
 depths, a plain
 With haycocks studded, striped with
 yellowing grain—
 An area level as a Lake and spread
 Under a rock too steep for man to
 tread,
 Where sheltered from the north and
 bleak north-west
 Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest,
 Fearless of all assaults that would her
 brood molest.

Hot sunbeams' fill the steaming vale;
 but hark,
 At our approach, a jealous watch-dog's
 bark,
 Noise that brings forth no liveried
 Page of state,
 But the whole household, that our
 coming wait.
 With Young and Old warm greetings
 we exchange,
 And jocund smiles, and toward the
 lowly Grange
 Press forward by the teasing dogs
 unscared.
 Entering, we find the morning meal
 prepared:
 So down we sit, though not till each
 had cast
 Pleased looks around the delicate
 repart—
 Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh
 from the nest,
 With amber honey from the mountain's
 breast;
 Strawberries from lane or woodland,
 offering wild
 Of children's industry, in hillocks piled;
 Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie
 Upon a lordly dish; frank hospitality
 Where simple art with bounteous
 nature vied,
 And cottage comfort shunned not
 seemly pride.

 Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of
 the feast,
 If thou be lovelier than the kindling
 East,
 Words by thy presence unrestrained
 may speak
 Of a perpetual dawn from brow and
 cheek

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead
 and gone;
 But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
 One living stay was left, and on that
 one
 Some recompense for all that he had
 lost.

O that the good old Man had power to
 prove,
 By message sent through air or visible
 token,
 That still he loves the Bird, and still
 must love;
 That friendship lasts though fellowship
 is broken!

SONNET.—TO AN OCTOGENARIAN.

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time
 brings forth
 No successors; and, lodged in memory,
 If love exist no longer, it must die,—
 Wanting accustomed food, must pass
 from earth,
 Or never hope to reach a second birth.
 This sad belief, the happiest that is left
 To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er
 bereft,
 Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a
 dearth.
 Though poor and destitute of friends
 thou art,
 Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race.
 One to whom Heaven assigns that
 mournful part
 The utmost solitude of age to face,
 Still shall be left some corner of the
 heart
 Where Love for living Thing can find a
 place.

FLOATING ISLAND.

These lines are by the Author of the Address to
 the Wind, etc., published heretofore along
 with my poems. Those to a Redbreast are
 by a deceased female Relative.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
 On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;
 Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and
 breeze,
 All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
 (By throbbing waves long undermined)
 Loosed from its hold; how, no one
 knew,
 But all might see it float, obedient to
 the wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore
 Dissevered, float upon the Lake,
 Float with its crest of trees adorned
 On which the warbling birds their
 pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
 There berries ripen, flowerets bloom:
 There insects live their lives, and die;
 A peopled world it is; in size a tiny
 room.

And thus through many seasons' space
 This little Island may survive:
 But Nature, though we mark her not
 Will take away, may cease to give.

~~Perchance when you are wandering~~
 forth
 Upon some vacant sunny day,
 Without an object, hope, or fear,
 Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle
 is passed away;

TO A REDBREAST.—(IN SICKNESS).

STAY, little cheerful Robin! 'stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring. —S. H.

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to
dwell

In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
With numbers near, alas! no company.

being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Oaks," from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untowardness which need not be particularised.

When he 'could' creep about, at will,
though poor
And forced to live on 'alms, this old
Man fed
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage
door
Came not, but in a lane partook his
bread.

There, at the root of one particular
tree,
An easy seat this worn-out Labourer
found
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon
his knee
Laid one by one, or scattered on the
ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after
day;
What signs of mutual gladness when
they met!
Think of their common peace, their
simple play,
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not
to fulfil,
In spite of season's change, its own
demand,
By fluttering pinions here and busy
bill;
There by caresses from a tremulous
hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so
strong
Was formed between the solitary pair,
That when his fate had housed him
'mid a throng
The Captive shunned all converse prof-
fered there.

Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the
 gay,
 Might give to serious thought a
 moment's sway, [day!
 As a last token of Man's toilsome

II.

Not in the lucid intervals of life
 That come but as a curse to Party-
 strife;
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with
 a sigh
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor
 Slave
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mam-
 mon's cave,
 Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do
 words.
 Which practised Talent readily affords,
 Prove that her hand has touched re-
 sponsive chords;
 Nor has her gentle beauty power to
 move [love
 With genuine rapture and with fervent
 The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
 Life's rule from passion craved for
 passion's sake,
 Untaught that meekness is the
 cherished bent
 Of all the truly Great and all the
 Innocent.

But who is innocent? By grace
 divine,
 Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine
 Through good and evil thine, in just
 degree
 Of rational and manly sympathy.
 To all that Earth from pensive hearts
 is stealing,
 And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes
 revealing,

Add every charm the Universe can
 show
 Through every change its aspects
 undergo
 Care may be respited, but not re-
 pealed;
 No perfect cure grows on that bounded
 field.
 Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the
 peace,
 If He, through whom alone our con-
 flicts cease,
 Our virtuous hopes without relapse
 advance,
 Come not to speed the Soul's deliver-
 ance;
 To the distempered Intellect refuse
 His gracious help, or give what we
 abuse.

III.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERÉ.)

THE Linnet's warble, sinking towards
 a close,
 Hints to the Thrush 'tis time for their
 repose;
 The shrill-voiced Thrush is heedless,
 and again
 The Monitor revives his own sweet
 strain;
 But both will soon be mastered, and
 the copse
 Be left as silent as the mountain-tops.
 Ere some commanding Star dismiss to
 rest
 The throng of Rooks, that now, from
 twig or nest,
 (After a steady flight on home-bound
 wings,
 And a last game of mazy hoverings
 Around their ancient grove) with caw-
 ing noise
 Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
 Its place no longer to be found;
 Yet the lost fragments shall remain
 To fertilise some other ground.—D.W.

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on
 high
 Her way pursuing among scattered
 clouds,
 Where, ever and anon, her head she
 shrouds
 Hidden from view in dense
 obscurity.
 But look, and to the watchful
 eye
 A brightening edge will indicate that
 soon
 We shall behold the struggling
 Moon
 Break forth,—again to walk the clear
 blue sky.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

I.

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to
 lose
 Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with
 falling dews.
 Look for the stars, you'll say that there
 are none;
 Look up a second time, and, one by
 one,
 You mark them twinkling out with
 silvery light,
 and wonder how they could elude the
 sight!

The birds, of late so noisy in the
 bowers,
 Warbled a while with faint and fainter
 powers,
 But now are silent as the dim-seen
 flowers:
 Nor does the Village Church-clock's
 iron tone
 The time's and season's influence dis-
 own;
 Nine beats distinctly to each other
 bound
 In drowsy sequence; how unlike the
 sound
 That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a
 fear
 On fireside Listeners, doubting what
 they hear!
 The Shepherd, bent on rising with
 the sun,
 Had closed his door before the day
 was done,
 And now with thankful heart to bed
 doth creep,
 And join his little Children in their
 sleep.
 The Bat, lured forth where trees the
 lane o'ershade,
 Flits and refits along the close arcade;
 The busy Dor-hawk chases the white,
 Moth [Sloth
 With burring note, which Industry and
 Might both be pleased with, for it
 suits them both.
 A stream is heard—I see it not, but
 know [flow:
 By its soft music whence the waters
 Wheels and the tread of hoofs are
 heard no more;
 One Boat there was, but it will touch
 the shore [oar:
 With the next dipping of its slackened

And leaves the disencumbered spirit
free
To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time
and place, [nature's grace;
When wisdom stands in need of
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not,
descend,

Like Angels from their bowers, our
virtues to befriend;
If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,
"I come to open out, for fresh dis-
play,
The elastic vanities of yesterday?"

v.

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-
crowned hill,
And sky that danced among those
leaves, are still;
Rest smooths the way for sleep; in
field and bower
Soft shades and dews have shed their
blended power
On drooping eyelid and the closing
flower;
Sound is there none at which the
faintest heart
Might leap, the weakest nerve of
superstition start;
Save when the Owl's unexpected
scream
Pierces the ethereal vault; and 'mid
the gleam
Of unsubstantial imagery—the dream,
From the hushed vale's realities, trans-
ferred
To the still lake, the imaginative
Bird
... 'mid inverted mountains, not
unheard.

Grave Creature! whether, while the
moon shines bright
On thy wings opened wide for
smoothest flight,
Thou art discovered in a roofless
tower, [a lady's bower:
Rising from what may once have been
Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in
thy mew [yew;
At the dim centre of a churchyard
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by
shriek or shout,
A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts;
May the night never come, nor day be
seen, [thy mien!
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock

In classic ages men perceived a soul
Of sapience in thy aspect, heedless
Owl! [studious grove;
Thee Athens revered in the
And, near the golden sceptre grasped
by Jove, [round him sate
His Eagle's favourite perch, while
The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's
side— [wide
Hark to that second larum! far and
The elements have heard, and rock
and cave replied.

vi.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF
CUMBERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to
retire,
Flung back from distant climes a
streaming fire,

O Nightingale! Who ever heard
thy song [so strong
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows
That listening sense is pardonably
cheated [never greeted.
Where wood or stream by thee was
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured
lands, [jealous hands,
Were not some gifts withheld by
This hour of deepening darkness here
would be,

As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And Lays as prompt would hail the
dawn of night;
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and
bright, [moon's light;
When the East kindles with the full
Not like the rising sun's impatient
glow [flow
Dazzling the mountains, but an over-
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual
progress led, [spread;
For sway profoundly felt as widely
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor,
dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied
ear;
How welcome wouldst thou be to this
green Vale
Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet
Nightingale!
From the warm breeze that bears thee
on alight
At will, and stay thy migratory flight;
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool
or fount,
Who shall complain, or call thee to
account?
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are
they [way,
That ever walk content with Nature's

God's goodness measuring bounty as
it may;
For whom the gravest thought of what
they miss,
Chastening the fulness of a present
bliss,
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,
While unrepining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

IV.

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—
the Mere
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless,
clear,
And motionless; and, to the gazer's
eye,
Deeper than Ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal
sky!
But, from the process in that still
retreat,
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;
Observe how dewy Twilight has with-
drawn
The crowd of daisies from the shaven
lawn,
And has restored to view its tender
green.
That, while the sun rode high, was
lost beneath their dazzling sheen.
—An emblem this of what the sober
Hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its
power!
Thus oft, when we in vain have wished
away
The petty pleasures of the garish
day,
Meek Eve shuts up the whole usurping
host
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at
his post)

Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet
 heard;
 Yet oh! how gladly would the air be
 stirred
 By some acknowledgment of thanks
 and praise,
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant
 oars
 Urge the slow bark along Calabrian
 shores;
 A sea-born service through the moun-
 tains felt
 Till into one loved vision all things
 melt:
 Or like those hymns that soothe with
 graver sound
 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;
 And, from the wide and open Baltic,
 rise
 With punctual care, Lutheran har-
 monies.
 Hush, not a voice is here! but why
 repine,
 Now when the star of eve comes forth
 to shine
 On British waters with that look benign?
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward
 way,
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
 May silent thanks at least to God be
 given
 With a full heart; "our thoughts are
heard in heaven!"

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

WHAT mischief cleaves to
 regret,
 How fancy sickens by vague hopes

How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
 And fruitless wishes eat the heart
 away,
 The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot
 is cast
 On the relentless sea that holds him
 fast
 On chance dependent, and the fickle
 star
 Of power, through long and melancholy
 war.
 O sad it is, in sight of foreign
 shores,
 Daily to think on old familiar doors,
 Hearths loved in childhood, and
 ancestral floors;
 Or, tossed about along a waste of
 foam,
 To ruminate on that delightful home
 Which with the dear Betrothed *was* to
 come;
 Or came and was and is, yet meets the
 eye
 Never but in the world of memory;
 Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest
 range
 Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread,
 of change,
 And if not so, whose perfect joy makes
 sleep
 A thing too bright for breathing man to
 keep.
 Hail to the virtues which that perilous
 life
 Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;
 And welcome glory won in battles
 fought
 As bravely as the foe was keenly
 sought.
 But to each gallant Captain and his
 crew
 A less imperious sympathy is due,

Whose blaze is now subdued to tender
gleams,
Prelude of night's approach with soothing
dreams.
Look round;—of all the clouds not
one is moving;
'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling,
loving.
Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted
sky, to lie:—
The boundless plain of waters seems
Comes that low sound from breezes
rustling o'er
The grass-crowned headland that
conceals the shore!
No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty
sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he
can be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming
to rebuke [look,
Offenders, dost put off the gracious
And clothe thyself with terrors like the
flood
Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
For the brief course that must for me
remain;
Teach me with quick-eared spirit to
rejoice
In admonitions of thy softest voice!
Whate'er the path these mortal feet
may trace,
Breathe through my soul the blessing
of thy grace,
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith
sincere
Drawn from the wisdom that begins
with fear;
Glad to expand, and, for a season, free
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in
Thee!

VII.

(BY THE SEA-SIDE.)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone
to rest,
And the wild storm hath somewhere
found a nest;
Air slumbers—wave with wave no
longer strives,
Only a heaving of the deep survives,
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be
laid,
And by the tide alone the water
swayed.
Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings
mild.
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
Such is the prospect far as sight can
range,
The soothing recompence, the wel-
come change.
Where now the ships that drove before
the blast,
Threatened by angry breakers as they
passed;
And by a train of flying clouds be-
mocked;
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor
rocked
As on a bed of death? Some lodge
in peace,
Saved by His care who bade the
tempest cease;
And some, too heedless of past dan-
ger, court
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off
port;
But near, or hanging sea and sky
between,
Not one of all those winged Powers is
seen,

(By transit not unlike man's frequent
doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined
gloom.

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in
wisdom's creed,
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier
grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little
heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or
indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to
sorrow
When Flowers rejoice and Larks with
rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun
good morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs
proclaim
Warbled in hearing both of earth and
sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave
a sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar—our
aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether
shocks or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than
theirs.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An Altar is in each man's cot,
A Church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious
Sun

Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant
source,

What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's
short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

A WREN'S NEST.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

Of her most timid touch his sleep
would chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm
and still.
Oh may this work have found its last
retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure
abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia
showed
A face of love which he in love would
greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky
seat;
Or lured along where green-wood paths
he trod.

Of a cloud flat and dense, through
which must move

Rest, mother-bird! and when thy
young

Take flight, and thou art free to
roam,

When withered is the guardian flower,
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and
thine,

Amid the unviolated grove

Housed near the growing primrose tuft
In foresight, or in love.

SONNETS.

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A
TOUR IN SCOTLAND IN THE SUMMER
OF 1833.

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of sonnets is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Firth of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goilhead, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have
grown

And spread as if ye knew that days
might come

When ye would shelter in a happy
home,

On this fair Mount, a Poet of your
own,

One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic
crown

To sue the God; but, haunting you
green shade

All seasons through, is humbly pleased
to braid

Ground-flowers, beneath your guardian
ship, self sown.

Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp
new-strung

For summer wandering quit their
household bowers;

Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she

pours

Her spirit, while he crosses lonely
moors,

Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II.

Why should the Enthusiast, journeying
through this Isle,

Repine as if his hour were come too
late?

Not unprotected in her mouldering
state,

Antiquity salutes him with a smile,

'Mid fruitful fields that ring with
jocund toil,

And pleasure-grounds where Taste
refined Co-mate

Of Truth and Beauty, strives to
imitate,

Far as she may, primeval Nature's
style.

Fair land! by Time's parental love
made free,

By social Order's watchful arms 'em
braced,

With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the

past;

With golden prospect for futurity,

If that ray of light which can but last

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a laboured roof;
So is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The Hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied Abbey walls,
A canopy in some still nook;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding Bird her Mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song;
And by the busy Streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the flitting Bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small Builders
proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy
Lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the
nest,
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds without dis-
dain
Can turn to little things, but once
Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless Spoiler's prey,
Who 'heeds not beauty, love, or
song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we
grieved
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cell
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple Flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might
disturb
Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent,

VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF
COCKERMOUTH.

(WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS
FATHER'S REMAINS ARE LAID.)

A POINT of life between my Parents'
dust,
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am
I:

And to those graves looking habitually
In kindred quiet I repose my trust. —
Death to the innocent is more than
just,

And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I
must:

And You, my Offspring! that do still
remain,

Yet may outstrip me in the appointed
race,

If e'er, through fault of mine, in
mutual pain

We breathed together for a moment's
space,

The wrong, by love provoked, let love
arraign,

And only love keep in your hearts a
place.

VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF
COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly
think,

Poet! that, stricken as both are by
years,

We, differing once so much, are now
Compeers,

Prepared, when each has stood his
time, to sink

Into the dust Erewhile a sterner link

United us; when thou, in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a
prey

To soul-appalling darkness. Not a
blink

Of light was there;—and thus did I,
thy Tutor,

Make thy young thoughts acquainted
with the grave;

While thou wert chasing the winged
butterfly

Through my green courts; or climbing,
a bold suitor,

Up to the flowers whose golden pro-
geny

Still round my shattered brow in
beauty wave.

VIII.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle crowding round this bever-
age clear

To slake their thirst, with reckless
hoofs have trod

The encircling turf into a barren clod.
Through which the waters creep, then

disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing

near;
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-

stone-cell
Of the pure spring (they call it the

"Nun's Well,"
Name that first struck by chance my

startled ear)
A tender Spirit broods—the pensive

Shade
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid

By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer;
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild

Looked down with pity upon eyes be-
guiled

Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

III.

THEY called Thee merry England, in
old time;
A happy people won for thee that
name
With envy heard in many a distant
clime,
And, spite of change, for me thou
keep'st the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief, though
some there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that
word a snare
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with.
Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and
crime;
These spreading towns a cloak for
lawless will;
Forbid it, Heaven!—and “merry Eng-
land” still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose
and rhyme!

IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening! when
huge stones
Rumble along thy bed, block after
block:
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combat, while darkness aggravates the
groans:
But if thou (like Cocytus from the
moans
Heard on his rueful margin) thence
wert named
The Mourner, thy true nature was de-
famed,

And the habitual murmur that atones
For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as
Spring
Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her
thousand thrones,
Seats of glad instinct and love's
carolling,
The concert, for the happy, then may
vie
With liveliest peals of birth-day har-
mony: [benisons.
To a grieved heart, the notes are

V.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just
begun,
Yet nature seems to them a heavenly
guide.
Does joy approach? they meet the
coming tide;
And sullenness avoid, as now they
shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and
in the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet
satisfied;
Or gambol—each with his shadow at
his side,
Varying its shape wherever he may
run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy
dew
All turn, and court the shining and
the green,
Where herbs look up, and opening
flowers are seen;
Why to God's goodness cannot We be
true,
And so, His gifts and promises be-
tween,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever
new?

Or, by his fire, a Child upon his knee,
 Haply the untaught Philosopher may
 speak
 Of the strange sight, nor hide his
 theory
 That satisfies the simple and the meek,
 Blest in their pious ignorance, though
 weak
 To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XII.

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BOLD words affirmed, in days when
 'faith was strong, [the brain,
 And doubts and scruples seldom teased
 That no adventurer's bark had power
 to gain [bent on wrong;
 These shores if he approached them,
 For, suddenly up conjured from the
 Main,
 Mists rose to hide the Land—that
 search, though long
 And eager, might be still pursued in
 vain. ✕
 O Fancy, what an age was *that* for
 song! ✕
 That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
 As men believed, the waters were im-
 pelled,
 The air controlled, the stars their
 courses held,
 But element and orb on *acts* did wait, ✕
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form,
 instinct
 With will, and to their work by passion
 linked.

XIII.

DESIRE we past illusions to recall?
 To reinstate wild fancy would we hide
 Truths whose thick veil Science has
 drawn aside.

No,—let this Age, high as she may,
 install
 In her esteem the thirst that wrought
 man's fall,
 The universe is infinitely wide,
 And conquering Reason, if self-
 glorified,
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some
 new wall
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou
 alone,
 Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
 In progress toward the fount of Love,
 —the throne
 Of Power, whose ministers the records
 keep
 Of periods fixed, and laws established,
 less
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothing-
 ness.

XIV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE
OF MAN.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."
 THE feudal Keep, the bastions of
 Cohorn,
 Even when they rose to check or to
 repel
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as
 well,
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with
 scorn
 Just limits; but yon Tower, whose
 smiles adorn
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all
 offence;
 Blest work it is of love and inno-
 cence,
 A Tower of refuge built for the else
 forlorn.

IX.

TO A FRIEND.

(ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.)

PASROR and Patriot! at whose bidding
rise

These modest Walls, amid a flock that
need

For one who comes to watch them
and to feed

A fixed abode, keep down presageful
sighs.

Threats which the unthinking only can
despise,

Perplex the Church; but be thou firm,
—be true

To thy first hope, and this good work
pursue,

Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be
the smoke

Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall
its wreaths,

Mounting while earth her morning
incense breathes,

From wandering fiends of air receive a
yoke,

And straightway cease to aspire, than
God disdain

This humble tribute as ill-timed or
vain.

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT,
WORKINGTON.)

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces
vowed,

The Queen drew back the wimple that
she wore;

And to the throng, that on the Cum-
brian shore

Her landing hailed, how touchingly she
bowed!

And like a Star (that, from a heavy
cloud

Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth
darts,

When a soft summer gale at evening
parts

The gloom that did its loveliness en-
shroud)

She smiled; but Time, the old Satur-
nian Seer,

Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed
the strand,

With step prelude to a long array

Of woes, and degradations hand in
hand,

Weeping captivity, and shuddering
fear

Stilled by the ensanguined block of
Footheringay!

XI.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST

OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF

ROMAN.

RANGING the Heights of Scawfell or
Black-comb,

In his lone course the Shepherd oft
will pause,

And strive to fathom the mysterious
laws

By which the clouds, arrayed in light
or gloom,

On Monastrettle, and the shapes
assume

Of all her peaks and ridges. What
He draws

From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the
cause;

He will take with him to the silent
tomb:

He, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea
 To shun the memory of a listless life
 That hung between two callings. May
 no strife
 More hurtful here beset him, doom'd,
 though free,
 Self-doom'd to worse inaction, till his
 eye
 Shrink from the daily sight of earth
 and sky!

XVIII.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.

(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,
 My mind as restless and as apt to
 change;
 Through every clime and ocean did I
 range,
 In hope at length a competence to
 gain;
 For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still
 remain.
 Year after year I strove, but strove in
 vain,
 And hardships manifold did I endure,
 For Fortune on me never deign'd to
 smile;
 Yet I at last a resting-place have
 found,
 With just enough life's comforts to
 procure.
 In a snug Cove on this our favoured
 Isle,
 A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts
 abound;
 Then sure I have no reason to com-
 plain.
 Though poor to Sea I went, and poor
 I still remain.

XIX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND
OF THE AUTHOR.)

BROKEN in fortune; but in mind entire
 And sound in principle, I seek repose
 Where ancient trees this convent pile
 enclose,*
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal
 Sire
 To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
 A gray-haired, pensive, thankful
 Refugee,
 A shade but with some sparks of
 heavenly fire
 Once to these cells vouchsafed. And
 when I note
 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with
 the beams
 Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
 Of stormy weather-stains that sem-
 blance wrought,
 I thank the silent Monitor, and say
 "Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours
 of the day!"

XX.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal
 mound
 (Still marked with green turf circles
 narrowing
 Stage above stage) would sit this
 Island's King,
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and
 crowned;
 While, compassing the little mount
 around.

* Rushen Abbey.

Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving
arms!

Spare, too, the human helpers! Do
they stir

'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid
to die?

No, their dread service nerves the
heart it warms,

And they are led by noble HILLARY.

XV.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

Why stand we gazing on the sparkling
brine

With wonder, smit by its transparency,
And all-enraptured with its purity?

Because the unstained, the clear, the
crystalline, *

Have ever in them something of be-
nign;

Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful
eye

Of a young maiden, only not divine,
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its
palm

For beverage drawn as from a moun-
tain well:

Temptation centres in the liquid calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep
Sea!

And revelling in long embrace with
Thee.

XVI.

ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to
wade

On the smooth bottom of this clear
bright sea, [glee

To sight so shallow, with a bather's
wo.

Leapt from this rock, and but for
timely aid

He, by the alluring element be-
trayed,

Had perished. Then might sea-nymphs
(and with sighs

Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was
laid

In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he
was frank,

Utterly in himself devoid of guile;

Knew not the double-dealing of a
smile;

Nor aught that makes men's promises
a blank,

Or deadly snare: and He survives to
bless

The Power that saved him in his
strange distress.

XVII.

THE RETIRED MARINE OFFICER, ISLE
OF MAN.

Did pangs of grief for lenient time too
keen,

Grief that devouring waves had caused,
—or guilt

Which they had witnessed, sway the
man who built

This homestead, placed where nothing
could be seen,

Naught heard of ocean, troubled or
serene.

A tired Ship-soldier on paternal
land,

That o'er the channel holds august
command,

The dwelling raised, — a veteran
Marine;

That he might fly, where no one could
 pursue, [crew;
 From this dull Monster and her sooty
 And, as a God, light on thy topmost
 cliff.
 Impotent wish! which reason would
 despise
 If the mind knew no union of
 extremes,
 No natural bond between the boldest
 schemes
 Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.
 Beneath stern mountains many a soft
 vale lies, [streams.
 And lofty springs give birth to lowly

XXIV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff
 or moor
 Perchance had flown, delivered by the
 storm;
 Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the
 worm:
 Him found we not; but, climbing a
 tall tower,
 There saw, impaired with rude fidelity
 Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
 An Eagle with stretched wings, but
 beamless eye—
 An Eagle that could neither wail nor
 soar.
 Effigy of the Vanished, (shall I dare
 To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce
 deeds
 And of the towering courage which past
 times
 Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a
 share,
 Not undeserved, of the memorial
 rhymes
 That animate my way where'er it
 leads!

XXV.

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOR to the clouds, not to the cliff, he
 flew;
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain
 bred,
 Came and delivered him, alone he
 sped
 Into the Castle-dungeon's darkest
 mew.
 Now, near his Master's house in open
 view
 He dwells, and hears indignant tem-
 pest's howl,
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame
 domestic Fowl,
 Beware of him! Thou, saucy Cock
 atoo,
 Look to thy plumage and thy life.
 The Roe,
 Fleet as the west wind, is for him no
 quarry;
 Balanced in ether he will never
 tarry,
 Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor
 Bird! even so
 Doth Man of Brother-man a creature
 make.
 That clings to slavery for its own sad
 sake.

XXVI.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

WE saw, but surely, in the motley
 crowd,
 Not One of us has felt, the far-famed
 sight;
 How *could* we feel it? each the other's
 blight,
 Hurried and hurrying, volatile and
 loud.

Degrees and Orders stood, each under
each ;

Now, like to things within fate's easiest
reach,

The power is merged, the pomp a
grave has found.

Off with yon cloud, old Snafell ! that
thine eye

Over three Realms may take its widest
range :

And let, for them, thy fountains utter
strange [phecy,

Voices, thy winds break forth in pro-
If the whole State must suffer mortal
change,

Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

XXI.

DLSFOND who will—I heard a voice
exclaim,

"Though fierce the assault, and
shatter'd the defence,

It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and pro-
vidence,

Before a flying season's rash pretence,
Should fall ; that She, whose virtue
put to shame,

When Europe prostrate lay, the Con-
queror's aim,

Should perish, self-subverted. Black
and dense

The cloud is ; but brings *that* a day of
doom

To Liberty ? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon
Alfred shone,

Then laugh, ye innocent Vales ! ye
Streams, sweep on,

Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest
Isle

Toss in the fanning wind a humbler
plume."

XXII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.
(DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,
JULY 17.)

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to
defy,

Appeared the Crag of Ailsa ; ne'er did
morn

With gleaming lights more gracefully
adorn

His sides, or wreathe with mist his
forehead high :

Now, faintly darkening with the sun's
eclipse,

Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little
ships ;

For dwarfs the tallest seem while sail-
ing by,

Each for her haven ; with her freight
of Care,

Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that sel-
dom looks

Into the secret of to-morrow's fare ;
Though poor, yet rich, without the
wealth of books,

Or aught that watchful Love to Nature
owes

For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, or
transient Shows

XXIII.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.
(IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

ARRAN ! a single crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helena next—in shape and hue ;
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges
blue ;

Who but must covet a cloud-seat or
skiff

Built for the air, or winged Hippo-
griff,

But ye, bright flowers, on frieze and
 architrave
 Survive, and once again the Pile
 stands fast.
 Calm as the Universe, from specular
 Towers
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits
 pure—
 With mute astonishment, it stands sus-
 tained
 Through every part in symmetry, to
 endure,
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all
 his hours,
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXX.

IONA.

ON to Iona!—What can she afford
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful
 sigh.
 Heaved over ruin with stability
 In urgent contrast? To diffuse the
 WORD
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and
 Time's Lord)
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom;
 but why,
 Even for a moment, has our verse
 deplored
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their
 destiny?
 And when, subjected to a common
 doom
 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
 Shall disappear from both the sister
 Isles.
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past
 days,
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine
 bloom,
 While heaven's vast sea of voices
 chants their praise.

XXXI.

IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

How sad a welcome! to every voyager,
 Some ragged child holds up for sale a
 store
 Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the
 shore
 Where once came monk and nun with
 gentle stir,
 Blessings to give, news ask, or suit
 prefer.
 Yet is yon neat trim church, a grateful
 speck
 Of novelty amid the sacred wreck—
 Strewn far and wide. Think proud
 Philosopher!
 Fallen though she be, this Glory of
 the west,
 Still on her sons the beams of mercy
 shine;
 And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly
 bright than thine,
 A grace by thee unsought and un-
 possess'd.
 A faith more fixed, a rapture more
 divine
 Shall gild their passage to eternal
 rest."

XXXII.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's "Voyage among the Western
 Isles."]

HERE on their knees men swore: the
 stones were black.
 Black in the People's minds and
 words, yet they
 Were at that time, as now, in colour
 gray.

O for those motions only that invite
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful
Cave!

By the breeze entered, and wave after
wave

Softly embosoming the timid light!
And by *one* Votary who at will might
stand

Gazing, and take into his mind and
heart,

With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the al-
mighty hand

That made the worlds, the sovereign
Architect, [Art!

Has deigned to work as if with human

XXVII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

(AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED.)

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—
fit school [would assign

For the presumptuous thoughts that
Mechanic laws to agency divine;

And, gazing heaven by earth,
would overrule

Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof em-
bowed,

Might seem designed to humble Man,
when proud

Of his best workmanship by plan and
tool.

Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic
weight [base,

Of tide and tempest on the Structure's
And flashing to that Structure's top-
most height,

Ocean has proved its strength, and of
its grace

In calms is conscious, finding for his
freight [place.

Of softest music some responsive

XXVIII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights
and claims

In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to
the spot,

Our Fathers glimpses caught of your
thin Frames,

And, by your mien and bearing, knew
your names;

And they could hear *his* ghostly song
who trod

Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a
load,

While he struck his desolate harp
without hopes or aims.

Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose
dread law

Ruled here of yore, till what men felt
they *saw*,

Not by black arts but magic natural!

If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that
shade a Chief.

XXIX.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS
AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was
cast,

Children of Summer! Ye fresh
flowers that brave

What Summer here escapes not, the
fierce wave,

And whole artillery of the western
blast,

Battering the Temple's front, its long-
drawn nave

Smiting, as if each moment were their
last.

XXXV.

"THERE!" said a stripling, pointing
 with meet pride
 Towards a low roof with green trees
 half concealed,
 "Is Mossgiel farm; and that's the
 very field
 Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy."
 Far and wide
 A plain below stretched sea-ward,
 while, descried
 Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran
 rose;
 And, by that simple notice, the repose
 Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
 Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or
 stone"
 Myriads of Daisies have shone forth
 in flower
 Near the lark's nest, and in their
 natural hour
 Have passed away, less happy than
 the One
 That by the unwilling ploughshare
 died to prove
 The tender charm of Poetry and Love.

XXXVI.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within this ancient
 grove
 Their last embrace; beside those
 crystal springs [wings
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his
 For instant flight; the Sage in yon
 alcove
 Sate musing; on that hill the Bard
 would rove,
 Not mute, where now the Linnet only
 sings: [clings,
 Thus every where to truth Tradition
 Or Fancy localises Powers we love.

Were only History licensed to take
 note
 Of things gone by, her meagre monu-
 ments
 Would ill suffice for persons and
 events:
 There is an ampler page for man
 to quote,
 A readier book of manifold contents,
 Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXXVII.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I
 viewed
 By glimpses only, and confess with
 shame
 That verse of mine, whate'er its vary-
 ing mood,
 Repeats but once the sound of thy
 sweet name;
 Yet fetched from Paradise that honour
 came,
 Rightfully borne; for Nature gives
 thee flowers
 That have no rivals among British
 bowers;
 And thy bold rocks are worthy of
 their fame.
 Measuring thy course, fair Stream!
 at length I pay
 To my life's neighbour dues of neigh-
 bourhood;
 But I have traced thee on thy winding
 way
 With pleasure sometimes by this
 thought restrained
 For things far off we toil, while many a
 good
 Not sought, because too near, is never
 gained.

But what is colour if upon the rack
 Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack
 Concord with oaths? What differ night and day
 Then, when before the Perjured on his way
 Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack
 Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
 To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom
 He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane.
 Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;
 And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,
 Come links for social order's awful chain.

XXXIII.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,
 Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
 (Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
 Of time) shone like the morning star, farewell!—
 And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
 Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark,
 For many a voyage made in her swift bark,
 When, with more hues than in the rainbow dwell
 Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold;

Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
 And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,
 That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold
 Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,
 Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

XXXIV.

GREENOCK.

"Per me si va nella Città dolente."

WE have not passed into a doleful City,
 We who were led to-day down a grim Dell,
 By some too boldly named "the Jaws of Hell."
 Where be the wretched Ones, the sights for pity?
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty:
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
 Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
 Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
 Whose Merchants Princes were, whose decks were thrones:
 Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
 Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,
 The poor, the lonely herdsman's joy and pride.

That union ceased : then, cleaving easy
walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths
beset with danger,
Came studious Taste ; and many a
pensive Stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river
talks.
What change shall happen next to
Nunnery Dell ?
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell !

XLI.

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea
at war
With old poetic feeling, not for
this,
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged
amiss !
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it
mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a
bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic
sense
Of future change, that point of vision
whence
May be discovered what in soul ye
are.
In spite of all that beauty may
disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth
embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art ; and
Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his
brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the
proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer
sublime.

XLII.

LOWTHER ! in thy majestic Pile are
seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt
accord
With the baronial castle's sterner
mien ;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the
sword
Of ancient honour ; whence that
goodly state
Of Polity which wise men venerate,
And will *maintain*, if God his help
afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells ;
For airy promises and hopes suborned
The strength of backward-looking
thoughts is scorned.
Fall if ye must, ye Towers and
Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolise, authentic
Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with Eng-
land's Glory !

XLIII.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE ! it were unworthy of a
Guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee
inclines,
If he should speak, by fancy touched,
of signs
On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest
How in thy mind and moral frame
agree
Fortitude and that Christian Charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human
breast.

XXXVIII.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,

*(by Nolletens,)*IN WITHRAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON
THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap,
lies deadHer new-born Babe, dire ending of
bright hope!But Sculpture here, with the divinest
scopeOf luminous faith, heavenward hath
raised that headSo patiently; and through one hand
has spreadA touch so tender for the insensate
Child,Earth's lingering love to parting re-
conciled.Brief parting—for the spirit is all but
fled;That we, who contemplate the turns
of lifeThrough this still medium, are con-
soled and cheered;Feel with the Mother, think the
severed Wife

Is less to be lamented than revered;

And own that Art, triumphant over
strifeAnd pain, hath powers to Eternity
endeared.

XXXIX.

*(SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING).*TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert
thou [lore;In heathen schools of philosophic
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of

yore

The Tragic Muse thee served with
thoughtful vow;

wo.

And what of hope Elysium could
allowWas fondly seized by Sculpture, to
restorePeace to the Mourner. But when He
who woreThe crown of thorns around his bleed-
ing browWarmed our sad being with celestial
light:*Then* Arts, which still had drawn a
softening graceFrom shadowy fountains of the
Infinite,Communed with that Idea face to
face;And move around it now as planets
run,Each in its orbit, round the central
Sun.

XL.

NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not
soon be weary;Down from the Pennine Alps* how
fiercely sweepsCROGLIN, the stately Eden's tribu-
tary!He raves, or through some moody
passage creepsPlotting new mischief—out again he
leapsInto broad light, and sends, through
regions airy,That voice which soothed the Nuns
while on the steepsThey knelt in prayer, or sang to bliss-
ful Mary.* The Chain of Crossfell, which parts Cum-
berland and Westmoreland from Northumber-
land and Durham.

That gave them birth:—months
 passed, and still this hand,
 That had not been too timid to
 imprint
 Words which the virtues of thy Lord
 inspired,
 Was yet not bold enough to write of
 Thee.
 And why that scrupulous reserve? In
 sooth
 The blameless cause lay in the Theme
 itself.
 Flowers are there many that delight
 to strive
 With the sharp wind, and seem to
 court the shower.
 Yet are by nature careless of the sun
 Whether he shine on them or not;
 and some,
 Where'er he moves along the un-
 clouded sky,
 Turn a broad front full on his flatter-
 ing beams:
 Others do rather from their notice
 shrink,
 Loving the dewy shade.—a humble
 - Band,
 Modest and sweet, a Progeny of earth.
 Congenial with thy mind and
 character,
 High-born Augusta!

Witness Towers and Groves!
 And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st
 the honoured name
 Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear
 witness [Parterres,
 From thy most secret haunts; and ye
 Which she is pleased and proud to
 call her own:

Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
Mute offerings, tribute from an in-
 ward sense
 Of admiration and respectful love,

Have waited, till the affections could
 no more
 Endure that silence, and broke out
 in song,
 Snatches of music taken up and
 dropt
 Like those self-solacing those under
 notes
 Trilled by the redbreast, when
 autumnal leaves
 Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only
 mine,
 The pleasure was, and no one heard
 the praise,
 Checked, in the moment of its issue
 checked;
 And reprehended by a fancied blush
 From the pure qualities that called it
 forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from
 Virtue's meed;
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil
 That while it only spreads a softening
 charm
 O'er features looked at by discerning
 eyes,
 Hides half their beauty from the
 common gaze;
 And thus, even on the exposed and
 breezy hill
 Of lofty station. female goodness
 walks,
 When side by side with lunar gentle-
 ness
 As in a cloister. Yet the grateful
 Poor
 (Such the immunities of low estate,
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege.
 Her sacred recompence for many
 wants)
 Open their hearts before Thee, pour-
 ing out

And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon
 teach
 With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS
 THE MAN;"
That searching test thy public course
 has stood;
 As will be owned alike by bad and
 good,
 Soon as the measuring of life's little
 span
 Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's
 reach.

XLIV.

TO CORDELIA M——,

HALLSTEDS, ULLSWATER.

NOT in the mines beyond the western
 main,
 You say, Cordelia, was the metal
 sought,
 Which a fine skill, of Indian growth,
 has wrought
 Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
 Nor is it silver of romantic Spain
 But from our loved Helvellyn's depths
 was brought,
 Our own domestic mountain. Thing
 and thought
 Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly
 vain,
 Can prop, as you have learnt, our
 nobler being:
 Yes, Lady, while about your neck is
 wound
 (Your casual glance oft meeting) this
 bright cord.
 What witchery, for pure gifts of in-
 ward seeing,
 Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's
 Lord,
 For precious tremblings in your bosom
 found!

XLV.

CONCLUSION.

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground if path be there
 or none,
 While a fair region round the traveller
 lies,
 Which he forbears again to look upon;
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal
 scene,
 The work of Fancy or some happy
 tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty
 gone.
 If Thought and Love desert us, from
 that day
 Let us break off all commerce with the
 Muse;
 With Thought and Love companions
 of our way,
 Whate'er the senses take or may re-
 fuse,
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed
 her dews
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE
 COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.

Nov. 5, 1834.

LADY! a Pen, perhaps, with thy re-
 gard,
 Among the Favoured, favoured not
 the least,
 Left, 'mid the Records of this Book
 inscribed,
 Deliberate traces, registers of thought
 And feeling, suited to the place and
 time

She heard, ere to the throne of grace
 Her faithful Spirit flew,
 His voice; beheld his speaking face,
 And, dying, from his own embrace,
 She felt that he was true.

XVII.

So was he reconciled to life:
 Brief words may speak the rest;
 Within the dell he built a cell,
 And there was Sorrow's guest;
 In hermits' weeds repose he found.
 From vain temptations free:
 Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,
 And awed to piety.

XVIII.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
 Nor fear memorial lays,
 Where clouds that spread in solemn
 shade,
 Are edged with golden rays!
 Dear art thou to the light of Heaven.
 Though minister of sorrow;
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive Even;
 And thou, in Lovers' hearts forgiven,
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

TO —,

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN
 CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

"Tum porro puer, ut sevis projectus ab undis
 Navita; nudushumijacet," etc.—*Lucretius*.

Like a shipwreck'd Sailor tost
 By rough waves on a perilous coast
 Lies the Babe, in helplessness
 And in tenderest nakedness,
 Flung by labouring nature forth
 Upon the mercies of the earth.

Can its eyes beseech? no more
 Than the hands are free to im-
 plore:
 Voice but serves for one brief
 cry,
 Plaint was it? or prophecy
 Of sorrow that will surely come?
 Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close
 Duly granted to thy throes:
 By the silent thanks now tending
 Incense-like to Heaven, descending
 Now to mingle and to move
 With the gush of earthly love,
 As a debt to that frail Creature,
 Instrument of struggling Nature
 For the blissful calm, the peace
 Known but to this *one* release;
 Can the pitying spirit doubt
 That for human-kind springs out
 From the penalty a sense
 Of more than mortal recompense?

'As a floating summer cloud.
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
 To the sun-burnt traveller,
 Or the stooping labourer,
 Ofttimes makes its bounty known
 By its shadow round him thrown;
 So, by chequering's of sad cheer,
 Heavenly guardians, brooding near,
 Of their presence tell—too bright
 Haply for corporeal sight!
 Ministers of grace divine
 Feelingly their brows incline
 O'er this seeming Castaway
 Breathing, in the light of day,
 Something like the faintest breath
 That has power to baffle death—
 Beautiful, while very weakness
 Captivates like passive meanness!

All that they think and feel, with tears
 of joy ;
 And benedictions not unheard in
 Heaven :
 And friend in the ear of friend, where
 speech is free
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these
 prompt lines
 A just memorial ; and thine eyes consent
 To read that they, who mark thy
 course, behold
 A life declining with the golden light
 Of summer, in the season of sere
 leaves ;
 See cheerfulness undamped by steal-
 ing Time ;
 See studied kindness flow with easy
 stream,
 Illustrated with inborn courtesy ;
 And an habitual disregard of self
 Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the verse not tell of
 lighter gifts
 With these ennobling attributes con-
 joined
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,
 By Youth's surviving spirit? What
 agile grace !
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like
 form,
 Beheld with wonder ; whether floor or
 path
 Thou tread, or sweep—borne on the
 managed steed—
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or
 field,
 Driven by strong winds at play among
 the clouds

Yet one word more—one farewell
 word—a wish
 Which came, but it has passed into a
 prayer,
 That, as thy sun in brightness is de-
 clining,
 So, at an hour yet distant for *their*
 sakes
 Whose tender love, here faltering on
 the way
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven,—
 So may it set in peace, to rise again
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

I.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower *
 At eve ; how softly then
 Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
 Speak from the woody glen !
 Fit music for a solemn vale !
 And holier seems the ground
 To him who catches on the gale
 The spirit of a mournful tale,
 Embodied in the sound.

II.

Not far from that fair site whereon
 The Pleasure-house is reared,
 As Story says, in antique days,
 A stern-brow'd house appeared ;
 Foil to a jewel rich in light
 There set, and guarded well ;
 Cage for a bird of plumage bright,
 Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
 Beyond her native dell.

* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. *Force* is the word used in the Lake District for water-fall.

Thanks to the Powers that yet main-
 tain their sway.
 And have renewed the tributary Lay.
 Truths of the heart flock in with eager
 pace,
 And FANCY greets them with a fond
 embrace;
 Swift as the rising sun his beams
 extends
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant
 friends;
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious
 as they prove
 For the unconscious Babe so prompt a
 love!)
 But from this peaceful centre of de-
 light
 Vague sympathies have urged her to
 take flight:
 Rapt into upper regions, like the
 Bee
 That sucks from mountain heath her
 honey fee;
 Or, like the warbling Lark intent to
 shroud
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery
 cloud,
 She soars—and here and there her
 pinions rest
 On proud towers, like this humble
 cottage, blest
 With a new visitant, an infant
 guest—
 Towers where red streamers flout the
 breezy sky
 In pomp foreseen by her creative
 eye,
 When feasts shall crowd the Hall, and
 steeple bells
 Glad proclamation make, and heights
 and dells
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks and
 swells;

And harboured ships, whose pride is
 on the sea.
 Shall hoist their topmast flags in sign
 of glee.
 Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning
 ills assigned
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
 The track that was, and is, and must
 be, worn
 With weary feet by all of woman
 born)—
 Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be
 moved,
 Nor feel the fulness of that joy re-
 proved?
 Not He, whose last faint memory will
 command
 The truth that Britain was his native
 land;
 Whose infant soul was tutored to con-
 fide
 In the cleansed faith for which her
 martyrs died:
 Whose boyish ear the voice of her
 renown
 With rapture thrilled; whose Youth
 revered the crown
 Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore.
 Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Pro-
 genitor!
 —Not He, who from her mellowed
 practice drew
 His social sense of just, and fair, and
 true:
 And saw, thereafter, on the soil of
 France
 Rash Polity begin her maniac dance.
 Foundations broken up, the deeps run
 wild.
 Nor grieved to see. (himself not un-
 beguiled)—

And, sweet Mother! under warrant
 Of the universal Parent,
 Who repays in season due
 Them who have, like thee, been
 true
 To the filial chain let down
 From his everlasting throne,
 Angels hovering round thy couch,
 With their softest whispers vouch,
 That, whatever griefs may fret,
 Cares entangle, sins beset
 This thy first-born, and with tears
 Stain her cheek in future years,
 Heavenly succour, not denied
 To the Babe, whate'er betide,
 Will to the Woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
 Blest the starry promises,
 And the firmament benign
 Hallowed be it, where they shine!
 Yes, for them whose souls have
 scope
 Ample for a wingèd hope,
 And can earthward bend an ear
 For needful listening, pledge is
 here,
 That, if thy new-born Charge shall
 tread
 In thy footsteps, and be led
 By that other Guide, whose light
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
 Gave him first the wished-for part
 In thy gentle virgin heart,
 Then, amid the storms of life
 Presignified by that dread strife
 Whence ye have escaped together.
 She may look for serene weather;
 In all trials sure to find
 Comfort for a faithful mind;
 Kindlier issues, holier rest,
 Than even now await her prest.
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

MARCH, 1833.

LIST, the winds of March are
 blowing;
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of
 showing,
 Their meek heads to the nipping
 air,
 Which ye feel not, happy pair!
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.
 We, meanwhile, our hope will
 keep;
 And if Time leagued with adverse
 Change
 (Too busy fear!) shall cross its
 range,
 Whatsoever check they bring,
 Anxious duty hindering,
 To like hope our prayers will
 cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit
 feeds
 Upon the events of home as life pro-
 ceeds,
 Affections pure and holy in their
 source
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier
 course;
 Hopes that within the Father's heart
 prevail,
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's
 slow to fail;
 And if the Harp pleased his gay
 youth, it rings
 To his grave touch with no unready
 strings,
 While thoughts press on, and feelings
 overflow,
 And quick words round him fall like
 flakes of snow.

Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous
 tongues
 Deceived, mistake calamities for
 wrongs :
 And over fancied usurpations brood.
 Oft snapping at revenge in sullen
 mood ;
 Or, from long stress of real injuries
 fly
 To desperation for a remedy ;
 In bursts of outrage spread your judg-
 ments wide,
 And to your wrath cry out, " Be thou
 our guide ;"
 Or, bound by oaths, come forth to
 tread earth's floor
 In marshalled thousands, darkening
 street and moor
 With the worst shape mock-patience
 ever wore ;
 Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
 By Flatterers carried, mount into a
 dream
 Of boundless suffrage. at whose sage
 behest
 Justice shall rule, disorder be sup-
 prest,
 And every man sit down as Plenty's
 Guest !
 —O for a bridle bitted with re-
 morse
 To stop your Leaders in their head-
 strong course !
 Oh may the Almighty scatter with
 his grace
 These mists, and lead you to a safer
 place,
 By paths no human wisdom can fore-
 trace !
 May He pour round you. from worlds
 far above
 Man's feverish passions, his pure light
 of love,
 That quietly restores the natural
 mien
 To hope, and makes truth willing to
 be seen !
 Else shall your blood-stained hands
 in frenzy reap
 Fields gaily sown when promises were
 cheap.
 Why is the Past belied with wicked
 art,
 The Future made to play so false a
 part,
 Among a people famed for strength
 of mind,
 Foremost in freedom, noblest of man-
 kind ?
 We act as if we joyed in the sad
 tune
 Storms make in rising, valued in the
 moon
 Naught but her changes. Thus, un-
 grateful Nation !
 If thou persist, and, scorning modera-
 tion,
 Spread for thyself the snares of tribula-
 tion,
 Whom, then, shall meekness guard ?
 What saving skill
 Lie in forbearance, strength in stand-
 ing still ?
 —Soon shall the Widow (for the speed
 of Time
 Naught equals when the hours are
 winged with crime)
 Widow, or Wife, implore on tremulous
 knee,
 From him who judged her Lord, a
 like decree ;
 The skies will weep o'er old men
 desolate :
 Ye little ones ! Earth shudders at your
 fate,
 Outcasts and homeless orphans——

Woke from the dream, the dreamer
to upbraid,
And learn how sanguine expectations
faile
When novel trusts by folly are be-
trayed,—
To see presumption, turning pale,
refrain
From further havoc, but repent in
vain,—
Good aims lie down, and perish in
the road
Where guilt had urged them on, with
ceaseless goad,
Proofs thickening round her that on
public ends
Domestic virtue vitally depends,
That civic strife can turn the happiest
hearth [earth.
Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting

Can such a one, dear Babe! though
glad and proud
To welcome Thee, repel the fears that
crowd
Into his English breast, and spare to
quake
Less for his own, than for thy innocent
sake?
Too late—or, should the providence of
God
Lead, through dark ways by sin and
sorrow trod,
Justice and peace to a secure abode,
Too soon—thou com'st into this
breathing world;
Ensigns of mimic outrage are un-
furled.
Who shall preserve or prop the totter-
ing Realm?
What hand suffice to govern the state-
helm?

If, in the aims of men, the surest
test
Of good or bad (whate'er be sought
for or profest)
Lie in the means required, or ways
ordained,
For compassing the end, else never
gained;
Yet governors and governed both are
blind
To this plain truth, or fling it to the
wind;
If to expedience principle must
bow;
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the
incumbent Now;
If cowardly concession still must feed
The thirst for power in men who ne'er
concede;
Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
For domination at some riper day;
If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law;
Or with bravado insolent and
hard,
Provoking punishment, to win reward;
If office help the factious to conspire,
And they who *should* extinguish, fan
the fire—
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the
crown
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of
down;
To be blown off at will, by Power that
spares it
In cunning patience, from the head
that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic
feud;
Lost above all, ye labouring multi-
tude!

Remember she follows the law of her
kind,
And Instinct is neither wayward nor
blind.
Then think of her beautiful gliding
form.
Her tread that would scarcely crush a
worm,
And her soothing song by the winter
fire,
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love:
It may soar with the Eagle and brood
with the Dove.
May pierce the earth with the patient
Mole.
Or track the Hedgehog to his hole.
Loving and liking are the solace of
life,
Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the
death-bed of strife.
You love your father and your
mother,
Your grown-up and your baby
brother;
You love your sister, and your
friends,
And countless blessings which God
sends:
And while these right affections play,
You *live* each moment of your day;
They lead you on to full content,
And likings fresh and innocent,
That store the mind, the memory
feed,
And prompt to many a gentle deed:
But *likings* come, and pass away;
'Tis *love* that remains till our latest
day:
Our heavenward guide is holy love,
And will be our bliss with saints
above.

STANZAS

SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF ST.
BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF
CUMBERLAND.

[St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Bauth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees: a place distinguished from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The above said religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschion, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschion, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in the following Stanzas: and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College; and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in the following Piece, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith; a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for nature.]

But turn, my Soul, and from the
 sleeping Pair
 Learn thou the beauty of omniscient
 care!
 Be strong in faith, bid anxious
 thoughts lie still;
 Seek for the good and cherish it—
 the ill
 Oppose, or bear with a submissive
 will.

If this great world of joy and pain
 Revolve in one sure track;
 If Freedom, set, will rise again,
 And Virtue, flown, come back;
 Woe to the purblind crew who fill
 The heart with each day's care;
 Nor gain, from past or future, skill
 To bear, and to forbear!

‘LOVING AND LIKING:

IRREGULAR VERSES ADDRESSED TO
 A CHILD.

[In the former editions of the author's
 Miscellaneous Poems are three pieces addressed
 to Children:—the following, a few lines ex-
 cepted, is by the same Writer; and, as it
 elongs to the same unassuming class of com-
 positions, she has been prevailed upon to con-
 sent to its publication.]

‘THERE'S more in words than I can
 teach:
 Yet listen, Child!—I would not
 preach;
 But only give some plain directions
 To guide your speech and your
 affections.
 Say not you *love* a roasted Fowl,
 But you may love a screaming Owl,
 And, if you can, the unwieldy Toad
 That crawls from his secure abode

Within the mossy garden wall
 When evening dew's begin to fall.
 Oh mark the beauty of his eye:
 What wonders in that circle lie!
 So clear, so bright, our fathers said
 He wears a jewel in his head!
 And when, upon some showery day,
 Into a path or public way
 A Frog leaps out from bordering
 grass,
 Startling the timid as they pass,
 Do you observe him, and endeavour
 To take the intruder into favour;
 Learning from him to find a reason
 For a light heart in a dull season.
 And you may love him in the pool,
 That is for him a happy school,
 In which he swims, as taught by
 nature,
 Fit pattern for a human creature,
 Glancing amid the water bright,
 And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be
 stealing
 A love for things that have no feeling:
 The spring's first Rose, by you espied,
 May fill your breast with joyful pride;
 And you may love the Strawberry
 Flower,
 And love the Strawberry in its bower;
 But when the fruit, so often praised
 For beauty, to your lip is raised,
 Say not you *love* the delicate treat,
 But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner
 Mouse,
 Though one of a tribe that torment the
 house:
 Nor dislike for her cruel sport the
 Cat,
 Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;

Guiding the Mariner through troubled
 seas,
 And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
 Like the fixed Light that crowns yon
 Headland of St. Bees.

To aid the Votress, miracles be-
 lieved
 Wrought in men's minds, like miracles
 achieved :

So piety took root : and Song might
 tell

What humanizing Virtues near her
 Cell

Sprang up, and spread their fragrance
 wide around ;

How savage bosoms melted at the
 sound

Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
 Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through
 close trees,

From her religious Mansion of St.
 Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument
 of love,

Was glorified, and took its place,
 above

The silent stars, among the angelic
 Quire,

Her Chantry blazed with sacrilegious
 fire,

And perished utterly ; but her good
 deeds

Had sown the spot that witnessed them
 with seeds

Which lay in earth expectant, till a
 breeze

With quickening impulse answered
 their mute pleas,

and lo ! a statelier Pile, the Abbey of
 St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the
 hungry fed ;
 And Charity extendeth to the Dead
 Her intercessions made for the soul's
 rest :

Of tardy Penitents ; or for the best
 Among the good (when love might else
 have slept,

Sickened, or died) in pious memory
 kept.

Thanks to the austere and simple
 Devotees,

Who, to that service bound by venial
 fees,

Kept watch before the Altars of St.
 Bees.

Are not, in sooth, their Requiems
 sacred ties

Woven out of passion's sharpest
 agonies,

Subdued, composed, and formalized
 by art,

To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart ?
 The prayer for them whose hour is past
 away

Says to the Living, profit while ye
 may !

A little part, and that the worst, he sees
 Who thinks that priestly cunning holds
 the keys

That best unlock the secrets of St.
 Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost
 light,

Hope of the dawn and solace of the
 night.

Cheers these Recluses with a steady
 ray

In many an hour when judgment goes
 astray.

IF Life were slumber on a bed of
 down,
 Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
 Sad were our lot: no Hunter of the
 Hare
 Exults like him whose javelin from the
 lair
 Has roused the Lion; no one plucks
 the Rose,
 Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter
 blows
 'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
 With joy like his who climbs on hands
 and knees,
 For some rare Plant, yon Headland of
 St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,
 This new indifference to breeze or
 gale,
 This straight-lined progress, furrowing
 a flat lea,
 And regular as if locked in certainty,
 Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the
 Storm!
 That Courage may find something to
 perform;
 That Fortitude, whose blood disdains
 to freeze
 At Danger's bidding, may confront the
 seas,
 Firm as the towering Headlands of
 St. Bees.

Dread Cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish
 may sleep,
 Bold as if Men and Creatures of the
 Deep
 Breathed the same Element: too many
 wrecks
 Have struck thy sides, too many
 ghastly decks

Hast thou looked down upon, that
 such a thought
 Should here be welcome, and in verse
 enwrought:
 With thy stern aspect better far
 agrees
 Utterance of thanks that we have past
 with ease,
 As Millions thus shall do, the Head-
 lands of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments
 her store,
 What boots the gain if Nature should
 lose more?
 And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian
 place
 In Man's intelligence sublimed by
 grace?
 When Bega sought of yore the Cum-
 brian coast,
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand
 cross'd;
 She knelt in prayer—the waves their
 wrath appease;
 And, from her vow well weighed in
 Heaven's decrees,
 Rose, where she touched the strand,
 the Chantry of St. Bees.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of
 hand,"
 Who in these Wilds then struggled
 for command,
 The strong were merciless, without
 hope the weak;
 Till this bright Stranger came, fair as
 Day-break,
 And as a Cresset true that darts its
 length
 Of beamy lustre from a tower of
 strength;

Peaceful abodes, where Justice might
uphold
Her scales with even hand, and culture
mould
The heart to pity, train the mind in
care
For rules of life, sound as the Time
could bear.
Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of
ease,
Or hindrance raised by sordid pur-
poses,
To bear thy part in this good work,
St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the
barren moors,
And to green meadows changed the
swampy shores?
Thinned the rank woods; and for the
cheerful Grange
Made room where Wolf and Boar were
used to range?
Who taught, and showed by deeds,
that gentler chains
Should bind the Vassal to his Lord's
domains?
The thoughtful Monks, intent their
God to please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human
sympathies
Poured from the bosom of thy Church,
St. Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate
given
Through lawless will the Brotherhood
was driven
Forth from their cells;—their ancient
House laid low
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.

But now once more the local Heart
revives,
The inextinguishable Spirit strives.
Oh may that Power who hushed the
stormy seas,
And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
Prosper the new-born college of St.
Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age from
Schools
Less humble draws her lessons, aims,
and rules.
To Prowess guided by her insight
keen
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill
She in her own would merge the
eternal will:
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with
these,
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of
St. Bees.

THE REDBREAST.

(SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND
COTTAGE.)

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharpening
air,
From half-stripped woods and pastures
bare,
Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:
Not like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast,
As if it were a natural shield
Charged with a blazon on the field,

Ah ! scorn not hastily their rule who
 try
 Earth to despise, and flesh to
 mortify ;
 Consume with zeal, in winged
 ecstasies
 Of prayer and praise forget their
 rosaries,
 Nor hear the loudest surges of St.
 Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succour and
 protect
 The forlorn Traveller, or Sailor
 wrecked
 On the bare coast, nor do they grudge
 the boon
 Which staff and cockle hat and sandal
 shoon
 Claim for the Pilgrim : and, though
 chidings sharp
 May sometimes greet the strolling
 Minstrel's harp,
 It is not then when, swept with sportive
 ease,
 It charms a feast-day throng of all
 degrees,
 Brightening the archway of revered St.
 Bees.

How did the Cliffs and echoing Hills
 rejoice
 What time the Benedictine Brethren's
 voice,
 Imploring, or commanding with meet
 pride,
 Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds
 aside,
 And under one blest ensign serve the
 Lord
 In Palestine. Advance, indignant
 Sword !

Flaming till thou from Paynim hands
 release
 That Tomb, dread centre of all
 sanctities
 Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds
 from far
 Follow the fortunes which they may not
 share.

While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
 She helps to make a Holy-land at
 home :

The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere
 invites

To sound the crystal depth of maiden
 rights ;

And, wedded life, through scriptural
 mysteries,

Heavenward ascends with all her
 charities,

Taught by the hooded Celibates of
 St. Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill
 Of cloistered Architects, free their souls
 to fill

With love of God, throughout the Land
 were raised

Churchees, on whose symbolie beauty
 gazed

Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious
 awe ;

As at this day men seeing what they saw,
 Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
 Aspire to more than earthly destinies ;
 Witness yon Pile that greets us from
 St. Bees.

Yet more ; around those Churchees,
 gathered Towns
 Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty
 frowns ;

One chiefly, who with voice and look
 Pleads for him from the chimney nook,
 Where sits the Dame, and wears away
 Her long and vacant holiday ;
 With images about her heart,
 Reflected, from the years gone by,
 On human nature's second infancy.

TO ———.

[Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take
 That subtle Power, the never-biting Time,
 Lost a mere moment's putting-off should make
 Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this answer
 Lesbia threw

Forth to her Dove, and took no further
 head ;

Her eye was busy, while her fingers
 flew

Across the harp, with soul-engrossing
 speed :

But from that bondage when her
 thoughts were freed

She rose, and towards the close-shut
 casement drew,

Whence the poor unregarded Favour-
 ite, true

To old affections, had been heard to
 plead

With flapping wing for entrance. What
 a shriek

Forced from that voice so lately tuned
 to a strain

Of harmony!—a shriek of terror,
 pain,

And self-reproach!—for, from aloft, a
 Kite

Pounced, and the Dove, which from
 its ruthless beak

She could not rescue, perished in her
 sight!

RURAL ILLUSIONS.

I.

SLEPH was it? or a Bird more bright

Than those of fabulous cuckoo?

A second darted by: and lo!

Another of the flock.

Through sunshine flitting from the
 bough

To nestle in the rock.

Transient deception! a gay freak

Of April's mimeries!

Those brilliant Strangers, hailed with
 joy

Among the budding trees,

Proved last year's leaves, pushed from
 the spray

To frolic on the breeze.

II.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,

And let thy hand be seen.

Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,

That, as they touch the green,

Take root (so seems it) and look up

In honour of their Queen.

Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,

That not in vain aspired

To be confounded with live growths,

Most dainty, most admired,

Were only blossoms dropped from
 twigs

Of their own offspring tired.

III.

Not such the World's illusive shows;

Her wingless flutterings.

Her blossoms which, though shed, out-
 brave

The Floweret as it springs,

For the Undeceived, smile as they
 may,

Are melancholy things:

Due to that good and pious deed
 Of which we in the Ballad read.
 But pensive fancies putting by,
 And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
 He plays the expert ventriloquist;
 And, caught by glimpses now—now
 missed,
 Puzzles the listener with a doubt
 If the soft voice he throws about
 Comes from within doors or without!
 Was ever such a sweet confusion,
 Sustained by delicate illusion?
 He's at your elbow—to your feeling
 The notes are from the floor or
 ceiling;
 And there's a riddle to be guessed,
 'Till you have marked his heaving
 chest,
 And busy throat whose sink and swell,
 Betray the Elf that loves to dwell
 In Robin's bosom as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the
 Bird
 If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
 Commend him, when he's only heard.
 But small and fugitive *our* gain
 Compared with *hers* who long hath
 lain,
 With languid limbs and patient head,
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed;
 Where now, she daily hears a strain
 That cheats her of too busy cares,
 Eases her pain, and helps her prayers.
 And who but this dear Bird beguiled
 The fever of that pale-faced Child?
 Now cooling, with his passing wing,
 Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring;
 Recalling now, with descant soft
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering
 nigh,
 And the invisible sympathy

Of "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and
 John,
 Blessing the bed she lies upon;" *
 And sometimes, just as listening ends
 In slumber, with the cadence blends
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn
 Which Old-folk, fondly pleased to
 trim
 Lamps of faith now burning dim,
 Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,
 When clouds gave way at dead of
 night,
 And the ancient church was filled with
 light,
 Used to sing in heavenly tone,
 Above and round the sacred places
 They guard, with wingèd baby-faces.

Thrice-happy Creature! in all lands
 Nurtured by hospitable hands:
 Free entrance to this cot has he,
 Entrance and exit both *yet* free;
 And, when the keen unruffled weather
 That thus brings man and bird to-
 gether,
 Shall with its pleasantness be past,
 And casement closed and door made
 fast,
 To keep at bay the howling blast,
He needs not fear the season's rage,
 For the whole house is Robin's cage.
 Whether the bird flit here or there;
 O'er table *hiz*, or perch on chair,
 Though some may frown, and make
 a stir
 To scare him as a trespasser,
 And he belike will flinch or start,
 Good friends he has to take his part:

* The words—

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
 Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use
 through the northern counties.

To take his sentence from the
 balanced Block,
 As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to
 rock;
 Though, in the depths of sunless
 groves, no more
 The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak
 adore;
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whis-
 pering trees
 Do still perform mysterious offices!
 And functions dwell in beast and bird
 that sway
 The reasoning mind, or with the fancy
 play.
 Inviting, at all seasons, ears and
 eyes
 To watch for undelusive auguries:—
 Not uninspired appear their simplest
 ways:
 Their voices mount symbolical of
 praise—
 To mix with hymns that Spirits make
 and hear;
 And to fallen Man their innocence is
 dear.
 Enraptured Art draws from those
 sacred springs
 Streams that reflect the poetry of
 things!
 Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues
 portrayed,
 That, might a wish avail, would never
 fade,
 Borne in their hands the Lily and the
 Palm
 Shed round the Altar a celestial
 calm;
 There, too, behold the Lamb and
 guileless Dove
 Prest in the tenderness of virgin
 love

To saintly bosoms!—Glorious is the
 blending
 Of right Affections, climbing or
 descending
 Along a scale of light and life, with
 cares
 Alternate: carrying holy thoughts and
 prayers
 Up to the sovereign seat of the Most
 High;
 Descending to the worm in charity; *
 Like those good Angels whom a dream
 of night
 Gave, in the Field of Luz, to Jacob's
 sight:
 All, while *he* slept, treading the
 pendent stairs
 Earthward or heavenward, radiant
 Messengers,
 That, with a perfect will in one accord
 Of strict obedience, served the
 Almighty Lord;
 And with untired humility forbore
 To speed their errand by the wings
 they wore.

What a fair World were ours for
 Verse to paint,
 If Power could live at ease with self-
 restraint!
 Opinion bow before the naked sense
 Of the great Vision,—faith in Provi-
 dence:
 Merciful over all his creatures, just
 To the least particle of sentient dust;
 But, fixing by immutable decrees,
 Seedtime and harvest for his purpose!
 Then would be closed the restless
 oblique eye
 That looks for evil like a treacherous
 spy;

* The author is indebted, here, to a passage
 in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.

But gentle Nature plays her part
 With ever-varying wiles,
 And transient feignings with plain
 truth
 So well she reconciles,
 That those fond Idlers most are
 pleased
 Whom oftenest she beguiles.

THIS LAWN, &c.

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive
 With shadows flung from leaves—to
 strive

In dance, amid a press
 Of sunshine—an apt emblem yields
 Of Worldlings revelling in the fields
 Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and
 breeze

Encounter, and to narrow seas
 Forbid a moment's rest;
 The medley less when boreal Lights
 Glance to and fro like aery Sprites
 To feats of arms address!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
 This ceaseless play, the genuine life
 That serves the stedfast hours,
 Is in the grass beneath, that grows
 Unheeded, and the mute repose
 Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

FLATTERED with promise of escape
 From every hurtful blast,
 Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy
 shape,
 Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high
 In fierce solstitial power,
 Less fair than when a lenient sky
 Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
 The labours of the plough,
 And ripening fruits and forest leaves
 All brighten, on the bough,

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
 Before she hears the sound
 Of winter rushing in, to close
 The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer
 such;
 So may our Autumn blend
 With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
 Through heaven-born hope, her
 end!

HUMANITY.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1829.)

*Not from his fellows only man may learn
 Rights to compare and duties to discern:
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,
 Are friends and patrons of humanity.*—MS.

[The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.]

WHAT though the Accused, upon his
 own appeal
 To righteous Gods when Man has
 ceased to feel,
 Or at a doubting Judge's stern com-
 mand,
 Before the STONE OF POWER no longer
 stand—

Disputes would then relax, like stormy
 winds
 That into breezes sink; impetuous
 Minds
 By discipline endeavour to grow
 meek
 As Truth herself, whom they profess to
 seek.
 Then Genius, shunning fellowship with
 Pride,
 Would braid his golden locks at
 Wisdom's side;
 Love ebb and flow untroubled by
 caprice;
 And not alone *harsh* tyranny would
 cease,
 But unoffending creatures find release
 From qualified oppression, whose
 defence
 Rests on a hollow plea of recompence;
 Thought-tempered wrongs, for each
 humane respect
 Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in
 effect.
 Witness those glances of indignant
 scorn
 From some high-minded Slave, im-
 pelled to spurn
 The kindness that would make him
 less forlorn;
 Or, if the soul to bondage be sub-
 dued,
 His look of pitiable gratitude!

A land whose azure mountain-tops are
 seats
 For Gods in council, whose green
 vales, Retreats
 Fit for the Shades of Heroes, mingling
 there
 To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as
 the grave,
 Stone-walls a Prisoner make, but not a
 Slave
 Shall Man assume a property in
 Man?
 Lay on the moral Will a withering
 ban?
 Shame that our laws at distance still
 protect
 Enormities, which they at home
 reject!
 "Slaves cannot breathe in England"
 —yet that boast
 Is but a mockery! when, from coast to
 coast,
 Though *fettered* slave be none, her
 floors and soil
 Groan underneath a weight of slavish
 toil,
 For the poor Many, measured out by
 rules
 Fetched with cupidity from heartless
 schools,
 That to an Idol, falsely called "the
 Wealth
 Of Nations," sacrificed a People's
 health,
 Body and mind and soul; a thirst so
 keen
 Is ever urging on the vast machine
 Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy
 wheels
 The Power least prized is that which
 thinks and feels.

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of
 Isles,
 Where day departs in pomp, returns
 with smiles—
 To greet the flowers and fruitage of a
 land,
 As the sun mounts, by sea-borne
 breezes fanned;

Strange contrasts have we in this
 world of ours!
 That posture, and the look of filial
 love
 Thinking of past and gone, with what
 is left
 Dearly united, might be swept away
 From this fair Portrait's fleshly
 Archetype,
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest
 freak
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
 To their lost place, or meet in
 harmony
 So exquisite: but *here* do they abide.
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the
 Art
 Godlike, a humble branch of the
 divine,
 In visible quest of immortality.
 Stretched forth with trembling hope?
 In every realm,
 • From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue
 That Europe knows, would echo this
 appeal;
 One above all, a Monk who waits on
 God
 In the magnificent Convent built of yore
 To sanctify the Escorial palace. He,
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to
 room,
 A British Painter (eminent for truth
 In character, and depth of feeling,
 shown
 By labours that have touched the
 hearts of kings,
 And are endeared to simple cottagers)
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as
 when first
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from
 Titian's hand,

Graced the Refectory: and there, while
 both
 Stood with eyes fixed^a upon that
 Masterpiece,
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
 Breathed out these words:—"Here
 daily do we sit,
 Thanks given to God for daily bread,
 and here
 Pondering the mischiefs of these rest-
 less Times,
 And thinking of my Brethren, dead,
 dispersed,
 Or changed and changing, I not
 seldom gaze
 Upon this solemn Company unmoved
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of
 years,
 Until I cannot but believe that they—
 They are in truth the Substance, *we*
 the Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his
 griefs
 Melting away within him like a dream
 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to
 speak:
 And I, grown old, but in a happier
 land,
 Domestic Portrait! have to verse con-
 signed
 In thy calm presence those heart-
 moving words:
 Words that can soothe, more than they
 agitate;
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went
 down
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
 Informs the fountain in the human
 breast
 Which by the visitation was disturbed.
 —But why this stealing tear? Com-
 panion mute,

Must needs be conversant with upward
looks,
Prayer's voiceless service; but now,
seeking naught
And shunning naught, their own
peculiar life
Of motion they renounce, and with the
head
Partake its inclination towards earth
In humble grace, and quiet pensive-
ness
Caught at the point where it stops
short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art,
make me
Thy confidant! say, whence derived
that air
Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling
thought
Be with some lover far away, or one
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted
faith!
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a
moon
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
Has but approached the gates of
womanhood,
Not entered them; her heart is yet un-
pierced
By the blind Archer-god, her fancy
free:
The fount of feeling, if unsought else-
where,
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
Across the slender wrist of the left
arm
Upon her lap reposing, holds—but
mark
How slackly, for the absent mind
permits

No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower,
joined
As in a posy, with a few pale ears
Of yellowing corn, the same that over-
topped
And in their common birthplace shel-
tered it
'Till they were plucked together; a
blue flower
Called by the thrifty husbandman a
weed;
But Ceres, in her garland, might have
worn
That ornament, unblamed. The
floweret, held
In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she
knows,
(Her Father told her so) in Youth's gay
dawn
Her Mother's favourite; and the
orphan Girl,
In her own dawn—a dawn less gay
and bright,
Loves it while there in solitary peace
She sits, for that departed Mother's
sake.
—Not from a source less sacred is
derived
(Surely I do not err) that pensive
air
Of calm abstraction through the face
diffused
And the whole person.
Words have something told
More than the pencil can, and verily
More than is needed, but the precious
Art
Forgives their interference — Art
divine,
That both creates and fixes, in de-
spite
Of Death and Time, the marvels it
hath wrought.

Intricate labyrinth, more dread for
 thought
 To enter than oracular cave;
 Strict passage, through which sighs are
 brought,
 And whispers, for the heart, their
 slave;
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse
 Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a
 smile
 Into the ambush of despair;
 Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn
 aisle,
 And requiems answered by the pulse
 that beats
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

II.

The headlong Streams and Fountains
 Serve Thee, Invisible Spirit, with
 untired powers;
 Cheering the wakeful Tent on Syrian
 mountains,
 They lull perchance ten thousand thou-
 sand flowers,
That roar, the prowling Lion's *Here I*
am,
 How fearful to the desert wide!
 That bleat, how tender! of the Dam
 Calling a straggler to her side.
 Shout, Cuckoo! let the vernal soul
 Go with thee to the frozen zone;
 Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone Bell-
 bird, toll!
 At the still hour to Mercy dear,
 Mercy from her twilight throne
 Listening to Nun's faint throb of holy
 fear,
 To Sailor's prayer breathed from a
 darkening sea,
 Or Widow's cottage lullaby.

III.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows,
 And Images of voice—to hound and
 horn [meadows
 From rocky steep and rock-bestudded
 Flung back, and, in the sky's blue
 caves, reborn,
 On with your pastime! till the church-
 tower bells
 A greeting give of measured glee;
 And milder echoes from their cells
 Repeat the bridal symphony.
 Then, or far earlier, let us rove
 Where mists are breaking up or gone,
 And from aloft look down into a cove
 Besprinkled with a careless quire,
 Happy Milk-maids, one by one
 Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
 A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
 A stream as if from one full heart.

IV.

Blest be the song that brightens
 The blind Man's gloom, exalts the
 Veteran's mirth;
 Unscorned the Peasant's whistling
 breath, that lightens
 His duteous toil of furrowing the green
 earth. [languid oar.
 For the tired Slave, Song lifts the
 And bids it aptly fall, with chime
 That beautifies the fairest shore,
 And mitigates the harshest clime.
 Yon Pilgrims see—in lagging file
 They move; but soon the appointed
 way
 A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
 And to their hope the distant shrine
 Glisten with a livelier ray:
 Nor friendless He, the Prisoner of the
 Mine, [clear breast
 Who from the well-spring of his own
 Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare
 thee well, [well! *
 My Song's Inspirer, once again fare-

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,
 For One, but surely not for One alone,
 Triumphs, in that great work, the
 Painter's skill,

Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
 Yet representing, amid wreck and
 wrong

And dissolution and decay, the warm
 And breathing life of flesh, as if
 already [graced

Clothed with impassive majesty, and
 With no mean earnest of a heritage

Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou,
 too, [traiture!

With thy memorial flower, meek Por-
 From whose serene companionship I
 passed,

Pursued by thoughts that haunt me
 still; thou also—

Though but a simple object, into light
 Called forth by those affections that
 endear

The private hearth: though keeping
 thy sole seat

In singleness, and little tried by time,
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday—

With a congenial function art endued
 For each and all of us, together joined,
 In course of nature, under a low roof
 By charities and duties that proceed
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.

To a like salutary sense of awe,
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the
 power

Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
 In faithful scales, things and their
 opposites,

Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
 A household small and sensitive,—
 whose love,

Dependent as in part its blessings are
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in
 heaven.

STANZAS ON THE POWER OF
 SOUND.

ARGUMENT.

[The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual
 functionary, in communion with sounds, in-
 dividual, or combined in studied harmony.—
 Sources and effects of those sounds (to the
 close of 6th Stanza).—The power of music,
 whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot.—
 Origin of music, and its effect in early ages—
 how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza).
 —The mind recalled to sounds acting casually
 and severally.—Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that
 these could be united into a scheme or system
 for moral interests and intellectual contempla-
 tion.—(Stanza 12th.) The Pythagorean theory
 of numbers and music, with their supposed
 power over the motions of the universe—
 imaginations consonant with such a theory.—
 Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realised, in
 some degree, by the representation of all
 sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the
 Creator.—(Last Stanza) the destruction of
 earth and the planetary system—the survival
 of audible harmony, and its support in the
 Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.]

i.

Thy functions are ethereal,
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing
 Mind,
 Organ of Vision. And a Spirit aerial
 Informs the cell of hearing, dark and
 blind;

* The pile of buildings, composing the palace
 and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common
 usage, lost its proper name in that of the
Escorial, a village at the foot of the hill upon
 which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the
 Second, stands. It need scarcely be added,
 that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:
 Art, daring because souls could
 feel,
 Stirred nowhere but an urgent equi-
 page
 Of rapt imagination sped her march
 Through the realms of woe and
 weal:
 Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper
 arch
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and
 magic verse
 Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX.

The Gift to King Amphion
 That walled a city with its melody
 Was for belief no dream; thy skill,
 Arion!
 Could humanise the creatures of the
 sea,
 Where men were monsters. A last
 grace he craves,
 Leave for one chant;—the dulcet
 sound
 Steals from the deck o'er willing
 waves,
 And listening Dolphins gather
 round.
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
 'Mid that strange audience, he
 bestrides
 A proud One docile as a managed
 horse:
 And singing, while the accordant
 hand
 Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;
 So shall he touch at length a friendly
 strand,
 And he, with his Preserver, shine star-
 bright
 In memory, through silent night.

X.

The pipe of Pan, to Shepherds
 Couched in the shadow of Mænalian
 Pines,
 Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the
 Leopards,
 That in high triumph drew the Lord of
 vines,
 How did they sparkle to the cymbal's
 clang!
 While Fauns and Satyrs beat the
 ground
 In cadence,—and Silenus swang
 This way and that, with wild-flowers
 crowned.
 To life, to *life* give back thine Ear:
 Ye who are longing to be rid
 Of Fable, though to truth subservient.
 hear
 The little sprinkling of cold earth that
 fell
 Echoed from the coffin lid;
 The Convict's summons in the steeple's
 knell.
 "The vain distress-gun," from a lee-
 ward shore,
 Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

XI.

For terror, joy, or pity,
 Vast is the compass, and the swell of
 notes:
 From the Babe's first cry to voice of
 regal City,
 Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that
 floats
 Far as the woodlands—with the trill to
 blend
 Of that shy Songstress, whose love-tale
 Might tempt an Angel to descend,
 While hovering o'er the moonlight
 vale.

When civic renovation
 Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful
 haste
 Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
 Mounts with a tune, that travels like a
 blast
 Piping through cave and battlemented
 tower;
 Then starts the Sluggard, pleased to
 meet
 That voice of Freedom, in its
 power
 Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!
 Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads
 Incitements of a battle-day,
 Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with
 plumeless heads;
 Even She whose Lydian airs inspire
 Peaceful striving, gentle play
 Of timid hope and innocent desire
 Shot from the dancing Graces, as they
 move
 Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

VI.

How oft along thy mazes,
 Regent of Sound, have dangerous
 Passions trod!
 O Thou, through whom the Temple
 rings with praises,
 And blackening clouds in thunder
 speak of God,
 Betray not by the cozenage of sense
 Thy Votaries, wooingly resigned
 To a voluptuous influence
 That taints the purer, better mind;
 But lead sick Fancy to a harp
 That hath in noble tasks been
 tried;
 And, if the Virtuous feel a pang too
 sharp,

Soothe it into patience,—stay
 The uplifted arm of Suicide;
 And let some mood of thine in firm
 array
 Knit every thought the impending
 issue needs,
 Ere Martyr burns, or Patriot bleeds!

VII.

As Conscience, to the centre
 Of Being, smites with irresistible pain,
 So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
 The mouldy vaults of the dull Idiot's
 brain, [hurled—
 Transmute him to a wretch from quiet
 Convulsed as by a jarring din;
 And then aghast, as at the world
 Of reason partially let in
 By concords winding with a sway
 Terrible for sense and soul!
 Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell
 dismay.
 Point not these mysteries to an Art
 Lodged above the starry pole;
 Pure modulations flowing from the
 heart
 Of divine Love, where Wisdom,
 Beauty, Truth
 With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII.

Oblivion may not cover
 All treasures hoarded by the Miser,
 Time.
 Orphean Insight! Truth's undaunted
 Lover, [climb,
 To the first leagues of tutored passion
 When Music deigned within this
 grosser sphere
 Her subtle essence to enfold,
 And Voice and Shell drew forth a tear
 Softer than Nature's self could mould.

TO THE MOON.

(COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,—ON THE
COAST OF CUMBERLAND.)

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and
com'st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to
partake,
So might it seem, the cares of them
that wake;
And, through the cottage lattice softly
peeping,
Dost shield from harm the humblest of
the sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed
those sweet names
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat
shore
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts
attend
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S
FRIEND;
So call thee for heaven's grace through
thee made known
By confidence supplied and mercy
shown.
When not a twinkling star or beacon's
light
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart
and mind;
Both for the adventurer starting in
life's prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime
to clime,
Long baffled hope's slow fever in his
veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his
labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the
winding Streams
Empress of Night! are gladdened by
thy beams;
A look of thine the wilderness per-
vades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost
shades;
Thou, chequering peaceably the min-
ster's gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost
one's tomb;
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his
grated cell [gible!—
Welcome, though silent and intan-
And lives there one, of all that come
and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some
quiet hour
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and
clouds that move
Catching the lustre they in part re-
prove—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy
sway
To call up thoughts that shun the
glare of day,
And make the serious happier than the
gay?
Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly
bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own
despite,
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken
brain,
Let me a compensating faith main-
tain;
That there's a sensitive, a tender part
Which thou canst touch in every
human heart,

Ye wandering utterances, has earth no
 scheme,
 No scale of moral music, to unite
 Powers that survive but in the faintest
 dream [to bear
 Of memory!—O that ye might stoop
 Chains, such precious chains of sight.
 As laboured minstrelsies through ages
 wear!
 O for a balance fit the truth to tell
 Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII.

By one pervading Spirit
 Of tones and numbers all things are
 controlled,
 As Sages taught, where faith was found
 to merit
 Initiation in that mystery old.
 The Heavens, whose aspect makes our
 minds as still
 As they themselves appear to be,
 Innumerable voices fill
 With everlasting harmony;
 The towering Headlands, crowned
 with mist,
 Their feet among the billows, know
 That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
 Thy pinions, universal Air,
 Ever waving to and fro,
 Are delegates of harmony, and bear
 Strains that support the Seasons in
 their round;
 Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
 Ye banded Instruments of wind and
 chords;
 Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
 Your inarticulate notes with the voice
 of words!

Nor hushed be service from the lowing
 mead,
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon:
 Thou too be heard, lone Eagle! freed
 From snowy peak and cloud, attune
 Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls
 The six-days' Work by flaming
 Seraphim,
 Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to
 Deep
 Shouting through one valley calls
 All worlds, all natures, mood and
 measure keep
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation
 poured
 Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A voice to Light gave Being;
 To Time, and Man his earth-born
 Chronicler;
 A Voice shall finish doubt and dim
 foreseeing,
 And sweep away life's visionary stir;
 The Trumpet (we, intoxicate with
 pride,
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
 To archangelic lips applied,
 The grave shall open, quench the stars
 O Silence! are Man's noisy years
 No more than moments of thy life?
 Is Harmony, blest Queen of smiles and
 tears,
 With her smooth tones and discords
 just;
 Tempered into rapturous strife,
 Thy destined Bond-slave? No! though
 Earth be dust
 And vanish, though the Heavens dis-
 solve, her stay
 Is in the WORD, that shall not pass
 away.

In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek
Power, are charms
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his little palms in his glad
Mother's sight)
O still beloved, once worshipped!
Time, that frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Spare thy mild splendour; still those
far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chaste as when
thy praise
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal
lays;
And through dark trials still dost thou
explore
Thy way for increase punctual—as of
yore,
When teeming Matrons—yielding to
rude faith
In mysteries of birth and life and
death
And painful struggle and deliverance
—prayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient
aid.
What though the rites be swept away,
the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive
strains;

Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot
cease,
Love to promote and purity and peace:
And Fancy, unproved, even yet may
trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beam-
less face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us—not
blind
To worlds unthought of till the search-
ing mind
Of Science laid them open to man-
kind—
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens
declare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy
share
In that blest charge; let us—without
offence
To 'aught of highest, holiest, in-
fluence—
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee
to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with
one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where'er their
own be taken,
“To look on tempests, and be never
shaken;”
To keep with faithful step the ap-
pointed way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day;
And from example of thy 'monthly
range
Gently to brook decline and fatal
change;
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with
loftier scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome
hope.

For healing and composure.—But, as
 least
 And mightiest billows ever have confessed
 Thy domination; as the whole vast
 Sea
 Feels through her lowest depths thy
 sovereignty;
 So shines that countenance with
 especial grace
 On them who urge the keel her *plains*
 to trace
 Furrowing its way right onward. The
 most rude,
 Cut off from home and country, may
 have stood—
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed
 his eye,
 Or the mute rapture ended in a
 sigh—
 Touched by accordance of thy placid
 cheer,
 With some internal lights to memory
 dear,
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the
 breast
 Tired with its daily share of earth's
 unrest,—
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;
 A kindly influence whereof few will
 speak,
 Though it can wet with tears the
 hardest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy
 cave
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly
 grave;
 Then, while the Sailor mid an open
 sea
 Swept by a favouring wind that leaves
 thought free,
 wo.

Paces the deck—no star perhaps in
 sight,
 And nothing save the moving ship's
 own light
 To cheer the long dark hours of vacant
 night—
 Oft with his musings does thy image
 blend,
 In his mind's eye thy crescent horns
 ascend,
 And thou art still, O Moon, that
 SAILOR'S FRIEND!

TO THE MOON

(RYDAL.)

QUEEN of the Stars!—so gentle, so
 benign,
 That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
 When darkness creeping o'er thy silver
 brow
 Warned thee these upper regions to
 forego,
 Alternate empire in the shades
 below—
 A Bard, who, lately near the wide-
 spread sea
 Traversed by gleaming ships looked up
 to thee
 With grateful thoughts, doth now thy
 rising hail
 From the close confines of a shadowy
 vale.
 Glory of night, conspicuous yet
 serene,
 Nor less attractive when by glimpses
 seen
 Through cloudy umbrage, well might
 that fair face,
 And all those attributes of modest
 grace,

That Cross belike he also raised as
 a standard for the true
 And faithful service of his heart in
 the worst that might ensue
 Of hardship and distressful fear, amid
 the houseless waste
 Where he, in his poor self so weak,
 by Providence was placed.

—Here, Lady! might I cease; but
 nay, let us before we part
 With this dear holy shepherd-boy
 breathe a prayer of earnest heart,
 That unto him, where'er shall lie his
 life's appointed way,
 The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove
 an all-sufficing stay.

THE POET'S DREAM

SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

JUST as those final words were penned,
 the sun broke out in power,
 And gladdened all things; but, as
 chanced, within that very hour,
 Air blackened, thunder growled, fire
 flashed from clouds that hid the sky,
 And, for the Subject of my Verse, I
 heaved a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts
 from heaviness be cleared.
 For bodied forth before my eyes the
 cross-crowned hut appeared;
 And, while around it storm as fierce
 seemed troubling earth and air,
 I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneel-
 ing alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice
 spake with articulate call,
 bowed meekly in submissive fear, be-
 fore the Lord of All;

His lips were moving; and his eyes,
 upraised to sue for grace,
 With soft illumination cheered the
 dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what
 wonder if the sight,
 Almost as vivid as a dream, produced
 a dream at night?
 It came with sleep and showed the
 Boy, no cherub, not transformed,
 But the poor ragged Thing whose ways
 my human heart had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with
 wings, so I took him in my arms,
 And lifted from the grassy floor, still
 his faint alarms,
 And bore him high through yielding
 air my debt of love to pay,
 By giving him, for both our sakes, an
 hour of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear
 Child! thou art my own,
 To show thee some delightful thing
 in country or in town.
 What shall it be? a mirthful throng
 or that holy place and calm
 St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or
 the Church of Notre Dame?"

"St. Owen's golden Shrine? or
 choose what else would please
 thee most
 Of any wonder, Normandy, or
 proud France, can boast!"
 "My Mother," said the Boy, "was
 born near to a blessed Tree,
 The Chapel Oak of Allonville: Good
 Angel, show it me!"

IMPROMPTU.

THE sun has long been set,
 The stars are out by twos and
 threes,
 The little birds are piping yet
 Among the bushes and trees ;
 There's a cuckoo, and one or two
 thrushes,
 And a far-off wind that rushes,
 And a sound of water that gushes,
 And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
 Fills all the hollow of the sky.
 Who would "go parading"
 In London, "and masquerading,"
 On such a night of June
 With that beautiful soft half-moon,
 And all these innocent blisses ?
 On such a night as this is !

THE NORMAN BOY.

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of
 forest-skiited Down,
 Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor
 made by man his own,
 From home and company remote and
 every playful joy,
 Served, tending a few sheep and goats,
 a ragged Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot ; but
 from an English Dame,
 Stranger to me and yet my friend, a
 simple notice came,
 With suit that I would speak in verse
 of that sequestered child
 Whom, one bleak winter's day, she
 met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge
 with relics sprinkled o'er
 Of last night's snow, beneath a
 sky threatening the fall of
 more,
 Where tufts of herbage tempted
 each, were busy at their
 feed,
 And the poor Boy was busier still, with
 work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent
 and withered and decayed,
 For covert from the keen north
 wind, his hands a hut had
 made.
 A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail,
 as needs must be
 A thing of such materials framed, by
 a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his
 pains, nor seemingly lacked
 aught
 That skill or means of his could
 add, but the architect had
 wrought
 Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-
 shaped with fingers nice,
 To be engrafted on the top of his
 small edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening
 there, as the surest power and
 best
 For supplying all deficiencies, all wants
 of the rude nest¹
 In which, from burning heat, or tem-
 pest driving far and wide,
 The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his
 lonely head must hide.

"God for His service needeth not
proud work of human skill;
They please Him best who labour
most to do in peace His will:
So let us strive to live, and to our
spirits will be given
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls,
shall bear us up to heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words,
but, so earnest was his look,
Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream
—recorded in this book,
Lest all that passed should melt away
in silence from my mind.
As visions still more bright have done,
and left no trace behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine,
whose eye, loved Child, can see
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of
early piety,

In verse, which to thy ear might come,
would treat this simple theme,
Nor leave untold our happy flight in
that adventurous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to
thee from whom it flowed,
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught,
yet 'twas bounteously bestowed,
If I may dare to cherish hope that
gentle eyes will read
Not loth, and listening little-ones,
heart-touched, their fancies feed.

THE WESTMORELAND GIRL.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

PART I.

SEEK who will delight in fable,
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
Leapt from this steep bank to follow
Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain.
And the bleating mother's Young-one
Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
(Ten years scarcely had she told)
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
Sinking, rising, on they go,
Peace and rest, as seems, before them
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had
braved;
Clap your hands with joy, my Hearers,
Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by strength the gift of love,
And belike a guardian angel
Came with succour from above.

PART II.

Now, to a maturer Audience,
Let me speak of this brave Child
Left among her native mountains
With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,
Mother's care no more her guide,
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame,—remembrance
makes him
Loth to rule by strict command
Still upon his cheek are living
Touches of her infant hand,

On wings, from broad and steadfast
poise let loose by this reply,
For Allonville, o'er down and dale,
away then did we fly ;
O'er town and tower we flew, and
fields in May's fresh verdure
drest ;
The wings they did not flag ; the
Child, though grave, was not de-
prest.

But who shall show, to waking sense,
the gleam of light that broke
Forth from his eyes, when first the
Boy looked down on that huge
oak,
For length of days so much revered,
so famous where it stands
For twofold hallowing—Nature's care,
and work of human hands ?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge
I glided round and round
The wide-spread boughs, for view of
door, window, and stair that
wound'

Gracefully up the gnarled trunk ; nor
left we unsurveyed
The pointed steeple peering forth
from the centre of the shade.

I lighted—opened with soft touch the
chapel's iron door,
Past softly, leading in the Boy ; and,
while from roof to floor
From floor to roof all round his eyes
the Child with wonder cast,
Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each
livelier than the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk,
the sanctuary showed,
By light of lamp and precious stones,
that glimmered here, there glowed,

Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung
in sign of gratitude ;
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts ;
and speech I thus renewed :

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou
hast heard thy Mother say,
And, kneeling, supplication make to
our Lady de la Paix ;
What mournful sighs have here been
heard, and, when the voice was
stopt
By sudden pangs, what bitter tears
have on this pavement dropt !

"Poor Shepherd of the naked Down,
a favoured lot is thine,
Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings
full many to this shrine ;
From body pains and pains of soul
thou needest no release,
Thy hours as they flow on are spent,
if not in joy, in peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in
thankfulness and praise.
Give to Him prayers, and many
thoughts, in thy most busy days ;
And in His sight the fragile Cross, on
thy small hut, will be
Holy as that which long hath crowned
the Chapel of this Tree ;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns
the sumptuous Church in Rome
Where thousands meet to worship God
under a mighty Dome :
He sees the bending multitude, He
hears the choral rites,
Yet not the less, in children's hymns
and lonely prayer, delights.

WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES.

WHAT heavenly smiles! O Lady mine
Through my very heart they shine;
And, if my brow gives back their
light.

Do thou look gladly on the sight;
As the clear Moon with modest pride
Beholds her own bright beams
Reflected from the mountain's side
And from the headlong streams.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE
SIDE.

I.

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends among the humblest
poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there
the door
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a
weight
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune's
spite
She wasted no complaint, but strove
to make
A just repayment, both for conscience-
sake
And that herself and hers should stand
upright
In the world's eye. Her work when
daylight failed
Paused not, and through the depth of
night she kept
Such earnest vigils, that belief pre-
vailed
With some, the noble Creature never
slept;
But, one by one, the hand of death
assailed
Her children from her inmost heart
bewept.

II.

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her
tears to flow
Till a winter's noon day placed her
buried Son
Before her eyes, last child of many
gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!
His very feet bright as the dazzling
snow
Which they are touching; yea, far
brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to
come, from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can
show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from
that hour
Whate'er befell she could not grieve
or pine;
But the Transfigured, in and out of
season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence
gained a power
Over material forms that mastered
reason.
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make
her thine!

III.

But why that prayer? as if to her could
come
No good but by the way that leads
to bliss
Through Death,—so judging we
should judge amiss.
Since reason failed want is her threat-
ened doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the
gloom:
Nor of those maniacs is she one that
kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice:

Dear caresses given in pity,
Sympathy that soothed his grief,
As the dying mother witnessed
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on; the Child was happy,
Like a Spirit of air she moved,
Wayward, yet by all who knew her
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions,
Bred in house, in grove, and field,
Link her with the inferior creatures,
Urge her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,
Learn how she can feel alike
Both for tiny harmless minnow
And the fierce and sharp toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling
Into anger or disdain;
Many a captive bath she rescued,
Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile;—with patience
Hear the homely truths I tell,
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple
Tolled this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains
To their echoes gave the sound,
Notice punctual as the minute,
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,
Rang alone the far-heard knell,
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed,
On that service she went forth;
Nor will fail the like to render
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the child to temper,
In her breast, unruly fire,
To control the froward impulse
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training
And a steadfast outward power
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
May become a blest example
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
Constant as a soaring lark,
Should the country need a heroine
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be
uttered
Prayer that Grace divine may raise
Her humane courageous spirit
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

YES, THOU ART FAIR.

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;
Dear Maid! this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
To feed my heart's devotion,
By laws to which all Forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

A flower how rich in sadness! Even
 thus stoops,
 (Sentient by Grecian sculpture's mar-
 vellous power)
 Thus leans, with hanging brow and
 body bent
 Earthward in uncomplaining languish-
 ment,
 The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower!
 (Tis Fancy guides me willing to be
 led,
 Though by a slender thread),
 So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine
 dew
 Of his death-wound, when he from
 innocent air
 The gentlest breath of resignation
 drew;
 While Venus in a passion of despair
 Rent, weeping over him, her golden
 hair
 Spangled with drops of that celestial
 shower.
 She suffered, as Immortals sometimes
 do;
 But pangs more lasting far *that* Lover
 knew
 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in
 some lone bower
 Did press this semblance of unpitied
 smart
 Into the service of his constant heart,
 His own dejection, downcast Flower!
 could share
 With thine, and gave the mournful
 name which thou wilt ever bear.

COMPANION TO THE FORE-
 GOING.

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray
 That fosters growth or checks or
 cheers decay,

Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more
 deprest,
 This Flower, that first appeared as
 summer's guest,
 Preserves her beauty mid autumnal
 leaves,
 And to her mournful habits fondly
 cleaves.
 When files of stateliest plants have
 ceased to bloom,
 One after one submitting to their
 doom,
 When her coevals each and all are
 fled,
 What keeps her thus reclined upon her
 lonesome bed?

The old mythologists, more im-
 pressed than we
 Of this late day by character in
 tree
 Or herb, that claimed peculiar sym-
 pathy,
 Or by the silent lapse of fountain
 clear,
 Or with the language of the viewless
 air
 By bird or beast made vocal, sought
 a cause
 To solve the mystery, not in Nature's
 laws
 But in man's fortunes. Hence a
 thousand tales
 Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian
 vales.
 Nor doubt that something of their
 spirit swayed
 The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-
 sick Maid,
 Who, while each stood companionless
 and eyed
 This undeparting Flower in crimson
 dyed,

No, passing through strange sufferings
toward the tomb,
She smiles as if a martyr's crown were
won:
Oft, when light breaks through clouds
or waving trees,
With outspread arms and fallen upon
her knees
The Mother hails in her descending
Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

FAREWELL LINES.

"HIGH bliss is only for a higher
state,"
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne
With patience merit the reward of
peace,
Peace ye deserve: and may the solid
good,
Sought by a wise though late ex-
change, and here
With bounteous hand beneath a
cottage-roof
To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
Nor for the world's best promises
renounced.
Most soothing was it for a welcome
Friend,
Fresh from the crowded city, to be-
hold
That lonely union, privacy so deep.
Such calm employments, such entire
content.
So when the rain is over, the storm
laid,
A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,
Upon a rocky islet, side by side,
Drying their feathers in the sun, at
ease;

And so, when night with grateful
gloom had fallen,
Two glow-worms in such nearness that
they shared,
As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,
Each with the other, on the dewy
ground,
Where He that made them blesses
their repose.—
When wandering among lakes and hills
I note,
Once more, those creatures thus by
nature paired.
And guarded in their tranquil state of
life.
Even as your happy presence to my
mind
Their union brought, will they repay
the debt,
And send a thankful spirit back to
you, [shall meet again.
With hope that we, dear Friends!

GLAD sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear home-
born tie;
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.
Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

You call it "Love lies bleeding,"—
so you may,
Though the red Flower, not prostrate,
only droops,
As we have seen it here from day to
day,
From month to month, life passing
not away:

Here let me gaze enrapt upon that
 eye,
 The impregnable and awe-inspiring
 fort
 Of contemplation, the calm port
 By reason fenced from winds that
 sigh
 Among the restless sails of vanity.
 But if no wish be hers that we should
 part,

A humbler bliss would satisfy my
 heart.

Where all things are so fair,
 Enough by her dear side to breathe
 the air

Of this Elysian weather;
 And, on or in, or near, the brook,
 espy

Shade upon the sunshine lying
 Faint and somewhat pensively;
 And downward Image gaily vying
 With its upright living tree
 Mid silver clouds, and openings of
 blue sky.

As soft almost and deep as her ceru-
 lean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a
 glance

Cast up the Stream or down at her
 beseeching.

To mark its eddying foam-balls
 prettily distrest

By ever-changing shape and want of
 rest;

Or watch, with mutual teaching,
 The current as it plays
 In flashing leaps and stealthy
 creeps

Adorn a rocky maze;
 Or note (translucent summer's happiest
 chance!)

In the slope-channel floored with
 pebbles bright,
 Stones of all hues, gem emulous of
 gem,
 So vivid that they take from keenest
 sight
 The liquid veil that seeks not to hide
 them.

THE TRIAD.

SHOW me the noblest Youth of present
 time,

Whose trembling fancy would to love
 give birth;

Some God or Hero, from the
 Olympian clime

Returned, to seek a Consort upon
 earth:

Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see
 The brightest star of ages yet to be.

And I will mate and match him blis-
 fully.

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
 Pure as herself—(song lacks not
 mightier power)

Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a path
 less wood.

Nor sea-nymph glistening from her
 coral bower:

Mere Mortals, bodied forth in vision
 still,

Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre
 fill

The chaster coverts of a British hill.

"Appear!—obey my lyre's com-
 mand!

Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!
 For ye, though not by birth allied,
 Are Sisters in the bond of love:
 Nor shall the tongue of envious pride

Thought of a wound which death is
slow to cure,
A fate that has endured and will en-
dure,
And, patience coveting yet passion
feeding,
Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love*
lies bleeding.

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

——Not a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
From the brook's margin, wide around,
the trees
Are steadfast as the rocks; the brook
itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the
calm
Where all things else are still and
motionless. [perchance
And yet, even now, a little breeze,
Escaped from boisterous winds that
rage without,
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that, pendent from
the brow
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence
makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe
his thoughts.

THE SIMPLON PASS.

——Brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy
Pass.
And with them did we journey several
hours

At a slow step. The immeasurable
height
Of woods decaying, never to be de-
cayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and
forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear
blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon
our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the
wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick
sight
And giddy prospect of the raving
stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of
the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and
the light—
Were all like workings of one mind,
the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one
tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity;
Of first, and last, and midst, and with-
out end.

1799.

THE LYRE.

LYRE! though such power do in thy
magic live
As might from India's farthest plain
Recall the not unwilling Maid,
Assist me to detain
The lovely Fugitive:
Check with thy notes the impulse
which, betrayed
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed
to aid.

His soul with but a *glimpse* of
 heavenly day?
 Who that hath loved thee, but would
 lay
 His strong hand on the wind, if it were
 bent
 To take thee in thy majesty away?
 —Pass onward (even the glancing
 deer
 Till we depart intrude not here;)
 That mossy slope, o'er which the wood-
 bine throws
 A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!"

Glad moment is it when the throng
 Of warblers in full concert strong
 Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout
 The lagging shower, and force coy
 Phœbus out,
 Met by the rainbow's form divine,
 Issuing from her cloudy shrine;—
 So may the thrillings of the lyre
 Prevail to further our desire,
 While to these shades a sister Nymph
 I call.

"Come, if the notes thine ear may
 pierce,

Come, youngest of the lovely Three,
 Submissive to the might of verse
 And the dear voice of harmony,
 By none more deeply felt than Thee!"
 —I sang: and lo! from pastimes
 virginal

She hastens to the tents
 Of nature, and the lonely elements.
 Air sparkles round her with a dazzling
 cheer:
 But mark her glowing cheek, her ves-
 ture green!
 Ah! as if wishful to disarm
 Or to repay the potent Charm,

She bears the stringèd lute of old
 romance,
 That cheered the trellised arbour's
 privacy,
 And soothed war-wearied knights in
 raftèred hall.
 How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!
 So tripped the Muse, inventress of the
 dance;
 So, truant in waste woods, the blithe
 Euphrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head
 Why are they ungarlanded?
 Why bedeck her temples less
 Than the simplest shepherdess?
 Is it not a brow inviting
 Choicest flowers that ever breathed,
 Which the myrtle would delight in
 With Idalian rose enwreathed?
 But her humility is well content
 With *one* wild floweret (call it not
 forlorn)

FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her
 bosom worn—
 Yet more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
 Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field
 and height!
 For She, to all but those who love her,
 shy,
 Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's
 sight;
 Though where she is beloved and
 loves.
 Light as the wheeling butterfly she
 moves:
 Her happy spirit as a bird is free.
 That rifles blossoms on a tree.
 Turning them inside out with *and*
 audacity.

Presume those interweavings to re-
 prove
 In you, which that fair progeny of
 Jove
 Learned from the tuneful spheres
 that glide
 In endless union, earth and sea
 above."
 —I sing in vain;—the pines have
 hushed their waving:
 A peerless Youth expectant at my
 side.
 Breathless as they, with unabated
 craving
 Looks to the earth, and to the vacant
 air:
 And, with a wandering eye that seems
 to chide,
 Asks of the clouds what occupants
 they hide:—
 But why solicit more than sight could
 bear,
 By casting on a moment all we dare?
 Invoke we those bright beings one by
 one;
 And what was boldly promised, truly
 shall be done.

"Fear not a constraining measure!
 —Yielding to this gentle spell,
 Lucida! from domes of pleasure,
 Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
 Come to regions solitary,
 Where the eagle builds her airy,
 Above the hermit's long-forsaken
 cell!"

—She comes!—behold
 That Figure, like a ship with snow-
 white sail!
 Fearer she draws; a breeze uplifts
 her veil;
 Upon her coming wait
 As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale

As e'er, on herbage covering earthly
 mold,
 Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
 His richest splendour—when his veer-
 ing gait
 And every motion of his starry train
 Seem governed by a strain
 Of music, audible to him alone.

"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest
 throne!

Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
 Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
 Domestic queen, where grandeur is
 unknown;

What living man could fear
 The worst of Fortune's malice, wert
 Thou near,

Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre
 meek,

That its fair flowers may from his
 cheek

Brush the too happy tear?

—Queen, and handmaid lowly!

Whose skill can speed the day with
 lively cares,

And banish melancholy

By all that mind invents or hand pre-
 pares;

O Thou, against whose lip, without
 its smile

And in its silence even, no heart is
 proof;

Whose goodness, sinking deep, would
 reconcile

The softest Nursling of a gorgeous
 palace

To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-
 roof

Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of
 Wallace—

Who that hath seen thy beauty could
 content

Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
 Wish not for a richer streak;
 Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
 But let thy love, upon that azure field
 Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
 Its homage offered up in purity.
 What would'st thou more? In sunny
 glade,
 Or under leaves of thickest shade,
 Was such a stillness e'er diffused
 Since earth grew calm while angels
 mused?
 Softly she treads, as if her foot were
 loth
 To crush the mountain dew-drops—
 soon to melt
 On the flower's breast; as if she felt
 That flowers themselves, whate'er their
 hue,
 With all their fragrance, all their glis-
 tening.
 Call to the heart for inward listening—
 And though for bridal wreaths and
 tokens true
 Welcomed wisely; though a growth
 Which the careless shepherd sleeps on
 As fitly spring from turf the mourner
 weeps on—
 And without wrong are cropped the
 marble tomb to strew.
 The charm is over; the mute Phan-
 toms gone,
 Nor will return—but droop not,
 favoured Youth;
 The apparition that before thee shone
 Obeyed a summons covetous of truth.
 From these wild rocks thy footsteps I
 will guide
 To bowers in which thy fortune may
 be tried,
 And one of the bright Three become
 thy happy Bride.

THE WISHING-GATE.

[In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the *Wishing-gate*, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.]

HOPE rules a land for ever green:
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed
 Queen
 Are confident and gay;
 Clouds at her bidding disappear;
 Points she to aught?—the bliss draws
 near,
 And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—there
 Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless
 prayer,
 And thoughts with things at strife;
 Yet how forlorn should ye depart,
 Ye superstitions of the *heart*,
 How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
 Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
 One tender claim abate;
 Witness this symbol of your sway,
 Surviving near the public way,
 The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race
 Shed kindly influence on the place,
 Ere northward they retired;
 If here a warrior left a spell,
 Panting for glory as he fell;
 Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair.
 Composed with Nature's finest care,
 And in her fondest love—
 Peace to embosom and content—
 To overawe the turbulent,
 The selfish to reprove.

Alas! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows
go!

—She stops—is fastened to that rivulet's side;

And there (while, with sedate mien,
O'er timid waters that have scarcely
left

Their birth-place in the rocky cleft
She bends) at leisure may be seen
Features to old ideal grace allied,
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—

Fit countenance for the soul of primal
truth;

The bland composure of eternal
youth!

What more changeful than the sea?

But over his great tides

Fidelity presides;

And this light-hearted Maiden constant
is as he.

High is her aim as heaven above,

And wide as ether her good-will;

And, like the lowly reed, her love

Can drink its nurture from the scantiest
rill:

Insight as keen as frosty star

's to *her* charity no bar,

Nor interrupts her frolic graces

When she is, far from these wild places,

Encircled by familiar faces.

) the charm that manners draw,

Nature, from thy genuine law!

From what her hand would do,

Her voice would utter, aught ensue

Intoward or unfit;

She, in benign affections pure,

In self-forgetfulness secure.

Sheds round the transient harm or
vague mischance

A light unknown to tutored elegance:

Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,

But her blushes are joy-flushes;

And the fault (if fault it be)

Only ministers to quicken

Laughter-loving gaiety,

And kindle sportive wit—

Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free

As if she knew that Oberon king of
Faery

Had crossed her purpose with some
quaint vagary,

And heard his viewless bands

Over their mirthful triumph clapping
hands.

"Last of the Three, though eldest
born,

Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn

Touched by the skylark's earliest note,

Ere humbler gladness be afloat.

But whether in the semblance drest

Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the
west,

Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude.

Each grief, through meekness, settling
into rest.

—Or I would hail thee when some
high-wrought page

Of a closed volume lingering in thy
hand [stand

Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful
Among the glories of a happier age."

Her brow hath opened on me—see it
there

Brightening the umbrage of her hair;

So gleams the crescent moon, that loves

To be descried, through shady groves.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
 Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
 Unknowning and unknown,
 The infection of the ground partakes,
 Longing for his Beloved—who makes
 All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious spirits fear
 The mystic stirrings that are here,
 The ancient faith disclaim?
 The local Genius ne'er befriends
 Desires whose course in folly ends,
 Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
 If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
 Here crave an easier lot;
 If some have thirsted to renew
 A broken vow, or bind a true,
 With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are
 cast
 Upon the irrevocable past.
 Some Penitent sincere
 May for a worthier future sigh,
 While trickles from his downcast eye
 No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
 From turmoil, who would turn or speed
 The current of his fate,
 Might stop before this favoured scene,
 At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
 Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how
 weak
 Is man, though loth such help to seek,
 Yet, passing, here might pause,
 And thirst for insight to allay
 Misgiving, while the crimson day
 In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell pro-
 found
 To Time's first step across the bound
 Of midnight makes reply:
 Time pressing on with starry crest,
 To filial sleep upon the breast
 Of dread eternity.

1828.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.

'Tis gone—with old belief and dream
 That round it clung, and tempting
 scheme
 Released from fear and doubt;
 And the bright landscape too must lie,
 By this blank wall, from every eye,
 Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed
 That opening—but a look ye cast
 Upon the lake below,
 What spirit-stirring power it gained
 From faith which here was entertained
 Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the
 springs
 Of history, Glory claps her wings,
 Fame sheds the exulting tear;
 Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
 Unheard of is, like this, a book
 For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought
 That grafted, on so fair a spot,
 So confident a token
 Of coming good;—the charm is fled;
 Indulgent centuries spun a thread,
 Which one harsh day has broken.

To pause at last on more aspiring
 heights
 Than these, and utter your devotion
 there
 With thunderous voice? Or are ye
 jubilant,
 And would ye, tracking your proud lord
 the Sun,
 Be present at his setting; or the pomp
 Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and
 stand
 Poising your splendours high above the
 heads
 Of worshippers kneeling to their up-
 risen God?
 Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this
 eagerness of speed?
 Speak, silent creatures.—They are
 gone, are fled,
 Buried together in yon gloomy mass
 That loads the middle heaven; and
 clear and bright
 And vacant doth the region which
 they thronged
 Appear; a calm descent of sky con-
 ducting
 Down to the unapproachable abyss,
 Down to that hidden gulf from which
 they rose
 To vanish—fleet as days and months
 and years,
 Fleet as the generations of mankind,
 Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
 The lingering world, when time hath
 ceased to be.
 But the winds roar, shaking the rooted
 trees,
 And see! a bright precursor to a train
 Perchance as numerous, overpeers the
 rock
 That sullenly refuses to partake
 Of the wild impulse. From a fount
 of life

Invisible, the long procession moves
 Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the
 vale
 Which they are entering, welcome to
 mine eye
 That sees them, to my soul that owns
 in them,
 And in the bosom of the firmament
 O'er which they move, wherein they
 are contained,
 A type of her capacious self and all
 Her restless progeny.

A humble walk
 Here is my body doomed to tread,
 this path,
 A little hoary line and faintly traced,
 Work, shall we call it, of the shep-
 herd's foot
 Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them
 both.
 I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
 Admit no bondage and my words
 have wings.
 Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid
 harp
 To accompany the verse? The
 mountain blast
 Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall
 sweep
 The rocks, and quivering trees, and
 billowy lake,
 And search the fibres of the caves,
 and they
 Shall answer, for our song is of the
 Clouds,
 And the wind loves them; and the
 gentle gales—
 Which by their aid re-clothe the naked
 lawn
 With annual verdure, and revive the
 woods,
 And moisten the parched lips of
 thirsty flowers—

Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,
Will make thee happy, happy as a child;
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns the day
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,
Must come unhopèd for, if they come again:
Know—that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
Could from sad regions send him to a dear
Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,
To mock the *wandering* Voice beside some haunted stream.

O bounty without measure! while the grace
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest springs,
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
A mazy course along familiar things,
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
With angels when their own untroubled home

They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
And those that seek His help, and for His mercy sigh.

TO THE CLOUDS.

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops
Ascending from behind the motionless brow
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,
O whither with such eagerness of speed?
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,
Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field
Contend ye with each other? of the sea
Children, thus post ye over vale and height
To sink upon your mother's lap—and rest?
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes
Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness
Of a wide army pressing on to meet
Or overtake some unknown enemy?—
But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim;
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares
Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds
Aerial, upon due migration bound
To milder climes; or rather do ye urge
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage

Glance on the conscious plumes
touched here and there?
Full surely, when with such proud
gifts of life
Began the pencil's strife,
O'erweening Art was caught as in a
snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous
wrong
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's
song;
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he
drew
A juster judgment from a calmer view;
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
Thankfully took an effort that was
meant
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love,
to vie,
Or made with hope to please that
inward eye
Which ever strives in vain itself to
satisfy,
But to recall the truth by some faint
trace
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
That in the living Creature find on
earth a place.

POOR ROBIN.*

Now when the primrose makes a
splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full
blow,
And humbler growths as moved with
one desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best
attire,

* The small wild Geranium known by that
name.

Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how
gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny
day!
And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads,
content
With a hard bed and scanty nourish-
ment,
Mixed with the green, some shine not
lacking power
To rival summer's brightest scarlet
flower;
And flowers they well might seem to
passers-by
If looked at only with a careless eye;
Flowers—or a richer produce (did it
suit [berry fruit.
The season) sprinklings of ripe straw-
But while a thousand pleasures come
unsought,
Why fix upon his wealth or want a
thought?
Is the string touched in prelude to a
lay
Of pretty fancies that would round
him play
When all the world acknowledged elfin
sway?
Or does it suit our humour to com-
mend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty
friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names
to show
Bright colours whether they deceive or
no?—
Nay, we would simply praise the free
good-will
With which, though slighted, he, on
naked hill
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to
fill;

Love them; and every idle breeze of
 air
 Bends to the favourite burthen.
 Moon and stars
 Keep their most solemn vigils when
 the Clouds
 Watch also, shifting peaceably their
 place
 Like bands of ministering Spirits, or
 when they lie,
 As if some Protean art the change
 had wrought,
 In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep
 Scattered, a Cyclades of various
 shapes
 And all degrees of beauty. O ye
 Lightnings!
 Ye are their perilous offspring; and
 the Sun—
 Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
 And type of man's far-darting reason,
 therefore
 In old time worshipped as the god of
 verse,
 A blazing intellectual deity—
 Loves his own glory in their looks, and
 showers
 Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
 Visions with all but beatific light
 Enriched—too transient were they not
 renewed
 From age to age, and did not, while
 we gaze
 In silent rapture, credulous desire
 Nourish the hope that memory lacks
 not power
 To keep the treasure unimpaired.
 Vain thought!
 Yet why repine, created as we are
 For joy and rest, albeit to find them
 only
 Lodged in the bosom of eternal
 things?

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE gentlest poet, with free thoughts
 endowed,
 And a true master of the glowing
 strain,
 Might scan the narrow province with
 disdain
 That to the Painter's skill is here
 allowed.
 This, this the Bird of Paradise! dis-
 claim
 The daring thought, forget the
 name:
 This the Sun's Bird, whom Glen-
 doves might own
 As no unworthy Partner in their
 flight
 Through seas of ether, where the
 ruffling sway
 Of nether air's rude billows is un-
 known;
 Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pas-
 time they
 Through India's spicy regions wing
 their way,
 Might bow to as their Lord. What
 character,
 O sovereign Nature! I appeal to
 thee,
 Of all thy feathered progeny
 Is so unearthly, and what shape so
 fair?
 So richly decked in variegated
 down,
 Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy
 brown,
 Tints softly with each other blended,
 Hues doubtfully begun and ended;
 Or intershooting, and to sight
 Lost and recovered, as the rays of
 light

To his own genial instincts; and was
 heard
 (Though not without some plaintive
 tones between)
 To utter, above showers of blossom
 swept
 From tossing boughs, the promise of
 a calm,
 Which the unsheltered traveller might
 receive
 With thankful spirit. The descant,
 and the wind
 That seemed to play with it in love
 or scorn, [of words
 Encouraged and endeared the strain
 That haply flowed from me, by fits
 of silence
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now,
 my Book!
 Charged with those lays, and others
 of like mood,
 Or loftier pitch if higher rose the
 theme,
 Go, single--yet aspiring to be joined
 With thy Forerunners that through
 many a year
 Have faithfully prepared each other's
 way--
 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
 When and wherever, in this changeful
 world,
 Power hath been given to please for
 higher ends
 Than pleasure only: gladdening to
 prepare
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to
 refine,
 Calming to raise: and, by a sapient
 Art
 Diffused through all the mysteries of
 our being,
~~softening the toils and pains that~~
~~do not cease~~

To cast their shadows on our mother
 Earth
 Since the primeval doom. Such is
 the grace
 Which, though unsued for, fails not
 to descend
 With heavenly inspiration: such the
 aim
 That reason dictates; and, as even,
 the wish
 Has virtue in it, why should hope to
 me
 Be wanting that sometimes, where
 fancied ills
 Harass the mind and strip from off
 the bowers
 Of private life their natural pleasant-
 ness?
 A Voice--devoted to the love whose
 seeds
 Are sown in every human breast, to
 beauty
 Lodged within compass of the hum-
 blest sight,
 To cheerful intercourse with wood and
 field,
 And sympathy with man's substantial
 griefs--
 Will, not be heard in vain! And in
 those days
 When unforeseen distress spreads far
 and wide
 Among a People mournfully cast
 down,
 Or into anger roused by venal words
 In recklessness flung out to overturn
 The judgment, and divert the general
 heart
 From mutual good--some strain of
 thine, my Book!
 Caught at propitious intervals, may
 win
 Listeners who not unwillingly admit

Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as
 now,
 Or when his tiny gems shall deck his
 brow:
 Yet more, we wish that men by men
 despised,
 And such as lift their foreheads o'er-
 prized,
 Should sometimes think, where'er
 they chance to spy
 This child of Nature's own humility,
 What recompense is kept in store or
 left
 For all that seem neglected or be-
 reft;
 With what nice care equivalents are
 given, [of Heaven.
 How just, how bountiful, the hand
March 1840.

THE GLEANER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,
 Those locks from summer's golden
 skies,
 That o'er thy brow are shed;
 That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
 That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,
 I saw; and Fancy sped
 To scenes Arcadian, whispering,
 through soft air,
 Of bliss that grows without a care,
 And happiness that never flies—
 (How can it where love never dies?)
 Whispering of promise, where no
 blight
 Can reach the innocent delight;
 Where pity, to the mind conveyed
 In pleasure, is the darkest shade
 That Time, unwrinkled grandsire,
 flings
 From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly
 face
 Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
 And mingle colours, that should
 breed
 Such rapture, nor want power to
 feed;
 For had thy charge been idle flowers,
 Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,
 To truth and sober reason blind,
 'Mid that soft air, those long-lost
 bowers,
 The sweet illusion might have hung,
 for hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of
 corn,
 That touchingly bespeaks thee born
 Life's daily tasks with them to share
 Who, whether from their lowly bed
 They rise, or rest the weary head,
 Ponder the blessing they entreat
 From Heaven, and *feel* what they
 repeat,
 While they give utterance to the
 prayer
 That asks for daily bread.
 1828.

PRELUDE,

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED
 "POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND
 LATE YEARS."

In desultory walk through orchard
 grounds,
 Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have
 I paused
 The while a Thrush, urged rather than
 restrained
 By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his
 song

To his own genial instincts; and was
 heard
 (Though not without some plaintive
 tones between)
 To utter, above showers of blossom
 swept
 From tossing boughs, the promise of
 a calm.
 Which the unsheltered traveller might
 receive
 With thankful spirit. The descendant,
 and the wind
 That seemed to play with it in love
 or scorn, [of words
 Encouraged and endeared the strain
 That haply flowed from me, by fits
 of silence
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now,
 my Book!
 Charged with those lays, and others
 of like mood,
 Or loftier pitch if higher rose the
 theme,
 Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined
 With thy Forerunners that through
 many a year
 Have faithfully prepared each other's
 way—
 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
 When and wherever, in this changeable
 world,
 Power hath been given to please for
 higher ends
 Than pleasure only; gladdening to
 prepare
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to
 refine.
 Calming to raise; and, by a sapient
 Art
 Diffused through all the mysteries of
 our Being,
 Softening the toils and pains that
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To cast their shadows on our mother
 Earth
 Since the primeval doom. Such is
 the grace
 Which, though unsued for, fails not
 to descend
 With heavenly inspiration; such the
 aim
 That reason dictates; and, as even,
 the wish
 Has virtue in it, why should hope to
 me
 Be wanting that sometimes, where
 fancied ills
 Harass the mind and strip from off
 the bowers
 Of private life their natural pleasant-
 ness?
 A Voice—devoted to the love whose
 seeds
 Are sown in every human breast, to
 beauty
 Lodged within compass of the hum-
 blest sight,
 To cheerful intercourse with wood and
 field,
 And sympathy with man's substantial
 griefs—
 Will not be heard in vain! And in
 those days
 When unforeseen distress spreads far
 and wide
 Among a People mournfully cast
 down,
 Or into anger roused by venal words
 In recklessness flung out to overturn
 The judgment, and divert the general
 heart
 From mutual good—some strain of
 thine, my Book!
 Caught at propitious intervals, may
 win
 Listeners who not unwillingly admit

Kindly emotion tending to console
And reconcile; and both with young
and old

Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
For benefits that still survive, by faith
In progress, under laws divine, main-
tained.

Rydal Mount, March 26, 1842.

GRACE DARLING.

Among the dwellers in the silent
fields

The natural heart is touched, and
In public way
And crowded street resound with
ballad strains,

Inspired by ONE whose very name
bespeaks

Favour divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth on bleak
Northumbria's coast,

Known unto few but prized as far as
known,

A single Act endears to high and low
Through the whole land—to Man-

hood, moved in spite of
Of the world's freezing cares—to

generous Youth—to
To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to

Age,
Whose eye reflects it, glistening
through a tear

Of tremulous admiration. Such true
fame

Awaits her now; but, verily, good
deeds

Do no imperishable record find.
Save in the rolls of heaven, where
hers may live

A theme for angels, when they cele-
brate
wo.

The high-souled virtues which forget-
ful earth

Has witness'd. Oh! that winds and
waves could speak

Of things which their united power
called forth

From the pure depths of her
humanity!

A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching, as the Light-
house reared

On the Island-rock, her lonely dwell-
ing-place;

Or like the invincible Rock itself that
braves,

Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor
ceased, nor paused,

When, as day broke, the Maid,
through misty air,

Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous
isles—

Half of a Vessel, half—no more;
the rest

Had vanished, swallowed up with all
that there

Had for the common safety striven
in vain,

Or thither thronged for refuge. With
quick glance

Daughter and Siré through optic-glass
discern,

Clinging about the remnant of this
Ship,

Creatures—how precious in the
Maiden's sight!

For whom, belike, the old Man grieves
still more

Than for their fellow-sufferers en-
gulfed

Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further
strife.

"But courage, Father! let us out to
sea—

A few may yet be saved." The
Daughter's words,

Her earnest tone, and look beaming
with faith,

Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do
they lack

The noble-minded Mother's helping
hand

To launch the boat; and with her
blessing cheered,

And inwardly sustained by silent
prayer

Together they put forth, Father and
Child!

Each grasps an oar, and struggling on
they go—

Rivals in effort; and, alike intent

Here to elude and there surmount,
they watch

The billows lengthening, mutually
crossed.

And shattered, and re-gathering their
might;

As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
Were, in the conscious sea, roused
and prolonged.

That woman's fortitude—so tried, so
proved—

May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,

They stem the current of that perilous
gorge,

Their arms still strengthening with
the strengthening heart,

Though danger, as the Wreck is
near'd, becomes

More imminent. Not unseen do they
approach;

And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the
frames

Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least
perturbed

Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he
perceives

That of the pair—tossed on the waves
to bring

Hope to the hopeless, to the dying,
life—

One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, the Visitant other than she
seems,

A guardian Spirit sent from pitying
Heaven,

In woman's shape. But why prolong
the tale,

Casting weak words amid a host of
thoughts

Aimed to repel them? Every hazard
faced

And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left
to perish,

This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the
deep

Are safely borne, landed upon the
beach,

And, in fulfilment of God's mercy,
lodged

Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—
Shout, ye Waves!

Send forth a song of triumph. Waves
and Winds,

Exult in this deliverance wrought
through faith

In Him whose Providence your rage
hath served!

Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the con-
cert join!

Kindly emotion tending to console
 And reconcile; and both with young
 and old
 Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
 For benefits that still survive, by faith
 In progress, under laws divine, main-
 tained.

Rydal Mount, March 26, 1842.

GRACE DARLING.

AMONG the dwellers in the silent
 fields
 The natural heart is touched, and
 public way
 And crowded street resound with
 ballad strains,

Inspired by ONE whose very name
 bespeaks

Favour divine, exalting human love;
 Whom, since her birth on bleak
 Northumbria's coast,

Known unto few but prized as far as
 known,

A single Act endears to high and low
 Through the whole land—to Man-
 hood, moved in spite

Of the world's freezing cares—to
 generous Youth—

To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to
 Age,

Whose eye reflects it, glistening
 through a tear

Of tremulous admiration. Such true
 fame

Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good
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Do no imperishable record find—

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Of things which their united power
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From the pure depths of her
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 Firm and unflinching, as the Light-
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On the Island-rock, her lonely dwell-
 ing-place;

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 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

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When, as day broke, the Maid,
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Half of a Vessel, half—no more;
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Or thither thronged for refuge. With
 quick glance

Daughter and Sire through optic-glass
 discern,

Clinging about the remnant of this
 Ship,

Creatures—how precious in the
 Maiden's sight!

For whom, belike, the old Man grieves
 still more

Than for their fellow-sufferers en-
 gulfed

Yon snow-white torrent-fall, phumbl
 down it drops
 Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
 Lulling the leisure of that high
 perched town.
 AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
 Its neighbour and its namesake—town
 and flood
 Forth flashing out of its own gloomy
 chasm
 Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of
 this lawn
 Strewn with gray rocks, and on the
 horizon's verge.
 O'er intervenient waste, through glim-
 mering haze,
 Unquestionably kenned, that cone-
 shaped hill
 With fractured summit, no indifferent
 sight
 To travellers, from such comforts as
 are thine,
 Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy—
 These are before me; and the varied—
 scene
 May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry
 heat
 Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
 Passive yet pleased. What! with this
 Broom in flower
 Close at my side! She bids me fly to
 greet
 Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
 With golden blossoms opening at the
 feet
 Of my own Fairfield. The glad greet-
 ing given,
 Given with a voice and by a look
 returned
 Of old companionship, Time counts
 not minutes
 Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar
 fields,

The local Genius hurries me aloft,
 Transported over that cloud-wooling
 hill,
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the
 clouds,
 With dream-like smoothness, to Hei-
 velyn's top,
 There to alight upon crisp moss, and
 range
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step.
 Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudi-
 nous
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer)
 hills
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake
 and plains,
 And prospect right below of deep
 coves shaped
 By skeleton arms, that, from the moun-
 tain's trunk
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual
 moan
 Struggling for liberty, while undis-
 mayed
 The shepherd struggles with them.
 Onward thence
 And downward by the skirt of Green-
 side fell
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low
 Glencoign,
 Places forsaken now, though loving still
 The muses, as they loved them in the
 days
 Of the old minstrels and the border
 bards.—
 But here am I fast bound; and let it
 pass,
 The simple rapture;—who that travels
 far
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes
 could share
 Or wish to share it?—One there surely
 was,

And would that some immortal Voice
 —a Voice
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
 Breathes out from floor or couch,
 through pallid lips [bear—
 Of the survivors—to the clouds might
 Blended with praise of that parental love,
 Beneath whose watchful eye the
 Maiden grew

Pious and pure, modest and yet so
 brave,
 Though young so wise, though meek
 so resolute—
 Might carry to the clouds and to the
 stars,
 Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DAR-
 LING's name!
 1842.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

1837.

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

COMPANION! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
 In whose experience trusting, day by day
 Treasures I gained with zeal that neither
 feared
 The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
 RYDAL MOUNT, Feb. 14th, 1842.

These records take: and happy should I be
 Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
 For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
 And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
 Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

I.

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

APRIL, 1837.

YE Apennines! with all your fertile
 vales
 Deeply embosomed, and your winding
 shores
 Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
 A Mountaineer by habit, would re-
 sound

Your praise, in meet accordance with
 your claims
 Bestowed by Nature, or from man's
 great deeds
 Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—
 it fled
 Like vapour, like a towering cloud,
 dissolved.
 Not, therefore, shall my mind give way
 to sadness;—

For what thus far hath blessed my
 wanderings, thanks
 Fervent but humble as the lips can
 breathe
 Where gladness seems a duty—let me
 guard
 Those seeds of expectation which the
 fruit
 Already gathered in this favoured Land
 Enfolds within its core. The faith be
 mine,
 That He who guides and governs all,
 approves
 When gratitude, though disciplined to
 look
 Beyond these transient spheres, doth
 wear a crown
 Of earthly hope put on with trembling
 hand;
 Nor is least pleased, we trust, when
 golden beams,
 Reflected through the mists of age,
 from hours
 Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
 Shoot but a little way—'tis all they
 can—
 Into the doubtful future. Who would
 keep
 Power must resolve to cleave to it
 through life.
 Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
 Saints would not grieve nor guardian
 angels frown
 If one—while tossed, as was my lot to
 be,
 In a frail bark urged by two slender
 oars
 Over waves rough and deep, that,
 when they broke,
 Dashed their white foam against the
 palace walls
 Of Genoa the superb—should there be
 let

To meditate upon his own appointed
 tasks,
 However humble in themselves, with
 thoughts
 Raised and sustained by memory of
 Him
 Who oftentimes within those narrow
 bounds
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his
 spirit's strength
 and grasp of purpose, long ere sailed
 his ship
 To lay a new world open.
 Nor less prized
 By those impressions which incline the
 heart
 To mild, to lowly, and to seeming
 weak.
 Bend that way her desires. The dew,
 the storm—
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle
 drops
 On the small hyssop destined to be-
 come,
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
 A purifying instrument—the storm
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's
 top,
 And as it shook, enabling the blind
 roots
 Further to force their way, endowed
 its trunk
 With magnitude and strength fit to
 uphold
 The glorious temple—did alike proceed
 From the same gracious will, were
 both an offspring
 Of bounty infinite.
 Between Powers that aim
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, im-
 pelled
 By no profane ambition, Powers that

"The Wizard of the North," with
 anxious hope
 Brought to this genial climate, when
 disease
 Preyed upon body and mind—yet not
 the less
 Had his sunk eye kindled at those
 dear words
 That spake of bards and minstrels;
 and his spirit
 Had flown with mine to old Helvel-
 lyn's brow
 Where once together, in his day of
 strength,
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were
 free
 From sorrow, like the sky above our
 heads.

Years followed years, and when,
 upon the eve
 Of his last going from Tweed-side,
 thought turned,
 Or by another's sympathy was led,
 To this bright land, Hope was for him
 no friend,
 Knowledge no help: Imagination
 shaped
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-
 deep seats,
 Survives for me, and cannot but sur-
 vive
 The tone of voice which wedded
 borrowed words
 To sadness not their own, when, with
 faint smile
 Forced by intent to take from speech
 its edge.
 He said, "When I am there, although
 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow." Prophecy
 More than fulfilled, as gay Cam-
 pania's shores

Soon witnessed, and the city of seven
 hills,
 Her sparkling fountains, and her
 mouldering tombs;
 And more than all, that Eminence
 which showed
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the
 while he stood
 A few short steps (painful they were)
 apart
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and re-
 tired grave.

Peace to their Spirits! why should
 Poesy
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and
 hover
 In gloom on wings with confidence
 outspread
 To move in sunshine!—Utter thanks,
 my Soul!
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by
 compassion
 For them who in the shades of sorrow
 dwell
 That I—so near the term to human
 life
 Appointed by man's common heritage,
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
 Deserve a thought) but little known to
 fame—
 Am free to rove where Nature's love-
 liest looks,
 Art's noblest relics, History's rich
 bequests,
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly
 cheered
 The whole world's Darling—free to
 rove at will
 O'er high and low, and if requiring
 rest,
 Rest from enjoyment only.
 Thanks poured forth

Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps
Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with
care

Those images of genial beauty, oft
Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
But by reflection made so, which do
best

And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths

Life's cup when almost filled with
years, like mine.

—How lovely robed in forenoon light
and shade,

Each ministering to each, didst thou
appear

Savona, Queen of territory fair

As aught that marvellous coast thro'
all its length

Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds

As a selected treasure thy one cliff.

That, while it wore for melancholy crest
A shattered Convent, yet rose proud
to have

Clinging to its steep sides a thousand
herbs

And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave
proof how kind

The breath of air can be where earth
had else

Seemed churlish. And behold, both
far and near,

Garden and field all decked with
orange bloom,

And peach and citron, in Spring's
mildest breeze

Expanding: and, along the smooth
shore curved,

Into a natural port, a tideless sea,
To that mild breeze with motion and
with voice

Softly responsive: and, attuned to all.
Those vernal charms of sight and
sound, appeared

Smooth space of turf which from the
guardian fort

Slope! seaward, turf whose tender
April green.

In coolest climes too fugitive, might
even here

Plead with the sovereign Sun for
longer stay

Than his unmitigated beams allow.

Nor plead in vain, if beauty could
preserve,

From mortal change, aught that is
born on earth

Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink
Of that high Convent crested cliff I
stood,

Modest Savona! over all did brood

A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,

Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sun-
shine, bright—

Thy gentle Chiabrera!—not a stone.

Mural or level with the trodden floor,

In Church or Chapel, if my curious
quest

Missed not the truth, retains a single
name

Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or
sage.

To whose dear memories his sepul-
chral verse

Paid simple tribute, such as might
have flowed

From the clear spring of a plain
English heart.

Say rather, one in native fellowship

With all who want not skill to couple
grief

With praise, as genuine admiration
prompts.

By conflict, and their opposites, that
 trust
 In lowliness—a midway tract there lies
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every
 mind
 Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-
 aged, and Old,
 From century on to century, must have
 known
 The emotion—nay, more fitly were it
 said—
 The blest tranquillity that sunk so
 deep
 Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
 In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth
 floor
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral
 slabs,
 And through each window's open fret-
 work looked
 O'er the blank Area of sacred earth
 Fetched from Mount Calvary, or
 haply delved
 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's
 tomb,
 By hands of men, humble as brave,
 who fought
 For its deliverance—a capacious field
 That to descendants of the dead it
 holds
 And to all living mute memento
 breathes,
 More touching far than aught which on
 the walls
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can
 speak,
 Of the changed City's long-departed
 power,
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as
 they are,
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
 And, high above that length of clois-
 tral roof,

Peering in air, and backed by azure
 sky,
 To kindred contemplations ministers
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which
 swells
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the
 train
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-
 tower.
 Nor less remuneration waits on him
 Who having left the Cemetery stands
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and
 fall
 Admonished not without some sense of
 fear,
 Fear that soon vanishes before the
 sight
 Of splendour unextinguished. pomp
 unscathed,
 And beauty unimpaired. Grand in
 itself,
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand
 and fair
 To view, and for the mind's consenting
 eye
 A type of age in man, upon its front
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evi-
 dence
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
 Struggling against the stream of des-
 tiny,
 But with its peaceful majesty content.
 —Oh what a spectacle at every turn
 The Place unfolds, from pavement
 skinned with moss,
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the
 heaviest foot
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly
 tread;
 Where Solitude with Silence paired
 stops short

Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a
glimpse

Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms
convened

For safety, they of yore enclasped the
Cross

On knees that ceased from trembling,
or intoned

Their orisons with voices half-sup-
pressed.

But sometimes heard, or fancied to be
heard.

Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,
Into that vault receive me from whose
depth

Issues, revealed in no presumptuous
vision,

Albeit lifting human to divine,
A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic
Keys

Grasped in his hand; and lo! with
upright sword

Prefiguring his own impendent doom,
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both
prepared

To suffer pains with heathen scorn and
hate

Inflicted:—blessed Men, for so to
Heaven

They follow their dear Lord!

Time flows—nor winds,
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his
course,

But many a benefit borne upon his
breast

For human-kind sinks out of sight, is
gone,

No one knows how; nor seldom is put
forth

An angry arm that snatches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The
Stream

Has to our generation brought and
brings

Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full
surely

To a chilled age, most pitiaably shut
out

From that which *is* and actuates, by
forms,

Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to
fact

Minutely linked with diligence un-
spired,

Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is
doomed

Science, wide-spread and spreading
still as be

Her conquests, in the world of sense
made known.

So with the internal mind it farès; and
so

With morals, trusting, in contempt or
fear

Of vital principle's controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency;
and so

Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it
and must,

Else more and more the general mind
will droop,

Even as if bent on perishing. There
lives

No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal
demands,

For dignity not placed beyond her
reach,

Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us from
the mire,

The grief, the praise, are severed from
 their dust,
 Yet in his page the records of that
 worth
 Survive, uninjured;—glory then to
 words,
 Honour to word-preserving Arts, and
 hail
 Ye kindred local influences that still,
 If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
 Await my steps when they the breezy
 height
 Shall range of philosophic Tusculum;
 Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish
 To meet the shade of Horace by the
 side
 Of his Bandusian fount; or I invoke
 His presence to point out the spot
 where once
 He sate, and eulogised with earnest
 pen
 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate
 desires;
 And all the immunities of rural life
 Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling
 fane.
 Or let me loiter, soothed with what is
 given
 Nor asking more, on that delicious
 Bay.
 Parthenope's Domain — Virgilian
 haunt,
 Illustrated with never-dying verse,
 And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded
 tomb,
 Age after age to Pilgrims from all
 lands
 Endeared.
 And who—if not a man as cold
 In heart as dull in brain—while pacing
 ground,
 Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards,
 high minds
 wo.

Out of her early struggles well inspired
 To localise heroic acts—could look
 Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
 Though even to their last syllable the
 Lays
 And very names of those who gave
 them birth
 Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost
 depth.
 Imagination feels what Reason fears
 not
 To recognise, the lasting virtue lodged
 In those bold fictions that, by deeds
 assigned
 To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
 And others like in fame, created
 Powers
 With attributes from history derived,
 By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
 Through marvellous felicity of skill,
 With something more propitious to
 high aims
 Than either, pent within her separate
 sphere,
 Can oft with justice claim.
 And not disdaining
 Union with those primeval energies
 To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from
 your height
 Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's
 call
 Descend, and, on the brow of ancient
 Rome
 As she survives in ruin, manifest
 Your glories mingled with the brightest
 hues
 Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
 But never to be extinct while Earth
 endures.
 O come, if undishonoured by the
 prayer,
 From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for
 my feet,

The Traveller's expectation?—Could
our Will

Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere
done

Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves
wandering on.

Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-
taught skill.

Full oft, our wish obtain'd, deeply we
sigh ; [learn,

Yet not unrecompensed are they who
From that depression raised, to mount
on high

With stronger wing, more clearly to
discern

Eternal things ; and, if need be, defy
Change, with a brow not insolent,
though stern.

IV.

AT ROME.—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO
NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HIS-
TORIANS.

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the
stock

Of History, stript naked as a rock

'Mid a dry desert? What is ^{it} —
hear?

The glory of Infant Rome must ^{also} to
Her morning splendours vanish, and
their place

Know them no more. If Truth, who
veiled her face [must steer
With those bright beams yet hid it not,
Henceforth a humbler course per-
plexed and slow ;

One solace yet remains for us who came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we
know

How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

V.

CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet
the same

Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it
came.

Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have
dared

Such deeds to paint, such characters to
frame,

But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest
claim.

None but a noble people could have
loved

Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-
minded style :

Not in like sort the Runic Scald was
moved ;

He, nurs'd 'mid savage passions that
defile

Humanity, sang feats that well might
call

For the bloodthirsty mead of Odin's
riotous Hall.

Sumer-

or

VI.

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler un-
wise,

Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's
envious tooth

Has spared of sound and grave
realities,

Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries.
Dear as they are to unsuspecting
Youth.

That might have drawn down Clio
from the skies

To vindicate the majesty of truth.

And liberate our hearts from low
pursuits.
By gross Utilities enslaved we need
More of ennobling impulse from the
past,
If to the future aught of good must
come
Sounder and therefore holier than the
ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-
applause,
We covet as supreme. Oh, grant the
crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his
treacherous staff
From Knowledge!—If the Muse,
whom I have served
This day, be mistress of a single
pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;
Then, not in vain, under these chest-
nut boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my
soul
To transports from the secondary
founts
Flowing of time and place, and paid to
both
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have
striven,
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine
in verse
Accordant meditations, which in times
Vexed and disordered, as our own,
may shed
Influence, at least among a scattered
few,
To soberness of mind and peace of
heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath
been
This flowering broom's dear neighbour-
hood, the light

And murmur issuing from yon pendent
flood,
And all the varied landscape. Let us
now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent
Rome

II.

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the
tie
That bound it to its native earth—
poised high
Mid evening hues, along the horizon
line, [shine.
Striving in peace each other to out-
But when I learned the Tree was living
there,
Saved from the sordid axe by Beau-
mont's care,
Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so
bright
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts
of home,
Death-parted friends, and days too
swift in flight,
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian
Height)
Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting
Dome.

III.

AT ROME.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitoline Hill?
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful
Rock,
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping
still
That name—a local Phantom proud to
mock

Thanks to our Lady's grace." I
 smiled to hear,
 But not in scorn :—the Matron's Faith
 may lack
 The heavenly sanction needed to
 ensure
 Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward
 track
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants
 the lure
 Of flowers the Virgin without fear may
 own,
 For by her Son's blest hand the seed
 was sown.

X.

NEAR Anio's stream, I spied a gentle
 Dove
 Perched on an olive branch, and heard
 her cooing
 Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs
 were wooing,
 While all things present told of joy
 and love.
 But restless Fancy left that olive
 grove
 To hail the exploratory Bird re-
 newing
 Hope for the few, who, at the world's
 undoing,
 On the great flood were spared to live
 and move.
 O bounteous Heaven; signs true as
 dove and bough
 Brought to the ark are coming ever-
 more,
 Given though we seek them not, but,
 while we plough
 This sea of life without a visible
 shore.
 Do neither promise ask nor grace
 implore
 In what alone is ours, the living Now.

XI.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING
 TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these
 deep sighs,
 Heaved less for thy bright plains and
 hills bestrown
 With monuments decayed or over-
 thrown,
 For all that tottering stands or pros-
 trate lies,
 Than for like scenes in moral vision
 shown.
 Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
 Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds,
 her gaudy crown;
 Virtues laid low, and mouldering
 energies.
 Ye: why prolong this mournful
 strain?—Fallen Power
 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might
 provoke
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of the
 hour
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy
 double yoke,
 And enter, with prompt aid from the
 Most High,
 On the third stage of thy great destiny.

XII.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENT.

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to
 conflict came,
 An earthquake, mingling with the
 battle's shock,
 Checked not its rage; unfelt the
 ground did rock,
 Sword dropped not, javelin kept its
 deadly aim.—

Such was her office while she walked
 with men,
 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her
 Sire,
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme
 might be
 Revered her mother, sage Mnemosyne,
 And taught her faithful servants how
 the lyre
 Should animate, but not mislead, the
 pen.

VII.

AT ROME.

THEY—who have seen the noble
 Roman's scorn
 Break forth at thought of laying down
 his head,
 When the blank day is over, garreted
 In his ancestral palace, where, from
 morn
 To night, the desecrated floors are
 worn
 By feet of purse-proud strangers; they
 —who have read
 In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's
 shed,
 How patiently the weight of wrong is
 borne;
 They—who have heard some learned
 Patriot treat
 Of freedom, with mind grasping the
 whole theme
 From ancient Rome, downwards
 through that bright dream
 Of Commonwealths, each city a star-
 like seat
 Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
 Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of
 Thee!

VIII.

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S.

LONG has the dew been dried on tree
 and lawn;
 O'er man and beast a not unwelcome
 boon
 Is shed, the languor of approaching
 noon;
 To shady rest withdrawing or with-
 drawn
 Mute are all creatures, as this couchant
 fawn,
 Save insect-swarms that hum in air
 afloat, [note,
 Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill
 Startling and shrill as that which
 roused the dawn.
 —Heard in that hour, or when, as
 now, the nerve
 Shrinks from the note as from a mis-
 timed thing,
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
 Charged with remembrance of *his*
 sudden sting,
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal
 Chair
 And yon resplendent Church are proud
 to bear.

IX.

AT ALBANO.

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would
 not clear
 His head from mist; and, as the wind
 sobbed through
 Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,
 My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear
 Found casual vent. She said, "Be of
 good cheer;
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue
 In vain; the sky will change to sunny,
 blue,

Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,
The lightsome Olive's twinkling
canopy—

Oft have I heard the Nightingale and
Thrush

Blending as in a common English
grove

Their love-songs; but, where'er my
feet might roam.

Whate'er assemblages of new and old,
Strange and familiar, might beguile the
way,

A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
Was wanting;—and most happily till
now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-
famed Pile,
High on the brink of that precipitous
rock.

Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedi-
ence,

By a few Monks, a stern society,
Dead to the world and scorning earth-
born joys.

Nay—though the hopes that drew,
the fears that drove

St. Francis, far from Man's resort,
to abide

Among these sterile heights of Apen-
nine.

Bound him, nor, since he raised yon
House, have ceased

To bind his spiritual Progeny, with
rules

Stringent as flesh can tolerate and
live:

His milder Genius (thanks to the good
God

That made us) over those severe re-
straints

Of mind, that dread heart-freezing dis-
cipline,

Doth sometimes here predominate,
and works

By unsought means for gracious pur-
poses:

For earth, through heaven, for heaven,
by changeful earth.

Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the
power of sense,

Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed
heart

Of that once sinful Being overflowed
On sun, moon, stars, the nether
elements,

And every shape of creature they
sustain.

Divine affections: and with beast and
bird

(Stilled from afar—such marvel story
tells—

By casual outbreak of his passionate
words.

And from their own pursuits in field
or grove

Drawn to his side by look or act of
love

Humane, and virtue of his innocent
life)

He went to hold companionship so
free.

So pure, so fraught with knowledge
and delight,

As to be likened in his Followers'
minds

To that which our first Parents, ere
the fall

From their high state darkened the
Earth with fear,

Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful
bowers.

Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that
day's shame,
Or glory, not a vestige seems to
endure,
Save in this Rill that took from blood
the name *

Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as
crystal pure.

So may all trace and sign of deeds
aloof

From the true guidance of humanity,
Through Time and Nature's influence,
purify

Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all,
on ground

That gave them being, vanish to a
sound.

XIII.

NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

For action born, existing to be tried,
Powers manifold we have that inter-
vene

To stir the heart that would, too
closely screen

Her peace from images to pain allied.
What wonder if at midnight by the side

Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymene,
The clang of arms is heard, and phan-
toms glide,

Unhappy ghosts in troops by moon-
light seen;

And singly thine, O vanquished Chief!
whose corse,

Unburied, lay hid under heaps of
slain:

But who is He?—the Conqueror.
Would he force

His way to Rome? Ah, no, round hill
and plain

Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong
command,
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in
his hand.

XIV.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 25TH, 1837.

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo—Oh, with
what delight

Heard I that voice! and catch it now,
though faint,

Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!

Those louder cries give notice that
the Bird,

Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks,
happy Creature,

For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured

From vale to hill, from hill to vale led
on,

We have pursued, through various
lands, a long

And pleasant course; flower after
flower has blown,

Embellishing the ground that gave
them birth

With aspects novel to my sight; but
still

Most fair, most welcome, when they
drank the dew

In a sweet fellowship with kinds
beloved,

For old remembrance sake. And oft
—where Spring

Display'd her richest blossoms among
files

Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing
fruit

Ripe for the hand, or under a thick
shade

* Sanguinetto.

Grants to thy mission a brief term of
 silence,
 And folds thy pinions up in blest
 repose.

XV.

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came
 bereft,
 And seeking consolation from above;
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him
 was left
 To paint this picture of his lady-love:
 Can she, a blessed saint, the work
 approve?
 And O, good Brethren of the cowl,
 a thing
 So fair, to which with peril he must
 cling,
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
 That bloom—those eyes—can they
 assist to bind
 Thoughts that would stray from
 Heaven! The dream must cease
 To be, by Faith, not sight, his soul
 must live
 Else will the enamoured Monk too
 surely find
 How wide a space can part from
 inward peace
 The most profound repose his cell can
 give.

XVI.

CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
 And stirring interests shunned with
 desperate flight,
 All trust abandoned in the healing
 might
 Of virtuous action: all that courage
 dares,

Labour accomplishes, or patience
 bears—
 Those helps rejected, they, whose
 minds perceive
 How subtly works man's weakness,
 sighs may heave
 For such a One beset with cloistral
 snares.
 Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
 If with his vows this object ill agree.
 Shed over it thy grace, and thus
 subdue
 Imperious passion in a heart set
 free:—
 That earthly love may to herself be
 true,
 Give him a soul that cleaveth unto
 Thee.

XVII.

AT THE EREMITES OR UPPER CONVENT
 OF CAMALDOLI.

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of
 Monks, in size
 Enormous, dragged, while side by side
 they sate,
 By panting steers up to this convent
 gate?
 How, with empurpled cheeks and pam-
 pered eyes,
 Dare they confront the lean austerities
 Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu
 wait
 In sackcloth, and God's anger de-
 precate
 Through all that humbles flesh and
 mortifies?
 Strange contrast!—verily the world of
 dreams,
 Where mingle, as for mockery com-
 bined,

Then question not that, 'mid the
 austere Band,
 Who breathe the air he breathed,
 tread where he trod,
 Some true Partakers of his loving
 spirit
 Do still survive, and, with those gentle
 hearts
 Consorted, Others, in the power, the
 faith,
 Of a baptized imagination, prompt
 To catch from Nature's humblest
 monitors
 Whate'er they bring of impulses sub-
 lime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk,
 though pale
 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed
 by years,
 Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to
 see
 Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted
 trunk,
 Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward
 raised,
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he
 wore
 Appended to his bosom, and lips
 closed
 By the joint pressure of his musing
 mood
 And habit of his vow. That ancient
 Man—
 Nor haply less the Brother whom I
 marked,
 As we approached the Convent gate,
 aloft
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
 A young Ascetic, Poet, Hero, Sage,
 He might have been, Lover belike he
 was—
 If they received into a conscious ear

The notes whose first faint greeting
 startled me,
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with
 joy
 My heart—may have been moved like
 me to think,
 Ah! not like me who walk in the
 world's ways,
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice*
of One
Crying amid the Wilderness, and
 given,
 Now that their snows must melt, their
 herbs and flowers
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass
 away,
 That awful name to Thee, thee,
 simple Cuckoo,
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou
 leave
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian
 skies
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights
 Still loftier, and to climes more near
 the Pole.

Voice of the desert, fare-thee-well;
 sweet Bird!
 If that substantial title please thee
 more,
 Farewell!—but go thy way, no need
 hast thou
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from
 bower
 To bower as green, from sky to sky
 as clear.
 Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that
 meet
 Thy course and sport around thee
 softly fan—
 Till Night, descending upon hill and
 vale.

For he and he only with wisdom is blest
 Who, gathering true pleasures where-
 ever they grow,
 Looks up in all places, for joy or for
 rest.
 To the Fountain whence Time and
 Eternity flow.

XIX.

AT FLORENCE.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,
 The dome of Florence, pensive and
 alone, [the while,
 Nor giving heed to aught that passed
 I stood, and gazed upon a marble
 stone.
 The laurell'd Dante's favourite seat.
 A throne,
 In just esteem, it rivals: though no style
 Be there of decoration to beguile
 The mind, depressed by thought of
 greatness flown.
 As a true man, who long had served
 the lyre, [more.
 I gazed with earnestness, and dared no
 But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
 A Patriot's heart, warm with undying
 fire.
 Bold with the thought, I part from
 I sat down,
 And, for a moment, filled that empty

XX.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST,
 BY RAPHAEL. IN THE GALLERY AT
 FLORENCE.

THE Baptist might have been ordain'd
 to cry
 Forth from the towers of that huge
 Pile, wherein
 His Father served Jehovah; but how
 vain

Due audience, how for ought but scorn
 defy
 The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
 Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
 And folly, if they with united din
 Drown not at once mandate and
 prophecy?

Therefore the Voice spake from the
 Desert, thence
 To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
 Silence, and holiness, and innocence.
 To Her and to all Lands its warning
 sent,
 Crying with earnestness that might not
 cease.
 "Make straight a highway for the
 Lord—repent!"

XXI.

AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL
 ANGELO.

RAPT above earth by power of one
 fair face,
 Hers in whose sway alone my heart
 delights,
 I mingle with the blest on those pure
 heights
 — Man, yet mortal, rarely finds
 By a place.
 With Him who made the Work that
 Work accords
 So well, that by its help and through
 his grace
 I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds
 and words.
 Clasp her beauty in my soul's
 embrace.
 Thus, if from two fair eyes mine
 cannot turn,
 I feel how in their presence doth abide
 Light which to God is both the way
 and guide;
 And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,

Things in their very essences at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous as the
 extremes [ful mind,
That everywhere, before the thought-
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.

XVIII.

AT VALLOMBROSA.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower,--PARADISE LOST.

"VALLOMBROSA--I longed in thy
shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-
covered floor!"

Fond wish that was granted at last,
and the Flood.

That lulled me asleep, bids me listen
once more. [the steep.

Its murmur how soft! as it falls down
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Re-
treat high in air—

Where our Milton was wont lonely
vigils to keep

For converse with God, sought
through study and prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition
with pride,

And its truth who shall doubt? for
his Spirit is here;

In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her
grandeur abide,

In the pines pointing heavenward her
beauty austere ;

In the flower-besprent meadows his
genius we trace

Turned to humbler delights, in which
youth might confide.

That would yield him fit help while
prefiguring that Place

Where, if Sin had not entered, Love
never had died.

When with life lengthened out came
a desolate time,

And darkness and danger had compassed him round,

With a thought he would flee to these
haunts of his prime,

And here once again a kind shelter be
found.

And let me believe that when nightly
the Muse

Did waft him to Sion, the glorified
hill.

Here also, on some favoured height,
he would choose

To wander, and drink inspiration at
will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in
the page

Of that holiest of Bards, and the name
for my mind

Had a musical charm, which the
winter of age

And the changes it brings had no
power to unbind.

And now, ye Miltonian shades! under
you

I repose, nor am forced from sweet
fancy to part,

While your leaves I behold and the
brooks they will strew,

And the realised vision is clasped to
my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as
we may

In Forms that must perish, frail
objects of sense ;

Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on
the day

When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence..

XXV.

AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with
 joy; how few,
 Whose souls take pride in freedom,
 virtue, fame.
 Part from thee without pity dyed in
 shame:
 I could not—while from Venice we
 withdrew, [our view
 Led on till an Alpine strait confined
 Within its depths, and to the shore
 we came
 Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and
 name,
 Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder
 colouring threw.
 Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
 (Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid
 lake) [creep?—
 Shall a few partial breezes only
 Be its depths quicken'd; what thou
 dost inherit
 Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil;
 awake, [sleep!
 Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like

XXVI.

CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my
 tongue [agree
 Spake bitter words; words that did ill
 With those rich stores of Nature's
 imagery,
 And divine Art, that fast to memory
 clung— [young
 Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever
 In the sun's eye, and in his sister's
 sight
 How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
 In strains of rapture, or subdued
 delight!

I feign not; witness that unwelcome
 shock
 That followed the first sound of
 German speech,
 Caught the far-winding barrier Alps
 among.
 In that announcement, greeting
 seemed to mock
 Parting; the casual word had power
 to reach
 My heart, and filled that heart with
 conflict strong.

XXVII.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING,
 1838.

Ir with old love of you, dear Hills!
 I share
 New love of many a rival image
 brought
 From far, forgive the wanderings of
 my thought:
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May!
 when I compare
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last,
 so fair,
 So rich to me in favours. For my
 lot
 Then was, within the famed Egerian
 Grot
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy
 air
 Mingling with thy soft breath! That
 morning too,
 Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming
 Amid the sunny, shadowy Coliseum;
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of
 saddening hue,
 For victories there won by flower-
 crowned Spring,
 Chant in full choir their innocent Te
 Deum.

My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory
shines for aye.

XXII.

AT FLORENCE.—FROM M. ANGELO.

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous
load,
And loosened from the world, I turn
to Thee;
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm,
and flee
To thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced
upon the tree,
The meek, benign, and lacerated
face,
To a sincere repentance promise
grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon
free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light
divine,
My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred
ear;
Neither put forth that way thy arm
severe;
Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto
incline
More readily the more my years
require
help, and forgiveness speedy and
entire.

XXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN
THE APENNINES.

'Tis Trees' whose slender roots entwine
Altars that piety neglects;
Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
Which no devotion now respects:

If not a straggler from the herd
Here ruminates, nor shrouded bird,
Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take
pride

In aught that ye would grace or hide—
How sadly is your love misplaced,
Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—
In beauty clothed, or breathing sweet-
ness [wall—

From fractured arch and mouldering
Do but more touchingly recall
Man's headstrong violence and Time's
fleetness,

Making the precincts ye adorn
Appear to sight still more forlorn.

XXIV.

IN LOMBARDY.

SEE, where his difficult way that Old
Man wins [most hard
Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—
Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's
compared,
For whom his toil with early day
begins.

Acknowledging no task-master, at will
(As if her labour and her ease were
twins)

She seems to work, at pleasure to lie
still;— [she spins.

And softly sleeps within the thread
So fare they—the Man serving as her
Slave.

Ere long their fates do each to each
conform: [Worm,

Both pass into new being—but the
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless
grave;

His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

She sheds her beam. and, lo! the
 shades dissolve;
 No jarring monks. to gloomy cell
 confined. [mind;
 With mazy rules perplex the weary
 No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,
 Secure she walks. Philosophy her guide.
 Britain, who long her warriors had
 adored. [sword;
 And deem'd all merit centred in the
 Britain, who thought to stain the field
 was fame,
 Now honour'd Edward's less than
 Bacon's name.
 Her sons no more in listed fields ad-
 vance [lance;
 To ride the ring, or toss the beamy
 No longer steel their indurated hearts
 To the mild influence of the finer arts;
 Quick to the secret grotto they retire
 To court majestic truth, or wake the
 golden lyre;
 By generous Emulation taught to rise,
 The seats of learning brave the distant
 skies. [design,
 Then noble Sandys. inspir'd with great
 Reared Hawkshead's happy roof, and
 call'd it mine. [age
 There have I loved to show the tender
 The golden precepts of the classic page;
 To lead the mind to those Elysian
 plains
 Where, throned in gold, immortal
 Science reigns;
 Fair to the view is sacred Truth
 displayed,
 In all the majesty of light array'd,
 To teach, on rapid wings, the curious
 soul [pole to pole,
 To roam from heaven to heaven, from
 From thence to search the mystic cause
 of things

And follow Nature to her secret springs;
 Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth
 Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,
 To regulate the mind's disordered frame,
 And quench the passions kindling into
 flame;
 The glimmering fires of Virtue to
 enlarge, [charge.
 And purge from Vice's dross my tender
 Oft have I said, the paths of Fame
 pursue,
 And all that Virtue dictates, dare to do:
 Go to the world, peruse the book of
 man, [to scan;
 And learn from thence thy own defects
 Severely honest, break no plighted
 trust, [just;
 But coldly rest not here—be more than
 Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome
 The gentler manners of the private
 dome;
 When Virtue weeps in agony of woe,
 Teach from the heart the tender tear
 to flow; [entice,
 If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul
 Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,
 Arise superior to the Siren's power,
 The wretch, the short-lived vision of an
 hour;
 Soon fades her cheek, her blushing
 beauties fly, [the sky.
 As fades the chequer'd bow that paints
 —
 “So shall thy sire, whilst hope his
 breast inspires,
 And wakes anew life's glimmering
 trembling fires,
 Hear Britain's sons rehearse thy praise
 with joy, [darling boy.
 Look up to heaven, and bless his
 If e'er these precepts quell'd the
 passions' strife,

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS GENERALLY OMITTED.

LINES

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT
HAWKESHEAD, ANNO ÆTATIS 14.

'AND has the Sun his flaming chariot
driven [heaven,
Two hundred times around the ring of
Since Science first, with all her sacred
train, [reign?
Beneath yon roof began her heavenly
While thus I mused, methought, before
mine eyes, [rise;
The Power of EDUCATION seemed to
Not she whose rigid precepts trained
the boy
Dead to the sense of every finer joy;
Nor that vile wretch who bade the
tender age
Spurn Reason's law and humour
Passion's rage;
But she who trains the generous
British youth [Truth:
In the bright paths of fair majestic
Emerging slow from Academus' grove
In heavenly majesty she seem'd to
move. [serene
Stern was her forehead, but a smile
'Softened the terrors of her awful mien.'
Close at her side were all the powers,
design'd
To curb, exalt, reform the tender mind:
With panting breast, now pale as winter
snows,
Now flush'd as Hebe, Emulation rose;
Shame follow'd after with reverted eye,
And hue far deeper than the Tyrian
dye; [pace,
Last Industry appear'd with steady

A smile sat beaming on her pensive
face.
I gazed upon the visionary train,
Threw back my eyes, return'd, and
gazed again.
When lo! the heavenly goddess thus
began, [accents ran.
Through all my frame the pleasing
" 'When Superstition left the golden
light [night;
And fled indignant to the shades of
When pure Religion rear'd the peaceful
breast [rest,
And lull'd the warring passions into
Drove far away the savage thoughts
that roll [soul,
In the dark mansions of the bigot's
Enlivening Hope display'd her cheerful
ray, [day;
And beam'd on Britain's sons a brighter
So when on Ocean's face the storm
subsides,
Hush'd are the winds and silent are
the tides; [light,
The God of day, in all the pomp of
Moves through the vault of heaven,
and dissipates the night;
Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre
plays, [blaze;
The glittering waves reflect the dazzling
Science with joy saw Superstition fly
Before the lustre of Religion's eye;
With rapture she beheld Britannia
smile,
Clapp'd her strong wings, and sought
the cheerful isle, [involve,
The shades of night no more the soul

"BLEAK SEASON WAS IT, TUR-
BULENT AND WILD."

BLEAK season was it, turbulent and
wild,

When hitherward we journeyed, side
by side,

Through bursts of sunshine and through
flying showers,

Paced the long Vales, how long they
were, and yet

How fast that length of way was left
behind,

Wensley's rich Vale and Sedbergh's
naked heights.

The frosty wind, as if to make amends
For its keen breath, was aiding to our
steps,

And drove us onward as two ships at
sea ;

Or, like two birds, companions in mid-
Parted and reunited by the blast.

Stern was the face of nature; we re-
joiced

In that stern countenance; for our
souls thence drew

A feeling of their strength. The naked
trees,

The icy brooks, as on we passed,
appeared

To question us, "Whence come ye?
To what end?"

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS MY LOVE HAD BEEN.

AMONG all lovely things my Love had
been ;

Had noted well the stars, all flowers
that grew

About her home ; but she had never

A Glow-worm, never one, and this I
knew.

While riding near her home one stormy
night [espy ;

A single Glow-worm did I chance to
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,
And from my Horse I leapt ; great joy
had I.

Upon a leaf the Glow-worm did I lay,
To bear it with me through the stormy
night :

And, as before, it shone without dismay ;
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the Dwelling of my Love I
came,

I went into the Orchard quietly ;
And left the Glow-worm, blessing it by
name,

Laid safely by itself, beneath a Tree.

The whole next day, I hoped, and
hoped with fear ;

At night the Glow-worm shone beneath
the Tree : [here !

I led my Lucy to the spot, "Look
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!

SONNET.

I FIND it written of Simonides

That travelling in strange countries
once he found

A corpse that lay expiring on the
ground, [obsequies

For which, with pain, he caused due
To be performed, and paid all holy fees.

Soon after, this man's Ghost unto
him came

And told him not to sail as was his
aim, [seas.

On board a ship then ready for the
Simonides, admonished by the ghost,
Remained behind ; the ship the follow-
ing day

If e'er they smooth'd the rugged walks
of life, [way
If e'er they pointed forth the blissful
That guides the spirit to eternal day,
Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy breast,
Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic rest.
Awake, awake! and snatch the slum-
bering lyre,
Let this bright morn and Sandys the
song inspire.'

"I look'd obedience: the celestial
Fair
Smiled like the morn, and vanish'd
into air."

"ON NATURE'S INVITATION
DO I COME."

ON Nature's invitation do I come,
By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice
 mislead, [earth,
'That made the calmest, fairest spot on
With all its unappropriated good,
My own; and not mine only, for with
me [bowerd—
Entrenched—say rather peacefully em-
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,
A younger orphan of a Home extinct,
The only daughter of my parents
dwells:
Aye, think on that, my heart, and cease
to stir; [frame
Pause upon that, and let the breathing
No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.
Oh, if such silence be not thanks to
God
For what hath been bestowed, then
where, where then [did ne'er
Shall gratitude find rest? Mine eyes
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind
Take pleasure in the midst of happy
thoughts,

But either she, whom now I have, who
now
Divides with me this loved abode, was
there, [turned,
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps
Her voice was like a hidden Bird that
sang;
The thought of her was like a flash of
light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Or fragrance independent of the wind.
In all my goings, in the new and old
Of all my meditations, and in this
Favourite of all, in this the most of
'all. . . .
Embrace me then, ye hills, and close
me in.
Now in the clear and open day I feel
Your guardianship: I take it to my
heart;
'Tis like the solemn shelter of the
night.
But I would call thee beautiful; for
mild, [art,
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou
art pleased,
Pleased with thy crags, and woody
steeps, thy Lake,
Its one green Island, and its winding
shores,
The multitude of little rocky hills,
Thy Church, and cottages of mountain-
stone
Clustered like stars some few, but
single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy re-
treats, [looks,
Or glancing at each other cheerful
Like separated stars with clouds be-
tween.

Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
Which now we too unwillingly resign
Though for brief absence. But farewell!
the page
Glimmers before my sight through
thankful tears,
Such as start forth, not seldom, to
approve
Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled
by age,
Call thee, though known but for a few
fleet years,
The heart-affianced sister of our love!

"WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING
FLOOD HAD OVERTHROWN."

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had
overthrown
St. Mary's Church, the preacher then
would cry:—
"Thus, Christian people, God his might
hath shown
That ye to him your love may testify;
Haste, and rebuild the pile."—But not
a stone
Resumed its place. Age after age
went by.
And Heaven still lacked its due, though
piety
In secret did, we trust, her loss be-
moan.
But now her Spirit hath put forth her
claim
In Power, and Poesy would lend her
voice;
Let the new Church be worthy of its aim.
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!
Oh! in the past if cause there was for
shame,
Let not our times halt in their better
choice.

LINES

INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF HIS POEMS
SENT TO THE QUEEN FOR THE ROYAL
LIBRARY AT WINDSOR.

DEIGN, Sovereign Mistress! to accept
a lay,
No Laureate offering of elaborate art;
But salutation taking its glad way
From deep recesses of a loyal heart.
Queen, Wife and Mother! may All-
judging Heaven
Shower with a bounteous hand on
Thee and Thine
Felicity that only can be given
On earth to goodness blest by grace
divine.

Lady! devoutly honoured and beloved
Through every realm confided to thy
sway;
May'st thou pursue thy course by God
approved, [obey.
And He will teach thy people to

As thou art wont, thy sovereignty adorn
With woman's gentleness, yet firm
and staid; [have worn
So shall that earthly crown thy brows
Be changed for one whose glory
cannot fade.

And now by duty urged, I lay this Book
Before thy Majesty, in humble trust
That on its simplest pages thou wilt look
With a benign indulgence more than
just.

Nor wilt thou blame an aged Poet's
prayer, [thy mind
That issuing hence may steal into
Some solace under weight of royal care,
Or grief—the inheritance of human
kind.

Set sail, was wrecked, and all on
board was lost.
Thus was the tenderest Poet that could
be, [loving lay,
Who sang in ancient Greece his
Saved out of many by his piety.

SONNET.

THE confidence of Youth our only Art,
And Hope gay Pilot of the bold de-
sign, [Rhine,
We saw the living Landscapes of the
Reach after reach, salute us and de-
part; [they start!
Slow sink the Spires—and up again
But who shall count the Towers as
they recline [line
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon
Striding, with shattered crests, the eye
athwart?
More touching still, more perfect was
the pleasure,
When hurrying forward till the slack'ning
stream
Spread like a spacious Mere, we there
could measure
A smooth free course along the watery
gleam,
Think calmly on the past, and mark
at leisure [a dream.
Features which else had vanished like

INSCRIPTION ON 'A' ROCK AT
RYDAL MOUNT. (1838.)

WOULDEST thou be gathered to Christ's
chosen flock,
Shun the broad way too easily explored,
And let thy path be hewn out of the
Rock, [Word.
The living Rock of God's Eternal

ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F. [ISA-
BELLA FENWICK], PAINTED
BY MARGARET GILLIES.

WE gaze—nor grieve to think that we
must die,
But that the precious love this friend
hath sown
Within our hearts, the love whose flower
hath blown
Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
Will pass so soon from human memory;
And not by strangers to our blood
alone,
But by our best descendants be un-
known,
Unthought of—this may surely claim a
sigh.
Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection;
Thou against Time so feelingly dost
strive.
Where'er, preserved in this most true
reflection,
An image of her soul is kept alive,
Some lingering fragrance of the pure
affection,
Whose flower with us will vanish, must
survive.

TO I. F.

THE star which comes at close of day
to shine
More heavenly bright than when it
leads the morn,
Is Friendship's emblem, whether the
forlorn
She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
Through shades that solemnize Life's
calm decline,
Doth 'make the happy happier. This
have we

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
 With steadfast ray benign
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
 The softly flowing Leine,
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
 And glittered on the Rhine.
 Old Camus, too, on that prophetic
 night
 Was conscious of the ray;
 And his willows whispered in its light,
 Not to the Zephyr's sway.
 But with a Delphic life, in sight
 Of this auspicious day—
 This day, when Granta hails her chosen
 Lord,
 And, proud of her award,
 Confiding in that Star serene,
 Welcomes the Consort of a happy
 Queen.

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,
 Where science, leagued with holier
 truth,
 Guards the sacred heart of youth,
 Solemn monitors are ours.
 These reverend aisles, these hallowed
 towers,
 Raised by many a hand august,
 Are haunted by majestic Powers,
 The Memories of the Wise and Just,
 Who, faithful to a pious trust,
 Here, in the Founder's Spirit sought
 To mould and stamp the ore of
 thought
 In that bold form and impress high
 That best betoken patriot loyalty.
 Not in vain those Sages taught—
 True disciples, good as great,

Have pondered here their country's
 weal,
 Weighed the Future by the Past,
 Learned how social frames may last,
 And how a Land may rule its fate
 By constancy inviolate,
 Though worlds to their foundations
 reel [Zeal.
 The sport of factious Hate or godless

Albert, in thy race we cherish
 A Nation's strength that will not
 perish
 While England's sceptred Line
 True to the King of Kings is found;
 Like that Wise ancestor of thine
 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er
 Luther's life
 When first, above the yells of bigot
 strife,
 The trumpet of the Living Word
 Assumed a voice of deep portentous
 sound,
 From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber
 heard.
 What shield more sublime
 E'er was blazoned or sung?
 And the PRINCE whom we greet
 From its Hero sprung.
 Resound, resound the strain
 That hails him for our own!
 Again, again, and yet again,
 For the Church, the State, the Throne:
 And that Presence fair and bright,
 Ever blest wherever seen,
 Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
 The Pride of the Islands, VICTORIA
 THE QUEEN!

For know we not that from celestial
spheres,
When Time was young, an inspira-
tion came
(Oh were it mine!) to hallow saddest
tears, [aim.
And help life onward in its noblest

ODE

ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL
HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT AS CHAN-
CELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE, JULY, 1847.

For thirst of power that Heaven
disowns,
For temples, towers, and thrones
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan
rock.
War is passion's basest game
Madly played to win a name :
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and
Heaven to dare,
The servile million bow ;
But will the Lightning glance aside to
spare
The Despot's laurelled brow.
War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause,
Freedom, such as man may claim
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory ;
Let rescued Europe tell the story.
But lo! what sudden cloud has darkened
all
The land as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The Flower has drooped, the Isle's
delight ;

Flower and bud together fall ;
A Nation's hopes lie crushed in Clare-
mont's desolate Hall.

Time a chequered mantle wears—
Earth awakes from wintry sleep :
Again the Tree a blossom bears ;
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep !
Hark to the peals on this bright May-
morn !

They tell that your future Queen is
born.

A Guardian Angel fluttered
Above the babe, unseen ;
One word he softly uttered,
It named the future Queen ;
And a joyful cry through the Island
rang,
As clear and bold as the trumpet's
clang,
As bland as the reed of peace :
"VICTORIA be her name !"
For righteous triumphs are the
base
Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful
fame.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold
Uplifted in his arms the child,
And while the fearless infant smiled,
Her happier destiny foretold :—
"Infancy, by Wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beauty ;
Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty ;
Womanhood in pure renown,
Seated on her lineal throne ;
Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,
Fresh with lustre all their own.
Love, the treasure worth possessing
More than all the world beside,
This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to royal hearts denied."

THE BORDERS.

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE.

OSWALD,

WALLACE.

LACY.

LENNON.

HERBERT C.

WILKED, Servant to MARMADUKE.

Host.

Of the Band of Borderers.

Forester.

ELDRED, a Peasant.

Peasant, Pilgrims, etc.

IDONEA.

Female Beggar.

ELEANOR, Wife of ELDRED.

SCENE, *Borders of England and Scotland.*

TIME, *The Reign of Henry III.*

READERS already acquainted with my Poems will recognise, in the following composition, some eight or ten lines, which I have not scrupled to retain in the places where they originally stood. It is proper however to add that they would not have been used elsewhere, if I had foreseen the time when I might be induced to publish this Tragedy.

February 28, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE and LACY.

Lacy. The Troop will be impatient;
let us hie
Back to our post, and strip the Scottish
Foray
Of their rich Spoil, ere they recross the
Border.

—Pity that our young Chief will have no part

In this good service.

Wal. Rather let us grieve
That, in the undertaking which has caused
His absence, he hath sought, whate'er his
aim,

Companionship with One of crooked ways,
From whose perverted soul can come no
good

To our confiding, open-hearted, Leader.

Lacy. True; and, remembering how
the Band have proved

That Oswald finds small favour in our sight.

Well may we wonder he has gained such power

Over our much-loved Captain. -

Wal. I have heard
Of some dark deed to which in early life
His passion drove him—then a Voyager
Upon the midland Sea. You knew his
bearing

In Palestine?
Lacy. Where he despised alike
 Mohammedan and Christian. But enough;
 Let us begone—the Band may else be
 foiled. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.

WIL. Be cautious, my dear Master!

Mar. I perceive
That fear is like a cloak which old men
buddle

About their love, as if to keep it warm.

Wyl. Nay, but I grieve that we should
part. This Stranger,

For such he is—

Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred,
Might tempt me to a smile ; but what of
him?

Wil. You know that you have saved his life.

Mar. I know it.

W. And that he hates you!—Pardon
me, perhaps
That word was hasty.

I feel my strength returning. The be-
quest

Of thy kind Patroness, which to receive
We have thus far adventured, will suffice
To save thee from the extreme of penury;
But when thy Father must lie down and
die,

How wilt thou stand alone?

Idon. Is he not strong?

Is he not valiant?

Her. Am I then so soon
Forgotten? have my warnings passed so
quickly

Out of thy mind? My dear, my only,
Child;

Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken
reed—

This Marmaduke—

Idon. O could you hear his voice:
Alas! you do not know him. He is one
'I wot not what ill tongue has wronged
him with you)

All gentleness and love. His face be-
speaks

A deep and simple meekness: and that
Soul,

Which with the motion of a virtuous act

Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,

Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,

By a miraculous finger stilled at once.

Her. Unhappy Woman!

Idon. Nay, it was my duty
Thus much to speak; but think not I
forget—

Dear Father! how *could* I forget and
live?—

You and the story of that doleful night

When, Antioch blazing to her topmast
towers,

You rushed into the murderous flames,
returned

Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have
told me,

Clasping your infant Daughter to your
heart.

Her. Thy Mother too!—scarce had I
gained the door,

I caught her voice; she threw herself
upon me,

I felt thy infant brother in her arms;

She saw my blasted face—a tide of
soldiers

That instant rushed between us, and I
heard

Her last death-shriek, distinct among a
thousand.

Idon. Nay, Father, stop not; let me
hear it all.

Her. Dear Daughter! precious relic of
that time—

For my old age, it doth remain with thee
To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast

been told,

That when, on our return from Palestine.

I found how my domains had been
usurped,

I took thee in my arms, and we began

Our wanderings together. Providence

At length conducted us to Rossland,—
there,

Our melancholy story moved a Stranger

To take thee to her home—and for
myself,

Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuth-
bert's

Supplied my helplessness with food and
raiment,

And, as thou know'st, gave me that
humble Cot

Where now we dwell.—For many years I
bore

Thy absence, till old age and flesh in-
firmities

Exacted thy return, and our reunion.

I did not think that, during that long
absence,

My Child, forgetful of the name of
— Herbert,

Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,
Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,

Doth prey alike on two distracted Coun-
tries,

Traitor to both.

Idon. Oh, could you hear his voice!
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for

me,
But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good morrow, Strangers! If you
want a Guide,

Let me have leave to serve you!

Idon. My Companion
Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or
Hostel

Would be most welcome.

Pea. Yon white hawthorn gained.
You will look down into a dell, and there

Till all the band of playmates wept together ;
And that was the beginning of my love.
And, though all converse of our later years,

An image of this old Man still was present,
When I had been most happy. Pardon me
If this be idly spoken.

Osw. Sec, they come,
Two Travellers !

Mar. (*points*). The woman is Idonea.

Osw. And leading Herbert.

Mar. We must let them pass—
This thicket will conceal us.

[*They step aside.*]

Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.

Idon. Dear Father, you sigh deeply ;
ever since

We left the willow shade by the brook-
side,

Your natural breathing has been troubled.
Her. Nay,

You are too fearful ; yet must I confess,
Our march of yesterday had better suited
A firmer step than mine.

Idon. That dismal Moor—
In spite of all the larks that cheered our
path,

I never can forgive it : but how steadily
You paced along, when the bewildering
moonlight

Mocked me with many a strange fantastic
shape !—

I thought the Convent never would appear ;
It seemed to move away from us : and yet
That you are thus the fault is mine ; for
the air

Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the
grass,

And midway on the waste ere night had
fallen

I spied a Covert walled and roofed with
sods—

A miniature ; belike some Shepherd-boy,
Who might have found a nothing-doing
hour

Heavier than work, raised it : within that
hut

We might have made a kindly bed of
heath,

And thankfully there rested side by side
Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with re-
cruited strength,

wo.

Have hailed the morning sun. But
cheerily, Father,—

That staff of yours, I could almost have
heart

To fling't away from you : you make no
use

Of me, or of my strength ;—come, let me
feel

That you do press upon me. There—
indeed

You are quite exhausted. Let us rest
awhile

On this green bank. [*He sits down.*]

Her. (*after some time*). Idonea, you are
silent,

And I divine the cause.

Idon. Do not reproach me :
I pondered patiently your wish and will

When I gave way to your request ; and
now,

When I behold the ruins of that face,
Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope
of light,

And think that they were blasted for my
sake,

The name of Marmaduke is blown away :
Father, I would not change that sacred
feeling

For all this world can give.

Her. Nay, be composed :
Few minutes gone a faintness overspread

My frame, and I bethought me of 'two
things

I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,
And thee, my Child !

Idon. Believe me, honoured Sire !
'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy
fancies,

And you mistake the cause : you hear the
woods

Resound with music, could you see the
sun,

And look upon the pleasant face of
Nature—

Her. I comprehend thee—I should be
as cheerful

As if we two were twins ; two songsters
bred

In the same nest, my spring-time one
with thine.

My fancies, fancies if they be, are such
As come, dear Child ! from a far deeper

source
Than bodily weariness. While here we sit

Hovering round Herbert's door, a man
whose figure
Resembled much that cold voluptuary.
The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and
he knows

Where he can stab you deepest.

Her. Clifford never
Would stoop to skulk about a Cottage
door—

It could not be.

Osw. And yet I now remember
That, when your praise was warm upon
my tongue,

And the blind Man was told how you had
rescued

A maiden from the ruffian violence
Of this same Clifford, he became impatient
And would not hear me.

Mar. No—it cannot be—
I dare not trust myself with such a
thought—

Yet whence this strange aversion? You
are a man

Not used to rash conjectures—

Osw. If you deem it
A thing worth further notice, we must act
With caution, sift the matter artfully.

[*Exit MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*]

SCENE, *The door of the Hostel.*

HERBERT, IDONEA, and Host.

Her. (scated). As I am dear to you,
remember, Child!

This last request.

Idon. You know me, Sire; farewell!

Her. And are you going then? Come,
come, Idonea,

We must not part.—I have measured
many a league

When these old limbs had need of rest,—
and now

I will not play the sluggard.

Idon. Nay, sit down.

[*Turning to Host.*]

Good Host, such tendance as you would
expect

From your own Children, if yourself were
sick,

Let this old Man find at your hands;
poor Leader. [*Looking at the dog.*]

We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect
This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!

—Look,

The little fool is loth to stay behind.

Sir Host! by all the love you bear to
courtesy,

Take care of him, and feed the truant well.

Host. Fear not, I will obey you;—but

One so young,

And One so fair, it goes against my heart

That you should travel unattended.

Lady!—

I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad

Shall squire you, (would it not be better,

Sir?)

And for less fee than I would let him run

For any lady I have seen this twelve-
month.

Idon. You know, Sir, I have been too
long your guard

Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.

Why, if a wolf should leap from out a
thicket,

A look of mine would send him scouring
back,

Unless I differ from the thing I am

When you are by my side.

Her. Idonea, wolves

Are not the enemies that move my fears.

Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three
days at farthest

Will bring me back—protect him, Saints

—farewell! [*Exit IDONEA.*]

Host. 'Tis never drought with us—St.

Cuthbert and his Pilgrims,

Thanks to them, are to us a stream of
comfort:

Pity the Maiden did not wait a while;

She could not, Sir, have failed of company.

Her. Now she is gone, I fain would call
her back.

Host. (calling). Holla!

Her. No, no, the business must be
done.—

What means this riotous noise?

Host. The villagers

Are flocking in—a wedding festival—

That's all—God save you, Sir.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! as I live.

The Baron Herbert!

Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert!

Osw. So far into your journey! on my
life,

You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare
you?

Will see an ash from which a sign-board
hangs ;
The house is hidden by the shade. · Old
Man,
You seem worn out with travel—shall I
support you ?

Her. I thank you ; but, a resting-place
so near,

'Twere wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both.
[*Exit Peasant.*]

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not
alarmed—

'Tis but for a few days—a thought has
struck me.

Idon. That I should leave you at this
house, and thence

Proceed alone. It shall be so ; for strength
Would fail you ere our journey's end be
reached.

[*Exit HERBERT supported by IDONEA.*]

Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant will we stop him——

Osw. Be not hasty,

For sometimes, in despite of my con-
viction,

He tempted me to think the Story true ;

'Tis plain he loves the Maid, and what he
said

That savoured of aversion to thy name
Appeared the genuine colour of his soul—
Anxiety lest mischief should befall her
After his death.

Mar. I have been much deceived.

Osw. But sure he loves the Maiden, and
never love

Could find delight to nurse itself so
strangely,

Thus to torment her with *inventions*!—
death——

There must be truth in this.

Mar. Truth in his story !
He must have felt it then, known what it
was,

And in such wise to rack her gentle heart
Had been a tenfold cruelty.

Osw. Strange pleasures
Do we poor mortals cater for ourselves !
To see him thus provoke her tenderness
With tales of weakness and infirmity !

I'd wager on his life for twenty years.

Mar. We will not waste an hour in
such a cause.

Osw. Why, this is noble ! shake her off
at once.

Mar. Her virtues are his instruments.
—A Man

Who has so practised on the world's cold
sense,

May well deceive his Child—What ! leave
her thus,

A prey to a deceiver ?—no—no—no—

'Tis but a word and then——

Osw. Something is here
More than we see, or whence this strong
aversion ?

Marmaduke ! I suspect unworthy tales
Have reached his ear—you have had
enemies.

Mar. Enemies !—of his own coinage,

Osw. That may be,

But wherefore slight protection such as
you

Have power to yield ? perhaps he looks
elsewhere.—

I am perplexed.

Mar. What hast thou heard or seen ?

Osw. No—no—the thing stands clear
of mystery ;

(As you have said) he coins himself the
slander

With which he taints her ear ;—for a
plain reason ;

He dreads the presence of a virtuous
man

Like you ; he knows your eye would
search his heart,

Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds
The punishment they merit. All is plain :
It cannot be——

Mar. What cannot be ?

Osw. Yet that a Father

Should in his love admit no rivalry,
And torture thus the heart of his own
Child——

Mar. Nay, you abuse my friendship !

Osw. Heaven forbid !—

There was a circumstance, trifling in-
deed——

It struck me at the time—yet I believe
I never should have thought of it again
But for the scene which we by chance
have witnessed.

Mar. What is your meaning ?

Osw. Two days gone I saw,

Though at a distance and he was dis-
guised,

She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—

She paces round and round an Infant's grave,

And in the Churchyard sod her feet have worn

A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep—

Ah! what is here?

[*A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as if in sleep—a Child in her arms.*]

Beg. Oh! Gentlemen, I thank you; I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled

The heart of living creature.—My poor Babe

Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread

When I had none to give him; whereupon I put a slip of foxglove in his hand, Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once:

When into one of those same spotted bells A bee came darting, which the Child with joy

Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear, And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

Mar. We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip;

Here's what will comfort you.

[*Gives her money.*]

Beg. The Saints reward you For this good deed!—Well, Sirs, this passed away;

And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog, Trotting alone along the beaten road, Came to my child as by my side he slept, And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden

Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:

But here he is, [*kissing the Child*] it must have been a dream.

Ors. When next inclined to sleep, take my advice

And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

Beg. Oh, Sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew

What life is this of ours, how sleep will master

The weary-worm.—You gentlefolk have got

Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be

A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,

The darkness overtook me—wind and rain

Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw A glow-worm, through the covert of the

furze,

Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky: At which I half accused the God in

Heaven.—

You must forgive me.

Ors. Ay, and if you think The Fairies are to blame, and you should

chide Your favourite saint—no matter—this good day

Has made amends.

Beg. Thanks to you both; but, Oh Sir!

How would you like to travel on whole hours

As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,

Expecting still, I knew not how, to find A piece of money glittering through the dust?

Mar. This woman is a prater. Pray, good Lady!

Do you tell fortunes?

Beg. Oh Sir, you are like the rest. This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart—

Well! they might turn a beggar from their doors,

But there are Mothers who can see the Babe

Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it:

This they can do, and look upon my face— But you, Sir, should be kinder.

Mar. Come hither, Fathers, And learn what nature is from this poor

Wretch!

Beg. Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us.

Why now—but yesterday I overtook A blind old Greybeard and accosted him,

I' th' name of all the Saints, and by the Mass

He should have used me better!—Charity! If you can melt a rock, he is your man;

But I'll be even with him—here again Have I been waiting for him.

Her. Well as the wreck I am permits.

And you, Sir?

Osw. I do not see Idonea.

Her. Dutiful Girl,

She is gone before, to spare my weariness.
But what has brought you hither?

Osw. A slight affair,
That will be soon despatched.

Her. Did Marmaduke
Receive that letter?

Osw. Be at peace.—The tie
Is broken, you will hear no more of *him*.

Her. This is true comfort, thanks a
thousand times!—

That noise!—would I had gone with her
as far

As the Lord Clifford's Castle: I have heard
That, in his milder moods, he has ex-
pressed

Compassion for me. His influence is great
With Henry, our good King;—the Baron
might

Have heard my suit, and urged my plea
at Court.

No matter—he's a dangerous Man.—That
noise!—

'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.

Idonea would have fears for me,—the
Convent

Will give me quiet lodging. You have a
boy, good Host,

And he must lead me back.

Osw. You are most lucky;
I have been waiting in the wood hard by
For a companion—here he comes; our
journey

Enter MARMADUKE.

Lies on your way; accept us as your
Guides.

Her. Alas! I creep so slowly.

Osw. Never fear;
We'll not complain of that.

Her. My limbs are stiff
And need repose. Could you but wait
an hour?

Osw. Most willingly!—Come, let me
lead you in,

And, while you take your rest, think not
of us;

We'll stroll into the wood; lean on my
arm.

[*Conducts HERBERT into the house.*

Exit MARMADUKE.

Enter Villagers.

Osw. (*to himself coming out of the Hostel*).

I have prepared a most apt Instru-
ment—

The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering
somewhere

About this ground; she hath a tongue
well skilled,

By mingling natural matter of her own
With all the daring fictions I have taught

her,
To win belief, such as my plot requires.

[*Exit OSWALD.*

*Enter more Villagers, a Musician among
them.*

Host (*to them*). Into the court, my

Friend, and perch yourself

Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids,
Garlands and flowers, and cakes and

merry thoughts,

Are here, to send the sun into the west
More speedily than you belike would wish.

*SCENE changes to the Wood adjoining the
Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD
entering.*

Mar. I would fain hope that we deceive
ourselves:

When first I saw him sitting there, alone,
It struck upon my heart I know not how.

Osw. To-day will clear up all.—You
marked a Cottage,

That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a
rock

By the brook-side: it is the abode of One,
A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,

Who soon grew weary of her; but, alas!
What she had seen and suffered turned

her brain.

Cast off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,
Nor moves her hands to any needful

work:

She eats her food which every day the
peasants

Bring to her hut; and so the Wretch has
lived

Ten years; and no one ever heard her
voice;

But every night at the first stroke of twelve
She quits her house and, in the neighbour-

ing Churchyard

Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,

Osw. Well, but softly,
Who is it that hath wronged you?

Beg. Mark you me ;
I'll point him out ;—a Maiden is his guide,
Lovely as Spring's first rose ; a little dog,
Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before
With look as sad as he were dumb ; the

cur,
I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth
He does his Master credit.

Mar. As I live,
'Tis Herbert and no other !

Beg. 'Tis a feast to see him,
Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders
bent,
And long beard white with age—yet ever-

more,
As if he were the only Saint on earth,
He turns his face to heaven.

Osw. But why so violent
Against this venerable Man ?

Beg. I'll tell you :
He has the very hardest heart on earth ;
I had as lief turn to the Friar's school
And knock for entrance, in mid holiday.

Mar. But to your story.

Beg. I was saying, Sir—
Well !—he has often spurned me like a
toad,

But yesterday was worse than all ; at last
I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and I,
And begged a little aid for charity :
But he was snappish as a cottage cur.
Well then, says I—I'll out with it ; at
which

I cast a look upon the Girl, and felt
As if my heart would burst ; and so I left
him.

Osw. I think, good Woman, you are the
very person

Whom, but some few days past, I saw in
Eskdale,
At Herbert's door.

Beg. Ay ; and if truth were known
I have good business there.

Osw. I met you at the threshold,
And he seemed angry.

Beg. Angry ! well he might ;
And long as I can stir I'll dog him.—
Yesterday,

To serve me so, and knowing that he owes
The best of all he has to me and mine.
But 'tis all over now. That good old Lady
Has left a power of riches ; and I say it,

If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave
Shall give me half.

Osw. What's this ?—I fear, good Woman,
You have been insolent.

Beg. And there's the Baron,
I spied him skulking in his peasant's dress.

Osw. How say you ? in disguise ?—

Mar. But what's your business
With Herbert or his Daughter ?

Beg. Daughter ! truly—
But how's the day ?—I fear, my little Boy,
We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have you
seen him ? [Offers to go.

Mar. I must have more of this ;—you
shall not stir

An inch, till I am answered. Know you
aught

That doth concern this Herbert ?

Beg. You are provoked,
And will misuse me, Sir !

Mar. No trifling, Woman !—

Osw. You are as safe as in a sanctuary ;
Speak.

Mar. Speak !

Beg. He is a most hard-hearted Man.

Mar. Your life is at my mercy.

Beg. Do not harm me,
And I will tell you all !—You know not,
Sir,

What strong temptations press upon the
Poor.

Osw. Speak out.

Beg. Oh, Sir, I've been a wicked
Woman.

Osw. Nay, but speak out !

Beg. He flattered me, and said
What harvest it would bring us both ; and
so

I parted with the Child.

Mar. Parted with whom ?

Beg. Idonea, as he calls her ; but the
Girl

Is mine.

Mar. Yours, Woman ! are you Herbert's
wife ?

Beg. Wife, Sir ! his wife—not I ; my
husband, Sir.

Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy winter
We've weathered out together. My poor
Gilfred !

He has been two years in his grave.

Mar. Enough.

Osw. We've solved the riddle—Mis-
creant !

Mar. I met a peasant near the spot ; he told me,

These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls.

Osw. I too have seen her ;
Chancing to pass this way some six
months gone,

At midnight, I betook me to the Church-
yard :

The moon shone clear, the air was still,
so still

The trees were silent as the graves be-
neath them.

Long did I watch, and saw her pacing
round

Upon the self-same spot, still round and
round,

Her lips for ever moving.

Mar. At her door
Rooted I stood ; for, looking at the
woman,

I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea.

Osw. But the pretended Father——

Mar. Earthly law
Measures not crimes like his.

Osw. We rank not, happily,
With those who take the spirit of their rule
From that soft class of devotees who feel
Reverence for life so deeply, that they
spare

The verminous brood, and cherish what
they spare

While feeding on their bodies. Would
that Idonea

Were present, to the end that we might
hear

What she can urge in his defence ; she
loves him.

Mar. Yes, loves him ; 'tis a truth that
multiplies

His guilt a thousand-fold.

Osw. 'Tis most perplexing :
What must be done ?

Mar. We will conduct her hither ;
These walls shall witness it—from first to
last

He shall reveal himself.

Osw. Happy are we,
Who live in these disputed tracts, that own
No law but what each man makes for
himself :

Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.

Mar. Let us begone and bring her
hither ;—here

wo.

The truth shall be laid open, his guilt
proved

Before her face. The rest be left to me.

Osw. You will be firm : but though we
well may trust

The issue to the justice of the cause,
Caution must not be flung aside ; re-
member,

Yours is no common life. Self-stationed
here,

Upon these savage confines, we have
seen you

Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy
seas

That oft have checked their fury at your
bidding.

'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy
waste,

Your single virtue has transformed a Band
Of fierce barbarians into Ministers
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears
Have blessed their steps, the faithless
retire

For shelter to their banners. But it is,
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is
In darkness and in tempest that we seek
The majesty of Him who rules the world.
Benevolence, that has not heart to use
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.

Your generous qualities have won due
praise,

But vigorous Spirits look for something
more

Than Youth's spontaneous products ; and
to-day

You will not disappoint them ; and here-
after——

Mar. You are wasting words ; hear me
then once for all :

You are a Man—and therefore, if com-
passion,

Which to our kind is natural as life.

Be known unto you, you will love this
Woman,

Even as I do ; but I should loathe the
light,

If I could think one weak or partial
feeling——

Osw. You will forgive me——

Mar. If I ever knew
My heart, could penetrate its inmost core.

'Tis at this moment.—Oswald, I have
loved

With proper speed our quarters may be
gained

To-morrow evening.

*[Looks restlessly towards the mouth
of the dungeon.]*

Mar. When, upon the plank,
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice
blessed me :

You could not hear, for the foam beat the
rocks

With deafening noise,—the benediction
fell

Back on himself; but changed into a
curse.

Osw. As well indeed it might.

Mar. And this you deem

The fittest place?

Osw. (aside). He is growing pitiful.

Mar. (listening). What an odd moaning
that is!—

Osw. Mighty odd

The wind should pipe a little, while we
stand

Cooling our heels in this way!—I'll begin
And count the stars.

Mar. (still listening). That dog of his,
you are sure,

Could not come after us—he *must* have
perished :

The torrent would have dashed an oak to
splinters.

You said you did not like his looks—
that he

Would trouble us; if he were here again,
I swear the sight of him would quail me
more

Than twenty armies.

Osw. How?

Mar. The old blind Man,
When you had told him the mischance,
was troubled

Even to the shedding of some natural tears
Into the torrent over which he hung,
Listening in vain.

Osw. He has a tender heart!

*[OSWALD offers to go down into the
dungeon.]*

Mar. How now, what mean you?

Osw. Truly, I was going
To waken our stray Baron. Were there
not

A farm or dwelling-house within five
leagues,

e should deserve to wear a cap and bells,

Three good round years, for playing the
fool here

In such a night as this.

Mar. Stop, stop.

Osw. Perhaps,

You'd better like we should descend
together,

And lie down by his side—what say you
to it?

Three of us—we should keep each other
warm :

I'll answer for it that our four-legged
friend

Shall not disturb us; further I'll not
engage;

Come, come, for manhood's sake!

Mar. These drowsy shiverings,

This mortal stupor which is creeping over
me,

What do they mean? were this my single
body

Opposed to armies, not a nerve would
tremble:

Why do I tremble now?—Is not the
depth

Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach of
thought?

And yet, in plumbing the abyss for judg-
ment,

Something I strike upon which turns my
mind

Back on herself, I think, again—my
breast

Concentres all the terrors of the Uni-
verse :

I look at him and tremble like a child.

Osw. Is it possible?

Mar. One thing you noticed not :
Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder
Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing
force.

This is a time, said he, when guilt may
shudder ;

But there's a Providence for them who
walk

In helplessness, when innocence is with
them.

At this audacious blasphemy, I thought
The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride
the air.

Osw. Why are you not the man you
were that moment?

*[He draws MARMADUKE to the
dungeon.]*

From Palestine, and brought with me a heart,
 Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly;
 comfort,
 I met your Father, then a wandering Out-
 cast :
 He had a Guide, a Shepherd's boy ; but
 grieved
 He was that One so young should pass
 his youth
 In such sad service ; and he parted with
 him.
 We joined our tales of wretchedness to-
 gether,
 And begged our daily bread from door to
 door.

I talk familiarly to you, sweet Lady !
 I'or once you loved me.

Idon. You shall back with me
 And see your Friend again. The good
 old Man

Will be rejoiced to greet you.

Old Pil. It seems but yesterday
 That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with
 travel,

In a deep wood remote from any town.
 A cave that opened to the road presented
 A friendly shelter, and we entered in.

Idon. And I was with you ?

Old Pil. If indeed 'twas you—
 But you were then a tottering Little-one—
 We satc us down. The sky grew dark
 and darker :

I struck my flint, and built up a small fire
 With rotten boughs and leaves, such as
 the winds

Of many autumns in the cave had piled.
 Meanwhile the storm fell heavily on the
 woods ;

Our little fire sent forth a cheering warmth
 And we were comforted, and talked of
 comfort ;

But 'twas an angry night, and o'er our
 heads

The thunder rolled in peals that would
 have made

A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.

O Lady, you have need to love your
 Father.

His voice—methinks I hear it now, his
 voice

When, after a broad flash that filled the
 cave,

He said to me, that he had seen his Child,

A face (no cherub's face more beautiful)
 Revealed by lustre brought with it from
 heaven ;

And it was you, dear Lady !

Idon. God be praised,
 That I have been his comforter till
 now !

And will be so through every change of
 fortune

And every sacrifice his peace requires.—
 Let us begone with speed, that he may
 hear

These joyful tidings from no lips but
 mine.

[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE, *The Area of a half-ruined Castle*
 —on one side the entrance to a dungeon
 —OSWALD and MARMADUKE *pacing*
backwards and forwards.

Mar. 'Tis a wild night.

Osw. I'd give my cloak and bonnet
 For sight of a warm fire.

Mar. The wind blows keen ;
 My hands are numb.

Osw. Ha ! ha ! 'tis nipping cold.
 [*Blowing his fingers.*]

I long for news of our brave Comrades ;
 Lacy

Would drive those Scottish Rovers to
 their dens

If once they blew a horn this side the
 Tweed.

Mar. I think I see a second range of
 Towers ;

This castle has another Area—come,
 Let us examine it.

Osw. 'Tis a bitter night ;

I hope Idonea is well housed. That
 horseman,
 Who at full speed swept by us where the
 wood

Roared in the tempest, was within an ace
 Of sending to his grave our precious
 Charge :

That would have been a vile mischance.

Mar. It would.

Osw. Justice had been most cruelly
 defrauded.

Mar. Most cruelly.

Osw. As up the steep we climb,
 I saw a distant fire in the north-east ;
 I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon :

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Herbert!—confusion! (*aside*).

Here it is, my Friend,

[*Presents the Horn.*]

A charming beverage for you to carouse
This bitter night

Her. Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses
I would have given, not many minutes
gone.

To have heard your voice.

Osw. Your couch, I fear, good Baron,
Has been but comfortless; and yet that
place,

When the tempestuous wind first drove us
hither,

Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better
turn

And under covert rest till break of day,
Or till the storm abate.

(*To MARMADUKE aside.*) He has restored
you,

No doubt you have been nobly enter-
tained?

But soft!—how came he forth? The Night-
mare Conscience

Has driven him out of harbour?

Mar. I believe You have guessed right.

Her. The trees renew their murmur:
Come, let us house together.

[*OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.*]

Osw. (*returns*). Had I not
Esteemed you worthy to conduct the
affair

To its most fit conclusion, do you think
I would so long have struggled with my

Nature,
And smothered all that's man in me?—
away!

[*Looking towards the dungeon.*]
This man's the property of him who best
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a
privilege;

It now becomes my duty to resume it.

Mar. Touch not a finger—

Osw. What then must be done?

Mar. Which way so'er I turn, I am
perplexed.

Osw. Now, on my life, I grieve for you.
The misery

Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts
Did not admit of stronger evidence;
Twelve honest men, plain men, would set
us right;

Their verdict would abolish these weak
scruples.

Mar. Weak! I am weak—there does
my torment lie,

Feeding itself.

Osw. Verily, when he said
How his old heart would leap to hear her
steps,

You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.

Mar. And never heard a sound so ter-
rible.

Osw. Perchance you think so now?

Mar. I cannot do it:
Twice did I spring to grasp his withered
throat,

When such a sudden weakness fell upon
me,

I could have dropped asleep upon his
breast.

Osw. Justice—is there not thunder in
the word?

Shall it be law to stab the petty robber
Who aims but at our purse; and shall
this Parricide—

Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dis-
honour

Be worse than death) to that confiding
Creature

Whom he to more than filial love and duty
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfil his

purpose?

But you are fallen.

Mar. Fallen should I be indeed—
Murder—perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the
blow—

Away! away!—[*Flings away his sword.*]

Osw. Nay, I have done with you:
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall
live,

And she shall love him. With unques-
tioned title

He shall be seated in his Barony,
And we too chant the praise of his good
deeds.

I now perceive we do mistake our mas-
ters,

And most despise the men who best can
teach us:

Henceforth it shall be said that bad men
only

Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that
old Man

Is brave.

Mar. You say he was asleep,—look at this arm,
And tell me if 'tis fit for such a work.

Oswald, Oswald! [*Leans upon OSWALD.*]

Osw. This is some sudden seizure!

Mar. A most strange faintness,—will you hunt me out
A draught of water?

Osw. Nay, to see you thus
Moves me beyond my bearing.—I will try
To gain the torrent's brink. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

Mar. [*after a pause*]. It seems an age
Since that Man left me.—No, I am not
lost.

Her. [*at the mouth of the dungeon*]. Give
me your hand; where are you,
Friends?, and tell me

How goes the night.

Mar. 'Tis hard to measure time
In such a weary night, and such a place.

Her. I do not hear the voice of my
friend Oswald.

Mar. A minute past, he went to fetch
a draught

Of water from the torrent. 'Tis, you'll say,
A cheerless beverage.

Her. How good it was in you
To stay behind!—Hearing at first no
answer,

I was alarmed.

Mar. No wonder; this is a place
That well may put some fears into *your*
heart.

Her. Why so? a roofless rock had been
a comfort,

Storm-beaten and bewildered as we were;
And in a night like this to lend your
cloaks

To make a bed for me!—My Girl will weep
When she is told of it.

Mar. This Daughter of yours
Is very dear to you.

Her. Oh! but you are young;
Over your head twice twenty years must
roll,

With all their natural weight of sorrow
and pain,

Ere can be known to you how much a
Father

May love his Child.

Mar. Thank you, old Man, for this!
[*Aside.*]

Her. Fallen am I, and worn out, a
useless Man;

Kindly have you protected me to-night,
And no return have I to make but
prayers;

May you in age be blest with such a
daughter!—

When from the Holy Land I had returned
Sightless, and from my heritage was
driven,

A wretched Outcast—but this strain of
thought

Would lead me to talk fondly.

Mar. Do not fear;
Your words are precious to my ears:
go on.

Her. You will forgive me, but my heart
runs over.

When my old Leader slipped into the
flood

And perished, what a piercing outcry you
Sent after him. I have loved you ever
since.

You start—where are we?

Mar. Oh, there is no danger;
The cold blast struck me.

Her. 'Twas a foolish question.
Mar. But when you were an Outcast?—

Heaven is just;
Your piety would not miss its due reward;

The little Orphan then would be your
succour,

And do good service, though she knew it
not.

Her. I turned me from the dwellings of
my Fathers,

Where none but those who tramped on
my rights

Seemed to remember me. To the wide
world

I bore her in my arms; her looks won
pity;

She was my Raven in the wilderness,
And brought me food. Have I not cause

to love her?

Mar. Yes.
Her. More than ever Parent
loved a Child?

Mar. Yes, yes.
Her. I will not murmur, merciful God!

I will not murmur; blasted as I have been.
Thou hast left me ears to hear my Daugh-
ter's voice,

And arms to fold her to my heart. Sub-
missively

Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

[*Taking MARMADUKE'S sword and giving it to him.*

To Clifford's arms he would have led
His Victim—haply to this desolate house.

Mar. (advancing to the dungeon). It must be ended !—

Osw. Softly ; do not rouse him ;

He will deny it to the last. He lies
Within the Vault, a spear's length to the left.

[*MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.*

(Alone). The Villains rose in mutiny to
destroy me ;

I could have quelled the Cowards, but this
Stripling

Must needs step in, and save my life. The
look

With which he gave the boon—I see it
now !

The same that tempted me to loathe the
gift.—

For this old venerable Grey-beard—faith

'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face

Which doth play tricks with them that
look on it :

'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—
that countenance—

His staff—his figure—Murder !—what, of
whom ?

We kill a worn-out horse, and who but
women

Sigh at the deed ? Hew down a withered
tree,

And none look grave but dotards. He
may live

To thank me for this service. Rainbow
arches,

Highways of dreaming passion, have too
long,

Young as he is, diverted wish and hope
From the unpretending ground we mortals
tread ;—

Then shatter the delusion, break it up
And set him free. What follows ? I have
learned

That things will work to ends the slaves
o' the world

Do never dream of. I *have* been what he—

This Boy—when he comes forth with
bloody hands—

Might envy, and am now,—but he shall
know

What I am now—

[*Goes and listens at the dungeon.*

Praying or parleying ?—tut !
Is he not eyeless ? He has been half-dead
These fifteen years—

*Enter female Beggar with two or three of
her Companions.*

(Turning abruptly). Ha ! speak—what
Thing art thou ?

(Recognises her). Heavens ! my good
Friend !

[*To her.*
Beg. Forgive me, gracious Sir !—

Osw. (to her companions). Begone, ye

Slaves, or I will raise a whirlwind

And send ye dancing to the clouds, like
leaves. [*They retire affrighted.*

Beg. Indeed we meant no harm ; we
lodge sometimes

In this deserted Castle—I *repent me.*
[*OSWALD goes to the dungeon—*

listens—returns to the Beggar.

Osw. Woman, thou hast a helpless In-
fant—keep

Thy secret for its sake, or veily
That wretched life of thine shall be the
forfeit.

Beg. I do repent me, Sir ; I fear the curse
Of that blind Man. 'Twas not your
money, Sir,—

Osw. Begone !

Beg. (going). There is some wicked
deed in hand : [*Aside.*

Would I could find the old Man and his
Daughter. [*Exit Beggar.*

MARMADUKE *re-enters from the dungeon.*

Osw. It is all over then ;—your foolish
fears

Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and
deed,

Made quiet as he is.

Mar. Why came you down ?

And when I felt your hand upon my arm

And spake to you, why did you give no
answer ?

Feared you to waken him ? he must have
been

In a deep sleep. I whispered to him
thrice.

There are the strangest echoes in that
place !

Osw. Tut ! let them gabble till the day
of doom.

Mar. Scarcely, by groping, had I
reached the Spot,

Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent
abroad
His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate
The genuine owners of such Lands and
Baronies
As, in these long commotions, have been
seized.
His Power is this way tending. It befits
us
To stand upon our guard, and with our
swords
Defend the innocent.

Mar. Lacy! we look
But at the surfaces of things; we hear
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young
and old
Driven out in troops to want and naked-
ness;
Then grasp our swords and rush upon a
cure
That flatters us, because it asks not
thought:
The deeper malady is better hid;
The world is poisoned at the heart.

Lacy. What mean you?

Wal. (whose eye has been fixed sus-
piciously upon OSWALD). Ay, what
is it you mean?

Mar. Haikce, my Friends; --
[*Appearing gay.*

Were there a Man who, being weak and
helpless
And most forlorn, should bribe a Mother,
pressed
By penury, to yield him up her Daughter,
A little Infant, and instruct the Babe,
Prattling upon his knee, to call him
Father—

Lacy. Why, if his heart be tender, that
offence
I could forgive him.

Mar. (going on). And should he make
the Child
An instrument of falsehood, should he
teach her
To stretch her arms, and dim the glad-
some light
Of infant playfulness with piteous looks
Of misery that was not—

Lacy. Troth, 'tis hard—
But in a world like ours—

Mar. (changing his tone). This self-
same Man—
Even while he printed kisses on the cheek

Of this poor Babe, and taught its innocent
tongue

To lisp the name of Father—could he look
To the unnatural harvest of that time
When he should give her up, a Woman
grown,
To him who bid the highest in the market
Of foul pollution—

Lacy. The whole visible world
Contains not such a Monster!

Mar. For this purpose
Should he resolve to taint her Soul by
means

Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think
of them;

Should he, by tales which would draw
tears from iron,

Work on her nature, and so turn com-
passion

And gratitude to ministers of vice,
And make the spotless spirit of filial love
Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim
Both soul and body—

Wal. 'Tis too horrible;
Oswald, what say you to it?

Lacy. Hew him down,
And fling him to the ravens.

Mar. But his aspect,
It is so meek, his countenance so vener-
able.

Wal. (with an appearance of mistrust).
But how, what say you, Oswald?

Lacy (at the same moment). Stab him,
were it

Before the Altar.

Mar. What, if he were sick,
Tottering upon the very verge of life,
And old, and blind—

Lacy. Blind, say you?

Osw. (coming forward). Are we Men,
Or own we baby Spirits? Genuine courage
Is not an accidental quality,
A thing dependent for its casual birth
On opposition and impediment.
Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats
down

The giant's strength; and, at the voice of
Justice,

Spare not the worm. The giant and the
worm—

She weighs them in one scale. The wiles
of woman,

And craft of age, seducing reason, first
Made weakness a protection, and obscured

Host. Gentle pilgrims,
St. Cuthbert speed you on your holy
errand.

[*Exeunt* IDONEA and Pilgrims.

SCENE, *A desolate Moor.*

OSWALD (*alone*).

Osw. Carry him to the Camp! Yes, to
the Camp.

Oh, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! and
then,

That half a word should blow it to the
winds!

This last device must end my work.—
Methinks

It were a pleasant pastime to construct
A scale and table of belief—as thus—
Two columns, one for passion, one for
proof;

Each rises as the other falls: and first,
Passion a unit and *against* us—proof—
Nay, we must travel in another path,
Or we're stuck fast for ever;—passion,
then,

Shall be a unit *for* us; proof—no, passion!
We'll not insult thy majesty by time,
Person, and place—the where, the when,
the how,

And all particulars that dull brains re-
quire

To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,
They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstra-
tion.

A whipping to the Moralists who preach
That misery is a sacred thing: for me,
I know no cheaper engine to degrade a
man,

Nor any half so sure. This Stripling's
mind

Is shaken till the dregs float on the sur-
face;

And, in the storm and anguish of the
heart,

He talks of a transition in his Soul,
And dreams that he is happy. We dis-
sect

The senseless body, and why not the
mind?—

These are strange sights—the mind of
man, upturned,

Is in all natures a strange spectacle;
In some a hideous one—hem! shall I
stop?

No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink
deep, but then

They have no substance. Pass but a few
minutes,

And something shall be done which
Memory

May touch, whene'er her Vassals are at
work.

Enter MARMADUKE *from behind.*

Osw. (*turning to meet him*). But listen,
for my peace—

Mar. Why, I *believe* you.

Osw. But hear the proofs—

Mar. Ay, prove that when two peas
Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then
Be larger than the peas—prove this—
'twere matter

Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream
It ever could be otherwise!

Osw. Last night,
When I returned with water from the
brook,

I overheard the Villains—every word
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.
Said one, "It is agreed on. The blind
Man

Shall feign a sudden illness, and the
Girl,

Who on her journey must proceed alone,
Under pretence of violence, be seized.

She is," continued the detested Slave,
"She is right willing—strange if she were
not!—

They say Lord Clifford is a savage man;
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's
harp,

There's witchery in't. I never knew a
maid

That could withstand it. True," con-
tinued he,

"When we arranged the affair, she wept
a little

(Not the less welcome to my Lord for
that)

And said, 'My Father he will have it
so.'"

Mar. I am your hearer.

Osw. This I caught, and more
That may not be retold to any ear.
The obstinate bolt of a small iron door
Detained them near the gateway of the
Castle.

Hush!—'tis the feeble and earth-loving
wind

That creeps along the bells of the crisp
heather.

Alas! 'tis cold—I shiver in the sunshine—
What can this mean? There is a psalm
that speaks

Of God's parental mercies—with Idonea
I used to sing it.—Listen!—what foot is
there?

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. (aside—looking at HERBERT). And
I have loved this Man! and *she* hath
loved him!

And I loved her, and she loves the Lord
Clifford!

And there it ends;—if this be not enough
To make mankind merry for evermore,
Then plain it is as day that eyes were made
For a wise purpose—verily to weep with!
(Looking round.)

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece
Of Nature, finished with most curious
skill!

(To HERBERT). Good Baron, have you
ever practised tillage?

Pray tell me what this land is worth by
the acre.

Her. How glad I am to hear your voice!
I know not

Wherein I have offended you;—last night
I found in you the kindest of Protectors;
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,
You from my shoulder took my scrip and
threw it

About your own; but for these two hours
past

Once only have you spoken, when the lark
Whirled from among the fern beneath our
feet,

And I, no coward in my better days,
Was almost terrified.

Mar. That's excellent!—
So you bethought you of the many ways
In which a man may come to his end,
whose crimes

Have roused all Nature up against him—
pshaw!—

Her. For mercy's sake, is nobody in
sight?

No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

Mar. Not a soul:
Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare,

That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-
green-moss

From the stern breathing of the rough
sea-wind;

This have we, but no other company:
Commend me to the place. If a man
should die

And leave his body here, it were all one
As he were twenty fathoms underground.

Her. Where is our common Friend?

Mar. A ghost, methinks—
The Spirit of a murdered man, for in-
stance—

Might have fine room to ramble about
here,

A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

Her. Lost Man! if thou have any close-
pent guilt

Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour
Of visitation—

Mar. A bold word from you!

Her. Restore him, Heaven!

Mar. The desperate

Wretch!—A Flower,
Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but
now

They have snapped her from the stem—
Poh! let her lie

Besoiled with mire, and let the houseless
snail

Feed on her leaves. You knew her well
—ay, there,

Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you
knew

The worm was in her—

Her. Mercy! Sir, what mean you?

Mar. You have a Daughter!

Her. Oh that she were here!—

She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,
And if I have in aught offended you,
Soon would her gentle voice make peace
between us.

Mar. (aside). I do believe he weeps—I
could weep too—

There is a vein of her voice that runs
through his:

Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth
From the first moment that I loved the
Maid;

And for his sake I loved her more: these
tears—

I did not think that aught was left in me
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee,
Heaven!

Lacy. He is no madman.
Wal. A most subtle doctor
 Were that man, who could draw the line
 that parts
 Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from
 Madness.

That should be scourged, not pitied.
 Restless Minds,

Such Minds as find amid their fellow-men
 No heart that loves them, none that they
 can love,

Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy
 In dim relation to imagined Beings.

One of the Band. What if he mean to
 offer up our Captain

An expiation and a sacrifice
 To those infernal fiends!

Wal. Now, if the event
 Should be as Lennox has foretold, then
 swear,

My Friends, his heart shall have as many
 wounds

As there are daggers here.

Lacy. What need of swearing!

One of the Band. Let us away!

Another. Away!

A third. Hark! how the horns
 Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the
 vale.

Lacy. Stay you behind; and, when the
 sun is down,

Light up this beacon.

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.
[They go out together.]

SCENE, *The Wood on the edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE (*alone*).

Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond
 human thought,

Yet calm.—I could believe that there
 was here

The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,
 Remembered terror, there is peace and
 rest.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.

Mar. A later meeting, Oswald,
 Would have been better timed.

Osw. Alone, I see;
 You have done your duty. I had hopes,
 which now

I feel that you would justify.

Mar.

I had fears,
 From which I have freed myself—but 'tis
 my wish

To be alone, and therefore we must part.

Osw. Nay, then—I am mistaken.

There's a weakness
 About you still; you talk of solitude—
 I am your friend.

Mar. What need of this assurance
 At any time? and why given now?

Osw. Because
 You are now in truth my Master; you
 have taught me

What there is not another living man
 Had strength to teach;—and therefore
 gratitude

Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

Mar. Wherefore press this on me?

Osw. Because I feel
 That you have shown, and by a signal
 instance,

How they who would be just must seek
 the rule

By diving for it into their own bosoms.

To-day you have thrown off a tyranny

That lives but in the torpid acquiescence

Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny

Of the world's masters, with the musty
 rules

By which they uphold their craft from age
 to age:

You have obeyed the only law that sense

Submits to recognise; the immediate law,

From the clear light of circumstances,
 flashed

Upon an independent Intellect.

Henceforth new prospects open on your
 path;

Your faculties should grow with the
 demand;

I still will be your friend, will cleave to
 you

Through good and evil, obloquy and
 scorn,

Of as they dare to follow on your steps.

Mar. I would be left alone.

Osw. (exultingly). I know your motives!

I am not of the world's presumptuous
 judges,

Who damn where they can neither see
 nor feel.

With a hard-hearted ignorance; your
 struggles

I witness'd, and now hail your victory.

I will commit him to this final *Ordeal*!—
 He heard a voice—a shepherd-lad came
 to him
 And was his guide; if once, why not
 again,
 And in this desert? If never—then the
 whole
 Of what he says, and looks, and does,
 and is,
 Makes up one damning falsehood. Leave
 him here
 To cold and hunger!—Pain is of the
 heart,
 And what are a few throes of bodily
 suffering
 If they can waken one pang of remorse?

[*Goes up to HERBERT.*

Old Man! my wrath is as a flame burnt
 out,
 It cannot be rekindled. Thou art here
 Led by my hand to save thee from per-
 dition;
 Thou wilt have time to breathe and
 think—

Her. Oh, Mercy!

Mar. I know the need that all men
 have of mercy,
 And therefore leave thee to a righteous
 judgment.

Her. My Child, my blessèd Child!

Mar. No more of that;
 Thou wilt have many guides if thou art
 innocent;
 Yea, from the utmost corners of the
 earth,
 That Woman will come o'er this Waste
 to save thee.

[*He pauses and looks at HERBERT'S staff.*
 Ha! what is here? and carved by her
 own hand! [*Reads upon the staff.*

"I am eyes to the blind, saith the Lord
 He that puts his trust in me shall not
 fail!"

Yes, be it so;—repent and be forgiven—
 God and that staff are now thy only
 guides.

[*He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.*

SCENE, *An eminence, a Beacon on the
 summit.*

LACY, WALLACE, LENNOX, &c. &c.

Several of the Band (confusedly). But
 patience!

One of the Band. Curses on that Traitor,
 Oswald!

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!—
Len. (to WALLACE). His tool, the wander-
 ing Beggar, made last night

A plain confession, such as leaves no
 doubt,

Knowing what otherwise we know too
 well,

That she revealed the truth. Stand by
 me now;

For rather would I have a nest of vipers
 Between my breast-plate and my skin
 than make

Oswald my special enemy, if you
 Deny me your support.

Lacy. We have been fooled—
 But for the motive?

Wal. Natures such as his
 Spin motives out of their own bowels,
Lacy!

I leard this when I was a Confessor.

I know him well; there needs no other
 motive

Than that most strange incontinence in
 crime

Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life
 to him

And breath and being; where he cannot
 govern,

He will destroy.

Lacy. To have been trapped like
 moles!—

Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for
 motives:

There is no crime from which this man
 would shrink;

He recks not human law; and I have
 noticed

That often, when the name of God is
 uttered,

A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride
 has built

Some uncouth superstition of its own.

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Len. Once he headed
 A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;
 And when the King of Denmark sum-
 moned him

To the oath of fealty, I well remember,
 'Twas a strange answer that he made; he
 said,

"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in heaven,"

Mar. Spare me awhile that greeting.

Osw. It may be

That some there are, squeamish half-
thinking cowards,

Who will turn pale upon you, call you
murderer,

And you will walk in solitude among
them.

A mighty evil for a strong-built mind !—

Join twenty tapes of unequal height

And light them joined, and you will see
the less

How 'twill burn down the taller ; and
they all

Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude !—

The Eagle lives in Solitude !

Mar.

Even so,
The Sparrow so on the house-top, and I,
The weakest of God's creatures, stand
resolved

To abide the issue of my act, alone.

Osw. Now would you ? and for ever ?—

My young Friend,

As time advances either we become

The prey or masters of our own past
deeds.

Fellowship we *must* have, willing or no ;

And if good Angels fail, slack in their
duty,

Substitutes, turn our faces where we may,

Are still forthcoming ; some which, though
they bear

Ill names, can render no ill services,

In recompense for what themselves re-
quired.

So meet extremes in this mysterious
world,

And opposites thus melt into each other.

Mar. Time, since Man first drew breath,
has never moved

With such a weight upon his wings as
now ;

But they will soon be lightened.

Osw.

Ay, look up—
Cast round you your mind's eye, and you
will learn

Fortitude is the child of Enterprise :

Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
Because they carry in themselves an
earnest

That we can suffer greatly.

Mar.

Very true.

Osw. Action is transitory—a step, a
blow,

The motion of a muscle—this way or
that—

'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy

We wonder at ourselves like men be-
trayed :

Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

Mar. Truth—and I feel it.

Osw.

What ! if you had bid
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy
And the light dancing of the thoughtless
heart ;

It is the toy of fools, and little fit

For such a world as this. The wise
abjure

All thoughts whose idle composition lives

In the entire forgetfulness of pain.

—I see I have disturbed you.

Mar.

By no means.

Osw. Compassion !—pity !—pity can

do without them ;

And what if you should never know them
more !—

He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,

Finds ease because another feels it too.

If e'er I open out this heart of mine

It shall be for a nobler end—to teach

And not to purchase pining sympathy.

—Nay, you are pale.

Mar.

It may be so.

Osw.

Remorse—

It cannot live with thought ; think on,
think on,

And it will die. What ! in this universe,

Where the least things control the great-
est, where

The faintest breath that breathes can
move a world ;

What ! feel remorse, where, if a cat had
sneezed,

A leaf had fallen, the thing had never
been

Whose very shadow gnaws us to the
vitals.

Mar. Now, whither are you wandering ?

That a man,

So used to suit his language to the time,

Should thus so widely differ from him-
self—

It is most strange.

Osw. Murder !—what's in the word !—

I have no cases by me ready made

To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp !—

A shallow project ;—you of late have seen

Except for that abatement which is paid
 By envy as a tribute to desert,
 I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling
 Of every tongue—as you are now. You’ve heard
 That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage
 Was hatched among the crew a foul Conspiracy
 Against my honour, in the which our Captain
 Was, I believed, prime Agent. The wind fell ;
 We lay becalmed week after week, until
 The water of the vessel was exhausted ;
 I felt a double fever in my veins,
 Yet rage suppressed itself ;—to a deep stillness
 Did my pride tame my pride ;—for many days.
 On a dead sea under a burning sky,
 I brooded o’er my injuries, deserted
 By man and nature ;—if a breeze had blown,
 It might have found its way into my heart,
 And I had been—no matter—do you mark me ?
Mar. Quick—to the point—if any untold crime
 Doth haunt your memory.
Osar. Patience, hear me further !—
 One day in silence did we drift at noon
 By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare ;
 No food was there, no drink, no grass, no shade,
 No tree, no jutting eminence, nor form
 Inanimate large as the body of man,
 Nor any living thing whose lot of life
 Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon.
 To dig for water on the spot, the Captain
 Landed with a small troop, myself being one :
 There I reproached him with his treachery.
 Imperious at all times, his temper rose .
 He struck me ; and that instant had I killed him.
 And put an end to his insolence, but my Comrades
 Rushed in between us : then did I insist

(All hated him, and I was stung to madness)
 That we should leave him there, alive !—we did so.
Mar. And he was famished ?
Osar. Naked was the spot :
 Methinks I see it now—how in the sun
 Its stony surface glittered like a shield ;
 And in that miserable place we left him,
 Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures
 Not one of which could help him while alive,
 Or mourn him dead.
Mar. A man by men cast off,
 Left without burial ! nay, not dead nor dying.
 But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms,
 In all things like ourselves but in the agony
 With which he called for mercy ; and—even so—
 He was forsaken ?
Osar. There is a power in sounds :
 The cries he uttered might have stopped the boat
 That bore us through the water—
Mar. You returned
 Upon that dismal hearing—did you not ?
Osar. Some scoffed at him with hellish mockery,
 And laughed so loud it seemed that the smooth sea
 Did from some distant region echo us.
Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins are filled
 At the same poisonous fountain !
Osar. ‘Twas an island
 Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,
 Which with their foam could cover it at will.
 I know not how he perished ; but the calm,
 The same dead calm, continued many days.
Mar. But his own crime had brought on him this doom,
 His wickedness prepared it ; these expedients
 Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.
Osar. The man was famished, and was innocent !
Mar. Impossible !

Iden. How innocent! —
 Oh heavens! you've been deceived.
Mar. Thou art a Woman
 To bring perdition on the universe.
Iden. Already I've been punished to
 the height
 Of my offence. [*Smiling affectionately.*
 I see you love me still,
 The labours of my hand are still your
 joy;
 Bethink you of the hour when on your
 shoulder
 I hung this belt.

[*Pointing to the belt on which was
 suspended HERBERT'S scrip.*

Mar. Mercy of Heaven! [*Snakes.*

Iden. What ails you! [*Distractedly.*

Mar. The scrip that held his food, and
 I forgot

To give it back again!

Iden. What mean your words?

Mar. I know not what I said—all may
 be well.

Iden. That smile hath life in it!

Mar. This road is perilous;

I will attend you to a Hut that stands

Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night,

I pray you:

For me, I have business, as you heard,

with Oswald,

But will return to you by break of day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A desolate prospect—a ridge of
 rocks—a Chapel on the summit of one—
 Moon behind the rocks—night stormy—
 irregular sound of a bell—HERBERT
 enters exhausted.*

Her. That Chapel-bell in mercy seemed
 to guide me,

But now it mocks my steps; its fitful
 stroke

Can scarcely be the work of human hands.

Hear me, ye Men upon the cliffs, if such

There be who pray nightly before the

Altar.

Oh that I had but strength to reach the

place!

My Child—my Child—dark—dark—I

faint—this wind—

These stifling blasts—God help me!

Enter ELDRID.

ELR. Better this bare rock,
 Though it were tottering over a man's
 head,
 Than a tight case of dungeon walls for
 shelter
 From such rough dealing.

[*A moaning voice is heard.*

Ha! what sound is that?

Trees creaking in the wind (but none are
 here)

Send forth such noises—and that weary
 bell!

Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night

Is ringing it—'twould stop a Saint in
 prayer,

And that—what is it? never was sound
 so like

A human groan. Ha! what is here?

Poor Man—

Murdered! alas! speak—speak, I am your
 friend:

No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts
 his hand

And lays it to his heart—(*Kneels to him*).

I pray you speak!

What has befallen you?

Her. (*feebly*). A stranger has done this.

And in the arms of a stranger I must die.

Eld. Nay, think not so: come, let me

raise you up: [*Raises him.*

This is a dismal place—well—that is well—

I was too fearful—take me for your guide

And your support—my hut is not far off.

[*Draws him gently off the stage.*

SCENE, *A room in the Hostel—MAR-
 MADUKE and OSWALD.*

Mar. But for Idonea!—I have cause to
 think

That she is innocent.

Osw. Leave that thought awhile

As one of those beliefs which in their
 hearts

Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no
 better

Than feathers clinging to their points of
 passion.

This day's event has laid on me the duty

Of opening out my story; you must hear
 it,

And without further preface.—In my
 youth,

Osw. The man had never wronged
Mar. Banish the thought, crush it
 be at peace.

His guilt was marked—these things
 never be

Were there not eyes that see, for
 good ends,

Where ours are baffled.

Osw. I had been deceived.

Mar. And from that hour miser-
 able man

No more was heard of?

Osw. I had betrayed.

Mar. And he found no defence!

Osw. The Crew

Gave me a hearty welcome; they had laid

The plot to rid themselves of any cost,

Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathed.

So we pursued our voyage: when we

landed,

The tale was spread abroad; my power

at once

Shrunk from me; plans and schemes, and

lofty hopes—

All vanished. I gave way—do you attend?

Mar. The Crew deceived you?

Osw. No, command yourself.

Mar. It is a small night—how the

wind howls!

Osw. I hid my head within a Convent,

there

Lay passive as a dormouse in mid winter.

That was no life for me—I was o'erthrown,

But not destroyed.

Mar. The proofs—you ought

to have seen

The guilt—have touched it—felt it at

your heart—

As I have one.

Osw. A fresh tide of Crusaders

Drove by the place of my retreat: three

night

Did constant meditation dry my blood;

Three sleepless nights I passed in sound-

ing on,

Through words and things, a dim and

perilous way;

And, whereso'er I turned me, I beheld

A slavery compared to which the dungeon

And clanking chains are perfect liberty.

You understand me—I was comforted;

I saw that every possible shape of action

Might lead to good—I saw it and burst

forth,

Thirsting for some of those exploits that
 fill

The earth for sure redemption of lost
 peace.

[Marking MARMADUKE'S countenance.]

Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity

Subsided in a moment, like a wind

That drops down dead out of a sky it

vexed.

And yet I had within me evermore

A salient spring of energy; I mounted

From action up to action with a mind

That never rested—without meat or

drink

Have I lived many days—my sleep was

bound

To purposes of reason—not a dream

But had a continuity and substance

That waking life had never power to give.

Mar. O wretched Human-kind!—Until

the mystery

Of all this world is solved, well may we

envy

The worm, that, underneath a stone whose

weight

Would crush the lion's paw with mortal

anguish,

Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep,

in safety.

Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those

traitors?

Osw. Give not to them a thought.

From Palestine

We marched to Syria: oft I left the

Camp,

When all that multitude of hearts was

still,

And followed on, through woods of gloomy

cedar,

Into deep chasms troubled by roaring

streams;

Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed

The moonlight desert, and the moonlight

sea:

In these my lonely wanderings I per-

ceived

What mighty objects do impress their

forms

To elevate our intellectual being;

And felt, if ought on earth deserves a

curse,

'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms

A thing so great to perish self-consumed.

—So much for my remorse!

Of pity cast from inward tenderness
Do fall around him upon aught that bears
Unightly marks of violence or harm.
Emphatically such a Being lives,
Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,
An inmate of this active universe :
For feeling has to him imparted power
That through the growing faculties of
sense

Both like an agent of the one great Mind
Gave, creator and receiver both,
Working but in alliance with the works
Of nature beholds.—Such, verily, is the
Poetic spirit of our human life,

By uniform control of after years,
In most, abated or suppressed ; in some,
Through every change of growth and of
decay,
Re-eminent till death.

From early days,
Beginning not long after that first time
In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch
I held mute dialogues with my Mother's
heart,

I have endeavoured to display the means
Whereby this infant sensibility,
Great birthright of our being, was in me
Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path
So difficult before me ; and I fear
That in its broken windings we shall need
The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's
wing :

For now a trouble came into my mind
From unknown causes. I was left alone
Seeking the visible world, nor knowing
why.

The props of my affections were removed,
And yet the building stood, as if sus-
tained

By its own spirit ! All that I beheld
Was dear, and hence to finer influxes
The mind lay open, to a more exact
and close communion. Many are our joys
in youth, but oh ! what happiness to live
When every hour brings palpable access
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is
delight,

and sorrow is not there ! The seasons
came,
and every season wheresoe'er I moved
Unfolded transitory qualities,
Which, but for this most watchful power
of love.

Had been neglected ; left a register
Of permanent relations, else unknown.
Hence life, and change, and beauty, soli-
tude

More active even than "best society"—
Society made sweet as solitude
By silent inobtrusive sympathies,
And gentle agitations of the mind
From manifold distinctions, difference
Perceived in things, where, to the un-
watchful eye,

No difference is, and hence, from the
same source,

Sublimar joy ; for I would walk alone,
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt whate'er there is of power in
sound

To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned ; and I would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming
storm,

Beneath some rock, listening to notes
that are

The ghostly language of the ancient earth
Or make their dim abode in distant
winds.

Thence did I drink the visionary power ;
And deem not profitless those fleeting
moods

Of shadowy exultation : not for this,
That they are kindred to our purer mind
And intellectual life ; but that the soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she
felt

Remembering not, retains an obscure
sense

Of possible sublimity, whereto
With growing faculties she doth aspire ;
With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they
yet

Have something to pursue.

And not alone,
'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid
fair

And tranquil scenes, that universal power
And fitness in the latent qualities
And essences of things, by which the mind
Is moved with feelings of delight, to me
Came strengthened with a superadded
soul,

A virtue not its own. My morning walks
Were early ;—oft before the hours of
school

THE PRELUDE.

Amid my strongest workings evermore
Was searching out the lines of difference
As they lie hid in all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast ; an eye
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered

leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of
stars,
Could find no surface where its power
might sleep ;
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
And by an unrelenting agency
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend ! have I retraced
my life
Up to an eminence, and told a tale
Of matters which not falsely may be
called
The glory of my youth. Of genius,
power,
Creation and divinity itself
I have been speaking, for my theme has
been
What passed within me. Not of outward
things
Done visibly for other minds, words,
signs,
Symbols or actions, but of my own heart
Have I been speaking, and my youthful
mind.
O Heavens ! how awful is the might of
souls,
And what they do within themselves
while yet
The yoke of earth is new to them, the
world
Nothing but a wild field where they were
sown.
This is, in truth, heroic argument,
This genuine prowess, which I wished to
touch
With hand however weak, but in the
main
It lies far hidden from the reach of words.
Points have we all of us within our souls
Where all stand single ; this I feel, and
make
Breathings for incommunicable powers ;
But is not each a memory to himself ?—
And, therefore, now that we must quit
this

That lives who hath not known his god-
like hours,
And feels not what an empire we inherit
As natural beings in the strength of
Nature.

No more : for now into a populous plain
We must descend. A Traveller I am,
Whose tale is only of himself ; even so,
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt
To follow, and if thou, my honour-
Friend !
Who in these thoughts art ever ^{ever} ^{gu} D.
side,
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the first
delight
That flashed upon me from this novel
show
Had failed, the mind returned into her-
self ;
Yet true it is, that I had made a ^{change}
In climate, and my nature's ^{outward} coat
Changed also slowly and in-^{sensibly}.
Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise
And superficial pastimes ; now and then
Forced labour, and more frequently forced
hopes ;
And, worst of all, a treasonable growth
Of indecisive judgments, that impaired
And shook the mind's simplicity.—And
yet

This was a gladsome time. Could I be-
hold—
Who, less insensible than sodden clay
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
Could have beheld,—with undelighted
heart,
So many happy youths, so wide and fair
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at
once
So many divers samples from the growth
Of life's sweet season—could have seer
unmoved
That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers
Decking the matron temples of a place
So famous through the world ? To me, a
least,

It was a goodly prospect : for, in sooth,
Though I had I not betime to stand

Wishing to hope without a hope, some
 fears
 About my future worldly maintenance,
 And, more than all, a strangeness in the
 mind,
 A feeling that I was not for that hour,
 Nor for that place. But wherefore be
 cast down?
 For (not to speak of Reason and her pure
 Reflective acts to fix the moral law
 My step in the conscience, nor of Christian
^{son,} ~~Thou~~ Hope,
 Even with ^{her} ~~her~~ mightier), hither I had come,
 Bear witness Truth, endowed with holy
 powers
 And faculties, whether to work or feel.
 Oft when the dazzling show no longer
 new
 Had ceased to dazzle, oftentimes did I quit
 My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings
 and groves,
 And as I paced alone the level fields
 Far from those lovely sights and sounds
 sublime
 With which I had been conversant, the
 mind
 Drooped not; but there into herself re-
 turning,
 With prompt rebound seemed fresh as
 heretofore.
 At least I more distinctly recognised
 Her native instincts: let me dare to speak
 A higher language, say that now I felt
 What independent solaces were mine,
 To mitigate the injurious sway of place
 Or circumstance, how far soever changed
 In youth, or to be changed in after years.
 As if awakened, summoned, roused, con-
 strained,
 I looked for universal things; perused
 The common countenance of earth and
 sky:
 Earth, nowhere unembellished by some
 trace
 Of that first Paradise whence man was
 driven;
 And sky, whose beauty and bounty are
 expressed
 By the proud name she bears—the name
 of Heaven.
 called on both to teach me what they
 might;
 Or turning the mind in upon herself,

Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread
 my thoughts
 And spread them with a wider creeping;
 felt
 Incumbencies more awful, visitings
 Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,
 That tolerates the indignities of Time,
 And, from the centre of Eternity
 All finite motions overruling, lives
 In glory immutable. But peace! enough
 Here to record that I was mounting now
 To such community with highest truth—
 A track pursuing, not unfrod before,
 From strict analogies by thought sup-
 plied
 Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.
 To every natural form, rock, fruit, or
 flower,
 Even the loose stones that cover the high-
 way,
 I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
 Or linked them to some feeling: the great
 mass
 Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
 That I beheld respired with inward
 meaning.
 Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love
 Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on
 From transitory passion, unto this
 I was as sensitive as waters are
 To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
 Of passion; was obedient as a lute
 That waits upon the touches of the wind.
 Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most
 rich—
 I had a world about me—'twas my own;
 I made it, for it only lived to me,
 And to the God who sees into the heart.
 Such sympathies, though rarely, were be-
 trayed
 By outward gestures and by visible looks:
 Some called it madness—so indeed it was,
 If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness ma-
 tured
 To inspiration, sort with such a name;
 If prophecy be madness; if things viewed
 By poets in old time, and higher up
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
 May in these tutored days no more be
 seen
 With undisturbed sight. But leaving
 this,
 It was no madness for the bodily eye

Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth
I ran

From the assembly; through a length of
streets.

Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
Albeit long after the importunate bell
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra
voice

No longer haunting the dark winter night.
Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy
mind,

The place itself and fashion of the rites.
With careless ostentation shouldering up
My surplice, through the inferior throng
I clove

Of the plain Burghers, who in audience
stood

On the last skirts of their permitted
ground,

Under the pealing organ. Empty
thoughts!

I am ashamed of them: and that great
Dard,

And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample
mind

Hast placed me high above my best
deserts,

Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,
In some of its unworthy vanities,
Brother to many more.

In this mixed sort
The months passed on, remissly, not given
up

To wilful alienation from the right,
Or walks of open scandal, but in vague
And loose indifference, easy likings, aims
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,
Yet Nature, or a happy course of things
Not doing in their stead the needful work.
The memory languidly revolved, the heart
Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse
Of contemplation almost failed to beat.
Such life might not inaptly be compared
To a floating island, an amphibious spot
Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal
Not wanting a fair face of water-weeds
And pleasant flowers. The thirst of living
praise.

Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the
sight

Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,
Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed,
Have often stirred the heart of youth,
and bred

A fervent love of rigorous discipline.—
Alas! such high emotion touched not me.
Look was there none within these walls

o shame
My easy spirits, and discountenance
Their light composure, far less to instil
A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed
To puissant efforts. Nor was this the
blame

Of others but my own; I should, in truth,
As far as doth concern my single self,
Misdemean most widely, lodging it else-
where:

For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,
Was a spoiled child, and, rambling like
the wind,

As I had done in daily intercourse
With those crystalline rivers, solemn
heights,

And mountains, ranging like a fowl of
the air,

I was ill-tutored for captivity;
To quit my pleasure, and, from month to
month,

Take up a station calmly on the perch
Of sedentary peace. Those lovely forms
Had also left less space within my mind.
Which, wrought upon instinctively, had
found

A freshness in those objects of her love,
A winning power, beyond all other power.
Not that I slighted books,—that were to
lack

All sense,—but other passions in me
ruled,
—Passions more fervent, making me less
prompt

To in-door study than was wise or well,
Or suited to those years. Yet I, though
used

In magisterial liberty to rove,
Culling such flowers of learning as might
tempt

A random choice, could shadow forth a
place

(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)
Whose studious aspect should have bent
me down

To instantaneous service; should at once
Have made me pay to science and to arts

And independent musings pleased me so
 That spells seemed on me when I was
 alone,
 Yet could I only cleave to solitude
 In lonely places ; if a throng was near
 That way I leaned by nature ; for my
 heart
 Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might participate
 My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,
 Though not unused to mutter lonesome
 songs,

Even with myself divided such delight,
 Or looked that way for aught that might
 be clothed

In human language), easily I passed
 From the remembrances of better things,
 And slipped into the ordinary works
 Of careless youth, unburdened, unalarmed.
Caverns there were within my mind which
 sun

Could never penetrate, yet did there not
 it store of leafy *arbours* where the
 light

ght enter in at will. Companionships,
 endships, acquaintances, were welcome
 all.

e sauntered, played, or rioted ; we
 talked
 profitable talk at morning hours ;
 ifted about along the streets and
 walks,
 ad lazily in trivial books, went forth
 gallop through the country in blind
 zeal

senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
 Gam sailed boisterously, and let the
 stars
 me forth, perhaps without one quiet
 thought.

Such was the tenour of the second act
 this new life. Imagination slept,
 d yet not utterly. I could not print
 ound where the grass had yielded to
 the steps
 generations of illustrious men,
 moved. I could not always lightly
 pass
 ough the same gateways, sleep where
 they had slept,
 e where they waked, range that in-
 closure old,

That garden of great intellects, undis-
 turbed.

Place also by the side of this dark sense
 Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,
 Even the great Newton's own ethereal
 self,

Seemed humbled in these precincts thence
 to be

The more endeared. Their several me-
 mories here
 (Even like their persons in their portraits
 clothed

With the accustomed garb of daily life)
 Put on a lowly and a touching grace
 Of more distinct humanity, that left
 All genuine admiration unimpaired.

' Beside the pleasant Mill of *Trompington*
 I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn
 shade ;

Heard him, while birds were warbling,
 tell his tales

Of amorous passion. And that gentle
 Bard,

Chosen by the Muses for their Page of
 State—

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded
 heaven

With the moon's beauty and the moon's
 soft pace,

I called him Brother, Englishman, and
 Friend !

Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,
 Stood almost single ; uttering odious
 truth—

Darkness before, and danger's voice be-
 hind,

Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
 An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
 Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
 Bounding before me, yet a stripling
 youth—

A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
 Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
 And conscious step of purity and pride.
 Among the band of my compeers was one
 Whom chance had stationed in the very
 room

Honoured by Milton's name. O tempe-
 rate Bard !

Be it confest that, for the first time,
 seated

Within thy innocent lodge and oratory
 One of a festive circle, I poured out

In silence, or with keen devouring noise
 Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes
 then
 At matins froze, and couched at curfew-
 time,
 Trained up through piety and zeal to
 prize
 Spare diet, patient labour, and plain
 weeds.
 O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the
 world!
 Far different service in those homely days
 The Muses' modest nurslings underwent
 From their first childhood: in that glo-
 rious time
 When Learning, like a stranger come
 from far,
 Sounding through Christian lands her
 trumpet, roused
 Peasant and king; when boys and youths,
 the growth
 Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
 Forsook their homes, and, errant in the
 quest
 Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,
 Where, pensioned, they in shelter might
 sit down,
 From town to town and through wide
 scattered realms
 Journeyed with ponderous folios in their
 hands;
 And often, starting from some covert place,
 Saluted the chance comer on the road,
 Crying, "An obolus, a penny give
 To a poor scholar!"—when illustrious
 men,
 Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,
 Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, read
 Before the doors or windows of their cells
 By moonshine through mere lack of taper
 light.

But peace to vain regrets! We see but
 darkly
 Even when we look behind us, and best
 things
 Are not so pure by nature that they needs
 Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,
 Their highest promise. If the mariner,
 When at reluctant distance he hath passed
 Some tempting island, could but know
 the ill
 That must have fallen upon him had he
 brought

His bark to land upon the wished-for
 shore,
 Good cause would oft be his to thank the
 surf
 Whose white belt scared him thence, or
 wind that blew
 Inexorably adverse: for myself
 I grieve not; happy is the gowned youth,
 Who only misses what I missed, who falls
 No lower than I fell.

I did not love,
 Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course
 Of our scholastic studies; could have
 wished
 To see the river flow with ampler range
 And freer pace; but more, far more, I
 grieved
 To see displayed among an eager few,
 Who in the field of contest persevered,
 Passions unworthy of youth's generous
 heart
 And mounting spirit, pitiously repaid,
 When so disturbed, whatever palms are
 won.
 From these I turned to travel with the
 shoal
 Of more unthinking natures, easy minds
 And pillowy; yet not wanting love that
 makes
 The day pass lightly on, when foresight
 sleeps,
 And wisdom and the pledges interchanged
 With our own inner being are forgot.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up
 To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood
 In my own mind remote from social life.
 (At least from what we commonly so
 name.)
 Like a lone shepherd on a promontory
 Who lacking occupation looks far forth
 Into the boundless sea, and rather makes
 Than finds what he beholds. And sure
 it is,
 That this first transit from the smooth
 delights
 And wild outlandish walks of simple youth
 To something that resembles an approach
 Towards human business, to a privileged
 world
 Within a world, a midway residence
 With all its intervenient imagery,
 Did better suit my visionary mind,
 Far better, than to have been bolted forth.

And written lore, acknowledged my liege
Ioid,

A homage frankly offered up, like that
Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and
pains

In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,
Should spread from heart to heart ; and
stately groves.

Majestic edifices, should not want
A corresponding dignity within.

The congregating temper that pervades
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be
taught

To minister to works of high attempt—
Works which the enthusiast would per-
form with love.

Youth should be awed, religiously pos-
sessed

With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and
prized

For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labour won, and fit to endure
The passing day ; should learn to put
aside

Her trappings here, should strip them off
abashed

Before antiquity and steadfast truth
And strong book-mindedness ; and over
all

A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seemly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.

If these thoughts

Are a gratuitous emblazonry
That mocks the recreant age *we* live in,
then

Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
Whatever formal gait of discipline
Shall raise them highest in their own
esteem—

Let them parade among the Schools at
will,
But spare the House of God. Was ever
known

The witless shepherd who persists to
drive

A flock that thistles not to a pool disliked ?
A weight must surely hang on days begun
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the
spirit

Of ancient times revive, and youth be
trained

At home in pious service, to your bells
Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air ;
And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples of our English
Church,

Whose worship, 'mid remotest village
trees,
Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at
hand

In daily sight of this irreverence,
Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
Loses her just authority, falls beneath
Collateral suspicion, else unknown.
This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
That having 'mid my native hills given
loose

To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a
pile

Upon the basis of the coming time,
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what
joy

To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informed with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection ; a primeval grove,
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness
were filled,

Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
In under-coverts, yet the countenance
Of the whole place should bear a stamp
of awe ;

A habitation sober and demure
For ruminating creatures ; a domain
For quiet things to wander in ; a haunt
In which the heron should delight to feed
By the shy rivers, and the pelican
Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought
Might sit and sun himself.—Alas ! alas !
In vain for such solemnity I looked ;
Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies,
ears vexed

By chattering popinjays ; the inner heart
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight

Those venerable Doctors saw of old,
When all who dwelt within these famous
walls

Led in abstemiousness a studious life ;
When, in forlorn and naked chambers
cooped

And crowded, o'er the ponderous books
they hung

Like caterpillars eating out their way

(The idol weak as the idolater),
 And Decency and Custom starving Truth.
 And blind Authority beating with his
 staff
 The child that might have led him ;
 Emptiness
 Followed as of good omen, and meek
 Worth
 Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices
 I cannot say what portion is in truth
 The naked recollection of that time,
 And what may rather have been called to
 life

By after-meditation. But delight
 That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,
 Is still with Innocence its own reward,
 This was not wanting. Carelessly I
 roamed

As through a wide museum from whose
 stores

A casual rarity is singled out
 And has its brief perusal, then gives way
 To others, all supplanted in their turn ;
 Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of
 things

That are by nature most unneighbourly,
 The head turns round and cannot right
 itself :

And though an aching and a barren sense
 Of gay confusion still be uppermost.
 With few wise longings and but little love,
 Yet to the memory something cleaves at
 last.

Whence profit may be drawn in times to
 come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend !
 The labouring time of autumn, winter,
 spring,
 Eight months ! rolled pleasingly away ;
 the ninth
 Came and returned me to my native hills.

BOOK FOURTH.

SUMMER VACATION.

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when
 quickening steps
 Followed each other till a dreary moor

Was crossed. a bare ridge clomb. upon
 whose top
 Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,
 I overlooked the bed of Windermere.
 Like a vast river, stretching in the sun.
 With exultation, at my feet I saw
 Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming
 bays,

A universe of Nature's fairest forms
 Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst,
 Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.
 I bounded down the hill shouting again
 For the old Ferryman ; to the shout the
 rocks

Replied, and when the Charon of the
 flood

Had staid his oars, and touched the
 jutting pier,

I did not step into the well-known boat
 Without a cordial greeting. Thence with
 speed

Up the familiar hill I took my way
 Towards that sweet Valley* where I had
 been reared ;

'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering
 round

I saw the snow-white church upon her
 hill

Sit like a thronèd Lady, sending out
 A gracious look all over her domain.

Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking
 town ;

With eager footsteps I advance and reach
 The cottage threshold where my journey
 closed.

Glad welcome had I, with some tears-
 perhaps,

From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,
 While she perused me with a parent's
 pride.

The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like
 dew

Upon thy grave, good creature ! While
 my heart

Can beat never will I forget thy name.
 Heaven's blessing be upon thee where
 thou liest

After thy innocent and busy stir
 In narrow cares, thy little daily growth
 Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years.
 And more than eighty, of untroubled life-
 Childless, yet by the strangers to thy
 blood

* Hawkshead.

Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
Among the conflicts of substantial life ;
By a more just gradation did lead on
To higher things ; more naturally matured,

For permanent possession, better fruits,
Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.
In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,
With playful zest of fancy, did we note
(How could we less ?) the manners and the ways

Of those who lived distinguished by the badge

Of good or ill report ; or those with whom
By frame of Academic discipline
We were perforce connected, men whose sway

And known authority of office served
To set our minds on edge, and did no more.

Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,
Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring
Of the grave Elders, men unsoured,
grotesque

In character, tricked out like aged trees
Which through the lapse of their infirmity

Give ready place to any random seed
That chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly
Those shepherd swains whom I had lately left,

Appeared a different aspect of old age ;
How different ! yet both distinctly marked,
Objects embossed to catch the general eye,

Or portraitures for special use designed,
As some might seem, so aptly do they serve

To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—
That book upheld as with maternal care
When she would enter on her tender scheme

Of teaching comprehension with delight,
And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts.

The surfaces of artificial life
And manners finely wrought, the delicate race
Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down

Through that state arras woven with silk
and gold ;

This wily interchange of snaky hues,
Willingly or unwillingly revealed,
I neither knew nor cared for ; and as such
Were wanting here, I took what might be found

Of less elaborate fabric. At this day
I smile, in many a mountain solitude
Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks
Of character, in points of wit as broad,
As aught by wooden images performed
For entertainment of the gaping crowd
At wake or fair. And oftentimes do sit
Remembrances before me of old men—
Old humourists, who have been long in their graves,

And having almost in my mind put off
Then human names, have into phantoms passed

Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer : 'tis enough to note
That here in dwarf proportions were expressed

The limbs of the great world ; its eager
strifes

Collaterally portrayed, as in mock fight,
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
Though short of mortal combat ; and whatever

Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
More that way, was not wasted upon me—

And yet the spectacle may well demand
A more substantial name, no mimic show,
Itself a living part of a live whole,
A creek in the vast sea ; for, all degrees
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise

Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from sold good ;
And here was Labour, his own bond-slave ; Hope,

That never set the pains against the prize ;
Idleness halting with his weary clog,
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,

And simple Pleasure foraging for Death ;
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray ;
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile
Murmuring submission, and bald government,

Some lovely Image in the song rose up
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the
sea :

Then have I darted forwards to let loose
My hand upon his back with stormy joy,
Caressing him again and yet again.
And when at evening on the public way
I sauntered, like a river murmuring
And talking to itself when all things else
Are still, the creature trotted on before ;
Such was his custom ; but when'er he
met

A passenger approaching, he would turn
To give me timely notice, and straight-
way,

Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed
My voice, composed my gait, and, with
the air

And mien of one whose thoughts are free,
advanced

To give and take a greeting that might
save

My name from piteous rumours, such as
wait

On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized
and loved—

Regretted!—that word, too, was on my
tongue,

But they were richly laden with all good,
And cannot be remembered but with
thanks

And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart—
Those walks in all their freshness now
came back

Like a returning Spring. When first I
made

Once more the circuit of our little lake.
If ever happiness hath lodged with man.

That day consummate happiness was
mine,

Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contem-
plative

The sun was set, or setting, when I left
Our cottage door, and evening soon
brought on

A sober hour, not winning or serene.
For cold and raw the air was, and un-
tuned ;

But as a face we love is sweetest then
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart
Have fitness in herself : even so with me

It fared that evening. Gently did my
soul

Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted,
stood

Naked, as in the presence of her God.

While on I walked, a comfort seemed to
touch

A heart that had not been disconsolate :
Strength came where weakness was not
known to be,

At least not felt ; and restoration came
Like an intruder knocking at the door
Of unacknowledged weariness. I took
The balance, and with firm hand weighed
myself.

—Of that external scene which round me
lay,

Little, in this abstraction, did I see ;
Remembered less ; but I had inward
hopes

And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and
soothed,

Conversed with promises, had glimmer-
ing views

How life pervades the undecaying mind :
How the immortal soul with God-like
power

Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest
sleep

That time can lay upon her ; how on
earth

Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that can-
not fail.

Nor was there want of milder thoughts
of love,

Of innocence, and holiday repose ;
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the
stir

Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.

Thus musing, in a wood I sate me down
Alone, continuing there to muse : the
slopes

And heights meanwhile were slowly over-
spread

With darkness, and before a rippling
breeze

The long lake lengthened out its heart
line,

And in the sheltered coppice where I
sate,

Around me from among the hazel leaves

Honoured with little less than filial love.
 What joy was mine to see thee once
 again,
 Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of
 things
 About its narrow precincts all beloved,
 And many of them seeming yet my own !
 Why should I speak of what a thousand
 hearts
 Have felt, and every man alive can guess ?
 The rooms, the court, the garden were not
 left
 Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat
 Round the stone table under the dark
 pine,
 Friendly to studious or to festive hours ;
 Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,
 The famous brook, who, soon as he was
 boxed
 Within our garden, found himself at once,
 As if by trick insidious and unkind,
 Stripped of his voice and left to dimple
 down
 (Without an effort and without a will)
 A channel paved by man's officious care.
 I looked at him and smiled, and smiled
 again,
 And in the press of twenty thousand
 thoughts,
 " Ha," quoth I, " pretty prisoner, are you
 there !"
 Well might sarcastic Fancy then have
 whispered,
 " An emblem here behold of thy own life ;
 in its late course of even days with all
 Their smooth enthrallment ;" but the heart
 was full,
 Too full for that reproach. My aged
 Dame
 Walked proudly at my side : she guided
 me ;
 willing, nay—nay, wishing to be led.
 —The face of every neighbour whom I
 met
 Was like a volume to me ; some were
 hailed
 Upon the road, some busy at their work,
 Inceremonious greetings interchanged,
 With half the length of a long field
 between.
 Among my schoolfellows I scattered
 round
 like recognitions, but with some con-
 straint

Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,
 But with more shame, for my habiliments,
 The transformation wrought by gay
 attire.
 Not less delighted did I take my place
 At our domestic table : and, dear Friend !
 In this endeavour simply to relate
 A Poet's history, may I leave untold
 The thankfulness with which I laid me
 down
 In my accustomed bed, more welcome
 now
 Perhaps than if it had been more desired
 Or been more often thought of with
 regret ;
 That lowly bed whence I had heard the
 wind
 Roar, and the rain beat hard ; where I so
 oft
 Had lain awake on summer nights to
 watch
 The moon in splendour couched among
 the leaves
 Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood ;
 Had watched her with fixed eyes while to
 and fro
 In the dark summit of the waving tree
 She rocked with every impulse of the
 breeze.

Among the favourites whom it pleased
 me well
 To see again, was one by ancient right
 Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills ;
 By birth and call of nature pre-ordained
 To hunt the badger and unearth the fox
 Among the impervious crags, but having
 been
 From youth our own adopted, he had
 passed
 Into a gentler service. And when first
 The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day
 Along my veins I kindled with the stir,
 The fermentation, and the vernal heat
 Of poesy, affecting private shades
 Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used
 To watch me, an attendant and a friend,
 Obsequious to my steps early and late,
 Though often of such dilatory walk
 Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.
 A hundred times when, roving high and
 low,
 I have been harassed with the toil of verse,
 Much pains and little progress, and at once

Now here, now there, moved by the
straggling wind,
Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,
Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,
The off and on companion of my walk ;
And such, at times, believing them to be,
I turned my head to look if he were
there ;
Then into solemn thought I passed once
more.

A freshness also found I at this time
In human Life, the daily life of those
Whose occupations really I loved ;
The peaceful scene oft filled me with
surprise
Changed like a garden in the heat of
spring,
After an eight-days' absence. For (to
omit
The things which were the same and yet
appeared
Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,
A narrow Vale where each was known to
all,
'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind
To mark some sheltering bower or sunny
nook,
Where an old man had used to sit alone,
Now vacant ; pale-faced babes whom I
had left
In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet'
Of a pleased grandame tottering up and
down ;
And growing girls whose beauty, filched
away
With all its pleasant promises, was gone
To deck some slighted playmate's homely
cheek.

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,
And often looking round was moved to
smiles
Such as a delicate work of humour breeds ;
read, without design, the opinions,
thoughts,
Of those plain-living people now observed
With clearer knowledge ; with another
eye
saw the quiet woodman in the woods,
The shepherd roam the hills. With new
delight,
This chiefly, did I note my grey-haired
Dame ;

Saw her go forth to church or other work
Of state, equipped in monumental trim ;
Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the
like),

A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers
Wore in old time. Her smooth domestic
life,

Affectionate without disquietude,
Her talk, her business, pleased me ; and
no less

Her clear though shallow stream of piety
That ran on Sabbath days a fresher
course ;

With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her
read

Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,
And loved the book, when she had
dropped asleep
And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,
Distinctly manifested at this time,
A human-heartedness about my love
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth
Of my own private being and no more ;
Which I had loved, even as a blessed
spirit

Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,
Might love in individual happiness.
But now there opened on me other
thoughts

Of change, congratulation or regret,
A pensive feeling ! It spread far and
wide ;

The trees, the mountains shared it, and
the brooks,

The stars of Heaven, now seen in their
old haunts—

White Sirius glittering o'er the southern
crag,

Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,
Acquaintances of every little child,
And Jupiter, my own beloved star !

Whatever shadings of mortality,
Whatever imports from the world of
death

Had come among these objects here-
tofore,

Were, in the main, of mood less tender :
strong,

Deep, gloomy were they, and severe ;
the scatterings

Of awe or tremulous dread, that had
given way

Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,
A span above man's common measure,
tall,
Stiff, lank, and upright: a more meagre
man

Was never seen before by night or day.
Long were his arms, pallid his hands;
his mouth

Looked ghastly in the moonlight: from
behind,

A mile-stone propped him; I could also
ken

That he was clothed in military garb,
Though faded, yet entire. Companion-
less.

No dog attending, by no staff sustained,
He stood, and in his very dress appeared
A desolation, a simplicity,

To which the trappings of a gaudy world
Make a strange back-ground. From his
lips, ere long,

Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain
Or some uneasy thought; yet still his
form

Kept the same awful steadiness—at his
feet

His shadow lay, and moved not. From
self-blame

Not wholly free, I watched him thus; at
length

Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,
I left the shady nook where I had stood
And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-
place

He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm
In measured gesture lifted to his head
Returned my salutation; then resumed
His station as before; and when I asked
His history, the veteran, in reply,
Was neither slow nor eager; but, un-
moved,

And with a quiet uncomplaining voice,
A stately air of mild indifference,
He told in few plain words a soldier's
tale—

That in the Tropic Islands he had served,
Whence he had landed scarcely three
weeks past;

That on his landing he had been dis-
missed,

And now was travelling towards his native
home.

his heard, I said, in pity, "Come with
me."

He stooped, and straightway from the
ground took up

An oaken staff by me yet unobserved—
A staff which must have dropt from his
slack hand

And lay till now neglected in the grass.
Though weak his step and cautious, he
appeared

To travel without pain, and I beheld,
With an astonishment but ill suppressed,
His ghostly figure moving at my side;
Nor could I, while we journeyed thus,
forbear

To turn from present hardships to the
past,

And speak of war, battle, and pestilence,
Sprinkling this talk with questions, better
spared,

On what he might himself have seen or
felt.

He all the while was in demeanour calm,
Concise in answer; solemn and sublime
He might have seemed, but that in all he
said

There was a strange half-absence, as of one
Knowing too well the importance of his
theme,

But feeling it no longer. Our discourse
Soon ended, and together on we passed
In silence through a wood gloomy and
still.

Up-turning, then, along an open field,
We reached a cottage. At the door I
knocked,

And earnestly to charitable care
Commended him as a poor friendless man,
Belated and by sickness overcome.
Assured that now the traveller would
repose

In comfort, I entreated that henceforth
He would not linger in the public ways,
But ask for timely furtherance and help
Such as his state required. At this re-
proof,

With the same ghastly mildness in his
look,

He said, "My trust is in the God of
Heaven,

And in the eye of him who passes me!"

The cottage door was speedily un-
barred,
And now the soldier touched his hat once
more

And open field, through which the path-
way wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magni-
ficent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the
clouds,

Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean
light ;

And in the meadows and the lower
grounds

Was all the sweetness of a common
dawn—

Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the
fields.

Ah ! need I say, dear Friend ! that to the
brim

My heart was full ; I made no vows, but
vows

Were then made for me ; bond unknown
to me

Was given, that I should be, else sinning
greatly,

A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet sur-
vives.

Strange rendezvous ! My mind was at
that time

A parti-coloured show of grave and gay,
Solid and light, short-sighted and pro-
found ;

Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,
Consorting in one mansion unreprieved.
The worth I knew of powers that I
possessed,

Though slighted and too oft misused.
Besides,

That summer, swarming as it did with
thoughts

Transient and idle, lacked not intervals
When Folly from the frown of fleeting
Time

Shrunk, and the mind experienced in her-
self

Conformity as just as that of old
To the end and written spirit of God's
works,

Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,
Through pregnant vision, separate or con-
joined.

When from our better selves we have
too long

Been parted by the hurrying world, and
dloop,

Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude :

How potent a mere image of her, sway ;
Most potent when impressed upon the
mind

With an appropriate human centre—
hermit,

Deep in the bosom of the wilderness .

Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot

Is treading, where no other face is seen)

Kneeling at prayers ; or watchman on the
top

Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves ;

Or as the soul of that great Power is met

Sometimes embodied on a public road,

When, for the night deserted, it assumes

A character of quiet more profound

Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer

months

Were flown, and autumn brought its
annual show

Of oars with oars contending, sails with
sails,

Upon Winander's spacious breast, it
chanced

That—after I had left a flower-decked
room

(Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, sur-
vived

To a late hour), and spirits overwrought

Were making night do penance for a day

Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—

My homeward course led up a long ascent,

Where the road's watery surface, to the
top

Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon

And bore the semblance of another stream

Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook

That murmured in the vale. All else was

still ;

No living thing appeared in earth or air,

And, save the flowing water's peaceful

voice,

Sound there was none—but, lo ! an un-
couth shape,

Shown by a sudden turning of the road,

So near that, slipping back into the shade

Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him

well,

While I was seated in a rocky cave
 The sea-side, perusing, so it chanced,
 The famous history of the errant knight
 Recorded by Cervantes, these same
 Thoughts
 Set me, and to height unusual rose,
 While listlessly I sate, and, having closed
 The book, had turned my eyes toward
 The wide sea.
 On poetry and geometric truth,
 And their high privilege of lasting life,
 From all internal injury exempt,
 Mused; upon these chiefly: and at
 Length,
 My senses yielding to the sultry air,
 Sleep seized me, and I passed into a
 Dream.
 I saw before me stretched a boundless
 Plain
 Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,
 And as I looked around, distress and fear
 Came creeping over me, when at my side,
 Close at my side, an uncouth shape
 Appeared
 Upon a dromedary, mounted high,
 He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin
 Tribes:
 A lance he bore, and underneath one arm
 A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell
 Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight
 Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a
 Guide
 Was present, one who with unerring skill
 Would through the desert lead me; and
 While yet
 I looked and looked, self-questioned what
 This freight
 Which the new-comer carried through
 The waste
 Could mean, the Arab told me that the
 Stone
 (To give it in the language of the dream)
 Was "Euclid's Elements;" and "This,"
 Said he,
 "Is something of more worth;" and at
 The word
 Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in
 Shape,
 In colour so resplendent, with command
 That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,
 And heard that instant in an unknown
 Tongue,
 Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,
 A loud prophetic blast of harmony:

An Ode, in passion uttered, which fore-
 told
 Destruction to the children of the earth
 By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased
 The song, than the Arab with calm look
 Declared
 That all would come to pass of which the
 Voice
 Had given forewarning, and that he him-
 self
 Was going then to bury those two books:
 The one that held acquaintance with the
 Stars,
 And wedded soul to soul in purest bond
 Of reason, undisturbed by space or time;
 The other that was a god, yea many gods,
 Had voices more than all the winds, with
 Power
 To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe.
 Through every clime, the heart of human
 Kind.
 While this was uttering, strange as it may
 Seem,
 I wondered not, although I plainly saw
 The one to be a stone, the other a shell;
 Nor doubted once but that they both
 Were books,
 Having a perfect faith in all that passed.
 Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt
 To cleave unto this man; but when I
 Prayed
 To share his enterprise, he hurried on
 Reckless of me: I followed, not unseen,
 For oftentimes he cast a backward look,
 Grasping his twofold treasure.—Lance in
 Rest,
 He rode, I keeping pace with him; and
 Now
 He, to my fancy, had become the knight
 Whose tale Cervantes tells; yet not the
 Knight,
 But was an Arab of the desert too;
 Of these was neither, and was both at
 Once.
 His countenance, meanwhile, grew more
 Disturbed;
 And, looking backwards when he looked,
 Mine eyes
 Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,
 A bed of glittering light: I asked the
 Cause:
 "It is," said he, "the waters of the deep
 Gathering upon us;" quickening then
 The pace

With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice,
Whose tone bespoke reviving interests
Till then unfelt, he thanked me; I returned
The farewell blessing of the patient man,
And so we parted. Back I cast a look,
And lingered near the door a little space,
Then sought with quiet heart my distant home.

BOOK FIFTH.

BOOKS.

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm felt
Through earth and sky, spreads widely,
and sends deep
Into the soul its tranquillising power,
Even then I sometimes grieve for thee,
O Man,
Earth's paramount Creature! not so much
for woes
That thou endurest; heavy though that
weight be,
Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with
light divine
Doth melt away; but for those palms
achieved,
Through length of time, by patient exercise
Of study and hard thought; there, there,
it is
That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto,
In progress through this Verse, my mind
hath looked
Upon the speaking face of earth and
heaven
As her prime teacher, intercourse with
man
Established by the sovereign Intellect,
Who through that bodily image hath
diffused,
As might appear to the eye of fleeting
time,
A deathless spirit. Thou also, man! hast
wrought,
For commerce of thy nature with herself,
Things that aspire to unconquerable life;
And yet we feel—we cannot choose but
feel—
That they must perish. Tremblings of
the heart

It gives, to think that our immortal
being
No more shall need such garments; and
yet man,
As long as he shall be the child of earth,
Might almost "weep to have" what he
may lose,
Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,
Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.
A thought is with me sometimes, and I
say,—
Should the whole frame of earth by in-
ward throes
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far
to scorch
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and
bare,
Yet would the living Presence still subsist
Victorious, and composure would ensue,
And kindlings like the morning—presage
sure
Of day returning and of life revived.
But all the meditations of mankind,
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth
By reason built, or passion, which itself
Is highest reason in a soul sublime;
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,
Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,
Twin labourers and heirs of the same
hopes;
Where would they be? Oh! why hath
not the Mind
Some element to stamp her image on
In nature somewhat nearer to her own?
Why, gifted with such powers to send
abroad
Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so
frail?

One day, when from my lips a like
complaint
Had fallen in presence of a studious
friend,
He with a smile made answer, that in
truth
'Twas going far to seek disquietude;
But on the front of his reproof confessed
That he himself had oftentimes given
way
To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I
told,
That once in the stillness of a summer's
noon,

Down to the low and wren-like warblings,
 made
 For cottagers and spinners at the wheel.
 And sun-burnt travellers resting their
 tired limbs.
 Stretched under wayside hedge-rows,
 ballad tunes,
 Food for the hungry ears of little ones,
 And of old men who have survived their
 joys—
 'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,
 And of the men that framed them,
 whether known,
 Or sleeping nameless in their scattered
 graves,
 That I should here assert their rights,
 attest
 Their honours, and should, once for all,
 pronounce
 Their benediction; speak of them as
 Powers
 For ever to be hallowed; only less,
 For what we are and what we may
 become,
 Than Nature's self, which is the breath of
 God,
 Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I
 stoop
 To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,
 And, by these thoughts admonished, will
 pour out
 Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was
 reared
 Safe from an evil which these days have
 laid
 Upon the children of the land, a pest
 That might have dried me up, body and
 soul.
 This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,
 And things that teach as Nature teaches:
 then,
 Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet
 where,
 Where had we been, we two, beloved
 Friend!
 If in the season of unperilous choice,
 In lieu of wandering, as we did, through
 vales
 rich with indigenous produce, open
 ground
 Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at
 will,

We had been followed, hourly watched,
 and noosed,
 Each in his several melancholy walk
 Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its
 feed,
 Led through the lanes in forlorn servi-
 tude;
 Or rather like a stalled ox debarred
 From touch of growing grass, that may
 not taste
 A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
 A prelibation to the mower's scythe.

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,
 Though fledged and feathered, and well
 pleased to part
 And straggle from her presence, still a
 brood,
 And she herself from the maternal bond
 Still undischarged; yet doth she little more
 Than move with them in tenderness and
 love,
 A centre to the circle which they make;
 And now and then, alike from need of
 theirs
 And call of her own natural appetites,
 She scratches, ransacks up the earth for
 food,
 Which they partake at pleasure. Early
 died
 My honoured Mother, she who was the
 heart
 And hinge of all our learnings and our
 loves:
 She left us destitute, and, as we might,
 Trooping together. Little suits it me
 To break upon the sabbath of her rest
 With any thought that looks at others'
 blame;
 Nor would I praise her but in perfect love.
 Hence am I checked: but let me boldly
 say,
 In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,
 Unheard by her, that she, not falsely
 taught,
 Fetching her goodness rather from times
 past,
 Than shaping novelties for times to come,
 Had no presumption, no such jealousy,
 Nor did by habit of her thoughts mis-
 trust
 Our nature, but had virtual faith that He
 Who fills the mother's breast with in-
 nocent milk,

Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,
He left me : I called after him aloud ;
He heeded not ; but, with his twofold
charge

Still in his grasp, before me, full in view,
Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,
With the fleet waters of a drowning
world

In chase of him ; whereat I waked in
terror,

And saw the sea before me, and the book,
In which I had been reading, at my side.

Full often, taking from the world of
sleep

This Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,
This semi-Quixote, I to him have given
A substance, fancied him a living man,
A gentle dweller in the desert, crazed
By love and feeling, and internal thought
Protracted among endless solitudes ;
Have shaped him wandering upon this
quest !

Not have I pitied him ; but rather felt
Reverence was due to a being thus em-
ployed ;

And thought that, in the blind and awful
lair

Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.
Enow there are on earth to take in charge
Their wives, their children, and their
virgin loves,

Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear ;
Enow to stir for these ; yea, will I say,
Contemplating in soberness the approach
Of an event so dire, by signs in earth
Or heaven made manifest, that I could
share

That maniac's fond anxiety, and go
Upon like errand. Oftentimes at least
Me hath such strong entrancement over-
come,

When I have held a volume in my hand,
Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,
Shakespeare, or Milton, labourers divine !

Great and benign, indeed, must be the
power

Of living nature, which could thus so
long

Detain me from the best of other guides
And dearest helpers, left unthanked, un-
praised,

Even in the time of lisping infancy ;

And later down, in prattling childhood
even,

While I was travelling back among those
days,

How could I ever play an ingrate's part ?
Once more should I have made those
bowers resound,

By intermingling strains of thankfulness
With their own thoughtless melodies ; at
least

It might have well besecmed me to repeat
Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,
In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale
That did bewitch me then, and soothes
me now.

O Friend ! O Poet ! brother of my soul,
Think not that I could pass along un-
touched

By these remembrances. Yet wherefore
speak ?

Why call upon a few weak words to say
What is already written in the hearts
Of all that breathe?—what in the path of
all

Drops daily from the tongue of every
child,

Wherever man is found ? The trickling
tear

Upon the cheek of listening Infancy
Proclaims it, and the insuperable look
That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave
There registered : whatever else of power
Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be
Peculiar to myself, let that remain
Where still it works, though hidden from
all search

Among the depths of time. Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which
lay

Their sure foundations in the heart of
man,

Whether by native prose, or numerous
verse,

That in the name of all inspired souls —
From Homer the great Thunderer, from
the voice

That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that
shake

Our shores in England,—from those
loftiest notes

The child, whose love is here, at least,
doth reap
One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,
Who, with a broad highway, have over-
bridged
The froward chaos of futurity,
Tamed to their bidding; they who have
the skill
To manage books, and things, and make
them act

On infant minds as surely as the sun
Deals with a flower: the keepers of our
time.

The guides and wardens of our faculties,
Sages who in their prescience would
control

All accidents, and to the very road
Which they have fashioned would confine
us down,

Like engines; when will their presump-
tion learn,

That in the unreasoning progress of the
world

A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than theirs, most prodigal
Of blessings, and most studious of our
good,

Even in what seem our most unfruitful
hours?

There was a Boy: ye knew him well,
ye cliffs

And islands of Winander!—many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering
lake.

And there, with fingers interwoven, both
hands

Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his
mouth

Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him: and they
would shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering
peals,

And long halloos and screams, and echoes
loud,

Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild

Of jocund din: and, when a lengthened
pause

Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he
hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven,
received

Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates,
and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years
old.

Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
Where he was born; the grassy church-
yard hangs

Upon a slope above the village school,
And through that churchyard when my
way has led

On summer evenings, I believe that there
A long half hour together I have stood
Mute, looking at the grave in which he
lies!

Even now appears before the mind's clear
eye

That self-same village church; I see her
sit

(The thronèd Lady whom erewhile we
hailed)

On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy
Who slumbers at her feet.—forgetful, too,
Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves.
And listening only to the glad some sounds
That, from the rural school ascending, play
Beneath her and about her. May she long
Behold a race of young ones like to those
With whom I herded!—(easily, indeed,
We might have fed upon a fatter soil
Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven)—
A race of real children; not too wise,
Too learned, or too good: but wanton,
fresh,

And banded up and down by love and
hate;

Not unresentful where self-justified:
Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest,
shy:

Mad at their sports like withered leaves
in winds;

Doth also for our nobler part provide,
Under His great correction and control,
As innocent instincts, and as innocent
food ;

Or draws for minds that are left free to
trust

In the simplicities of opening life
Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded
weeds.

This was her creed, and therefore she was
pure

From anxious fear of error or mishap,
And evil, overweeningly so called ;

Was not puffed up by false unnatural
hopes,

Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,
Nor with impatience from the season
asked

More than its timely produce ; rather
loved

The hours for what they are, than from
regard

Glanced on their promises in restless
pride.

Such was she—not from faculties more
strong

Than others have, but from the times,
perhaps,

And spot in which she lived, and through
a grace

Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,

Being itself benign.

My drift I fear

Is scarcely obvious ; but, that common
sense

May try this modern system by its fruits,
Leave let me take to place before her
sight

A specimen portrayed with faithful
hand.

Full early trained to worship seemliness,
This model of a child is never known

To mix in quarrels ; that were far be-
neath

Its dignity ; with gifts he bubbles o'er
As generous as a fountain ; selfishness

May not come near him, nor the little
throng

Of fitting pleasures tempt him from his
path ;

The wandering beggars propagate his
name,

Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,
wo.

And natural or supernatural fear,
Unless it leap upon him in a dream,
Touches him not. To enhance the wonder,
see

How arch his notices, how nice his sense
Of the ridiculous ; not blind is he

To the broad follies of the licensed world,
Yet innocent himself withal, though

shrewd,

And can read lectures upon innocence ;
A miracle of scientific lore,

Ships he can guide across the pathless
sea,

And tell you all their cunning ; he can
read

The inside of the earth, and spell the
stars ;

He knows the policies of foreign lands ;
Can string you names of districts, cities,

towns,
The whole world over, tight as beads of
dew

Upon a gossamer thread ; he sifts, he
weighs ;

All things are put to question ; he must
live

Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too

Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart :

For this unnatural growth the trainer
blame,

Pity the tree.—Poor human vanity,
Wert thou extinguished, little would be
left.

Which he could truly love ; but how es-
cape ?

For, ever as a thought of purer birth
Rises to lead him toward a better clime,

Some intermeddler still is on the watch
To drive him back, and pound him, like

a stray,
Within the pinfold of his own conceit.

Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved
to find

The playthings, which her love designed
for him,

Unthought of : in their woodland beds
the flowers

Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.
Oh ! give us once again the wishing-cap

Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat
Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,

And Sabra in the forest with St. George !
Z 2

On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,
And there have read, devouring as I read,
Defrauding the day's glory, desperate !
Till with a sudden bound of smart re-
proach,
Such as an idler deals with in his shame,
I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,
And o'er the heart of man : invisibly
It comes, to works of unproved delight,
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not what
they do.

The tales that charm away the wakeful
night

In Araby, romances ; legends penned
For solace by dim light of monkish lamps ;
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful squires ; adventures endless,
spun

By the dismantled warrior in old age,
Out of the bowels of those very schemes
In which his youth did first extravagate ;
These spread like day, and something in
the shape

Of these will live till man shall be no
more.

Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are
ours,

And *they must* have their food. Our
childhood sits,

Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the ele-
ments.

I guess not what this tells of Being past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come ;
But so it is, and, in that dubious hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,
And, in the long probation that ensues,
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconciliation with our stinted powers ;
To endure this state of meagre vassalage,
Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows
To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed
And humbled down ;—oh ! then we feel,
we feel,

We know where we have friends. Ye
dreamers, then,

Forgers of daring tales ! we bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you : *then* we feel

With what, and how great might ye are in
league,

Who make our wish, our power, our
thought a deed,

An empire, a possession,—ye whom time
And seasons serve ; all Faculties to whom
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's
clay,

Space like a heaven filled up with northern
lights,

Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at
once.

Reiniquishing this lofty eminence
For ground, though humbler, not the less
a tract

Of the same isthmus, which our spirits
cross

In progress from their native continent
To earth and human life, the Song might
dwell

On that delightful time of growing youth
When craving for the marvellous gives
way

To strengthening love for things that we
have seen ;

When sober truth and steady sympathies,
Offered to notice by less daring pens,
Take firmer hold of us, and words them-
selves

Move us with conscious pleasure.

I am sad
At thought of raptures now for ever flown ;
Almost to tears I sometimes could be
sad

To think of, to read over, many a page,
Poems withal of name, which at that time
Did never fail to entrance me, and are
now

Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre
Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five
years

Or less I might have seen, when first my
mind

With conscious pleasure opened to the
charm

Of words in tuneful order, found them
sweet

For their own *sakes*, a passion, and a
power ;

And phrases pleased me chosen for de-
light,

For pomp, or love. Oft, in the public
roads

Though doing wrong and suffering, and
 full oft
 Bending beneath our life's mysterious
 weight
 Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding
 not
 In happiness to the happiest upon earth.
 Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,
 Be these the daily strengtheners of their
 minds ;
 May books and Nature be their early joy !
 And knowledge, rightly honoured with
 that name—
 Knowledge not purchased by the loss of
 power !

Well do I call to mind the very week
 When I was first intrusted to the care
 Of that sweet Valley ; when its paths, its
 shores,
 And brooks were like a dream of novelty
 To my half-infant thoughts ; that very
 week,
 While I was roving up and down alone,
 Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to
 cross
 One of those open fields, which, shaped
 like ears,
 Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's
 Lake :
 Twilight was coming on, yet through the
 gloom
 Appeared distinctly on the opposite
 shore
 A heap of garments, as if left by one
 Who might have there been bathing.
 Long I watched,
 But no one owned them ; meanwhile the
 calm lake
 Grew dark with all the shadows on its
 breast,
 And, now and then, a fish up-leaping
 snapped
 The breathless stillness. The succeeding
 day,
 Those unclaimed garments telling a plain
 tale
 Drew to the spot an anxious crowd ; some
 looked
 In passive expectation from the shore,
 While from a boat others hung o'er the
 deep,
 Sounding with grappling irons and long
 poles

At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous
 scene
 Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
 Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre
 shape
 Of terror ; yet no soul-debasing fear,
 Young as I was, a child not nine years old,
 Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
 Such sights before, among the shining
 streams
 Of fairy land, the forest of romance.
 Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle,
 With decoration of ideal grace ;
 A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
 Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long pos-
 sessed,
 A little yellow, canvas-covered book,
 A slender abstract of the Arabian tales ;
 And, from companions in a new abode,
 When first I learnt, that this dear prize
 of mine
 Was but a block hewn from a mighty
 quarry—
 That there were four large volumes, laden
 all
 With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in
 truth,
 A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,
 With one not richer than myself, I made
 A covenant that each should lay aside
 The money's he possessed, and hoard up
 more,
 Till our joint savings had amassed enough
 To make this book our own. Through
 several months,
 In spite of all temptation, we preserved
 Religiously that vow ; but firmness failed,
 Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's
 house
 The holidays returned me, there to find
 That golden store of books which I had
 left,
 What joy was mine ! How often in the
 course
 Of those glad respites, though a soft west
 wind
 Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish,
 For a whole day together, have I lain
 Down by thy side, O Derwent ! murmur-
 ing stream,

More to myself. Two winters may be
 passed
 Without a separate notice : many books
 Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously
 perused,

But with no settled plan. I was detached
 Intentially from academic cares ;
 Yet independent study seemed a course ;
 Of hardy disobedience towards friends
 And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.
 This spurious virtue, rather let it bear
 A name it now deserves, this cowardice,
 Gave treacherous sanction to that over-
 love

Of freedom which encouraged me to turn
 From regulations even of my own
 As from restraints and bonds. Yet who
 can tell—

Who knows what thus may have been
 gained, both then

And at a later season, or preserved ;
 What love of nature, what original
 strength

Of contemplation, what intuitive truths,
 The deepest and the best, what keen
 research,

Unbiased, unbewildered, and unawed ?

The Poet's soul was with me at that
 time ;

Sweet meditations, the still overflow
 Of present happiness, while future years
 Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,
 No few of which have since been realised ;
 And some remain, hopes for my future
 life.

Four years and thirty, told this very week,
 Have I been now a sojourner on earth,
 By sorrow not unsmitten ; yet for me
 Life's morning radiance hath not left the
 hills,

Her dew is on the flowers. Those were
 the days

Which also first emboldened me to trust
 With firmness, hitherto but slightly
 touched

By such a daring thought, & not might
 leave

Some monument behind me which pure
 hearts

Should reverence. The instinctive hum-
 bleness,

Maintained even by the very name and
 thought

Of printed books and authorship, began
 To melt away ; and further, the dread awe
 Of mighty names was softened down and
 seemed

Approachable, admitting fellowship
 Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,
 Though not familiarly, my mind put on,
 Content to observe, to achieve, and to
 enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to
 choose,

Did I by night frequent the College
 groves

And tributary walks ; the last, and oft
 The only one, who had been lingering
 there

Through hours of silence, till the porter's
 bell,

A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
 Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,
 Inexorable summons ! Lofty elms,

Inviting shades of opportune recess,
 Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood

Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
 With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely

wreathed,
 Grew there ; an ash which Winter for
 himself

Decked as in pride, and with outlandish
 grace :

Up from the ground, and almost to the
 top,

The trunk and every master branch were
 green

With clustering ivy, and the lightsome
 twigs

And outer spray profusely tipped with
 seeds

That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
 Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I
 stood

Foot-bound overlooking at this lovely tree
 Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere

Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
 May never tread ; but scarcely Spenser's
 self

Could have more tranquil visions in his
 youth,

Or could more bright appearances create
 Of human forms with superhuman powers.

Than I beheld loitering on calm clear
 nights

Alone, beneath this fairy world of earth.

Yet unfrequented, while the morning
light

Was yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad
With a dear friend, and for the better
part

Of two delightful hours we strolled along
By the still borders of the misty lake,
Repeating favourite verses with one voice,
Or conning more, as happy as the birds
That round us chaunted. Well might we
be glad,

Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,
More bright than madness or the dreams
of wine;

And, though full oft the objects of our
love

Were false, and in their splendour over-
wrought,

Yet was there surely then no vulgar
power

Working within us,—nothing less, in
truth,

Than that most noble attribute of man,
Though yet untutored and inordinate,
That wish for something loftier, more
adorned,

Than is the common aspect, daily garb,
Of human life. What wonder, then, if
sounds

Of exultation echoed through the groves!
For, images, and sentiments, and words,
And everything encountered or pursued
In that delicious world of poesy,
Kept holiday, a never-ending show,
With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must we pause: this only let me
add,
From heart-experience, and in humblest
sense

Of modesty, that he, who in his youth
A daily wanderer among woods and fields
With living Nature hath been intimate,
Not only in that raw unpractised time
Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,
By glittering verse; but further, doth
receive,

In measure only dealt out to himself,
Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
From the great Nature that exists in
works

Of mighty Poets. Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
Embodied in the mystery of words:

There, darkness makes abode, and all the
host

Of shadowy things work endless changes,
—there,

As in a mansion like their proper home,
Even forms and substances are circum-
fused

By that transparent veil with light divine,
And, through the turnings intricate of
verse,

Present themselves as objects recognised,
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

BOOK SIXTH.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

THE leaves were fading when to Esth-
waite's banks

And the simplicities of cottage life
I bade farewell; and, one among the
youth

Who, summoned by that season, reunite
As scattered birds troop to the fowler's
lure,

Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so
prompt

Or eager, though as gay and undepressed
In mind, as when I thence had taken
flight

A few short months before. I turned my
face

Without repining from the coves and
heights

Clothed in the sunshine of the withering
fern;

Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence
Of calmer lakes and louder streams; and
you,

Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumber-
land,

You and your not unwelcome days of
mirth

Relinquished. and your nights of revelry,
And your own unlovely cell sate down

In lightsome mood—such privilege has
youth

That cannot take long leave of pleasant
thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived

On the vague reading of a truant youth
 'Twere idle to descant. My inner judg-
 ment
 Not seldom differed from my taste in
 books,
 As if it appertained to another mind,
 And yet the books which then I valued
 most
 Are dearest to me *now*; for, having
 scanned,
 Not heedlessly, the laws, and watched the
 forms
 Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed
 A standard, often usefully applied,
 Even when unconsciously, to things re-
 moved
 From a familiar sympathy.—In fine,
 I was a better judge of thoughts than
 words,
 Mised in estimating words, not only
 By common inexperience of youth,
 But by the trade in classic niceties,
 The dangerous craft of culling term and
 phrase
 From languages that want the living
 voice
 To carry meaning to the natural heart;
 To tell us what is passion, what is truth,
 What reason, what simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook
 The pleasure gathered from the rudiments
 Of geometric science. Though advanced
 In these enquiries, with regret I speak,
 No farther than the threshold, there I
 found
 Both elevation and composed delight:
 With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance
 pleased
 With its own struggles, did I meditate
 On the relation those abstractions bear
 To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
 Those immaterial agents bowed their
 heads
 Duly to serve the mind of earth-born
 man;
 From star to star, from kindred sphere to
 sphere,
 From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source
 I drew
 A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense

Of permanent and universal sway,
 And paramount belief; there, recognised
 A type, for finite natures, of the one
 Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
 Which—to the boundaries of space and
 time,
 Of melancholy space and doleful time,
 Superior, and incapable of change,
 Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,
 And hath the name of, God. Tran-
 scendent peace
 And silence did await upon these thoughts
 That were a frequent comfort to my
 youth.

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters
 threw,
 With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck
 spared,
 Upon a desert coast, that having brought
 To land a single volume, saved by chance,
 A treatise of Geometry, he went,
 Although of food and clothing destitute,
 And beyond common wretchedness de-
 pressed,
 To part from company and take this book
 (Then first a self-taught pupil in its
 truths)
 To spots remote, and draw his diagrams
 With a long staff upon the sand, and thus
 Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost
 Forget his feeling: so (if like effect
 From the same cause produced, 'mid
 outward things
 So different, may rightly be compared),
 So was it then with me, and so will be
 With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm
 Of those abstractions to a mind beset
 With images, and haunted by herself,
 And specially delightful unto me
 Was that clear synthesis built up aloft
 So gracefully; even then when it ap-
 peared
 Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy
 To sense embodied: not the thing it is
 In verity, an independent world,
 Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine un-
 earned
 By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—
 Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn
 aptitudes.
 And not to leave the story of that time

From smooth Cam's silent waters : had
we met,
Even at that early time, needs must I
trust

In the belief, that my maturer age,
My calmer habits, and more steady voice,
Would with an influence benign have
soothed,

Or chased away, the airy wretchedness
That batten'd on thy youth. But thou
hast trod

A march of glory, which doth put to
shame

These vain regrets ; health suffers in thee,
else

Such grief for thee would be the weakest
thought

That ever harboured in the breast of man.

A passing word crewhile did lightly
touch

On wanderings of my own, that now
embraced

With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from
restraint.

A youthful friend, he too a mountainer,
Not slow to share my wishes, took his
staff,

And sallying forth, we journeyed side by
side,

Bound to the distant Alps. A hardy
sight

Did this unprecedented course imply
Of college studies and their set rewards ;
Nor had, in truth, the scheme been
formed by me

Without uneasy forethought of the pain,
The censures, and ill-omening of those
To whom my worldly interests were dear.
But Nature then was sovereign in my
mind,

And mighty forms, seizing a youthful
fancy,

Had given a charter to irregular hopes.
In any age of uneventful calm

Among the nations, surely would my heart
Have been possessed by similar desire ;
But Europe at that time was thrilled
with joy.

France standing on the top of golden
hours,
and human nature seeming born again.

Lightly equipped, and but a few brief
looks

Cast on the white cliffs of our native
shore

From the receding vessel's deck, we
chanced

To land at Calais on the very eve
Of that great federal day ; and there we
saw,

In a mean city, and among a few,
How bright a face is worn when joy of
one

Is joy for tens of millions. Southward
thence

We held our way, direct through hamlets,
towns,

Gaudy with reliques of that festival.

Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,
And window-garlands. On the public
roads,

And, once, three days successively, through
paths

By which our toilsome journey was
abridged.

Among sequestered villages we walked
And found benevolence and blessedness

Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when
spring

Hath left no corner of the land un-
touched :

Where elms for many and many a league
in files

With their thin umbrage, on the stately
roads

Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our
heads,

For ever near us as we paced along :

How sweet at such a time, with such
delight

On every side, in prime of youthful
strength.

To feed a Poet's tender melancholy
And fond conceit of sadness, with the
sound

Of undulations varying as might please
The wind that swayed them ; once, and
more than once,

Unhoused beneath the evening star we
saw

Dances of liberty, and, in late hours
Of darkness, dances in the open air

Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired
lookers on

Might waste their breath in chiding.

The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam.

O Friend! we had not seen thee at that time,

And yet a power is on me, and a strong Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.

Far art thou wandered now in search of health

And milder breezes,—melancholy lot!

But thou art with us, with us in the past,

The present, with us in the times to come.

There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,

No languor, no dejection, no dismay,

No absence scarcely can there be, for those

Who love as we do. Speed thee well I divide

With us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,

Receive it daily as a joy of ours;

Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift

Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!

How different the fate of different men.

Though mutually unknown, yea, nursed and reared

As if in several elements, we were framed

To bend at last to the same discipline,

Predetermined, if two beings ever were,

To seek the same delights, and have one health,

One happiness. Throughout this narrative,

Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind

For whom it registers the birth, and marks the growth,

Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,

And joyous loves, that hallow innocent days

Of peace and self-command. Of rivers, fields,

And groves I speak to thee, my Friend I to thee,

Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths

Of the huge city, on the leaded roof

Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,

Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds

Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,

To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,

Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,

In this late portion of my argument,

That scarcely, as my term of pupilage

Ceased, had I left those academic bowers

When thou wert thither guided. From the heart

Of London, and from cloisters there, thou camest,

And didst sit down in temperance and peace,

A rigorous student. What a stormy course

Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that calls

For utterance, to think what easy change
Of circumstances might to thee have spared

A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,

For ever withered. Through this retrospect

Of my collegiate life I still have had
Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place

Present before my eyes, have played with times

And accidents as children do with cards,
Or as a man, who, when his house is built,

A frame locked up in wood and stone,
doth still,

As impotent fancy prompts, by his fire-side,

Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,

And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,

Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse
Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms

Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out
From things well-matched or ill, and

words for things,

The self-created sustenance of a mind
Debarred from Nature's living images,

Compelled to be a life unto herself,
And unrelentingly possessed by thirst

Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,

Ah! surely not in singleness of heart
Should I have seen the light of evening

fade

But oh! if Past and Future be the wings
 On whose support harmoniously con-
 joined
 Moves the great spirit of human know-
 ledge, spare
 These courts of mystery, where a step
 advanced
 Between the portals of the shadowy rocks
 Leaves far behind life's treacherous vani-
 ties,
 For penitential tears and trembling hopes
 Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure
 sight
 Monarch and peasant: be the house re-
 deemed
 With its unworldly votaries, for the sake
 Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved
 Through faith and meditative reason,
 resting
 Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,
 Calmly triumphant; and for humbler
 claim
 Of that imaginative impulse sent
 From these majestic floods, yon shining
 cliffs,
 The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,
 Cerulean's ether's pure inhabitants,
 These forests unapproachable by death,
 That shall endure as long as man endures,
 To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,
 To struggle, to be lost within himself
 In trepidation, from the blank abyss
 To look with bodily eyes, and be con-
 soled.”
 Not seldom since that moment have I
 wished
 That thou, O Friend! the trouble or the
 calm
 Hadst shared, when, from profane regards
 apart,
 In sympathetic reverence we trod
 The floors of those dim cloisters, till that
 hour,
 From their foundation, strangers to the
 presence
 Of unrestricted and unthinking man.
 Abroad, how cheerfully the sunshine lay
 Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's
 groves
 Entering, we fed the soul with darkness;
 thence
 Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,
 In different quarters of the bending sky,
 The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if

Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there.
 Memorial revered by a thousand
 storms;
 Yet then, from the indiscriminating sweep
 And rage of one State whirlwind, insecure.

'Tis not my present purpose to retrace
 That variegated journey step by step.
 A march it was of military speed,
 And Earth did change her images and
 forms
 Before us, fast as clouds are changed in
 heaven.
 Day after day, up early and down late,
 From hill to vale we dropped, from vale
 to hill
 Mounted—from province on to province
 swept,
 Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen
 weeks,
 Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship
 Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing
 fair;
 Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,
 Enticing valleys, greeted them and left
 Too soon, while yet the very flash and
 gleam
 Of salutation were not passed away.
 Oh! sorrow for the youth who could have
 seen
 Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, un-
 raised
 To patriarchal dignity of mind,
 And pure simplicity of wish and will,
 Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,
 Pleased (though to hardship born, and
 compassed round
 With danger, varying as the seasons
 change),
 Pleased with his daily task, or, if not
 pleased,
 Contented, from the moment that the
 dawn
 (Ah! surely not without attendant gleams
 Of soul-illumination) calls him forth
 To industry, by glistenings flung on rocks.
 Whose evening shadows lead him to
 repose.

Well might a stranger look with bound-
 ing heart
 Down on a green recess, the first I saw
 Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,
 Quiet and lorded over and possessed,

Under 115—

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,
 Upon the bosom of the gentle Saône
 We glided forward with the flowing stream
 Swift Rhone! thou wert the wings on which we cut
 A winding passage with majestic ease
 Between thy lofty rocks Enchanting show
 Those woods and farms and orchards did present,
 And single cottages and lurking towns,
 Reach after reach, succession without end
 Of deep and stately vales! A lonely pair
 Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along.
 Clustered together with a merry crowd
 Of those emancipated, a blithe host
 Of travellers, chiefly delegates returning
 From the great spousals newly solemnized
 At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven
 Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees;
 Some vapoured in the untruliness of joy,
 And with their swords flourished as if to fight
 The saucy air. In this proud company
 We landed—took with them our evening meal,
 Guests welcome almost as the angels were
 To Abraham of old. The supper done,
 With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts
 We rose at signal given, and formed a ring
 And, hand in hand, danced round and round the board;
 All hearts were open, every tongue was loud
 With amity and glee; we bore a name
 Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen,
 And hospitably did they give us hail,
 As their forerunners in a glorious course;
 And round and round the board we danced again.
 With these blithe friends our voyage we renewed
 At early dawn. The monastery bells
 Made a sweet jangling in our youthful ears,
 The rapid river flowing without noise,
 And each uprising or receding spire

Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals
 Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew
 By whom we were encompassed Taking leave
 Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by side,
 Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued
 Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set
 Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and there
 Rested within an awful *solitude*.
 Yes, for even then no other than a place
 Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared
 That far-famed region, though our eyes had seen,
 As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,
 Arms flashing, and a military glare
 Of riotous men commissioned to expel
 The blameless inmates, and belike subvert
 That frame of social being, which so long
 Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things
 In silence visible and perpetual calm
 —“Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!”—
 The voice
 Was Nature’s, uttered from her Alpine throne;
 I heard it then, and seem to hear it now—
 “Your impious work forbear, perish what may,
 Let this one temple last, be this one spot
 Of earth devoted to eternity!”
 She ceased to speak, but while St Bruno’s pines
 Waved their dark tops, not silent as they waved,
 And while below, along their several beds,
 Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death,
 Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my heart
 Responded; “Honour to the patriot’s zeal!
 Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!
 Hail to the mighty projects of the time!
 Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou
 Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging fires,
 Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,
 Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.

Came in reply, translated by our feelings,
Ended in this,—*that we had crossed the Alps.*

Imagination—here the Power so called
Through sad incompetence of human
speech.

That awful Power rose from the mind's
abyss

Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,
At once, some lonely traveller. I was
lost;

Halted without an effort to break through;
But to my conscious soul I now can say—
"I recognise thy glory:" in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has re-
vealed

The invisible world, doth greatness make
abode.

There harbours; whether we be young or
old,

Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be.
Under such banners militant, the soul
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no
spoils

That may attest her prowess, blest in
thoughts

That are their own perfection and reward,
Strong in herself and in beatitude
That hides her, like the mighty flood of
Nile

Poured from his fount of Abyssinian
clouds

To fertilise the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensue
Upon those tidings by the peasant given
Was soon dislodged. Downwards we
hurried fast,
And, with the half-shaped rock ^{which} we
had missed.

Entered a narrow chasm. The brook and
road

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy
strait,

And with them did we journey several
hours

At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,

The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and
forlorn,

The torrents shooting from the clear blue
sky,

The rocks that muttered close upon our
ears,

Black drizzling crags that spake by the
way-side

As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the
Heavens,

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light—

Were all like workings of one mind, the
features

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without
end.

That night our lodging was a house
that stood

Alone, within the valley, at a point
Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent
swelled

The rapid stream whose margin we had
trod;

A drcary mansion, large beyond all need,
With high and spacious rooms, deafened
and stunned

By noise of waters, making innocent sleep
Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprisen betimes, our journey we re-
newed,

Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified
Into a lordly river, broad and deep,

Dimpling along in silent majesty,
With mountains for its neighbours, and in
view

Of distant mountains and their snowy
tops,

And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake.
Fit resting-place for such a visitant.

Locarno! spreading out in width like
Heaven,

How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart.
Bask in the sunshine of the memory;

And Como! thou, a treasure whom the
earth

By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like
tents
Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns
And by the river side.

That very day,
From a bare ridge we also first beheld
Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and
grieved

To have a soulless image on the eye
That had usurped upon a living thought
That never more could be. The wondrous
Vale

Of Chamouny stretched far below, and
soon

With its dumb cataclysms and streams or
ice,

A motionless array of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast, made rich
amends,

And reconciled us to realities ;
There small birds warble from the leafy
trees,

The eagle soars high in the element,
There doth the reaper bind the yellow
sheaf,

The maiden spread the haycock in the
sun,

While Winter like a well-tamed lion
walks,

Descending from the mountain to make
sport

Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,
Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state
Of intellect and heart. With such a book
Before our eyes, we could not choose but
read

Lessons of genuine brotherhood, the plain
And universal reason of mankind,
The truths of young and old. Nor, side
by side

Pacing, to social pilgrims, or alone
Each with his humour, could we fail to
abound

In dreams and fictions, pensively com-
posed :

Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,
And gilded sympathies, the willow
weath,

And sober posies of funeral flowers,
Gathered among those solitudes sublime
From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,
Did sweeten many a meditative hour

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries
Mixed something of stern mood, an
under-thirst

Of vigour seldom utterly allayed :
And from that source how different a sad-
ness

Would issue, let one incident make
known.

When from the Vallais we had turned,
and clomb

Along the Simplon's steep and rugged
road,

Following a band of muleteers, we reached
A halting-place, where all together took

Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our
guide,

Leaving us at the board ; awhile we
lingered,

Then paced the beaten downward way
that led

Right to a rough stream's edge, and there
broke off ;

The only track now visible was one
That from the torrent's further brink held
forth

Conspicuous invitation to ascend
A lofty mountain. After brief delay
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road
we took,

And clomb with eagerness, till anxious
fears

Intruded, for we failed to overtake
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate
chance,

While every moment added doubt to
doubt,

A peasant met us, from whose mouth we
learned

That to the spot which had perplexed us
first

We must descend, and there should find
the road,

Which in the stony channel of the stream
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks ;
And, that our future course, all plain to
sight,

Was downwards, with the current of that
stream.

Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,
For still we had hopes that pointed to
the clouds,

We questioned him again, and yet again ;
But every word that from the peasant's
lips

But here I must break off, and bid
farewell
To days, each offering some new sight, or
fraught
With some untried adventure, in a course
Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal
snow
Checked our unwearied steps. Let this
alone
Be mentioned as a parting word, that not
In hollow exultation, dealing out
Hyperboles of praise comparative;
Not rich one moment to be poor for
ever;
Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind
Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner
On outward forms—did we in presence
stand
Of that magnificent region. On the front
Of this whole Song is written that my
heart
Must, in such Temple, needs have offered
up

A different worship. Finally, what'er
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
That flowed into a kindred stream; a gale,
Confederate with the current of the soul,
To speed my voyage; every sound or
sight,

In its degree of power, administered
To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one
Directly, but to tender thoughts by means
Less often instantaneous in effect;
Led me to these by paths that, in the
main,

Were more circuitous, but not less sure
Duly to reach the point marked out by
Heaven.

Oh, most beloved Friend! a glorious
time.

A happy time that was; triumphant looks
Were then the common language of all
eyes;

As if awaked from sleep, the Nations
hailed

Their great expectancy: the life of war
Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,
A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.
We left the Swiss exulting in the sever
Of their near neighbours; ^{by} ^{ten}

shortening fast
Our pilgrimage, nor distant ^{able h} from
home,

We crossed the Brabant armies on the
fret

For battle in the cause of Liberty.
A stripling, scarcely of the household then
Of social life, I looked upon these things
As from a distance; heard, and saw, and
felt,

Was touched, but with no intimate con-
cern;

I seemed to move along them, as a bird
Moves through the air, or as a fish
pursues

Its sport, or feeds in its proper element;
I wanted not that joy, I did not need
Such help; the ever-living universe,
Turn where I might, was opening out its
glories,

And the independent spirit of pure youth
Called forth, at every season, new delights.
Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er
green fields.

BOOK SEVENTH.

RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

SIX changeful years have vanished since
I first

Poured out (saluted by that quickening
breeze

Which met me issuing from the City's*
walls)

A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang
Aloud, with fervour irresistible
Of short-lived transport, like a torrent
bursting,

From a black thunder-cloud, down Sea-
fell's side

To rush and disappear. But soon broke
forth

(So willed the Muse) a less impetuous
stream,

That flowed awhile with unabating
strength,

Then stopped for years; not audible
again

Before last primrose-time. Belovèd
Friend!

The assurance which then cheered some
heavy thoughts

* The City of Goslar in Lower Saxony.

Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth
Of Abyssinian privacy. I spake
Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden
plots
Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed
maids ;
Thy lofty steep, and pathways roofed
with vines,
Winding from house to house, from town
to town,
Sole link that binds them to each other ;
walks,
League after league, and cloistral avenues,
Where silence dwells if music be not
there ;
While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,
Through fond ambition of that hour, I
strove
To chant your praise ; nor can approach
you now
Ungreeted by a more melodious Song,
Where tones of Nature smoothed by
learned Art
May flow in lasting current. Like a
breeze
Or sunbeam over your domain I passed
In motion without pause ; but ye have left
Your beauty with me, a serene accord
Of forms and colours, passive, yet en-
dowed
In their submissiveness with power as
sweet
And gracious, almost might I dare to say,
As virtue is, or goodness ; sweet as love,
Or the remembrance of a generous deed,
Or mildest visitations of pure thought,
When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked
Religiously, in silent blessedness ;
Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

With those delightful pathways we ad-
vanced,
For two days' space, in presence of the
Lake,
That, stretching far among the Alps,
assumed
A character more stern. The second
night,
From sleep awakened, and misled by
sound
Of the church clock telling the hours with
strokes
Whose import then we had not learned,
we rose

By moonlight, doubting not that day was
nigh,
And that meanwhiel, by no uncertain
path,
Along the winding margin of the lake,
Led, as before, we should behold the
scene,
Hushed in profound repose. We left the
town
Of Gravedona with this hope ; but soon
Were lost, bewildered among woods im-
mense,
And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.
An open place it was, and overlooked,
From high, the sullen water far beneath,
On which a dull red image of the moon
Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form
Like an uneasy snake. From hour to
hour
We sate and sate, wondering as if the
night
Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On
the rock
At last we stretched our weary limbs for
sleep,
But *could not* sleep, tormented by the
stings
Of insects, which with noise like that of
noon
Filled all the woods : the cry of unknown
birds ;
The mountains more by blackness visible
And their own size, than any outward
light ;
The breathless wilderness of clouds ; the
clock
That told, with unintelligible voice,
The widely parted hours ; the noise of
streams,
And sometimes rustling motions nigh at
hand,
That did not leave us free from personal
fear :
And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that
set
Before us, while she still was high in
heaven ;—
These were our food ; and such a summer's
night
Followed that pair of golden days that
shed
On Como's Lake, and all that round it
lay,
Their fairest, softest, happiest influence,

Among Tartarian wilds—fell short, far
 short,
 Of what my fond simplicity believed
 And thought of London—held me by a
 chain
 Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.
 Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy
 shot
 For me beyond its ordinary mark,
 'Twere vain to ask ; but in our flock of
 boys
 Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom
 chance
 Summoned from school to London ;
 fortunate
 And envied traveller ! When the Boy
 returned,
 After short absence, curiously I scanned
 His mien and person, nor was free, in
 sooth,
 From disappointment, not to find some
 change
 In look and air, from that new region
 brought,
 As if from Fairy-land. Much I ques-
 tioned him ;
 And every word he uttered, on my ears
 Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,
 That answers unexpectedly awry,
 And mocks the prompter's listening.
 Marvellous things
 Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears
 Almost as deeply seated and as strong
 In a Child's heart as fear itself) con-
 ceived
 For my enjoyment. Would that I could
 now
 Recall what then I pictured to myself,
 Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,
 The King, and the King's Palace, and,
 not last,
 Nor least, Heaven bless him ! the re-
 nowned Lord Mayor :
 Dreams not unlike to those which once
 begat
 A change of purpose in young Whit-
 ington,
 When he, a friendless and a drooping
 boy,
 Sate on a stone, and heard the bells
 speak out
 Articulate music. Above all, one thought
 Baffled my understanding : how men
 lived

Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet
 still
 Strangers, not knowing each the other's
 name.

O, wond'rous power of words, by simple
 faith
 Licensed to take the meaning that we
 love !
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh ! I then had
 heard
 Of your green groves, and wilderness of
 lamps
 Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical,
 And gorgeous ladies, under splendid
 domes,
 Floating in dance, or warbling high in air
 The songs of spirits ! Nor had Fancy
 fed
 With less delight upon that other class
 Of marvels, broad-day wonders perma-
 nent :
 The River proudly bridged ; the dizzy top
 And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's ;
 the tombs
 Of Westminster ; the Giants of Guild-
 hall ;
 Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the
 gates,
 Perpetually recumbent ; Statues—man,
 And the horse under him—in gilded pomp
 Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast
 squares ;
 The Monument, and that Chamber of the
 Tower
 Where England's sovereigns sit in long
 array,
 Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic
 shape
 Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch
 wore,
 Whether for gorgeous tournament ad-
 dressed,
 Or life or death upon the battle-field.
 Those bold imaginations in due time
 Had vanished, leaving others in their
 stead :
 And now I looked upon the living scene ;
 Familiarly perused it ; oftentimes,
 In spite of strongest disappointment,
 pleased
 Through courteous self-submission, as a
 tax
 Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

On thy departure to a foreign land
Has failed; too slowly moves the promised
work.
Through the whole summer have I been
at rest,
Partly from voluntary holiday,
And part through outward hindrance.
But I heard,
After the hour of sunset yester-even,
Sitting within doors between light and
dark,
A choir of redbreasts gathered somewhere
near
My threshold,—minstrels from the distant
woods
Sent in on Winter's service, to announce,
With preparation artful and benign,
That the rough lord had left the surly
North
On his accustomed journey. The delight,
Due to this timely notice, unawares
Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers
said,
"Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will
be
Associates, and, unscared by blustering
winds,
Will chant together." Thereafter, as the
shades
Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied
A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume
Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,
Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen
Through a thick forest. Silence touched
me here
No less than sound had done before; the
child
Of Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,
The voiceless worm on the unfrequented
hills,
Seemed sent on the same errand with the
choir
Of Winter that had wailed at my door,
And the whole year breathed tenderness
and love.

The last night's genial feeling over-
flowed
Upon this morning, and my favourite
grove,
Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs
aloft,
As if to make the strong wind visible,
Wakes in me agitations like its own,

A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,
Which we will now resume with lively
hope,
Nor checked by aught of tamer argument,
That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion, soon I
bade
Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats
Of gowned students, quitted hall and
bower,
And every comfort of that privileged
ground,
Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent
among
The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of
life
I should adhere, and seeming to possess
A little space of intermediate time
At full command, to London first I turned,
In no disturbance of excessive hope,
By personal ambition unenslaved,
Frugal as there was need, and, though
self-willed,
From dangerous passions free. Three
years had flown
Since I had felt in heart and soul the
shock
Of the huge town's first presence, and
had paced
Her endless streets, a transient visitant:
Now, fixed amid that concourse of man-
kind
Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,
And life and labour seemed but one, I
filled
An idler's place; an idler well content
To have a house (what matter for a
home?)
That owned him; living cheerfully abroad
With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,
And all my young affections out of doors.

There was a time when whatsoever is
feigned
Of airy palaces, and gardens built
By Genii of romance; or hath in grave
Authentic history been sent forth of Rome,
Alcaino, Babylon, or Persepolis;
Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
Of golden cities ten months' journey
deep

Enough ;—the mighty concourse I surveyed
 With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note
 Among the crowd all specimens of man,
 Through all the colours which the sun bestows,
 And every character of form and face :
 The Swede, the Russian ; from the genial south,
 The Frenchman and the Spaniard ; from remote
 America, the Hunter-Indian ; Moors,
 Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
 And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to day,
 The spectacles within doors,—birds and beasts
 Of every nature, and strange plants convened
 From every clime ; and, next, those sights that ape
 The absolute presence of reality,
 Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,
 And what earth is, and what she has to show.

I do not here allude to subtlest craft,
 By means refined attaining purest ends,
 But imitations, fondly made in plain
 Confession of man's weakness and his loves.

Whether the Painter, whose ambitious skill

Submits to nothing less than taking in
 A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,
 Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,

Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,
 Or in a ship on waters, with a world
 Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,
 Above, behind, far stretching and before ;
 Or more mechanic artist represent
 By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,
 From blended colours also borrowing help,

Some miniature of famous spots or things,—

St. Peter's Church ; or, more aspiring aim,
 In microscopic vision, Rome herself ;

Or, haply, some choice rural haunt,—the Falls

Tivoli ; and, high upon that steep,

The Sibyl's mouldering Temple ! every tree,

Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks
 Throughout the landscape ; tuft, stone,
 scratch minute—

All that the traveller sees when he is there.

Add to these exhibitions, mute and still,
 Others of wider scope, where living men,
 Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,
 Diversified the allurement. Need I fear
 To mention by its name, as in degree,
 Lowest of these and humblest in attempt:
 Yet richly graced with honours of her own,
 Half-rural Sadler's Wells ? Though at
 that time

Intolerant, as is the way of youth
 Unless itself be pleased, here more than
 once

Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,
 With ample recompense) giants and
 dwarfs,

Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, harle-
 quins,

Amid the uproar of the rabblement,
 Perform their feats. Nor was it mean
 delight

To watch crude Nature work in untaught
 minds ;

To note the laws and progress of belief ;
 Though obstinate on this way, yet on that
 How willingly we travel, and how far !

To have, for instance, brought upon the
 scene

The champion, Jack the Giant-killer : Lo !
 He dons his coat of darkness : on the
 stage

Walks, and achieves his wonders, from
 the eye

Of living Mortal covert, "as the moon
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

Delusion bold ! and how can it be wrought :
 The garb he wears is black as death, the
 word

"Invisible" flames forth upon his chest.

Here, too, were "forms and pressures
 of the time,"

Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displeased
 When Art was young ; dramas of living
 men,

And recent things yet warm with life ; a
 sea-fight,

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain
 Of a too busy world ! Before me flow,
 Thou endless stream of men and moving things !
 Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—
 With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—
 On strangers, of all ages ; the quick dance
 Of colours, lights, and forms ; the deafening din ;
 The comers and the goers face to face,
 Face after face ; the string of dazzling wares,
 Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names.
 And all the tradesman's honours overhead :
 Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,
 With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
 Stationed above the door, like guardian saints ;
 There, allegoric shapes, female or male,
 Or physiognomies of real men.
 Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
 Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head
 Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
 Escaped as from an enemy, we turn abruptly into some sequestered nook,
 Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud !
 At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,
 And sights and sounds that come at intervals,
 We take our way. A raree-show is here,
 With children gathered round ; another street
 Presents a company of dancing dogs,
 Or dromedary, with an antic pair
 Of monkeys on his back ; a minstrel band
 Of Savoyards ; or, single and alone,
 An English ballad-singer. Private courts,
 Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes
 Thrilled by some female vendor's scream,
 Belike
 The very shrillest of all London cries,
 Lay then entangle our impatient steps ;

Conducted through those labyrinths, un-
 awares,
 To privileged regions and inviolate,
 Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers
 Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,
 Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
 Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets
 Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
 Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls ;
 Advertisements, of giant-size, from high
 Press forward, in all colours, on the sight ;
 These, bold in conscious merit, lower down ;
 That, fronted with a most imposing word,
 Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.
 As on the broadening causeway we advance,
 Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong
 In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
 'Tis one encountered here and everywhere ;
 A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
 And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb
 Another lies at length, beside a range
 Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed
 Upon the smooth flat stones : the Nurse is here,
 The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
 The military Idle, and the Dame,
 That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub, where
 See, among less distinguishable shapes,
 The begging scavenger, with hat in hand ;
 The Italian, as he thruds his way with care,
 Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
 Upon his head ; with basket at his breast
 The Jew ; the stately and slow-moving Turk,
 With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm !

While oaths and laughter and indecent
speech

Were rife about him as the songs of birds
Contending after showers. The mother
now

Is fading out of memory, but I see
The lovely Boy as I beheld him then
Among the wretched and the falsely gay,
Like one of those who walked with hair
unsinged

Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and
spells

Muttered on black and spiteful instigation
Have stopped, as some believe, the kind-
liest growths.

Ah, with how different spirit might a
prayer

Have been preferred, that this fair crea-
ture, checked

By special privilege of Nature's love,
Should in his childhood be detained for
ever!

But with its universal freight the tide
Hath rolled along, and this bright inno-
cent.

Mary! may now have lived till he could
look

With envy on thy nameless babe that
sleeps,

Beside the mountain-chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then
been told

Since, travelling southward from our
pastoral hills,

I heard, and for the first time in my life,
The voice of woman utter blasphemy—
Saw woman as she is, to open shame
Abandoned, and the pride of public vice :
I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once
Thrown in, that from humanity divorced
Humanity, splitting the race of man
In twain, yet leaving the same outward
form.

Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,
And ardent meditation. Later years
Brought to such spectacle a milder sad-
ness,

Feelings of pure commiseration, grief
For the individual and the overthrow
Of her soul's beauty ; farther I was then
But seldom led, or wished to go ; in truth
The sorrow of the passion stopped me
there.

But let me now, less moved, in order
take

Our argument. Enough is said to show
How casual incidents of real life,
Observed where pastime only had been
sought,
Outweighed, or put to flight, the set
events

And measured passions of the stage,
albeit

By Siddons trod in the fulness of her
power.

Yet was the theatre my dear delight ;
The very gilding, lanips and painted
scrolls,

And all the mean upholstery of the place.
Wanted not animation, when the tide
Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast
With the ever-shifting figures of the
scene,

Solemn or gay : whether some beauteous
dame

Advanced in radiance through a deep
recess

Of thick entangled forest, like the moon
Opening the clouds ; or sovereign king,
announced

With flourishing trumpet, came in full-
blown state

Of the world's greatness, winding round
with train

Of courtiers, banners, and a length of
guards ;

Or captive led in abject weeds, and
jingling

His slender manacles ; or romping girl
Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air ; or
mumbling sire,

A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up
In all the tatters of infirmity

All loosely put together, hobbled in.
Stumping upon a cane with which he
smites,

From time to time, the solid boards, and
makes them

Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabout.
Of one so overloaded with his years.

But what of this ! the laugh, the grin
grimace.

The antics striving to outstrip each other.
Were all received, the least of them not
lost.

With an unmeasured welcome. Through
the night,

Shipwreck, or some domestic incident
 Divulged by Truth and magnified by
 Fame ;
 Such as the daring brotherhood of late
 Set forth, too serious theme for that light
 place—
 I mean, O distant Friend ! a story drawn
 From our own ground,—the Maid of
 Buttermere,—
 And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
 Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came
 And wooed the artless daughter of the
 hills,
 And wedded her, in cruel mockery
 Of love and marriage bonds. These words
 to thee
 Must needs bring back the moment when
 we first,
 Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's
 name,
 Beheld her serving at the cottage inn ;
 Both stricken, as she entered or with-
 drew
 With admiration of her modest mien
 And carriage, marked by unexampled
 grace.
 We since that time not unfamiliarly
 Have seen her,—her discretion have
 observed,
 Her just opinions, delicate reserve,
 Her patience, and humility of mind
 Unspoiled by commendation and the
 excess
 Of public notice—an offensive light
 To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.

From this memorial tribute to my theme
 was returning, when, with sundry forms
 commingled—shapes which met me in
 the way
 That we must tread—thy image rose
 again,
 Maiden of Buttermere ! She lives in
 peace
 Upon the spot where she was born and
 reared ;
 Without contamination doth she live
 in quietness, without anxiety :
 Beside the mountain-chapel, sleeps in
 earth
 Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb
 That, thither driven from some unsheltered
 place,
 Rests underneath the little rock-like pile

When storms are raging. Happy are
 they both—
 Mother and child !—These feelings, in
 themselves
 Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I
 think
 On those ingenuous moments of our youth
 Ere we have learnt by use to slight the
 crimes
 And sorrows of the world. Those simple
 days
 Are now my theme ; and, foremost of the
 scenes,
 Which yet survive in memory, appears
 One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,
 A sportive infant, who, for six months'
 space,
 Not more, had been of age to deal about
 Articulate prattle—Child as beautiful
 As ever clung around a mother's neck,
 Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.
 There, too, conspicuous for stature tall
 And large dark eyes, beside her infant
 stood
 The mother ; but, upon her cheeks dif-
 fused,
 False tints too well accorded with the
 glare
 From play-house lustres thrown without
 reserve
 On every object near. The Boy had been
 The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on
 In whatsoever place, but seemed in this
 A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.
 Of lusty vigour, more than infantine
 He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose
 Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—
 if e'er,
 By cottage-door on breezy mountain-side,
 Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a
 babe
 By Nature's gift so favoured. Upon a
 board
 Decked with refreshments had this child
 been placed,
 His little stage in the vast theatre,
 And there he sate surrounded with a
 throng
 Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute
 men
 And shameless women, treated and
 caressed ;
 Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses
 played,

Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience e'er
 Grow weary of attending on a track
 That kindles with such glory! All are charmed,
 Astonished; like a hero in romance,
 He winds away his never-ending horn;
 Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense;
 What memory and what logic! till the strain
 Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,
 Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen seduced
 By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
 Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,
 Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
 And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,
 Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue—
 Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave.
 I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—
 Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches start
 Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe
 The younger brethren of the grove. But some—
 While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,
 Against all systems built on abstract rights,
 Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims
 Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;
 Declares the vital power of social ties
 Endear'd by Custom; and with high disdain,
 Exploding upstart Theory, insists
 Upon the allegiance to which men are born—
 Some—say at once a froward multitude—
 Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)
 As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,
 Galled by their monarch's chain. The times were big
 With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked

Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised;
 But memorable moments intervened,
 When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,
 Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,
 Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and one
 In ancient story versed, whose breast had heaved
 Under the weight of classic eloquence,
 Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail
 To achieve its higher triumph. Not unfelt
 Were its admonishments, 'nor lightly heard
 The awful truths delivered thence by tongues
 Endowed with various power to search the soul;
 Yet ostentation, domineering, oft
 Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of place!—
 There have I seen a comely bachelor,
 Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend
 His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up
 And, in a tone elaborately low
 Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze
 A minuet course; and, winding up his mouth,
 From time to time, into an orifice
 Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,
 And only not invisible, again
 Open it out, diffusing thence a smile
 Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.
 Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,
 Moses, and he who penned, the other day,
 The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the Bard
 Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme
 With fancies thick as his inspiring stars.
 And Ossian (doubt not—'tis the naked truth)
 Summoned from streamy Morven—each and all
 Would, in their turns, lend ornament and flowers
 To entwine the crook of eloquence the help'd

Between the show; and many-headed
 mass
 Of the spectators, and each several nook
 Filled with its fray or brawl, how eagerly
 And with what flashes, as it were, the
 mind
 Turned this way—that way! sportive and
 alert
 And watchful, as a kitten when at play,
 While winds are eddying round her,
 among straws
 And rustling leaves. Enchanting age and
 sweet!
 Romantic almost, looked at through a
 space,
 How small, of intervening years! For
 then,
 Though surely no mean progress had been
 made
 In meditations holy and sublime,
 Yet something of a girlish child-like gloss
 Of novelty survived for scenes like these;
 Enjoyment haply handed down from
 times
 When at a country-playhouse, some rude
 barn
 Tricked out for that proud use, if I per-
 chance
 Caught, on a summer evening through a
 chink
 In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse
 Of daylight, the bare thought of where I
 was
 Gladdened me more than if I had been
 led
 Into a dazzling cavern of romance,
 Crowded with Genii busy among works
 Not to be looked at by the common sun.

The matter that detains us now may
 seem,
 To many, neither dignified enough
 Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by
 them,
 Who, looking inward, have observed the
 ties
 That bind the perishable hours of life
 Each to the other, and the curious props
 By which the world of memory and
 thought
 Exists and is sustained. More lofty
 themes,
 Such as at least do wear a prouder face,
 Solicit our regard; but when I think

Of these, I feel the imaginative power
 Languish within me; even then it slept,
 When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the
 heart
 Was more than full; amid my sobs and
 tears
 It slept, even in the pregnant season of
 youth.
 For though I was most passionately moved
 And yielded to all changes of the scene
 With an obsequious promptness, yet the
 storm
 Passed not beyond the suburbs of the
 mind;
 Save when realities of act and mien,
 The incarnation of the spirits that move
 In harmony amid the Poet's world,
 Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth
 By power of contrast, made me recognise,
 As at a glance, the things which I had
 shaped,
 And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely
 seen,
 When, having closed the mighty Shak-
 speare's page,
 I mused, and thought, and felt, in soli-
 tude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are
 such
 Professedly, to others titled higher,
 Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,
 More near akin to those than names
 imply,—
 I mean the brawls of lawyers in their
 courts
 Before the ermined judge, or that great
 stage
 Where senators, tongue-favoured men,
 perform.
 Admired and envied. Oh! the beating
 heart,
 When one among the prime of these rose
 up,—
 One, of whose name from childhood we
 had heard
 Familiarly, a household term, like those,
 The Bedfords, Glosters, Salisburys, of old
 Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence!
 hush!

This is no trifle, no short-flighted wit,
 No stammerer of a minute, painfully
 Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked
 The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:

Caught by the spectacle my mind turned
round

As with the might of waters ; an apt type
This label seemed of the utmost we can
know.

Both of ourselves and of the universe :
And, on the shape of that unmoving man.
His steadfast face and sightless eyes,
I gazed,
As if admonished from another world.

Though reared upon the base of out-
ward things,

Structures like these the excited spirit
mainly

Builds for herself ; scenes different there
are,

Full-formed, that take, with small internal
help,

Possession of the faculties,—the peace
That comes with night ; the deep solemn-
nity

Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,
When the great tide of human life stands
still ;

The business of the day to come, unborn,
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the
grave ;

The blended calmness of the heavens and
earth,

Moonlight and stars, and empty streets,
and sounds

Unfrequent as in deserts ; at late hours
Of winter evenings, when unwholesome
rains

Are falling hard, with people yet astir,
The feeble salutation from the voice
Of some unhappy woman, now and then
Heard as we pass, when no one looks
about,

Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,
Are falsely catalogued ; things that are,
are not,

As the mind answers to them, or the
heart

Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say
you, then,

To times, when half the city shall break
out

Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or
fear ?

To executions, to a street on fire.
Mobs, riots, or rejoicings ? From these
sights

Take one,—that ancient festival, the Fair,
Holden where martyrs suffered in past
time,

And named of St. Bartholomew ; there,
see

A work completed to our hands, that
lays,

If any spectacle on earth can do,
The whole creative powers of man asleep!—

For once, the Muse's help will we implore.
And she shall lodge us, wafted on her

wings,
Above the press and danger of the crowd

Upon some showman's platform. What
a shock

For eyes and ears ! what anarchy and
din,

Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasma,
Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight,

sound !
Below, the open space, through every

nook
Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive

With heads ; the midway region, and
above,

Is thronged with staring pictures and
huge scrolls.

Dumb proclamations of the Prodigies ;
With chattering monkeys dangling from

their poles,
And children whirling in their round-

abouts ;
With those that stretch the neck and

strain the eyes,
And crack the voice in rivalry, the

crowd
Inviting : with buffoons against buffoons—

Grimacing, writhing, screaming.—him
who grinds

The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves.
Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-

drum,
And him who at the trumpet puffs his

cheeks,
The silver-collared Negro with his timbral.

Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and
boys,

Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high-
towering plumes.—

All moveables of wonder, from all parts.
Are here—Albinos, painted Indians,

Dwarfs,
The Horse of knowledge, and the learned

Fig,

This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the
plains,
To rule and guide his captivated flock.

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,
Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,
Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop,
In public room or private, park or street,
Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,
Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice,
Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,
And all the strife of singularity,
Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense—
Of these, and of the living shapes they
wear,

There is no end. Such candidates for
regard,
Although well pleased to be where they
were found,

I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize,
Nor made unto myself a secret boast .
Of reading them with quick and curious
eye ;

But, as a common produce, things that
are

To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them
Such willing note, as, on some errand
bound

That asks not speed, a traveller might
bestow

On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy
beach,

Or daisies swarming through the fields of
June.

But foolishness and madness in parade,
Though most at home in this their dear
domain,
Are scattered everywhere, no rarities,
Even to the rudest novice of the Schools.
We, rather, it employed, to note, and
keep

In memory, those individual sights
Of courage, or integrity, or truth,
Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil,
appeared more touching. One will I
select ;

A Father—for he bore that sacred name—
I saw him, sitting in an open square,
Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,
Wherein were fixed the iron pales that
fenced

A spacious grass-plot ; there, in silence,
sate

wo.

This One Man, with a sickly babe out-
stretched

Upon his knee, whom he had thither
brought

For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher
air.

Of those who passed, and me who looked
at him,

He took no heed ; but in his brawny
arms

(The Artificer was to the elbow bare,
And from his work this moment had been
stolen)

He held the child, and, bending over it,
As if he were afraid both of the sun

And of the air, which he had come to
seek,

Eyed the poor babe with love un-
utterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain-
top

Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so

That huge fermenting mass of human-
kind

Serves as a solemnn background, or relief,
To single forms and objects, whence they
draw,

For feeling and contemplative regard,
More than inherent liveliness and power.
How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
Have I gone forward with the crowd, and
said

Unto myself, "The face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery !"

Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look,
oppressed

By thoughts of what and whither, when
and how,

Until the shapes before my eyes became
A second-sight procession, such as glides
Over still mountains, or appears in
dreams ;

And once, far-travelled in such mood,
beyond

The reach of common indication, lost
Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
Stood, propped against a wall, upon his
chest

Wearing a written paper, to explain
His story, whence he came, and who he
was.

Cowers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village
 green?
 Crowd seems it, solitary hill: to thee,
 Though but a little family of men,
 Shepherds and tillers of the ground—be-
 times
 Assembled with their children and their
 wives.
 And here and there a stranger inter-
 spersed.
 They hold a rustic fair—a festival,
 Such as, on this side now, and now on
 that.
 Repeated through his tributary vales,
 Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,
 Sees annually, if clouds towards either
 ocean
 Blown from their favourite resting-place,
 or mists
 Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded
 head.
 Delightful day it is for all who dwell
 In this secluded glen, and eagerly
 They give it welcome. Long ere heat of
 noon,
 From byre or field the kine were brought :
 the sheep
 Are penned in cotes ; the chaffering is
 begun.
 The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice
 Of a new master : bleat the flocks aloud.
 Booths are there none : a stall or two is
 here ;
 A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,
 The other to make music : hither, too,
 From far, with basket, slung upon her
 arm,
 Of hawker's wares—books, pictures,
 combs, and pins—
 Some aged woman finds her way again,
 Year after year, a punctual visitant !
 There also stands a speech-maker by rote,
 Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-
 show ;
 And in the lapse of many years may come
 Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he
 Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.
 But one there is, the loveliest of them all,
 Some sweet lass of the valley, looking
 out
 For gains, and who that sees her would
 not buy ?
 Fruits of her father's orchard are her
 wares,

And with the ruddy produce she walks
 round
 Among the crowd, half pleased with, half
 ashamed
 Of her new office, blushing restlessly.
 The children now are rich, for the old to-
 day
 Are generous as the young ; and, if con-
 tent
 With looking on, some ancient wedded
 pair
 Sit in the shade together, while they
 gaze,
 "A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled
 brow,
 The days departed start again to life,
 And all the scenes of childhood reappear,
 Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing
 sun
 To him who slept at noon and wakes at
 eve."
 Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail.
 Spreading from young to old, from old to
 young,
 And no one seems to want his share.—
 Immense
 Is the recess, the circumambient world
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced :
 They move about upon the soft green
 turf :
 How little they, they and their doings,
 seem.
 And all that they can further or obstruct !
 Through utter weakness pitifully dear,
 As tender infants are : and yet how great
 For all things serve them ; them the
 morning light
 Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks :
 And them the silent rocks, which now
 from high
 Look down upon them ; the reposing
 clouds :
 The wild brooks prattling from invisible
 haunts ;
 And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir
 Which animates this day their calm abode.

 With deep devotion. Nature, did I feel.
 In that enormous City's turbulent world
 Of men and things, what benefit I owed
 To thee, and those domains of rural peace.
 Where to the sense of beauty first my
 heart
 Was opened ; tract more exquisitely fair

The Stone-eater, the man that swallows
 fire,
 Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl.
 The Bust that speaks and moves its
 goggling eyes,
 The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the mar-
 vellous craft
 Of modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-
 shows,
 All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted
 things,
 All freaks of nature, all Promethean
 thoughts
 Of man, his dulness, madness, and their
 feats
 All jumbled up together, to compose
 A Parliament of Monsters. Tents and
 Booths
 Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast
 mill,
 Are vomiting, receiving on all sides,
 Men, Women, three-years' Children, Babes
 in arms.

Oh, blank confusion ! true epitome
 Of what the mighty City is herself,
 To thousands upon thousands of her sons,
 Living amid the same perpetual whirl
 Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
 To one identity, by differences
 That have no law, no meaning, and no
 end—
 Oppression, under which even highest
 minds
 Must labour, whence the strongest are
 not free.
 But though the picture weary out the eye,
 By nature an unmanageable sight,
 It is not wholly so to him who looks
 in steadiness, who hath among least
 things
 An under-sense of greatest ; see the parts
 As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.
 This, of all acquisitions, first awaits
 In sundry and most widely different
 modes
 Of education, nor with least delight
 In that through which I passed. Atten-
 tion springs,
 And comprehensiveness and memory flow,
 From early converse with the works of
 God
 Among all regions ; chiefly where appear
 Lost obviously simplicity and power.

Think, how the everlasting streams and
 woods,
 Stretched and still stretching far and
 wide, exalt
 The roving Indian, on his desert sands :
 What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant
 show
 Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's
 eye :
 And, as the sea propels, from zone to
 zone,
 Its currents ; magnifies its shoals of life
 Beyond all compass ; spreads, and sends
 aloft
 Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers
 and aspects
 Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,
 The views and aspirations of the soul
 To majesty. Like virtue have the forms
 Perennial of the ancient hills ; nor less
 The changeful language of their coun-
 tenances
 Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids
 the thoughts,
 However multitudinous, to move
 With order and relation. This, if still,
 As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,
 Not violating any just restraint,
 As may be hoped, of real modesty,—
 This did I feel, in London's vast do-
 main.
 The Spirit of Nature was upon me there ;
 The soul of Beauty and enduring Life
 Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
 Through meagre lines and colours, and
 the press
 Of self-destroying, transitory things,
 Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

BOOK EIGHTH.

RETROSPECT.—LOVE OF NATURE
 LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN.

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that
 are heard
 Up to thy summit, through the depth of
 air
 Ascending, as if distance had the power
 To make the sounds more audible ? What
 crowd

Had also heard, from those who yet
remembered,
Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths
that decked
Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar ; and of
feasts,
Each with his maid, before the sun was
up.

By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,
To drink the waters of some sainted well.
And hang it round with garlands. Love
survives ;

But, for such purpose, flowers no longer
grow :

The times, too sage, perhaps too proud,
have dropped

These lighter graces : and the rural ways
And manners which my childhood looked
upon

Were the unluxuriant produce of a life
Intent on little but substantial needs,
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.
But images of danger and distress,
Man suffering among awful Powers and
Forms :

Of this I heard, and saw enough to make
Imagination restless ; nor was free
Myself from frequent perils ; nor were
tales

Wanting,—the tragedies of former times.
Hazards and strange escapes, of which the
rocks

Immutable, and everflowing streams,
Where'er I roamed, were speaking monu-
ments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in
old time,

Long springs and tepid winters, on the
banks

Of delicate Galesus ; and no less
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle
shores :

Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-
white herd

To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
Devoted, on the inviolable stream
Of rich Clitumnus ; and the goat-herd
lived

As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows
Of cool Lucretilis, where the pipe was
heard

Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks
With tutelary music, from all harm

The fold protecting. I myself, mature
In manhood then, have seen a pastoral
tract

Like one of these, where Fancy might run
wild.

Though under skies less generous, less
serene :

There, for her own delight had Nature
framed

A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse
Of level pasture, islanded with groves
And banked with woody risings ; but the
Plain

Endless, here opening widely out, and
there

Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn
And intricate recesses, creek or bay
Sheltered within a shelter, where at large
The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his
home.

Thither he comes with spring-time, there
abides

All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear
His flageolet to liquid notes of love
Attuned, or sprightly life resounding far.
Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast
space

Where passage opens, but the same shall
have

In turn its visitant, telling there his hours
In unlaborious pleasure, with no task
More toilsome than to carve a beechen
bowl

For spring or fountain, which the traveller
finds,

When through the region he pursues at
will

His devious course. A glimpse of such
sweet life

I saw when, from the melancholy walls
Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed
My daily walk along that wide cham-
paign,

That, reaching to her gates, spreads east
and west,

And northwards, from beneath the moun-
tainous verge

Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail to you
Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye
hollow vales,

Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's
voice,

Powers of my native region ! Ye that
seize

Than that famed paradise of ten thousand
trees,
Or Gehol's matchless gardens, for delight
Of the Tartarian dynasty composed
(Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,
China's stupendous mound) by patient toil
Of myriads and boon nature's lavish help ;
There, in a clime from widest empire
chosen,
1. Alling (could enchantment have done
more ?)

A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with
domes
Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells
For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts
With temples crested, bridges, gondolas,
Rocks, dens, and groves of foliage taught
to melt
Into each other their obsequious hues,
Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase,
Too fine to be pursued ; or standing forth
In no discordant opposition, strong
And gorgeous as the colours side by side
Bedded among rich plumes of tropic
birds ;
And mountains over all, embracing all ;
And all the landscape, endlessly enriched
With waters running, falling, or asleep.

But lovelier far than this, the paradise
Where I was reared ; in Nature's primi-
tive gifts
Favoured no less, and more to every sense
Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,
The elements, and seasons as they change,
Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there—
Man free, man working for himself, with
choice
Of time, and place, and object ; by his
wants,
His comforts, native occupations, cares,
Cheerfully led to individual ends
Or social, and still followed by a train
Unwooded, unthought-of even—simplicity,
And beauty, and inevitable grace.

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial
bowers
Would to a child be transport over-great,
When but a half-hour's roam through such
a place
Would leave behind a dance of images,
That shall break in upon his sleep for
weeks ;

Even then the common haunts of the
green earth,
And ordinary interests of man,
Which they embosom, all without regard
As both may seem, are fastening on the
heart
Insensibly, each with the other's help.
For me, when my affections first were led
From kindred, friends, and playmates, to
partake
Love for the human creature's absolute
self,
That noticeable kindliness of heart
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding
most,
Where sovereign Nature dictated the
tasks
And occupations which her beauty
adorned,
And Shepherds were the men that pleased
me first ;
Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian
wilds,
With arts and laws so tempered, that
their lives
Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
A bright tradition of the golden age ;
Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses
Sequestered, handed down among them-
selves
Felicity, in Grecian song renowned ;
Nor such as—when an adverse fate had
driven,
From house and home, the courtly band
whose fortunes
Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the
wild woods
Of Aiden—amid sunshine or in shade
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted
hours,
Ere Phæbe sighed for the false Gany-
mede ;
Or there where Perdita and Florizel
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and
King ;
Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,
That I had heard (what he perhaps had
seen)
Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far
Their May-bush, and along the street in
flocks
Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within
doors ;

From vice and folly, wretchedness and
fear ;

Of this I little saw, cared less for it,
But something must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—
Which I beheld of shepherds in my
youth,

This sanctity of Nature given to man—
A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore
On the dead letter, miss the spirit of
things ;

Whose truth is not a motion or a shape
Instinct with vital functions, but a block
Or waven image which yourselves have
made,

And ye adore ! But blessèd be the God
Of Nature and of Man that this was so ;
That men before my inexperienced eyes
Did first present themselves thus purified,
Removed, and to a distance that was fit :
And so we all of us in some degree
Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,
And howsoever ; were it otherwise,
And we found evil fast as we find good
In our first years, or think that it is
found,

How could the innocent heart bear up
and live !

But doubly fortunate my lot ; not here
Alone, that something of a better life
Perhaps was round me than it is the
privilege

Of most to move in, but that first I
looked

At man through objects that were great
or fair ;

First communed with him by their help.
And thus

Was founded a sure safeguard and de-
fence

Against the weight of meanness, selfish
cares,

Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that
beat in

On all sides from the ordinary world
In which we traffic. Starting from this
point

I had my face turned toward the truth,
began

With an advantage furnished by that
kind

Of prepossession, without which the soul
Receives no knowledge that can bring
forth good,

No genuine insight ever comes to her.
From the restraint of over-watchful eyes
Preserved, I moved about, year after year,
Happy, and now most thankful that my
walk

Was guarded from too early intercourse
With the deformities of crowded life,
And those ensuing laughs and con-
tempts,

Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish to
think

With a due reverence on earth's rightful
lord,

Here placed to be the inheritor of
heaven,

Will not permit us ; but pursue the mind,
That to devotion willingly would rise,
Into the temple and the temple's heart.

Yet deem not, Friend ! that human
kind with me

Thus early took a place pre-eminent ;
Nature herself was, at this unripe time,
But secondary to my own pursuits
And animal activities, and all
Their trivial pleasures ; and when these
had drooped

And gradually expired, and Nature
prized

For her own sake, became my joy, even
then—

And upwards through late youth, until
not less

Than two-and-twenty summers had been
told—

Was Man in my affections and regards
Subordinate to her, her visible forms
And viewless agencies : a passion, she,
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand ; he, only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace,
His hour being not yet come. Far less
had then

The inferior creatures, beast or bird,
attuned

My spirit to that gentleness of love
(Though they had long been carefully
observed),

Won from me those minute obeisances
Of tenderness, which I may number now
With my first blessings. Nevertheless
on these

The light of beauty did not fall in vain,
Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end.

The heart with firmer grasp ! Your snows
and streams

Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,
That howl so dismally for him who treads
Companionless your awful solitudes !

Here, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter
long

To wait upon the storms : of their
approach

Capacious, into sheltering coves he drives
His flock, and thither from the homestead
bears

A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,
And deals it out, their regular nourish-
ment

Strewn on the frozen snow. And when
the spring

Looks out, and all the pastures dance with
lambs,

And when the flock, with warmer weather,
climbs

Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their goings, whatsoever track
The wanderers choose. For this he quits
his home

At day-spring, and no sooner doth the
sun

Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,
Than he lies down upon some shining
rock,

And breakfasts with his dog. When they
have stolen,

As is their wont, a pittance from strict
time,

For rest not needed or exchange of love,
Then from his couch he starts ; and now
his feet

Crush out a livelier fragrance from the
flowers

Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill en-
wrought

In the wild turf : the lingering dews of
morn

Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he
hies,

His staff protending like a hunter's spear,
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged
streams.

Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,
Might deign to follow him through what
he does

Or sees in his day's march ; himself he
feels,

In those vast regions where his service
lies,

A freeman, wedded to his life of hope
And hazard, and hard labour inter-
changed

With that majestic indolence so dear
To native man. A rambling schoolboy,
thus

I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding ; and severest solitude
Had more commanding looks when he
was there

When up the lonely brooks on rainy days
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes
Have glanced upon him distant a few
steps,

In size a giant, stalking through thick
fog,

His sheep like Greenland bears ; or, as
he stepped

Beyond the boundary line of some hill-
shadow,

His form hath flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun :

Or him have I descried in distant sky,
A solitary object and sublime,

Above all height ! like an aerial cross
Stationed alone upon a spiry rock

Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus
was man

Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
And thus my heart was early introduced

To an unconscious love and reverence
Of human nature ; hence the human
form

To me became an index of delight,
Of grace and honour, power and worthi-
ness.

Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost
As those of books, but more exalted far ;

Far more of an imaginative form
Than the gay Corin of the groves, who
lives

For his own fancies, or to dance by the
hour,

In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—
Was, for the purposes of kind, a man

With the most common ; husband, father ;
learned,

Could teach, admonish ; suffered with
the rest

Great Spirit— as thou art, in endless
 dreams
 Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things
 Without the light of knowledge. Where
 the harm,
 If, when the woodman languished with
 disease
 Induced by sleeping nightly on the
 ground
 Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,
 I called the pangs of disappointed love,
 And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,
 To help him to his grave? Meanwhile
 the man,
 If not already from the woods retired
 To die at home, was haply as I knew,
 Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle
 airs,
 Birds, running streams, and hills so
 beautiful
 On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile
 Breathed up its smoke, an image of his
 ghost
 Or spirit that full soon must take her
 flight.
 Nor shall we not be tending towards that
 point
 Of sound humanity to which our Tale
 Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I
 show
 How Fancy, in a season when she wove
 Those slender cords, to guide the uncon-
 scious Boy
 For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's
 call
 Some pensive musings which might well
 bescem
 Maturer years.
 A grove there is whose boughs
 Stretch from the western marge of Thur-
 ston-mere,
 With length of shade so thick, that whoso
 glides
 Along the line of low-roofed water, moves
 As in a cloister. Once—while, in that
 shade
 Loitering, I watched the golden beams of
 light
 Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed
 In silent beauty on the naked ridge
 Of a high eastern hill—thus slowed my
 thoughts
 'n a pure stream of words fresh from the
 heart :

Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall
 close
 My mortal course, there will I think on
 you ;
 Dying, will cast on you a backward
 look ;
 Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale
 Is no where touched by one memorial
 gleam)
 Doth with the fond remains of his last
 power
 Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he
 rose.

Enough of humble arguments ; recall,
 My Song ! those high emotions which thy
 voice
 Has heretofore made known ; that burst-
 ing forth
 Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,
 When everywhere a vital pulse was felt,
 And all the several frames of things, like
 stars,
 Through every magnitude distinguishable,
 Shone mutually indebted, or half lost
 Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy
 Of life and glory. In the midst stood
 Man,
 Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
 As, of all visible natures, crown, though
 born
 Of dust, and kindred to the worm ; a
 Being,
 Both in perception and discernment, first
 In every capability of rapture,
 Through the divine effect of power and
 love :
 As, more than anything we know, instinct
 With godhead, and, by reason and by
 will,
 Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I
 moved,
 Begirt, from day to day, with temporal
 shapes
 Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,
 Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,
 Manners and characters discriminate,
 And little bustling passions that eclipse.
 As well they might, the impersonated
 thought,
 The idea, or abstraction of the kind.

But when that first poetic faculty
 Of plain Imagination and severe,
 No longer a mute influence of the soul,
 Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest
 call,
 To try her strength among harmonious
 words ;
 And to book-notions and the rules of art
 Did knowingly conform itself ; there
 came
 Among the simple shapes of human life
 A wilfulness of fancy and conceit :
 And Nature and her objects beautified
 These fictions, as in some sort, in their
 turn,
 They burnished her. From touch of this
 new power
 Nothing was safe : the elder-tree that
 grew
 Beside the well-known charnel-house had
 then
 A dismal look ; the yew-tree had its
 ghost,
 That took his station there for ornament :
 The dignities of plain occurrence then
 Were tasteless, and truth's golden mean,
 a point
 Where no sufficient pleasure could be
 found.
 Then, if a widow, staggering with the
 blow
 Of her distress, was known to have turned
 her steps
 To the cold grave in which her husband
 slept,
 One night, or haply more than one,
 through pain
 Or half-insensate impotence of mind,
 The fact was caught at greedily, and
 there
 She must be visitant the whole year
 through,
 Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might
 pursue
 These cravings ; when the foxglove, one
 by one,
 Upwards through every stage of the tall
 stem,
 Had shed beside the public way its bells,
 And stood of all dismantled, save the last
 Left at the, tapering ladder's top, that
 seemed

WO,

To bend as doth a slender blade of grass
 Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to
 seat.
 Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested
 still
 With this last relic, soon itself to fall,
 Some vagrant mother, whose arch little
 ones,
 All unconcerned by her dejected plight,
 Laughed as with rival eagerness their
 hands
 Gathered the purple cups that round them
 lay,
 Strewing the turf's green slope.
 A diamond light
 (Whene'er the summer sun, declining,
 smote
 A smooth rock wet with constant springs)
 was seen
 Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that
 rose
 Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the
 hearth
 Seated, with open door, often and long
 Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,
 That made my fancy restless as itself.
 'Twas now for me a burnished silver
 shield
 Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay
 Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood :
 An entrance now into some magic cave
 Or palace built by fairies of the rock ;
 Nor could I have been bribed to disen-
 chant
 The spectacle, by visiting the spot.
 Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,
 Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings
 bred
 By pure Imagination : busy Power
 She was, and with her ready pupil
 turned
 Instinctively to human passions, then
 Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent
 swarm
 Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich
 As mine was through the bounty of a
 grand
 And lovely region, I had forms distinct
 To steady me : each airy thought re-
 volved
 Round a substantial centre, which at once
 Incited it to motion, and controlled.
 I did not pine like one in cities bred,
 As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend !

An Idler among academic bowers,
 Such was my new condition, as at large
 Has been set forth; yet here the vulgar
 light
 Of present, actual, superficial life,
 Gleaning through colouring of other
 times,
 Old usages and local privilege,
 Was welcome, softened, if not solemnised.
 This notwithstanding, being brought more
 near
 To vice and guilt, forerunning wretched-
 ness,
 I trembled,—thought, at times, of human
 life
 With an indefinite terror and dismay,
 Such as the storms and angry elements
 Had bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim
 Analogy to uproar and misrule,
 Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It might be told (but wherefore speak
 of things
 Common to all?) that, seeing, I was led
 Gravely to ponder—judging between good
 And evil, not as for the mind's delight
 But for her guidance—one who was to *act*,
 As sometimes to the best of feeble means
 I did, by human sympathy impelled;
 And, through dislike and most offensive
 pain,
 Was to the truth conducted; of this faith
 Never forsaken, that, by acting well,
 And understanding, I should learn to love
 The end of life, and everything we know.

Grave Teacher, stern Preceptress! for
 at times
 Thou canst put on an aspect most severe;
 London, to thee I willingly return.
 Erewhile my verse played idly with the
 flowers
 Enwrought upon thy mantle; satisfied
 With that amusement, and a simple look
 Of child-like inquisition now and then
 Cast upwards on thy countenance, to
 detect
 Some inner meanings which might har-
 bour there.
 But how could I in mood so light indulge,
 Keeping such fresh remembrance of the
 day,
 When, having thriddled the long labyrinth
 Of the suburban villages, I first

Entered thy vast dominion? On the roof
 Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,
 With vulgar men about me, trivial forms
 Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and
 things,—
 Mean shapes on every side: but, at the
 instant,
 When to myself it fairly might be said,
 The threshold now is overpast, (how
 strange
 That aught external to the living mind
 Should have such mighty sway! yet so it
 was),
 A weight of ages did at once descend
 Upon my heart; no thought embodied,
 no
 Distinct remembrances, but weight and
 power,—
 Power growing under weight: alas! I
 feel
 That I am trifling: 'twas a moment's
 pause,—
 All that took place within me came and
 went
 As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,
 And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open
 day,
 Hath passed with torches into some huge
 cave,
 The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den
 In old time haunted by that Danish
 Witch,
 Yordas; he looks around and sees the
 vault
 Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he
 sees,
 Erelong, the massy roof above his head,
 That instantly unsettles and recedes,—
 Substance and shadow, light and dark-
 ness, all
 Commingled, making up a canopy
 Of shapes and forms and tendencies to
 shape
 That shift and vanish, change and inter-
 change
 Like spectres,—ferment silent and sub-
 lime!
 That after a short space works less and
 less,
 Till, every effort, every motion gone,
 The scene before him stands in perfect
 view

Not seeking frequent intercourse with
men.
By literature, or elegance, or rank,
Distinguished. Scarcely was a year thus
spent
Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,
With less regret for its luxurious pomp,
And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,
Than for the humble book-stalls in the
streets.
Exposed to eye and hand where'er I
turned.

France lured me forth ; the realm that
I had crossed
So lately, journeying toward the snow-
clad Alps.
But now, relinquishing the scrip and
staff,
And all enjoyment which the summer sun
Sheds round the steps of those who meet
the day
With motion constant as his own, I went
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town.
Washed by the current of the stately
Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course.
and there
Sojourning a few days, I visited
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame.
The latter chiefly : from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony.
And from Mont Martre southward to
the Dome

Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous
Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by
storms ;
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace
huge
Of Orleans ; coasted round and round the
line
Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and
Shop,
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the
walk
Of all who had a purpose, or had not :
I stared and listened, with a stranger's
ears,
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub
wild !

And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes.
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a lock
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced
to wear,
But seemed there present ; and I scanned
them all,
Watched every gesture uncontrollable.
Of anger, and vexation, and despite.
All side by side, and struggling face to
face,
With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the
dust
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone.
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast : yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not
find.
Affecting more emotion than I felt ;
For 'tis most certain, that these various
sights,
However potent their first shock, with
me
Appeared to recompense the traveller's
pains
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le
Brun,
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and ruddy
check
Pale and bedropped with everflowing
tears.

But hence to my more permanent abode
I hasten : there, by novelties in speech,
Domestic manners, customs, gestures
looks,
And all the attire of ordinary life.
Attention was engrossed ; and, thus
amused.
I stood, mid those concussions, uncon-
cerned.
Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower
Glassed in a greenhouse, or a park
shrub
That spreads its leaves in unmolested
peace.
While every bush and tree, the count-
through,
Is shaking to the roots : indifference this
Which may seem strange : but I was un-
prepared

Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes
 scanned
 Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust
 In what we *may* become ; induce belief
 That I was ignorant, had been falsely
 taught,
 A solitary, who with vain conceits
 Had been inspired, and walked about in
 dreams.

From those sad scenes when meditation
 turned,

Lo ! everything that was indeed divine
 Retained its purity inviolate,
 Nay brighter shone, by this portentous
 gloom

Set off ; such opposition as aroused
 The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise
 Though fallen from bliss, when in the
 East he saw

Darkness ere day's mid course, and morn-
 ing light

More orient in the western cloud, that
 drew.

O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 Descending slow with something heavenly
 fraught.

Add also, that among the multitudes
 Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen
 Affectingly set forth, more than else-
 where

Is possible, the unity of man,
 One spirit over ignorance and vice
 Predominant in good and evil hearts ;
 One sense for moral judgments, as one
 eye

For the sun's light. The soul when
 smitten thus

By a sublime *idea*, whencesoe'er
 Vouchsafed for union or communion,
 feeds

On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with
 God.

Thus from a very early age, O Friend !
 My thoughts by slow gradations had
 been drawn

To human-kind, and to the good and ill
 Of human life : Nature had led me on ;
 And oft amid the "busy hum" I seemed
 To travel independent of her help,
 As if I had forgotten her ; but no,
 The world of human-kind outweighed not
 hers

In my habitual thoughts ; the scale of
 love,
 Though filling daily, still was light, com-
 pared
 With that in which *her* mighty objects
 lay.

BOOK NINTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

EVLN as a river,—partly (it might seem)
 Yielding to old remembrances, and
 swayed

In part by fear to shape a way direct,
 That would engulf him soon in the
 ravenous sea—

Turns, and will measure back his course,
 far back,

Seeking the very regions which he crossed
 In his first outset ; so have we, my
 Friend !

Turned and returned with intricate de-
 lay.

Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow
 Of some aerial Down, while there he halts
 For breathing-time, is tempted to review
 The region left behind him ; and, if
 aught

Deserving notice have escaped regard,
 Or been regarded with too careless eye,
 Strives, from that height, with one and
 yet one more

Last look, to make the best amends he
 may :

So have we lingered. Now we start
 afresh

With courage, and new hope risen on our
 toil.

Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,
 Whene'er it comes ! needful in work so
 long,

Thrice needful to the argument which
 now

Awaits us ! Oh, how much unlike the
 past !

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,
 I ranged at large, through London's wide
 domain,
 Month after month. Obscurely did I
 live.

With needful knowledge, had abruptly
 passed
 Into a theatre, whose stage was filled
 And busy with an action far advanced.
 Like others, I had skimmed, and some-
 times read
 With care, the master-pamphlets of the
 day ;
 Nor wanted such half-insight as grew
 wild
 Upon that meagre soil, helped out by
 talk
 And public news ; but having never seen
 A chronicle that might suffice to show
 Whence the main organs of the public
 power
 Had sprung, their transmigrations, when
 and how
 Accomplished, giving thus unto events
 A form and body ; all thing were to me
 Loose and disjointed, and the affections
 left
 Without a vital interest. At that time,
 Moreover, the first storm was overblown,
 And the strong hand of outward violence
 Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear
 Now in connection with so great a theme
 To speak (as I must be compelled to do)
 Of one so unimportant ; night by night
 Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,
 Whom, in the city, privilege of birth
 Sequestered from the rest, societies
 Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed ;
 Whence, and from deeper causes, all dis-
 course
 Of good and evil or the time was shunned
 With scrupulous care ; but these restric-
 tions soon
 Proved tedious, and I gradually with-
 drew
 Into a noisier world, and thus ere long
 Became a patriot ; and my heart was all
 Given to the people, and my love was
 theirs.

A band of military Officers,
 Then stationed in the city, were the chief
 Of my associates : some of these wore
 swords
 That had been seasoned in the wars, and
 all
 Were men well-born ; the chivalry of
 France.
 In age and temper differing, they had yet

One spirit ruling in each heart ; alike
 (Save only one, hereafter to be named)
 Were bent upon undoing what was done :
 This was their rest and only hope ; there-
 with
 No fear had they of bad becoming worse,
 For worst to them was come ; nor would
 have stirred,
 Or deemed it worth a moment's thought
 to stir,
 In anything, save only as the act
 Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by
 years,
 Was in the prime of manhood, and ere-
 while
 He had sate lord in many tender hearts ;
 Though heedless of such honours now,
 and changed :
 His temper was quite mastered by the
 times,
 And they had blighted him, had eaten
 away
 The beauty of his person, doing wrong
 Alike to body and to mind : his port,
 Which once had been erect and open, now
 Was stooping and contracted, and a face,
 Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts
 Of symmetry and light and bloom, ex-
 pressed,
 As much as any that was ever seen,
 A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
 Unhealthy and vexatious. With the
 hour,
 That from the press of Paris duly brought
 Its freight of public news, the fever
 came,
 A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
 Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow
 cheek
 Into a thousand colours ; while he read,
 Or mused, his sword was haunted by his
 touch
 Continually, like an uneasy place
 In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour
 Of universal ferment ; mildest men
 Were agitated ; and commotions, strife
 Of passions and opinions, filled the walls
 Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.
 The soil of common life, was, at that
 time,
 Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,
 And not then only, "What a mockery
 this
 Of history, the past and that to come !

Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity.
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Diffused around him, while he was
intent

On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part; yet this was
meek

And placid, and took nothing from the
man

That was delightful. Oft in solitude
With him did I discourse about the end
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change;
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
For patrimonial honour set apart,
And ignorance in the labouring multitude.
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,
Balanced these contemplations in his
mind;

And I, who at that time was scarcely
dipped

Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment
Than later days allowed; carried about
me,

With less alloy to its integrity,
The experience of past ages, as, through
help

Of books and common life, it makes sure
way

To youthful minds, by objects over near
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
By struggling with the crowd for present
ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to
find

Error without excuse upon the side
Of them who strove against us, more
delight

We took, and let this freely be confessed,
In painting to ourselves the miseries
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
The meanest thrives the most; where
dignity,

True personal dignity, abideth not;
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off
From the natural inlets of just sentiment,
From lowly sympathy and chastening
truth;

Where good and evil interchange their
names,

And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is
paired

With vice at home. We added dearest
themes—

Man and his noble nature, as it is
The gift which God has placed within his
power,

His blind desires and steady faculties
Capable of clear truth, the one to break
Bondage, the other to build liberty
On firm foundations, making social life,
Through knowledge spreading and im-
perishable,

As just in regulation, and as pure
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable deeds
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright
spot,

That would be found in all recorded time,
Of truth preserved and error passed away:
Of single spirits that catch the flame from
Heaven,

And how the multitudes of men will feed
And fan each other; thought of sects
how keen

They are to put the appropriate nature on,
Triumphant over every obstacle
Of custom, language, country, love, or
hate,

And what they do and suffer for their
creed;

How far they travel, and how long en-
dure;

How quickly mighty Nations have been
formed,

From least beginnings; how, together
locked

By new opinions, scattered tribes have
made

One body, spreading wide as clouds in
heaven.

To aspirations then of our own minds
Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld

A living confirmation of the whole
Before us, in a people from the depth

Of shameful imbecility uprisen,
Fresh as the morning star. Elate we
looked

Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,
Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,

And continence of mind, and sense of
right,

Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

And mountain liberty. It could not be
But that one tutored thus should look
with awe

Upon the faculties of man, receive
Gladly the highest promises, and hail,
As best, the government of equal rights
And individual worth. And hence, O
Friend!

If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
Less than might well befit my youth, the
cause

In part lay here, that unto me the events
Seemed nothing out of nature's certain
course,

A gift that was come rather late than
soon.

No wonder, then, if advocates like these,
Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice,
And stung with injury, at this riper day,
Were impotent to make my hopes put on
The shape of theirs, my understanding
bend

in honour to their honour: zeal, which yet
had slumbered, now in opposition burst
forth like a Polar summer: every word
they uttered was a dart, by counter-
winds

blown back upon themselves; their reason
seemed

confusion-stricken by a higher power
than human understanding, their dis-
course

claimed, spiritless; and, in their weak-
ness strong,
triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads
were crowded with the bravest youth of
France,

and all the promptest of her spirits,
linked

in gallant soldiery, and posting on
to meet the war upon her frontier
bounds.

Yet at this very moment do tears start
into mine eyes: I do not say I weep—
wept not then,—but tears have dimmed
my sight,

in memory of the farewells of that time,
Domestic severings, female fortitude
At dearest separation, patriot love
And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,
Encouraged with a martyr's confidence;
Even files of strangers merely seen but
once,

And for a moment, men from far with
sound

Of music, martial tunes, and banners
spread,

Entering the city, here and there a face,
Or person singled out among the rest,
Yet still a stranger and beloved as such;
Even by these passing spectacles my
heart

Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed
Arguments sent from Heaven to prove
the cause

Good, pure, which no one could stand up
against,

Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish,
proud,

Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,
Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,
Already hinted at, of other mould—

A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,
And with an oriental loathing spurned,
As of a different caste. A meeker man
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
Made him more gracious, and his nature
then

Did breathe its sweetness out most sen-
sibly,

As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
When foot hath crushed them. He
through the events

Of that great change wandered in perfect
faith,

As through a book, an old romance, or
tale

Of Fairy, or some dream of actions
wrought

Behind the summer clouds. By birth he
ranked

With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
To a religious order. Man he loved
As man; and, to the mean and the
obscure,

And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry like that
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he
was,

Less genuine and wrought up within
myself—

I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
And for the *Matin*-bell to sound no more
Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the
cross

High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
How welcome to the weary traveller's
eyes !)

Of hospitality and peaceful rest.
And when the partner of those varied
walks

Pointed upon occasion to the site
Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,
To the imperial edifice of Blois,
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady
lodged,

By the first Francis wooed, and bound to
him

In chains of mutual passion, from the
tower,

As a tradition of the country tells,
Practised to commune with her royal
knight

By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
Twixt her high-seated residence and his
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath ;
Even here, though less than with the
peaceful house

Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments
Of Kings, their vices and their better
deeds,

Imagination, potent to inflame
At times with virtuous wrath and noble
scorn,

Did also often mitigate the force
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind ;
And on these spots with many gleams I
looked

Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,
Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one
Is law for all, and of that barren pride
In them who, by immunities unjust,
Between the sovereign and the people
stand.

His helper and not theirs, laid stronger
hold
Daily upon me, mixed with pity too
And love ; for where hope is, there love
will be
For the abject multitude. And when we
chanced

One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along sitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from
the lane

Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid
hands

Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, " 'Tis against *that*
That we are fighting," I with him be-
lieved

That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that
poverty

Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the
earth

Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutes for ever blotted out
That legalised exclusion, empty pomp
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,
Whether by edict of the one or few ;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a strong
hand

In framing their own laws ; whence better
days

To all mankind. But, these things set
apart,

Was not this single confidence enough
To animate the mind that ever turned
A thought to human welfare, — that
henceforth

Captivity by mandate without law
Should cease ; and open accusation lead
To sentence in the hearing of the world,
And open punishment, if not the air
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of
man

Dread nothing ? From this height I shall
not stoop

To humbler matter that detained us oft
In thought or conversation, public acts,
And public persons, and emotions wrought
Within the breast, as ever-varying winds
Of record or report swept over us ;
But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events
That prove to what low depth had struck
the roots,

How widely spread the boughs, of that
old tree

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,
 Or such retirement, Friend! as we have
 known
 In the green dales beside our Rotha's
 stream,
 Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,
 To ruminate, with interchange of talk,
 On rational liberty, and hope in man,
 Justice and peace. But far more sweet
 such toil—
 Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts ab-
 struse—
 If nature then be standing on the brink
 Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
 Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance
 Hath called upon to embody his deep
 sense
 In action, give it outwardly a shape,
 And that of benediction, to the world.
 Then doubt is not, and truth is more
 than truth,—
 A hope it is, and a desire; a creed
 Of zeal, by an authority Divine
 Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.
 Such conversation, under Attic shades,
 Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus
 For a deliverer's glorious task,—and such
 He, on that ministry already bound,
 Held with Eudemus and Timonides,
 Surrounded by adventurers in arms,
 When those two vessels with their daring
 freight,
 For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,
 Sailed from Zacynthus,—philosophic war,
 Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,
 Though like ambition, such was he, O
 Friend!
 Of whom I speak. So BEAUPUY (let the
 name
 Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)
 Fashioned his life; and many a long dis-
 course,
 With like persuasion honoured, we main-
 tained:
 He, on his part, accoutred for the worst.
 He perished fighting, in supreme com-
 mand,
 Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,
 For liberty, against deluded men,
 His fellow country-men; and yet most
 blessed
 In this, that he the fate of later times
 Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,
 Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet
 Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk;
 Or in wide forests of continuous shade,
 Lofty and over-arched, with open space
 Beneath the trees, clear footing many
 a mile—
 A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,
 From earnest dialogues I slipped in
 thought,
 And let remembrance steal to other times,
 When o'er those interwoven roots, moss-
 clad,
 And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,
 Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed,
 might pace
 In sylvan meditation undisturbed;
 As on the pavement of a Gothic church
 Walks a lone Monk, when service hath
 expired,
 In peace and silence. But if e'er was
 heard,—
 Heard, though unseen,—a devious traveller,
 Retiring or approaching from afar
 With speed and echoes loud of trampling
 hoofs
 From the hard floor reverberated, then
 It was Angelica thundering through the
 woods
 Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.
 Sometimes methought I saw a pair of
 knights
 Joust underneath the trees, that as in
 storm
 Rocked high above their heads; anon,
 the din
 Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,
 In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
 Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with
 dance
 Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,
 A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.
 The width of those huge forests, unto me
 A novel scene, did often in this way
 Master my fancy while I wandered on
 With that revered companion And some-
 times—
 When to a convent in a meadow green,
 By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
 And not by reverential touch of Time
 Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—
 In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
 In spite of real fervour, and of that

Remained for all whose fancies had run
 wild
 With evil expectations ; confidence
 And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State, as if to stamp the final seal
 On her security, and to the world
 Show what she was, a high and fearless
 soul.

Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung
 By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt
 With spiteful gratitude the baffled
 League,

That had stirred up her slackening faculties

To a new transition, when the King was
 crushed,
 Spared not the empty throne, and in
 proud haste

Assumed the body and venerable name
 Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,
 'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire
 work

Of massacre, in which the senseless sword
 Was prayed to as a judge ; but these were
 past.

Earth free from them for ever, as was
 thought,—

Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once !
 Things that could only show themselves
 and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I
 returned,

And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt,
 The spacious city, and in progress passed
 The prison where the unhappy Monarch
 lay,

Associate with his children and his wife
 In bondage ; and the palace, lately
 stormed

With roar of cannon by a furious host.
 I crossed the square (an empty area then)
 Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain
 The dead, upon the dying heaped, and
 gazed

On this and other spots, as doth a man
 Upon a volume whose contents he knows
 Are memorable, but from him locked up.
 Being written in a tongue he cannot read,
 So that he questions the mute leaves with
 pain.

And half upbraids their silence. But that
 night

I felt most deeply in what world I was,
 What ground I trod on, and what air I
 breathed.

High was my room and lonely, near the
 roof

Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge
 That would have pleased me in more
 quiet times ;

Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.
 With unextinguished taper I kept watch.
 Reading at intervals ; the fear gone by

Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.
 I thought of those September massacres.
 Divided from me by one little month,

Saw them and touched : the rest was con-
 jured up

From tragic fictions or true history,
 Remembrances and dim admonishments.
 The horse is taught his manage, and no
 star

Of wildest course but treads back his own
 steps ;

For the spent hurricane the air provides
 As fierce a successor ; the tide retreats
 But to return out of its hiding-place

In the great deep ; all things have second
 birth ;

The earthquake is not satisfied at once :
 And in this way I wrought upon myself.
 Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried.
 To the whole city, "sleep no more." The

trance
 Fled with the voice to which it had given
 birth ;

But vainly comments of a calmer mind
 Promised soft peace and sweet forgetful-
 ness.

The place, all hushed and silent as it was,
 Appeared unfit for the repose of night.
 Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-
 walk

Of Orleans eagerly I turned ; as yet
 The streets were still : not so those long
 Arcades ;

There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sound-
 and cries, -

That greeted me on entering, I could
 hear

Shrill voices from the hawkers in the
 throng.

Bawling, "Denunciation of the Crimes
 Of Maximilian Robespierre ;" the hand.

Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul
And black dishonour, France was weary of.

O, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus
The story might begin,) oh, balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow,
Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!
So might—and with that prelude *did*
begin
The record; and, in faithful verse, was
given
The doleful sequel.

But our little bark
On a strong river boldly hath been
launched;
And from the driving current should we
turn
To loiter wilfully within a creek,
Howe'er attractive, fellow voyager!
Wouldst thou not chide? Yet deem not
my pains lost:
For Vaudracour and Julia (so were
named
The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will
draw
Tears from the hearts of others, when
their own
Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there
may'st read,
At leisure, how the enamoured youth was
driven,
By public power abased, to fatal crime,
Nature's rebellion against monstrous law;
How, between heart and heart, oppression
thrust
Her mandates, severing whom true love
had joined,
Harassing both; until he sank and
pressed
The couch his fate had made for him;
supine,
Save when the stings of viperous remorse,
Frying their strength, enforced him to
start up,
Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep wood
He fled, to shun the haunts of human
kind;
There dwelt, weakened in spirit more
and more;
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which
through France
Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own worst
wrongs,

Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy
shades,
His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

BOOK TENTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.—
(CONTINUED).

It was a beautiful and silent day
That overspread the countenance of earth,
Then fading with unusual quietness,—
A day as beautiful as e'er was given
To soothe regret, though deepening what
it soothed,
When by the gliding Loire I paused, and
cast
Upon his rich domains, vineyard and
tilth,
Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured
woods,
Again, and yet again, a farewell look;
Then from the quiet of that scene passed
on,
Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From
his throne
The King had fallen, and that invading
host—
Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front
was written
The tender mercies of the dismal wind
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty
Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder
words,
They—who had come elate as eastern
hunters
Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when
he
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent
To drive their prey enclosed within a
ring
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,
Before the point of the life-threatening
spear
Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash
men,
Had seen the anticipated quarry turned
Into avengers, from whose wrath they
fled
In terror, Disappointment and dismay

And, lastly, if the means on human will,
 Frail human will dependent should
 betray

Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt
 That 'mid the loud distractions of the
 world

A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,
 Arbitrator undisturbed of right and wrong,
 Of life and death, in majesty severe
 Enjoining, as may best promote the aims
 Of truth and justice, either sacrifice.
 From whatsoever region of our cares
 Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,
 Earnest and blind, against the stern
 decree.

On the other side, I called to mind
 those truths
 That are the commonplaces of the
 schools—
 (A theme for boys, too hackneyed for
 their sires.)

Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,
 In all their comprehensive bearings known
 And visible to philosophers of old,
 Men who, to business of the world un-
 trained,

Lived in the shade; and to Harmodius
 known

And his compeer Aristogiton, known
 To Brutus—that tyrannic power is weak,
 Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor
 love,

Nor the support of good or evil men
 To trust in; that the godhead which is
 ours

Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;
 That nothing hath a natural right to last
 But equity and reason: that all else
 Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best
 Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my
 thoughts

Strong and perturbed, not doubting at
 that time

But that the virtue of one paramount
 mind

Would have abashed those impious crests
 —have quelled

Outrage and bloody power, and—in de-
 spite

Of what the People long had been and
 were

Through ignorance and false teaching,
 sadder proof

Of immaturity, and—in the teeth
 Of desperate opposition from without—
 Have cleared a passage for just govern-
 ment,

And left a solid birthright to the State,
 Redeemed, according to example given
 By ancient lawgivers.

In this frame of mind,
 Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,
 So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknow-
 ledge,

Forced by the gracious providence of
 Heaven,—
 To England I returned, else (though
 assured

That I both was and must be of small
 weight,

No better than a landsman on the deck
 Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)
 Doubtless, I should have then made
 common cause

With some who perished; haply perished
 too,

A poor mistaken and bewildered offer-
 ing,—

Should to the breast of Nature have gone
 back,

With all my resolutions, all my hopes,
 A Poet only to myself, to men
 Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a
 soul

To thee unknown!

Twice had the trees let fall
 Their leaves, as often Winter had put on
 His hoary crown, since I had seen the
 surge

Beat against Albion's shore, since ear of
 mine

Had caught the accents of my native
 speech

Upon our native country's sacred ground.
 A patriot of the world, how could I glide
 Into communion with her sylvan shades,
 Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased
 me more

To abide in the great City, where I found
 The general air still busy with the stir
 Of that first memorable onset made
 By a strong levy of humanity
 Upon the traffickers in Negro blood:
 Effort which, though defeated, had re-
 called

Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed speech,

The same that had been recently pronounced,

When Robespierre, not ignorant for what mark

Some words of indirect reproof had been intended, rose in hardihood, and dared

The man who had an ill surmise of him To bring his charge in openness ;

whereat, When a dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,

In silence of all present, from his seat Louvet walked single through the avenue,

And took his station in the Tribune, saying,

"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!" Well is known

The inglorious issue of that charge, and how

He, who had launched the startling thunderbolt,

The one bold man, whose voice the attack had sounded,

Was left without a follower to discharge His perilous duty, and retire lamenting

That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men

Who to themselves are false.

But these are things Of which I speak, only as they were storm

Or sunshine to my individual mind, No further. Let me then relate that

now— In some sort seeing with my proper eyes

That Liberty, and Life, and Death would soon

To the remotest corners of the land Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled

The capital City ; what was struggled for, And by what combatants victory must be

won ; The indecision on their part whose aim

Seemed best, and the straightforward path of those

Who in attack or in defence were strong Through their impiety—my inmost soul

Was agitated ; yea, I could almost Have prayed that throughout earth upon

all men, By patient exercise of reason made

Worthy of liberty, all spirits filled With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,

The gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive

From the four quarters of the winds to do For France, what without help she could

not do, A work of honour ; think not that to this

I added, work of safety : from all doubt Or trepidation for the end of things

Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but thought

Of opposition and of remedies : An insignificant stranger and obscure,

And one, moreover, little graced with power

Of eloquence even in my native speech, And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,

Yet would I at this time with willing heart

Have undertaken for a cause so great Service however dangerous. I revolved,

How much the destiny of Man had still Hung upon single persons ; that there

was, Transcendent to all local patrimony,

One nature, as there is one sun in heaven ; That objects, even as they are great,

thereby Do come within the reach of humblest

eyes ; That Man is only weak through his mis-

trust And want of hope where evidence divine Proclaims to him that hope should be

most sure ; Nor did the inexperience of my youth

Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong In hope, and trained to noble aspira-

tions, A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,

Is for Society's unreasoning herd A domineering instinct, serves at once

For way and guide, a fluent receptacle That gathers up each petty straggling rill

And vein of water, glad to be rolled on In safe obedience ; that a mind, whose

rest Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,

In circumspection and simplicity, Falls rarely in entire discomfiture

Below its aim, or meets with, from with-

out, A treachery that foils it or defeats ;

That voice, ill requiem! seldom heard by
me
Without a spirit overcast: by dark
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men, who, for their
desperate ends,
Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were glad
Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong
before
In wicked pleas, were strong as demons
now;
And thus, on every side beset with foes,
The goaded land waxed mad; the crimes
of few
Spread into madness of the many; blasts
From hell came sanctified like airs from
heaven.
The sternness of the just, the faith of
those
Who doubted not that Providence had
times
Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned
The human Understanding paramount
And made of that their God, the hopes of
men
Who were content to barter short-lived
pangs
For a paradise of ages, the blind rage
Of insolent tempers, the light vanity
Of intermeddlers, steady purposes
Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,
And all the accidents of life were pressed
Into one service, busy with one work.
The Senate stood aghast, her prudence
quenched,
Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,
Her frenzy only active to extol
Past outrages, and shape the way for new,
Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole
year
With feast-days; old men from the
chimney-nook,
The maiden from the bosom of her love,
The mother from the cradle of her babe,
The warrior from the field—all perished,
all—
friends, enemies, of all parties, ages,
ranks,
head after head, and never heads enough

For those that bade them fall. They
found their joy.
They made it proudly; eager as a child,
(If like desires of innocent little ones
May with such heinous appetites be com-
pared),
Pleased in some open field to exercise
A toy that mimics with revolving wings
The motion of a wind-mill; though the air
Do of itself blow fresh, and make the
vanes
Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him
not,
But, with the plaything at arm's length,
he sets
His front against the blast, and runs
amain,
That it may whirl the faster.

Amid the depth
Of those enormities, even thinking minds
Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their
being;
Forgot that such a sound was ever heard
As Liberty upon earth: yet all beneath
Her innocent authority was wrought,
Nor could have been, without her blessed
name.
The illustrious wife of Roland, in the
hour
Of her composure, felt that agony,
And gave it vent in her last words. O
Friend!

It was a lamentable time for man,
Whether a hope had e'er been his or not;
A woeful time for them whose hopes
survived
The shock; most woeful for those few
who still
Were flattered, and had trust in human
kind:
They had the deepest feeling of the grief.
Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they
deserved:
The Herculean Commonwealth had put
forth her arms,
And throttled with an infant godhead's
might
The snakes about her cradle; that was
well,
And as it should be; yet no cure for them
Whose souls were sick with pain of what
would be
Hereafter brought in charge against man-
kind.

To notice old forgotten principles,
 And though the nation spread a novel
 heat
 Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own
 That this particular strife had wanted
 power
 To rivet my affections; nor did now
 Its unsuccessful issue much excite
 My sorrow; for I brought with me the
 faith
 That, if France prospered, good men
 would not long
 Pay fruitless worship to humanity,
 And this most rotten branch of human
 shame,
 Object, so seemed it, of superstitious pains,
 Would fall together with its parent tree.
 What, then, were my emotions, when in
 arms
 Britain put forth her freeborn strength in
 league,
 Oh, pity and shame! with those confede-
 rate Powers!
 Not in my single self alone I found,
 But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
 Change and subversion from that hour.
 No shock
 Given to my moral nature had I known
 Down to that very moment; neither lapse
 Nor turn of sentiment that might be
 named
 A revolution, save at this one time;
 All else was progress on the self-same
 path
 On which, with a diversity of pace,
 I had been travelling: this a stride at
 once
 Into another region. As a light
 And pliant harelbell, swinging in the
 breeze
 On some grey rock—its birthplace—so
 had I
 Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient
 tower
 Of my beloved country, wishing not
 A happier fortune than to wither there:
 Now was I from that pleasant station torn
 And tossed about in whirlwind. I re-
 joiced,
 Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to
 record!—
 Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
 When Englishmen by thousands were
 o'erthrown,

Left without glory on the field, or driven,
 Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was
 a grief,—
 Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—
 A conflict of sensations without name,
 Of which *he* only, who may love the sight
 Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,
 When in the congregation bending all
 To their great Father, prayers were offered
 up,
 Or praises for our country's victories;
 And, 'mid the simple worshippers, per-
 chance
 I only, like an uninvited guest
 Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall I
 add,
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

Oh! much have they to account for,
 who could tear,
 By violence, at one decisive rent,
 From the best youth in England their
 dear pride,
 Their joy, in England; this, too, at a time
 In which worst losses easily might wean
 The best of names, when patriotic love
 Did of itself in modesty give way,
 Like the Precursor when the Deity
 Is come Whose harbinger he was; a time
 In which apostasy from ancient faith
 Seemed but conversion to a higher creed;
 Withal a season dangerous and wild,
 A time when sage Experience would have
 snatched
 Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose
 A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the
 red-cross flag
 In that unworthy service was prepared
 To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,
 A brood of gallant creatures, on the
 deep;
 I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy
 days
 In that delightful island which protects
 Their place of convocation—there I heard,
 Each evening, pacing by the still sea-
 shore,
 A monitory sound that never failed.—
 The sunset cannon. While the orb went
 down
 In the tranquillity of nature, came

The blame is ours, not Nature's. When
 a taunt
 Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
 Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap
 From popular government and equality,"
 I clearly saw that neither these nor aught
 Of wild belief engrafted on their names
 By false philosophy had caused the woe,
 But a terrific reservoir of guilt
 And ignorance filled up from age to age,
 That could no longer hold its loathsome
 charge,
 But burst and spread in deluge through
 the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the
 sea
 Small islands scattered amid stormy
 waves,
 So *that* disastrous period did not want
 Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,
 To which the silver wands of saints in
 Heaven.
 Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not
 the less,
 For those examples, in no age surpassed
 Of fortitude and energy and love,
 And human nature faithful to herself
 Under worst trials, was I driven to think
 Of the glad times when first I traversed
 France
 A youthful pilgrim; above all reviewed
 That eventide, when under windows bright
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,
 And through a rainbow-arch that spanned
 the street,
 Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,
 I paced, a dear companion at my side,
 The town of Arras, whence with promise
 high
 Issued, on delegation to sustain
 Humanity and right. *that* Robespierre,
 He who thereafter, and in how short time!
 Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.
 When the calamity spread far and wide—
 And this same city, that did then appear
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned
 Under the vengeance of her cruel son.
 As Lear reproached the winds—I could
 almost
 Have quarrelled with that blameless
 spectacle
 For lingering yet an image in my mind
 To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend! few happier moments have
 been mine
 Than that which told the downfall of this
 Tribe
 So dreaded, so abhorred. The day de-
 serves
 A separate record. Over the smooth sands
 Of Leven's ample estuary lay
 My journey, and beneath a genial sun,
 With distant prospect among gleams of
 sky
 And clouds, and intermingling mountain-
 tops,
 In one inseparable glory clad,
 Creatures of one ethereal substance met
 In consistory, like a diadem
 Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
 In the empyrean. Undemeath that pomp
 Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
 Among whose happy fields I had grown
 up
 From childhood. On the fulgent spec-
 tacle,
 That neither passed away nor changed.
 I gazed
 Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to
 draw
 Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
 As even their pensive influence drew from
 mine.
 How could it otherwise? for not in vain
 That very morning had I turned aside
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng
 of graves,
 An honoured teacher of my youth was
 laid,
 And on the stone were graven by his
 desire
 Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.
 This faithful guide, speaking from his
 death-bed,
 Added no farewell to his parting counsel.
 But said to me, "My head will soon lie
 low;"
 And when I saw the turf that covered
 him,
 After the lapse of full eight years, those
 words,
 With sound of voice and countenance of
 the Man,
 Came back upon me, so that some few
 tears
 Fell from me in my own despite. Not
 now

Most melancholy at that time, O Friend !
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were
miserable ;

Through months, through years, long after
the last beat

Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep
To me came rarely charged with natural
gifts,

Such ghastly visions had I of despair
And tyranny, and implements of death ;
And innocent victims sinking under fear,
And momentary hope, and worn-out
prayer,

Each in his separate cell, or penned in
crowds

For sacrifice, and struggling with fond
mirth

And levity in dungeons, where the dust
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the
scene

Changed, and the unbroken dream en-
tangled me

In long orations, which I strove to plead
Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense,
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

When I began in youth's delightful
prime

To yield myself to Nature, when that
strong

And holy passion overcame me first,
Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was
freed

From its oppression. ' But, O Power
Supreme !

Without Whose call this world would
cease to breathe,

Who from the Fountain of Thy grace dost
fill

The veins that branch through every frame
of life,

Making man what he is, creature divine,
In single or in social eminence,

Above the rest raised infinite ascents
When reason that enables him to be

Is not sequestered—what a change is here!
How different ritual for this after-worship

What countenance to promote this second
love !

The first was service paid to things which
lie

Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.

Therefore to serve was high beatitude ;
Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear
Ennobling, venerable ; sleep secure,
And waking thoughts more rich than
happiest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft
In vision, yet constrained by natural laws
With them to take a troubled human
heart,

Wanted not consolations, nor a creed
Of reconciliation, then when they de-
nounced,

On towns and cities, wallowing in the
abyss

Of their offences, punishment to come ;
Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,
Before them, in some desolated place,
The wrath consummate and the threat
fulfilled ;

So, with devout humility be it said,
So, did a portion of that spirit fall
On me uplifted from the vantage-ground
Of pity and sorrow to a state of being
That through the time's exceeding fierce-
ness saw

Glimpses of retribution, terrible,
And in the order of sublime behests :

But, even if that were not, amid the awe
Of unintelligible chastisement,

Not only acquiescences of faith
Survived, but daring sympathies with
power,

Motions not treacherous or profane, else
why

Within the folds of no ungentle breast
Their dread vibration to this hour pro-
longed ?

Wild blasts of music thus could find their
way

Into the midst of turbulent events ;
So that worst tempests might be listened
to.

Then was the truth received into my
heart,

That, under heaviest sorrow earth can
bring,

If from the affliction somewhere do not
grow

Honour which could not else have been,
a faith,

An elevation, and a sanctity,
If new strength be not given nor old
restored,

Of rational Experience, for the shoots
 And hopeful blossoms of a second spring :
 Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired ;
 The Senate's language, and the public acts
 And measures of the Government, though
 both
 Weak and of heartless omen, had not
 power
 To daunt me : in the People was my
 trust.
 And in the virtues which mine eyes had
 seen.
 I know that wound external could not
 take
 Life from the young Republic ; that new
 foes
 Would only follow, in the path of shame,
 Their brethren, and her triumphs be in
 the end
 Great, universal, irresistible.
 This intuition led me to confound
 One victory with another, higher far, —
 Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,
 And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still
 Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought
 That what was in degree the same was
 likewise
 The same in quality, — that, as the worse
 Of the two spirits then at strife remained
 Untired, the better, surely, would pre-
 serve
 The heart that first had roused him.
 Youth maintains,
 In all conditions of society,
 Communion more direct and intimate
 With Nature, — hence, oftentimes, with
 reason too —
 Than age or manhood, even. To Nature,
 then,
 Power had reverted : habit, custom, law,
 Had left an interregnum's open space
 For her to move about in, uncontrolled.
 Hence could I see how Babe-like their
 task,
 Who, by the recent deluge stupefied,
 With their whole souls went culling from
 the day
 Its petty promises, to build a tower
 For their own safety ; laughed with my
 compeers
 At gravest heads, by enmity to France
 Distempered, till they found, in every blast
 Swept from the street-disturbing news-
 man's horn,

For her great cause record or prophecy
 Of utter ruin. How might we believe
 That wisdom could, in any shape, come
 near
 Men clinging to delusions so insane ?
 And thus, experience proving that no few
 Of our opinions had been just, we took
 Like credit to ourselves where less was
 due,
 And thought that other notions were as
 sound,
 Yea, could not but be right, because we
 saw
 That foolish men opposed them.
 To a strain
 More animated I might here give way,
 And tell, since juvenile errors are my
 theme,
 What in those days through Britain was
 performed
 To turn *all* judgments out of their right
 course ;
 But this is passion over-near ourselves,
 Reality too close and too intense,
 And intermixed with something, in my
 mind,
 Of scorn and condemnation personal,
 That would profane the sanctity of verse.
 Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that
 time
 Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men
 Thirsting to make the guardian crook of
 law
 A tool of murder ; they who ruled the
 State, —
 Though with such awful proof before
 their eyes
 That he, who would sow death, reaps
 death, or worse,
 And can reap nothing better, — child-like
 longed
 To imitate, not wise enough to avoid ;
 Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)
 The plain straight road, for one no better
 chosen
 Than if their wish had been to undermine
 Justice, and make an end of Liberty.
 But from these bitter truths I must
 return
 To my own history. It hath been told
 That I was led to take an eager part
 In arguments of civil polity,
 Abruptly, and indeed before my time :

I thought, still traversing that widespread plain,

With tender pleasure of the verses graven
Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself;

He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,
Would have loved me, as one not destitute

Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
That he had formed, when I, at his command,

Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt
Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small
And rocky island near, a fragment stood
(Itself like a sea rock) the low remains
(With shells encrusted, dark with briny weeds)

Of a dilapidated structure, once
A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
Said matins at the hour that suited those
Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning tide.

Not far from that still ruin all the plain
Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
Wading beneath the conduct of their guide

In loose procession through the shallow stream
Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile

Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I paused,
Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright

And cheerful, but the foremost of the band

As he approached, no salutation given
In the familiar language of the day,
Cried, "Robespierre is dead!"—nor was a doubt,

After strict question, left within my mind

That he and his supporters all were fallen.

Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
To everlasting Justice, by this fiat
Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden times,"

Said I forth-pouring on those open sands
A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes

From out the bosom of the night, come ye:
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!

They who with clumsy desperation brought

A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else

Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might

Of their own helper have been swept away;

Their madness stands declared and visible;

Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth

March firmly towards righteousness and peace."—

Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how

The maddening factions might be tranquillised,

And how through hardships manifold and long.

The glorious renovation would proceed.
Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts

Of exultation, I pursued my way
Along that very shore which I had skimmed

In former days, when—spurring from the Vale

Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering fane,

And the stone abbot, after circuit made
In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
Of schoolboys hastening to their distant home

Along the margin of the moonlight sea—
We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

FRANCE.—(CONCLUDED).

FROM that time forth, Authority in France
Put on a milder face; Terror had ceased,
Yet everything was wanting that might give
Courage to them who looked for good by light

He walks about and looks upon the spot
 With cordial transport. moulds it and
 remoulds,
 And is half pleased with things that are
 amiss.
 'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked
 From every object pleasant circumstance
 To suit my ends ; I moved among man-
 kind

With genial feelings still predominant ;
 When erring, erring on the better part,
 And in the kinder spirit ; placable,
 Indulgent, as not uninformed that men
 See as they have been taught—Antiquity
 Gives rights to error ; and aware, no less,
 That throwing off oppression must be
 work

As well of License as of Liberty ;
 And above all—for this was more than
 all—

Not caring if the wind did now and then
 Blow keen upon an eminence that gave
 Prospect so large into futurity :
 In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,
 Diffusing only those affections wider
 That from the cradle had grown up with
 me,
 And losing, in no other way than light
 Is lost in light, the weak in the more
 strong.

In the main outline, such it might be
 said

Was my condition, till with open war
 Britain opposed the liberties of France.
 This threw me first out of the pale of love ;
 Soured and corrupted, upwards to the
 source,

My sentiments ; was not, as hitherto,
 A swallowing up of lesser things in great
 But change of them into their contraries :
 And thus a way was opened for mistakes
 And false conclusions, in degree as gross,
 In kind more dangerous. What had been
 a pride,

Was now a shame ; my likings and my
 loves

Ran in new channels, leaving old ones
 dry ;

And hence a blow that, in maturer age,
 Would but have touched the judgment,
 struck more deep

Into sensations near the heart : mean-
 time,
 As from the first, wild theories were
 afloat,
 To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,
 I had but lent a careless ear, assured
 That time was ready to set all things
 right,
 And that the multitude, so long op-
 pressed,
 Would be oppressed no more.

But when events
 Brought less encouragement, and unto
 these

The immediate proof of principles no
 more

Could be entrusted, while the events
 themselves,

Worn out in greatness, stripped of
 novelty,

Less occupied the mind, and sentiments
 Could through my understanding's natural
 growth

No longer keep their ground, by faith
 maintained

Of inward consciousness, and hope that
 laid

Her hand upon her object—evidence
 Safer, of universal application, such
 As could not be impeached, was sought
 elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in their
 turn,
 Frenchmen had changed a war of self-
 defence

For one of conquest, losing sight of all
 Which they had struggled for : upmounted
 now,

Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,
 The scale of liberty. I read her doom,
 With anger vexed, with disappointment
 sore,

But not dismayed, nor taking to the
 shame

Of a false prophet. While resentment
 rose

Striving to hide, what nought could heal,
 the wounds

Of mortified presumption, I adhered
 More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove
 Their temper, strained them more ; and
 thus, in heat

Of contest, did opinions every day

I had approached, like other youths, the
shield,
Of human nature from the golden side,
And would have fought, even to the
death, to attest

The quality of the metal which I saw.
What there is best in individual man,
Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,
Benevolent in small societies,
And great in large ones, I had oft re-
solved,
Felt deeply, but not thoroughly under-
stood

By reason : far from it ; they were yet,
As cause was given me afterwards to
learn,

Not proof against the injuries of the day ;
Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,
Not safe within its bosom. Thus pre-
pared,

And with such general insight into evil,
And of the bounds which sever it from
good,

As books and common intercourse with
life

Must needs have given—to the inex-
perienced mind,

When the world travels in a beaten road,
Guide faithful as is needed—I began

To meditate with ardour on the rule
And management of nations ; what it is
And ought to be ; and strove to learn
how far

Their power or weakness, wealth or
poverty,

Their happiness or misery, depends
Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy !
For mighty were the auxiliars which then
stood

Upon our side, us who were strong in
love !

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven ! O
times,

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding
ways

Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance !

When Reason seemed the most to assert
her rights

When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,

Which then was going forward in her
name !

Not favoured spots alone, but the whole
Earth,

The beauty wore of promise—that which
sets

(As at some moments might not be un-
felt

Among the bowers of Paradise itself)

The budding rose above the rose full
blown.

What temper at the prospect did not
wake

To happiness unthought of ? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt
away !

They who had fed their childhood upon
dreams,

The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
strength

Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had
stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found
there

As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it ;—they, too, who of gentle
mood

Had watched all gentle motions, and to
these

Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful
selves ;—

Now was it that *both* found, the meek
and lofty

Did both find, helpers to their hearts'
desire,

And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
wish,—

Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—

Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
where !

But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end.

We find our happiness, or not at all !

Why should I not confess that Earth
was then

To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,
Seems, when the first time visited, to one
Who thither comes to find in it his home ?

From Nature's way by outward accidents,
And which was thus confounded, more
and more

Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared,
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims,
creeds.

Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day
Her titles and her honours; now believ-
ing.

Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed
With impulse, motive, right and wrong,
the ground

Of obligation, what the rule and whence
The sanction; till, demanding formal
proof,

And seeking it in everything. I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,
This the soul's last and lowest ebb; I
drooped,

Deeming our blessed reason of least use
Where wanted most: "The lordly attri-
butes

Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,
"What are they but a mockery of a Being
Who hath in no concerns of his a test
Of good and evil; knows not what to fear
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;
And who, if those could be discerned,
would yet


Be little profited, would see, and ask
Where is the obligation to enforce?
And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not
walk

With scoffers, seeking light and gay re-
venge.

From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate
down

In reconciliation with an utter waste
Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook.
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of
life,

Pain-taking thoughts, and  their
dear reward)

But turned to abstract science, and there
sought

Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned
Where the disturbances of space and
time—

Whether in matters various, properties
Inherent, or from human will and power
Derived—find no admission. Then it was—
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all
good!—

That the beloved Sister in whose sight
Those days were passed, now speaking in
a voice

Of sudden admonition—like a brook
That did but *cross* a lonely road, and
now

Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every
turn,

Companion never lost through many a
league—

Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self; for, though bedimmed
and changed

Much, as it seemed, I was no further
changed

Than as a clouded and a waning moon:
She whispered still that brightness would
return,

She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth;

And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown.
If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,
By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening
day

To those sweet counsels between head
and heart

Whence grew that genuine knowledge,
fraught with peace,
Which, through the later sinkings of this
cause,

Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now
In the catastrophe (for so they dream.
And nothing less), when, finally to close
And seal up all the gains of France, a

Pope
Is summoned in to crown an Emperor—
This last opprobrium, when we see a
people,

That once looked up in faith, as if to
Heaven

For manna, take a lesson from the dog
Returning, to his vomit; when the sun
That rose in splendour, was alive, not
moved

Grow into consequence, till round my
mind
They clung, as if they were its life, nay
more,
The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when, all things
tending fast
To deprivation, speculative schemes—
That promised to abstract the hopes of
Man
Out of his feelings, to be fixed thence-
forth

For ever in a purer element—
Found ready welcome. Tempting region
that

For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,
Where passions had the privilege to work,
And never hear the sound of their own
names.

But, speaking more in charity, the dream
Flattered the young, pleased with ex-
tremes, nor least

With that which makes our Reason's
naked self

The object of its fervour. What delight!
How glorious! in self-knowledge and
self-rule,

To look through all the frailties of the
world,

And, with a resolute mastery shaking off
Infirmities of nature, time, and place,
Build social upon personal Liberty,
Which, to the blind restraints of general
laws

Superior, magisterially adopts
One guide, the light of circumstances,
flashed

Upon an independent intellect.

Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,
From her first ground expelled, grew
proud once more.

Of, as my thoughts were turned to hu-
man kind,

I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with
thirst

Of a secure intelligence, and sick
Of other longing, I pursued what seemed
A more exalted nature; wished that Man
Should start out of his earthy, worm-like
state,

And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—
A noble aspiration! yet I feel

wo.

(Sustained by worthier as by wiser
thoughts)

The aspiration, nor shall ever cease
To feel it;—but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea
excuse

Those aberrations—had the clamorous
friends

Of ancient Institutions said and done
To bring disgrace upon their very names;
Disgrace, of which, custom and written
law,

And sundry moral sentiments as props
Or emanations of those institutes,
Too justly bore a part. A veil had been
Uplifted; why deceive ourselves? in sooth,
'Twas even so; and sorrow for the man
Who either had not eyes wherewith to
see,

Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong shock
Was given to old opinions; all men's
minds

Had felt its power, and mine was both let
loose,

Let loose and goaded. After what lath
been

Already said of patriotic love,
Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat
stern

In temperament, withal a happy man,
And therefore bold to look on painful
things,

Free likewise of the world, and thence
more bold,

I summoned my best skill, and toiled,
intent

To anatomise the frame of social life;

Yea, the whole body of society

Searched to its heart. Share with me,
Friend! the wish

That some dramatic tale, endued with
shapes

Livelier, and flinging out less guarded
words

Than suit the work we fashion, might set
forth

What then I learned, or think I learned,
of truth,

And the errors into which I felt betrayed
By present objects, and by reasonings
false

From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn
Out of a heart that had been turned aside

21

I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
 Divine Comates, by his impious lord
 Within a chest imprisoned; how they
 came
 Laden from blooming grove or flowery
 field,
 And fed him there, alive, month after
 month,
 Because the goatherd, blessed man! had
 lips
 Wet with the Muses' nectar.
 Thus I soothe
 The pensive moments by this calm fire-
 side,
 And find a thousand bounteous images
 To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and
 mine.
 Our prayers have been accepted; thou
 wilt stand
 On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,
 Triumphant, winning from the invaded
 heavens.
 Thoughts without bound, magnificent de-
 signs,
 Worth of poets who attuned their harps
 In wood or echoing cave, for discipline
 Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,
 'Mid temples, served by sapient priests,
 and choirs
 Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in
 vain
 Those temples, where they in their ruins
 yet
 Survive for inspiration, shall attract
 Thy solitary steps: and on the brink
 Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;
 Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,
 Then, near some other spring—which ^{is} _{the}
 the name
 Thou gratulatest, willingly deceived—
 I see thee linger a glad votary,
 And not a captive pining for his home.

BOOK TWELFTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW
IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

LONG time have human ignorance and
 guilt
 stained us, on what spectacles of woe

Compelled to look, and inwardly op-
 pressed
 With sorrow, disappointment, vexing
 thoughts,
 Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,
 And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself
 And things to hope for! Not with these
 began
 Our song, and not with these our song
 must end.—
 Ye motions of delight, that haunt the
 sides
 Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft
 airs,
 Whose subtle intercourse with breathing
 flowers,
 Feelingly watched, might teach Man's
 haughty race
 How without injury to take, to give
 Without offence: ye who, as if to show
 The wondrous influence of power gently
 used,
 Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
 And, with a touch, shift the stupendous
 clouds
 Through the whole compass of the sky;
 ye brooks,
 Muttering along the stones, a busy noise
 By day, a quiet sound in silent night;
 Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal
 forth
 In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
 Not mute, and then retire, fearing no
 storm;
 And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
 To interpose the covert of your shades,
 Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
 And outward troubles, between man him-
 self,
 Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart:
 Oh! that I had a music and a voice
 Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
 What ye have done for me. The morning
 shines,
 Nor heedeth Man's perverseness; Spring
 returns,—
 I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice.
 In common with the children of her love,
 Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh
 fields,
 Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven
 On wings that navigate cerulean skies.
 So neither were complacency, nor peace,
 Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good

In exultation with a living pomp
Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—
Hath dropped all functions by the gods
bestowed,
And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,
Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend!
Through times of honour and through
times of shame

Descending, have I faithfully retraced
The perturbations of a youthful mind
Under a long-lived storm of great events—
A story destined for thy ear, who now,
Among the fallen of nations, dost abide
Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts
His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,
The city of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!
How are the mighty prostrated? They first,
They first of all that breathe should have
awaked

When the great voice was heard from out
the tombs

Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief
For ill-requited France, by many deemed
A trifler only in her proudest day;
Have been distressed to think of what
she once

Promised, now is; a far more sober cause
Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,
To the reanimating influence lost
Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,
Though with the wreck of loftier years
bestrewn.

But indignation works where hope is
not,

And thou, O Friend! wilt be refreshed.

There is
One great society alone on earth: ^{thee}
The noble Living and the noble Dead.

There be such converse strong and
sanative,

A ladder for thy spirit to reascend
To health and joy and pure contentedness;
To me the grief confined, that thou art
gone

From this last spot of earth, where Free-
dom now

Stands single in her only sanctuary;
A lonely wanderer art gone, by pain
Compelled and sickness, at this latter day,
This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.
[Fear for thee, must utter what I feel :

The sympathies erewhile in part dis-
charged,

Gather afresh, and will have vent again :
My own delights do scarcely seem to me
My own delights; the lordly Alps them-
selves,

Those rosy peaks, from which the Morn-
ing looks

Abroad on many nations, are no more
For me that image of pure gladness
Which they were wont to be. Through
kindred scenes,

For purpose, at a time, how different !
Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart
and soul

That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought
Matured, and in the summer of their
strength.

Oh! wrap him in your shades, ye giant
woods,

On Etna's side ; and thou, O flowery field
Of Enna ! is there not some nook of thine,
From the first playtime of the infant world
Kept sacred to restorative delight,
When from afar invoked by anxious love ?

Child of the mountains, among shep-
herds reared,

Ere yet familiar with the classic page,
I learnt to dream of Sicily ; and lo,
The gloom, that, but a moment past, was
deepened

At thy command, at her command gives
way ;

A pleasant promise, wafted from her
shores,

Comes o'er my heart : in fancy I behold
Why ^{was} yet smiling, her once happy

Nor can my tongue give utterance to a
name

Of note, belonging to that honoured isle,
Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles.

Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul !
That doth not yield a solace to my grief :
And, O Theocritus, so far have some
Prevailed among the powers of heaven
and earth,

By their endowments, good or great, that
they

Have had, as thou reportest, miracles
Wrought for them in old time : yea, not
unmoved,

When thinking on my own beloved friend,

Through these distracted times ; in Nature still
 Glor'ing, I found a counterpoise in her,
 Which, when the spirit of evil reached its height,
 Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend ! hath chiefly told
 Of intellectual power, fostering love,
 Dispensing truth, and, over men and things,

Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing
 Prophetic sympathies of genial faith :
 So was I favoured—such my happy lot—
 Until that natural graciousness of mind
 Gave way to overpressure from the times
 And their disastrous issues. What availed,
 When spells forbade the voyager to land,
 That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore
 Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower
 Of blissful gratitude and fearless love ?
 Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,
 And hope that future times *would* surely see,

The man to come, parted, as by a gulph,
 From him who had been ; that I could no more
 Trust the elevation which had made me one

With the great family that still survives
 To illuminate the abyss of ages past,
 Sage, warrior, patriot, hero ; for it seemed
 That their best virtues were not free from taint

Of something false and weak, that could not stand

The open eye of Reason. Then I said,
 'Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee
 More perfectly of purer creatures ;—yet
 Reason be nobility in man,
 Can aught be more ignoble than the man
 Whom they delight in, blinded as he is
 By prejudice, the miserable slave
 Of low ambition or distempered love ?'

In such strange passion, if I may once more
 Review the past, I warred against myself—

A bigot to a new idolatry—
 Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn
 the world,
 Jealously laboured to cut off my heart

From all the sources of her former strength ;

And as, by simple waving of a wand,
 The wizard instantaneously dissolves
 Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul
 As readily by syllogistic words
 Those mysteries of being which have made,
 And shall continue evermore to make,
 Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far
 Perverted, even the visible Universe
 Fell under the dominion of a taste
 Less spiritual, with microscopic view
 Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral world ?

O Soul of Nature ! excellent and fair !
 That didst rejoice with me, with whom I, too,

Rejoiced through early youth, before the winds

And roaring waters, and in lights and shades

That marched and countermarched about the hills

In glorious apparition, Powers on whom
 I daily waited, now all eye and now

All ear ; but never long without the heart
 Employed, and man's unfolding intellect :

O Soul of Nature ! that, by laws divine
 Sustained and governed, still dost overflow

With an impassioned life, what feeble ones

Walk on this earth ! how feeble have I been

When thou wert in thy strength ! Nor this through stroke

Of human suffering, such as justifies
 Remissness and inaptitude of mind,
 But through presumption ; even in pleasure pleased

Unworthily, disliking here, and there
 Liking ; by rules of mimic art transferred
 To things above all art ; but more,—for this,

Although a strong infection of the age,
 Was never much my habit—giving way
 To a comparison of scene with scene,
 Bent overmuch on superficial things.
 Pampering myself with meagre novelties

Yea, never thought of judging ; with the gift.

Of all this glory filled and satisfied.
And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps

Roaming, I carried with me the same heart :

In truth, the degradation—howsoever induced, effect, in whatsoever degree, Of custom that prepares a partial scale In which the little oft outweighs the great ;

Or any other cause that hath been named ;

Or lastly, aggravated by the times And their impassioned sounds, which well might make

The milder minstrelsy of rural scenes Inaudible—was transient ; I had known Too forcibly, too early in my life, Visitings of imaginative power For this to last : I shook the habit off Entirely and for ever, and again In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,
A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

There are in our existence spots of time,

That with distinct pre-eminence retain A renovating virtue, whence, depressed By false opinion and contentious thought, Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight,

In trivial occupations, and the round Of ordinary intercourse, our minds Are nourished and invisibly repaired ; A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced, That penetrates, enables us to mount, When high, more high, and lifts us up when fallen.

This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks Among those passages of life that give Profoundest knowledge to what point, and how,

The mind is lord and master—outward sense

The obedient servant of her will. Such moments

Are scattered everywhere, taking their date

From our first childhood. I remember well, That once, while yet my inexperienced hand

Could scarcely hold a bridle, with proud hopes

I mounted, and we journeyed towards the hills :

An ancient servant of my father's house Was with me, my encourager and guide : We had not travelled long, ere some mischance

Disjoined me from my comrade ; and, through fear

Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor

I led my horse, and stumbling on, at length

Came to a bottom, where in former times A murderer had been hung in iron chains. The gibbet-mast had mouldered down, the bones

And iron case were gone ; but on the turf,

Hard by, soon after that fell deed was wrought,

Some unknown hand had carved the murderer's name.

The monumental letters were inscribed In times long past ; but still, from year to year,

By superstition of the neighbourhood, The grass is cleared away, and to this hour

The characters are fresh and visible : A casual glance had shown them, and I, fled,

Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road :

Then, reascending the bare common, saw A naked pool that lay beneath the hills, The beacon on the summit, and, more near,

A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head, And seemed with difficult steps to force her way

Against the blowing wind. It was, in truth,

An ordinary sight ; but I should need Colours and words that are unknown to man,

To paint the visionary dreariness Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,

Invested moorland waste, and naked pool. The beacon crowning the lone eminence. The female and her garments vexed and tossed

By the strong wind. When, in the blessed
hours

Of early love, the loved one at my side
I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,
Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,
And on the melancholy beacon, fell

A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden
gleam ;

And think ye not with radiance more
sublime

For these remembrances, and for the
power

They had left behind ? So feeling comes
in aid

Of feeling, and diversity of strength

Attends us, if but once we have been
strong.

Oh ! mystery of man, from what a depth
Proceed thy honours. I am lost, but see
In simple childhood something of the
base

On which thy greatness stands ; but this
I feel,

That from thyself it comes, that thou
must give,

Else never canst receive. The days gone
by

Return upon me almost from the dawn
Of life : the hiding-places of man's power
Open ; I would approach them, but they
close.

I see by glimpses now ; when age comes
on,

May scarcely see at all ; and I would give,
While yet we may, as far as words can
give,

Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,

Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past

For future restoration.—Yet another

Of these memorials :—

One Christmas time

On the glad eve of its dear holidays,
Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went
forth

Into the fields, impatient for the sight
Of those led palfreys that should bear us
home ;

My brothers and myself. There rose a
crag,

That from the meeting-point of two
highways

Ascending, overlooked them both, far
stretched ;

Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
My expectation, thither I repaired,
Scout-like, and gained the summit ; 'twas
a day

Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the
grass

I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall ;
Upon my right hand couched a single

sheep,
Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood ;

With those companions at my side, I
watched,

Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist
Gave intermitting prospect of the copse

And plain beneath. Ere we to school
returned,—

That dreary time,—ere we had been ten
days

Sojourners in my father's house, he died,
And I and my three brothers, orphans

then,
Followed his body to the grave. The

event,
With all the sorrow that it brought,

appeared
A chastisement ; and when I called to

mind
That day so lately past, when from the

crag
I looked in such anxiety of hope ;

With tute reflections of morality,
Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low

To God, Who thus corrected my desires ;
And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,

And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted

tree,
And the bleak music from that old stone

wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the

mist
That on the line of each of those two

roads
Advanced in such indisputable shapes ;

All these were kindred spectacles and
sounds

To which I oft repaired, and thence
would drink,

As at a fountain ; and on winter nights,
Down to this very time, when storm and

rain
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,

While in a grove I walk, whose lofty
trees,

With settling judgments now of what
 would last
 And what would disappear ; prepared to
 find
 Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
 Who thrust themselves upon the passive
 world
 As Rulers of the world ; to see in these,
 Even when the public welfare is their aim,
 Plans without thought, or built on theories
 Vague and unsound ; and having brought
 the books
 Of modern statista to their proper test,
 Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
 Of sex and age, and heaven-descended
 rights.
 Mortal, or those beyond the reach of
 death ;
 And having thus discerned how dire a
 thing
 Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
 "The Wealth of Nations," *where* alone
 that wealth
 Is lodged, and how increased ; and having
 gained
 A more judicious knowledge of the worth
 And dignity of individual man,
 No composition of the brain, but man
 Of whom we read, the man whom we
 behold
 With our own eyes—I could not but
 enquire—
 Not with less interest than heretofore,
 But greater, though in spirit more sub-
 dued—
 Why is this glorious creature to be found
 One only in ten thousand ? What one is,
 Why may not millions be ? What bars
 are thrown
 By Nature in the way of such a hope ?
 Our animal appetites and daily wants,
 Are these obstructions insurmountable ?
 If not, then others vanish into air.
 "Inspect the basis of the social pile:
 Enquire," said I, "how much of mental
 power
 And genuine virtue they possess who live
 By bodily toil, labour exceeding far
 Their due proportion, under all the weight
 Of that injustice which upon ourselves
 Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame
 I chiefly looked (what need to look
 beyond ?)
 Among the natural abodes of men,

Fields with their rural works ; recalled to
 mind
 My earliest notices ; with these compared
 The observations made in later youth.
 And to that day continued.—For, the
 time
 Had never been when throes of mighty
 Nations
 And the world's tumult unto me could
 yield,
 How far soe'er transported and possessed,
 Full measure of content ; but still I
 craved
 An intermingling of distinct regards
 And truths of individual sympathy.
 Nearer ourselves. Such often might be
 gleaned
 From the great City, else it must have
 proved
 To me a heart-depressing wilderness ;
 But much was wanting : therefore did I
 turn
 To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads—
 Sought you enriched with everything I
 prized,
 With human kindnesses and simple joys—
 Oh ! next to one dear state of bliss
 vouchsafed
 Alas ! to few in this untoward world,
 The bliss of walking daily in life's prime
 Through field or forest with the maid we
 love,
 While yet our hearts are young, while yet
 we breathe
 Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,
 Deep vale, or anywhere, the home of both.
 From which it would be misery to stir :
 Oh ! next to such enjoyment of our youth
 In my esteem, next to such dear delight
 Was that of wandering on from day to
 day
 Where I could meditate in peace, and
 cull
 Knowledge that step by step might lead
 me on
 To wisdom ; or, as lightsome as a bird
 Wafted upon the wind from distant lard-
 Sing notes of greeting to strange fields &
 groves,
 Which lacked not voice to welcome me !
 turn :
 And, when that pleasant toil had ceased
 to please,

Laden with summer's thickest foliage,
 rock
 In a strong wind, some working of the
 spirit,
 Some inward agitations thence are brought,
 Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
 Thoughts over busy in the course they
 took,
 Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW
 IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.—
 (CONCLUDED).

FROM Nature doth emotion come, and
 moods
 Of calmness equally are Nature's gift :
 This is her glory ; these two attributes
 Are sister horns that constitute her
 strength.
 Hence Genius, born to thrive by inter-
 change
 Of peace and excitation, finds in her
 His best and purest friend : from her
 receives
 That energy by which he seeks the truth,
 From her that happy stillness of the
 mind
 Which fits him to receive it when un-
 sought.

Such benefit the humblest intellects
 Partake of, each in their degree ; 'tis mine
 To speak, what I myself have known and
 felt ;
 Smooth task ! for words find easy way,
 inspired
 By gratitude, and confidence in truth.
 Long time in search of knowledge did I
 range
 The field of human life, in heart and
 mind
 Benighted ; but, the dawn beginning
 now
 To re-appear, 'twas proved that not in
 vain
 I had been taught to reverence a Power
 That is the visible quality and shape
 And image of right reason ; that matures
 wo.

Her processes by steadfast laws ; gives
 birth
 To no impatient or fallacious hopes.
 No heat of passion or excessive zeal,
 No vain conceits ; provokes to no quick
 turns
 Of self-applauding intellect ; but trains
 To meekness, and exalts by humble faith ;
 Holds up before the mind intoxicate
 With present objects, and the busy dance
 Of things that pass away, a temperate show
 Of objects that endure ; and by this course
 Disposes her, when over-fondly set
 On throwing off incumbrances ; to seek
 In man, and in the frame of social life,
 Whate'er there is desirable and good,
 Of kindred permanence, unchanged in
 form
 And function, or, through strict vicissi-
 tude
 Of life and death, revolving. Above all
 Were re-established now those watchful
 thoughts
 Which, seeing little worthy or sublime
 In what the Historian's pen so much
 delights
 To blazon—power and energy detached
 From moral purpose—early tutored me
 To look with feelings of fraternal love
 Upon the unassuming things that hold
 A silent station in this beautiful world

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found
 Once more in Man an object of delight,
 Of pure imagination, and of love ;
 And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,
 Again I took the intellectual eye
 For my instructor, studious more to see
 Great truths, than touch and handle little
 ones.
 Knowledge was given accordingly ; my
 trust
 Became more firm in feelings that had
 stood
 The test of such a trial ; clearer far
 My sense of excellence—of right and
 wrong :
 The promise of the present time retired
 Into its true proportion ; sanguine schemes,
 Ambitious projects, pleased me less ; I
 sought
 For present good in life's familiar face,
 And built thereon my hopes of good to
 come.

Through want of better knowledge in the
heads
That framed them ; flattering self-conceit
with words.
That, while they most ambitiously set
forth
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks
Whereby society has parted man
From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here calling up to mind what then
I saw,
A youthful traveller, and see daily now
In the familiar circuit of my home.
Here might I pause, and bend in rever-
ence
To Nature, and the power of human
minds.
To men as they are men within them-
selves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in
show.—
Not like a temple rich with pomp and
gold.
But a mere mountain-chapel, that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and
shower.
Of these, said I, shall be my song ; of
these.
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things : in
truth
And sanctity of passion, speak of these.
That justice may be done, obeisance paid
Where it is due : thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire : through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope.—my
theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who
live—
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books,
though few—
In Nature's presence : thence may I
select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight ;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
therefrom to human kind, and what we
are.
Be mine to follow with no timid step

Where knowledge leads me : it shall be
my pride
That I have dared to tread this holy
ground,
Speaking no dream, but things oracular ;
Matter not lightly to be heard by those
Who to the letter of the outward pro-
mise
Do read the invisible soul : by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the
world
Accomplished : minds whose faculties are
then
Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than
these,
Who are their own upholders, to them-
selves
Encouragement, and energy, and will.
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively
words
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life
Still higher, men for contemplation
framed,
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of
phrase :
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps
would sink
Beneath them, summoned to such inter-
course :
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the
power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy :
Words are but under-agents in their
souls ;
When they are grasping with their great-
est strength.
They do not breathe among them : this
I speak
In gratitude to God, Who feeds our
hearts
For His own service ; knoweth, loveth us.
When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive
Convictions still more strong than hereto-
fore.
Not only that the inner frame is good,
And graciously composed, but that, no
less,
Nature for all conditions wants not
power

Converse with men, where if we meet a
face
We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths
With long long ways before, by cottage
bench,
Or well-spring where the weary traveller
rests.

Who doth not love to follow with his eye
The windings of a public way? the sight,
Familiar object as it is, hath wrought
On my imagination since the morn
Of childhood, when a disappearing line,
One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
The naked summit of a far-off hill
Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
Was like an invitation into space
Boundless, or guide into eternity.
Yes, something of the grandeur which
invests

The mariner who sails the roaring sea
Through storm and darkness, early in my
mind

Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the
earth;

Grandeur as much, and loveliness far
more.

Awed have I been by strolling Bedlam-
ites;

From many other uncouth vagrants
(passed

In fear) have walked with quicker step;
but why

Take note of this? When I began to
enquire,

To watch and question those I met, and
speak

Without reserve to them, the lonely roads
Were open schools in which I daily read
With most delight the passions of man-
kind,

Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears,
revealed;

There saw into the depth of human souls,
Souls that appear to have no depth at all
To careless eyes. And—now convinced
at heart

How little those formalities, to which
With overweening trust alone we give
The name of Education, have to do
With real feeling and just sense; how vain
A correspondence with the talking world
Proves to the most; and called to make
good search

If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked
With toil, be therefore yoked with igno-
rance;

If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,
And intellectual strength so rare a boon—
I prized such walks still more, for there I
found

Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure
peace

And steadiness, and healing and repose
To every angry passion. There I heard,
From mouths of men obscure and lowly,
truths

Replete with honour; sounds in unison
With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong af-
fection, love

Known by whatever name, is falsely
deemed

A gift, to use a term which they would use,
Of vulgar nature; that its growth requires
Retirement, leisure, language purified
By manners studied and elaborate;
That whoso feels such passion in its
strength

Must live within the very light and air
Of courteous usages refined by art.
True is it, where oppression worse than
death

Salutes the being at his birth, where grace
Of culture hath been utterly unknown,
And poverty and labour in excess
From day to day pre-occupy the ground
Of the affections, and to Nature's self
Oppose a deeper nature; there, indeed,
Love cannot be; nor does it thrive with
ease

Among the close and overcrowded haunts
Of cities, where the human heart is sick,
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot
feed.

—Yes, in those wanderings deeply did
I feel

How we mislead each other; above all,
How books mislead us, seeking their re-
ward

From judgments of the wealthy Few,
who see

By artificial lights; how they debase
The Many for the pleasure of those Few;
Effeminately level down the truth
To certain general notions, for the sake
Of being understood at once, or else

The actual world of our familiar days,
 Yet higher power ; had caught from them
 a tone,
 An image, and a character, by books
 Not hitherto reflected. Call we this
 A partial judgment—and yet why? for
 then
 We were as strangers ; and I may not
 speak
 Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude.
 Which on thy young imagination, trained
 In the great City, broke like light from far.
 Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself
 Witness and judge ; and I remember well
 That in life's every-day appearances
 I seemed about this time to gain clear sight
 Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit
 To be transmitted, and to other eyes
 Made visible ; as ruled by those fixed laws
 Whence spiritual dignity originates,
 Which do both give it being and maintain
 A balance, an ennobling interchange
 Of action from without and from within ;
 The excellence, pure function, and best
 power
 Both of the object seen, and eye that sees.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

CONCLUSION.

IN one of those excursions (may they ne'er
 Fade from remembrance!) through the
 Northern tracts
 Of Cămbria ranging with a youthful
 friend,
 I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,
 And westward took my way, to see the
 sun
 Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the
 door
 Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
 We came, and roused the shepherd who
 attends
 The adventurous stranger's steps. a trusty
 guide :
 Then, cheered by short refreshment, sal-
 lied forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer
 night,

Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping
 fog
 Low-hung and thick that covered all the
 sky ;
 But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
 The mountain-side. The mist soon girt
 us round,
 And, after ordinary travellers' talk
 With our conductor, pensively we sank
 Each into commerce with his private
 thoughts :
 Thus did we breast the ascent, and by
 myself
 Was nothing either seen or heard that
 checked
 Those musings or diverted, save that once
 The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the
 crags,
 Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog,
 teased
 His coiled-up prey with barkings turbu-
 lent.
 This small adventure, for even such it
 seemed
 In that wild place and at the dead of
 night,
 Being over and forgotten, on we wound
 In silence as before. With forehead bent
 Earthward, as if in opposition set
 Against an enemy, I panted up
 With eager pace, and no less eager
 thoughts.
 Thus might we wear a midnight hour
 away,
 Ascending at loose distance each from
 each,
 And I, as chanced, the foremost of the
 band ;
 When at my feet, the ground appeared to
 brighten,
 And with a step or two seemed brighter
 still ;
 Nor was time given to ask or learn the
 cause,
 For instantly a light upon the turf
 Fell like a flash, and lo ! as I looked up
 The Moon hung naked in a firmament
 Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
 Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
 A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
 All over this still ocean ; and beyond,
 Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,
 In headlands, tongues, and promontory
 shapes,

To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
 The outside of her creatures, and to
 breathe
 Grandeur upon the very humblest face
 Of human life. I felt that the array
 Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
 Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind
 What passion makes them; that mean-
 while the forms
 Of Nature have a passion in themselves,
 That intermingles with those works of
 man
 To which she summons him; although
 the works
 Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own;
 And that the Genius of the Poet hence
 May boldly take his way among mankind
 Wherever Nature leads; that he hath
 stood
 By Nature's side among the men of old,
 And so shall stand for ever. Dearest
 Friend!
 If thou partake the animating faith
 That Poets, even as Prophets, each with
 each
 Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
 Have each his own peculiar faculty,
 Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to
 perceive
 Objects unseen before, thou wilt not
 blame
 The humblest of this band who dares to
 hope
 That unto him hath also been vouchsafed
 An insight that in some sort he possesses,
 A privilege whereby a work of his,
 Proceeding from a source of untaught
 things,
 Creative and enduring, may become
 A power like one of Nature's. To a hope
 Not less ambitious once among the wilds
 Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit was
 raised;
 There, as I ranged at will the pastoral
 downs
 Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare
 white roads
 Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,
 Time with his retinue of ages fled
 Backwards, nor checked his flight until I
 saw
 Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear;
 Saw multitudes of men, and, here and
 there,

A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,
 With shield and stone-axe, stride across
 the world;
 The voice of spears was heard, the rattling
 spear
 Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in
 strength.
 Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.
 I called on Darkness—but before the word
 Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed
 to take
 All objects from my sight; and so again
 The Desert visible by dim flames;
 It is the sacrificial altar, fed
 With living men—how deep the groans!
 the voice
 Of those that crowd the giant wicker
 thrills
 The monumental hillocks, and the pomp
 Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.
 At other moments—(for through that
 wide waste
 Three summer days I roamed) where'er
 the Plain
 Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or
 mounds,
 That yet survive, a work, as some divine,
 Shaped by the Druids, so to represent
 Their knowledge of the heavens, and
 image forth
 The constellations—gently was I charmed
 Into a waking dream, a reverie
 That, with believing eyes, where'er I
 turned,
 Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white
 wands
 Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky;
 Alternately, and plain below, while breath
 Of music swayed their motions, and the
 waste
 Rejoiced with them and me in those
 sweet sounds.

This for the past, and things that may
 be viewed
 Or fancied in the obscurity of years,
 From monumental hints: and thus, O
 Friend!
 Pleased with some unpermeated strains
 That served those wanderings to beguile,
 hast said
 That then and there my mind had exer-
 cised
 Upon the vulgar forms of present things,

Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,
Emotions which best foresight need not
fear,

Most worthy then of trust when most
intense.

Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs
that crush

Our hearts—if here the words of Holy
Writ

May with fit reverence be applied—that
peace

Which passeth understanding, that repose
In moral judgments which from this pure
source

Must come, or will by man be sought in
vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life
long

Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in him-
self?

For this alone is genuine liberty:

Where is the favoured being who hath
held

That course unchecked, unerring, and un-
tired,

In one perpetual progress smooth and
bright?—

A humbler destiny have we retraced,
And told of lapse and hesitating choice,
And backward wanderings along thorny
ways:

Yet—compassed round by mountain soli-
tudes,

Within whose solemn temple I received
My earliest visitations, careless then

Of what was given me; and which now I
range,

A meditative, oft a suffering, man—

Do I declare—in accents which, from
truth

Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend
Their modulation with these vocal
streams—

That, whatsoever falls my better mind,
Revolving with the accidents of life,
May have sustained, that, howsoever mis-
led,

Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,
Tamper with conscience from a private
aim;

Nor was in any public hope the dupe
Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield
Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,

But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy
From every combination which might aid
The tendency, too potent in itself,
Of use and custom to bow down the soul
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,
And substitute a universe of death
For that which moves with light and life
informed,

Actual, divine, and true. To fear and love,
To love as prime and chief, for there fear
ends,

Be this ascribed; to early intercourse,
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,
With the adverse principles of pain and
joy—

Evil as one is rashly named by men
Who know not what they speak. By love
subsists

All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;
That gone, we are as dust.—Behold the
fields

In balmy spring-time full of rising flowers
And joyous creatures; see that pair, the
lamb

And the lamb's mother, and their tender
ways

Shall touch thee to the heart; thou call-
est this love,

And not inaptly so, for love it is,
Far as it carries thee. In some green
bower

Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there
The One who is thy choice of all the
world:

There linger, listening, gazing, with de-
light

Impassioned, but delight how pitiable!
Unless this love by a still higher love
Be hallowed, love that breathes not with-
out awe;

Love that adores, but on the knees of
prayer,

By heaven inspired; that frees from
chains the soul,

Lifted, in union with the purest, best,
Of earth-born passions, on the wings of
praise

Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's
Throne.

This spiritual Love acts not nor can
exist

Without Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power

Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
 To dwindle, and give up his majesty,
 Usurped upon far as the sight could
 reach.
 Not so the ethereal vault; encroachment
 none
 Was there, nor loss; only the inferior
 stars
 Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
 In the clear presence of the full-orbed
 Moon,
 Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed
 Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay
 All meek and silent, save that through a
 rift—
 Not distant from the shore whereon we
 stood,
 A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-
 place—
 Mounted the roar of waters, torrents,
 streams
 Innumerable, roaring with one voice!
 Heard over earth and sea, and, in that
 hour,
 For, so it seemed, felt by the starry
 heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved
 That vision, given to spirits of the night
 And three chance human wanderers, in
 calm thought
 Reflected, it appeared to me the type
 Of a majestic intellect, its acts
 And its possessions, what it has and
 craves,
 What in itself it is, and would become.
 There I beheld the emblem of a mind,
 That feeds upon infinity, that broods
 Over the dark abyss, intent to hear
 Its voices issuing forth to silent light
 In one continuous stream; a mind sus-
 tained
 By recognitions of transcendent power,
 In sense conducting to ideal form,
 In soul of more than mortal privilege.
 One function, above all, of such a mind.
 Had Nature shadowed there, by putting
 forth,
 Mid circumstances awful and sublime,
 That mutual domination which she loves
 To exert upon the face of outward things,
 So moulded, joined, abstracted, so en-
 dowed
 With interchangeable supremacy,

That men, least sensitive, see, hear, per-
 ceive,
 And cannot choose but feel. The power,
 which all
 Acknowledge when thus moved, which
 Nature thus
 To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
 Resemblance of that glorious faculty
 That higher minds bear with them as
 their own.
 This is the very spirit in which they deal
 With the whole compass of the universe!
 They from their native selves can send
 abroad
 Kindred mutations; for themselves create
 A like existence; and, whenever it dawns
 Created for them, catch it, or are caught
 By its inevitable mastery,
 Like angels stopped upon the wing by
 sound
 Of harmony from Heaven's remotest
 spheres.
 Them the enduring and the transient
 both
 Serve to exalt; they build up greatest
 things
 From least suggestions; ever on the
 watch,
 Willing to work and to be wrought upon.
 They need not extraordinary calls
 To rouse them; in a world of life they
 live,
 By sensible impressions not enthralled,
 And by their quickening impulse made
 more prompt
 To hold fit converse with the spiritual
 world,
 And with the generations of mankind
 Spread over time, past, present, and to
 come,
 Age after age, till Time shall be no more.
 Such minds are truly from the Deity,
 For they are Powers; and hence the
 highest bliss
 That flesh can know is theirs—can con-
 sciousness
 Of Whom they are, habitually infused
 Through every image and through every
 thought,
 And all affections by permanent raised
 From earth to heaven, from human to
 divine;
 Hence endless occupation for the Soul,
 Whether discursive or intuitive;

A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
 And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
 To penetrate the lofty and the low ;
 Even as one essence of pervading light
 Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand
 stars,
 And, the weak worm that feeds her lonely
 lamp
 Couch'd in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,
 Coleridge! with this my argument, of
 these
 Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!
 Placed on this earth to love and under-
 stand,
 And from thy presence shed the light of
 love.

Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?
 Thy kindred influence to my heart of
 hearts
 Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed
 Her overweening grasp; thus thoughts
 and things

In the self-haunting spirit learned to take
 More rational proportions; mystery,
 The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,
 Of life and death, time and eternity,
 Admitted more habitually a mild
 Interposition—a serene delight
 In closer gathering cares, such as be-
 come

A human creature, howsoever endowed,
 Poet, or destined for a humbler name;
 And so the deep enthusiastic joy,
 The rapture of the hallelujah sent
 From all that breathes and is, was chas-
 tened, stemmed

And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
 In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay
 Of Providence; and in reverence for
 duty,

Here, if need be, struggling with storms,
 and there

Strewing in peace life's humblest ground
 with herbs,

At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend! this history is
 brought
 To its appointed close: the discipline
 And consummation of a Poet's mind,
 In everything that stood most prominent,
 Have faithfully been pictured; we have
 reached

The time (our guiding object from the
 first)

When we may, not presumptuously, I
 hope,

Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and
 such

My knowledge, as to make me capable
 Of building up a Work that shall endure
 Yet much hath been omitted, as need
 was;

Of books how much! and even of the
 other wealth

That is collected among woods and fields.
 Far more: for Nature's secondary grace
 Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,
 The charm more superficial that attends
 Her works, as they present to Fancy's
 choice

Apt illustrations of the moral world,
 Caught at a glance, or traced with curious
 pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend!! (I
 speak

With due regret) how much is overlooked
 In human nature and her subtle ways,
 As studied first in our own hearts; and
 then

In life among the passions of mankind,
 Varying their composition and their hue,
 Where'er we move, under the diverse
 shapes

That individual character presents
 To an attentive eye. For progress meet,
 Along this intricate and difficult path,
 Whatsoever was wanting, something had I
 gained,

As one of many schoolfellows compelled,
 In hardy independence, to stand up
 Amid conflicting interests, and the shock
 Of various tempers; to endure and note
 What was not understood, though known
 to be;

Among the mysteries of love and hate,
 Honour and shame, looking to right and
 left,

Unchecked by innocence too delicate,
 And moral notions too intolerant,
 Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when
 called

To take a station among men, the step
 Was easier, the transition more secure,
 More profitable also; for the mind
 Learns from such timely exercise to keep

And clearest insight, amplitude of soul,
 And Reason in her most exalted mood.
 This faculty hath been the feeding, 'cause
 Of our long labour: we have traced the
 stream

From the blind cavern whence is faintly
 heard

Its natal murmur; followed it to light
 And open day; accompanied its course
 Among the ways of Nature, for a time
 Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed;
 Then given it greeting as it rose once
 more

In strength, reflecting from its placid
 breast

The works of man and face of human life;
 And lastly, from its progress have we
 drawn

Faith in life endless, the sustaining
 thought

Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Imagination having been our theme,
 So also hath that intellectual Love,
 For they are each in each, and cannot
 stand

Dividually.—Here must thou be, O man!
 Power to thyself; no Helper hast thou
 here;

Here keepest thou in singleness thy state:
 No other can divide with thee this work:

No secondary hand can intervene
 To fashion this ability; 'tis thine,

The prime and vital principle 'is thine
 In the recesses of thy nature, far

From any reach of outward fellowship;
 Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,

Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath
 laid

Here, the foundation of his future years!
 For all that friendship, all that love can
 do,

All that a darling countenance can look
 Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,

Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,
 All shall be his: and he whose soul hath
 risen

Up to the height of feeling intellect
 Shall want no humbler tenderness; his
 heart

Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;
 Of female softness shall his life be full,

Of humble cares and delicate desires,
 Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!
 Thanks in sincerest verse have been else
 where

Poured out for all the early tenderness
 Which I from thee imbibed: and 'tis most
 true

That later seasons owed to thee no less;
 For, spite of thy sweet influence and the
 touch

Of kindred hands that opened out the
 springs

Of genial thought in childhood, and in
 spite

Of all that unassisted I had marked
 In life or nature of those charms minute
 That win their way into the heart by
 stealth,

(Still to the very going-out of youth)
 I too exclusively esteemed *that* love.

And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton
 sings,

Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down
 This over-sternness; but for thee, dear
 Friend!

My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had
 stood

In her original self too confident,
 Retained too long a countenance severe;
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the
 clouds

Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:
 But thou didst plant its crevices with
 flowers,

Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the
 breeze,

And teach the little birds to build their
 nests

And warble in its chambers. At a time
 When Nature, destined to remain so long

Foremost in my affections, had fallen back
 Into a second place, pleased to become

A handmaid to a nobler than herself,
 When every day brought with it some

"new sense"

Of exquisite regard for common things,
 And all the earth was budding with these
 gifts

Of more refined humanity, thy breath,
 Dear Sister! was a kind of gentler spring

That went before my steps. Thereafter
 came

One whom with thee friendship had early
 paired;

She came, no more a phantom to adorn

Together wanted in wild Poesy,
 But, under pressure of a private grief,
 Keen and enduring, which the mind and
 heart,
 That in this meditative history
 Have been laid open, needs must make
 me feel
 More deeply, yet enable me to bear
 More firmly: and a comfort now hath
 risen
 From hope that thou art near, and wilt be
 soon
 Restored to us in renovated health;
 When, after the first mingling of our
 tears
 'Mong other consolations, we may draw
 Some pleasure from this offering of my
 love.

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
 And all will be complete, thy race be
 run,
 Thy monument of glory will be raised;
 Then, though (too weak to tread the ways
 of truth)
 This age fall back to old idolatry,
 Though men return to servitude as fast
 As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame

By nations sink together, we shall still
 Find solace—knowing what we have
 learnt to know,
 Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
 Faithful alike in forwarding a day
 Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the
 work
 (Should Providence such grace to us
 vouchsafe)
 Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
 Prophets of Nature, we to them will
 speak
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified
 By reason, blest by faith: what we have
 loved.
 Others will love, and we will teach them
 how;
 Instruct them how the mind of man
 becomes
 A thousand times more beautiful than
 the earth
 On which he dwells, above this frame of
 things
 (Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
 And fears of men, doth still remain un-
 changed)
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself
 Of quality and fabric more divine.

In wholesome separation the two natures,
The one that fed the other that of it dies.

Yet one word more of personal concern ;—

Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,
I led an undomestic wanderer's life,
In London chiefly harboured, whence I
roamed,

Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot
Of rural England's cultivated vales
Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth—(he
bore

The name of Calvert—it shall live, if
words

Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief
That by endowments not from me with-
held

Good might be furthered—in his last
decay

By a bequest sufficient for my needs
Enabled me to pause for choice, and
walk

At large and unrestrained, nor damped
too soon

By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet
Far less a common follower of the world,
He deemed that my pursuits and labours
lay

Apart from all that leads to wealth, or
even

A necessary maintenance insures,
Without some hazard to the finer sense ;
He cleared a passage for me, and the
stream

Flowed in the bent of Nature.

Having now

Told what best merits mention, further
pains

Our present purpose seems not to require,
And I have other tasks. Recall to mind
The mood in which this labour was begun,
O Friend ! The termination of my course
Is nearer now, much nearer ; yet even
then,

In that distraction and intense desire,
I said unto the life which I had lived,
Where art thou ? Hear I not a voice from
thee

Which 'tis reproach to hear ? Anon I rose
As if on wings, and saw beneath me
stretched

Vast prospect of the world which I had
been

And was ; and hence this Song, which like
a lark

I have protracted, in the unwearied
heavens

Singing, and often with more plaintive
voice

To earth attuned and her deep-drawn
sighs,

Yet centring all in love, and in the end
All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,
And, with life, power to accomplish aught
of worth,

That will be deemed no insufficient plea.

For having given the story of my life,

Is all uncertain : but, beloved Friend !

When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer
view

Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
That summer, under whose indulgent
skies,

Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we
roved

Unchecked, or loitered 'mid heath's sylvan
combs,

Thou in bewitching words, with happy
heart,

Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient
Man,

The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes

Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ;

And I, associate with such labour, steeped
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was
found,

After the perils of his moonlight ride,
Near the loud waterfall ; or her who sate
In misery near the miserable Thorn :—

When thou dost to that summer turn thy
thoughts,

And hast before thee all which then we
were,

To thee, in memory of that happiness,
It will be known, by thee at least, my
Friend !

Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind

Is labour not unworthy of regard :

To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift
Have been prepared, not with the buoy-
ant spirits

That were our daily portion when we first

deeply indebted, has been long finished ; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society ; and to be entitled, "The Recluse;" as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.—The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself ; and the two Works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished, or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public, entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please and, he would hope, to benefit his countrymen.—Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of "The Recluse" will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own person ; and that in the intermediate part ("The Excursion") the intervention of characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system : it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course ; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the

system for himself. And in the meantime the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of "The Recluse," may be acceptable as a kind of *Prospectus* of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

"On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude. I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed ;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence
soothes

Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
—To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself—
I would give utterance in numerous verse.
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and
Hope,

And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith ;
Of blessed consolations in distress ;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power ;
Of joy in widest commonality spread ;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all—
I sing :—'fit audience let me find though few !'

- "So prayed, more gaining than he asked,
the Bard—
In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven !
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must
sink

Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil—
All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form—
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones—
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams—can breed such fear and
awe

As fall upon us often when we look
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man—
My haunt, and the main region of my song.
—Beauty—a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From earth's materials—waits upon my steps ;

Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling
casts
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
Where the wren warbles, while the dream-
ing man,
Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With side long eye looks out upon the
scene,
By power of that impending covert,
thrown
To finer distance. Mine was at that hour
Far other lot, yet with good hope that
soon
Under a shade as grateful I should find
Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier
joy.
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling
With languid steps that by the slippery
turf
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm
disperse
The host of insects gathering round my
face,
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,
The wished-for port to which my course
was bound.
Thither I came, and there, amid the
gloom
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,
Appeared a roofless Hut; four naked
walls
That stared upon each other!—I looked
round,
And to my wish and to my hope espied
The Friend I sought; a Man of reverend
age,
But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.
There was he seen upon the cottage-
bench,
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep;
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I marked the day before—
alone
And stationed in the public way, with
face
Turned toward the sun then setting, while
that staff
Afforded, to the figure of the man
Detained for contemplation or repose,
Graceful support; his countenance as he
stood

Was hidden from my view, and he re-
mained
Unrecognised; but, stricken by the sight,
With slackened footsteps I advanced, and
soon
A glad congratulation we exchanged
At such unthought-of meeting.—For the
night
We parted, nothing willingly; and now
He by appointment waited for me here,
Under the covert of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends: amid a plea-
sant vale,
In the antique market-village where was
passed
My school-time, an apartment he had
owned,
To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,
And found a kind of home or harbour
there.
He loved me; from a swarm of rosy boys
Singled out me, as he in sport would say,
For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my
years.

As I grew up, it was my best delight
To be his chosen comrade. Many a time,
On holidays, we rambled through the
woods;
We sate—we walked; he pleased me with
report
Of things which he had seen; and often
touched
Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind
Turned inward; or at my request would
sing
Old songs, the product of his native hills;
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds.
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
As cool refreshing water, by the care
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused
Through a parched meadow-ground, in
time of drought.
Still deeper welcome found his pure dis-
course:
How precious when in riper days I
learned
To weigh with care his words, and to
rejoice
In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest
gifts,

Pitches her tents before me as I roam
An hourly neighbour, Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic deep—why should they
be

A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
—I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation:—and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we
are,

Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures: while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted:—and how exquisitely, too—
Theme this but little heard of among men—
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended
might

Accomplish:—this is our high argument.
—Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
Of maddening passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang

gazing above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities—may these sounds
Have their authentic comment; that even these
Hearings, I be not downcast or forlorn!—
Decease, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'd
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets: upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight; that my Song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
Shedding benignant influence, and secure,
Itself, from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout the ether sphere!—And I with
this

Imix more lowly matter: with the title
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man
Contemplating; and who, and what he was—
The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision; when and where, and how he
lived;—
Be not this labour useless. If such theme
May sort with highest objects, then—dread
Power!

Whose gracious favour is the primal source
Of all illumination,—may my Life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires, and simpler manners;—
nurse
My Heart in genuine freedom:—all pure
thoughts
Be with me;—so shall thy unfailing love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!"

BOOK FIRST.

THE WANDERER.

ARGUMENT.

A summer forenoon.—The Author reaches a ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there meets
with a revered Friend, the Wanderer, of whose education and course of life he gives an account —
The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the
History of its last Inhabitant.

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted
high:
Southward the landscape indistinctly
glared
Through a pale stream; but all the north-
ern downs,
In clearest air ascending, showed far off
A surface dappled o'er with shadows
flung

From brooding clouds; shadows that lay
in spots
Determined and unmoved, with steady
beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine inter-
posed;
To him most pleasant who on soft cool
moss
Extends his careless limbs along the front

The hiveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness

Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite—nor this alone
Appeared his yearning :—in the after-day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,

And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sat, and even in their fixed lineaments

Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments

He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,
He had small need of books ; for many a tale

Traditionary round the mountains hung.
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,

Nourished Imagination in her growth,
And gave the Mind that apprehensive power

By which she is made quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things.
But eagerly he read, and read again,
Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied ;

The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,

With will inflexible, those fearful pangs
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of persecution, and the Covenant—times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour !

And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved

A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,

That left half-told the preternatural tale,
Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,
Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts
Strange and uncouth ; dire faces, figures dire,

Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,

With long and ghostly shanks—forms which once seen
Could never be forgotten !

In his heart,
Where Fear sat thus, a cherished visitant,
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
Or by the silent looks of happy things,
Or flowing from the universal face
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power

Of Nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth

What soul was his, when, from the naked top

Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light !

He looked—

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him :—Far and wide the clouds
were touched,

And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none.

Nor any voice of joy : his spirit drank
The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form.
All melted into him ; they swallowed up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live ; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.

No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;

Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain-tops,

Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.
O then how beautiful, how bright, appeared

The vision and the faculty divine;
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,
 (Which, in the docile season of their
 youth,
 It was denied them to acquire, through
 lack
 Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
 Or haply by a temper too severe,
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)
 Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
 By circumstance to take unto the height
 The measure of themselves, these favoured
 Beings,
 All but a scattered few, live out their
 time,
 Husbanding that which they possess
 within,
 And go to the grave, unthought of.
 Strongest minds
 Are often those of whom the noisy world
 Hears least; else surely this Man had not
 left
 His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.
 But, as the mind was filled with inward
 light,
 So not without distinction had he lived,
 Beloved and honoured—far as he was
 known.
 And some small portion of his eloquent
 speech,
 And something that may serve to set in
 view
 The feeling pleasures of his loneliness.
 His observations, and the thoughts his
 mind
 Had dealt with—I will here record in
 verse;
 Which, if with truth it correspond, and
 sink
 Or rise as venerable Nature leads,
 The high and tender Muses shall accept
 With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,
 And listening Time reward with sacred
 praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born;
 Where, on a small hereditary farm,
 An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
 His Parents, with their numerous off-
 spring, dwelt;
 A virtuous household, though exceeding
 poor!
 Pure livers were they all, austere and
 grave,

And fearing God; the very children
 taught
 Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's
 word,
 And an habitual piety, maintained
 With strictness scarcely known on
 English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I
 speak,
 In summer, tended cattle on the hills;
 But, through the inclement and the peril-
 ous days
 Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,
 Equipped with satchel, to a school, that
 stood
 Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,
 Remote from view of city spire, or sound
 Of minster clock! From that bleak tene-
 ment
 He, many an evening, to his distant home
 In solitude returning, saw the hills
 Grow larger in the darkness; all alone
 Beheld the stars come out above his head,
 And travelled through the wood, with no
 one near
 To whom he might confess the things he
 saw.

So the foundations of his mind were
 laid.
 In such communion, not from terror free,
 While yet a child, and long before his
 time,
 Had he perceived the presence and the
 power
 Of greatness; and deep feelings had im-
 pressed
 So vividly great objects that they lay
 Upon his mind like substances, whose
 presence
 Perplexed the bodily sense. He had
 received
 A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,
 With these impressions would he still
 compare
 All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes,
 and forms;
 And, being still unsatisfied with aught
 Of dimmer character, he thence attained
 An active power to fasten images
 Upon his brain; and on them pictured
 lines
 Intensely brooded, even till they acquired

Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means, he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dicams, in study, and in ardent
thought,
Thus was he reared; much wanting to
assist

The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthened and braced, by breathing in
content

The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life.
—But, from past liberty, and tried re-
straints,

He now was summoned to select the
course

Of humble industry that promised best
To yield him no unworthy maintenance.
Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach
A village-school—but wandering thoughts
were then

A misery to him; and the Youth resigned
A task he was unable to perform.

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who con-
strains

The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,
The freeborn Swiss to leave his narrow
vales,

(Spirit attached to regions mountainous
Like their own steadfast clouds) did now
impel

His restless mind to look abroad with
hope.

—An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting
storm,

A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load
Bent as he moves, and needing frequent
rest;

Yet do such travellers find their own
delight;

And their hard service, deemed debasing
now,

Gained merited respect in simpler times;
When squire, and priest, and they who
round them dwelt

In rustic sequestration—all dependent
Upon the PEDLAR'S toil—supplied their
wants,

Or pleased their fancies, with the wares
he brought.

Not ignorant was the Youth that still no
few

Of his adventurous countrymen were led
By perseverance in this track of life
To competence and ease:—to himit offered
Attractions manifold—and this he chose.
—His Parents on the enterprise bestoved
Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
Foreboding evil. From his native hills
He wandered far; much did he see of
men,

Their manners, their enjoyments, and
pursuits,

Their passions and their feelings; chiefly
those

Essential and eternal in the heart,
That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
Exist more simple in their elements,
And speak a plainer language. In the
woods,

A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
The better portion of his time; and there

Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
And liberty of nature; there he kept

In solitude and solitary thought
His mind in a just equipoise of love.

Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped
By partial bondage. In his steady course,

No piteous revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief.

Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts

To sympathy with man, he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he
went,

And all that was endured; for, in himself
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
He had no painful pressure from without

That made him turn aside from wretched-
ness

With coward fears. He could afford to
suffer

With those whom he saw suffer. Hence
it came

That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life.
For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
He had observed the progress and decay
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;
The history of many families;

The written promise! Early had he
learned

To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die:
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite:
There littleness was not; the least of
things

Seemed infinite; and there his spirit
shaped

Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he
saw.

What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet
was his heart

Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed; and from them
he acquired

Wisdom, which works thro' patience;
thence he learned

In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart,
Self-questioned where it did not under-
stand,

And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time; yet to the nearest
town

He duly went with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought
away

The book that most had tempted his
desires

While at the stall he read. Among the
hills

He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His Schoolmaster supplied; books that
explain

The purer elements of truth involved
In lines and numbers, and, by charm
severe,

(Especially perceived where nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the
mind

Busy in solitude and poverty,
These occupations oftentimes deceived
The listless hours, while in the hollow
vale,

He'low and green, he lay on the green
turf

In pensive idleness. What could he do,
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,
With bliall endeavours? Yet, still upper-
most,

Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting
power

In all things that from her sweet influence
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with
her hues,

Her forms, and with the spirit of her
clothes,

He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His triangles—they were the stars of
heaven,

The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birthplace, or some
peak

Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus, before his eighteenth year
was told,

Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With still increasing weight; he was over-
powered

By Nature; by the turbulence subdued
Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious universe.

Full often wished he that the winds might
rage

When they were silent; far more fondly
now

Than in his earlier season did he love.
Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the
sounds

That live in darkness. From his intellect
And from the stillness of abstracted
thought

He asked repose; and, failing oft to win
The peace required, he scanned the laws
of light

Amid the roar of torrents, where they
send

From hollow clefts up to the clearer air.
A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun

Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means, he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent
thought,
Thus was he reared ; much wanting to
assist

The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthened and braced, by breathing in
content

The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life.
—But, from past liberty, and tried re-
straints,

He now was summoned to select the
course

Of humble industry that promised best
To yield him no unworthy maintenance.
Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach
A village-school—but wandering thoughts
were then

A misery to him : and the Youth resigned
A task he was unable to perform.

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Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting
storm,

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Bent as he moves, and needing frequent
rest ;

Yet do such travellers find their own
delight ;

And their hard service, deemed debasing
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Gained merited respect in simpler times ;
When squire, and priest, and they who
round them dwelt

In rustic sequestration—all dependent
Upon the PEDLAR'S toil—supplied their
wants,

Or pleased their fancies, with the wares
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Not ignorant was the Youth that still no
few

Of his adventurous countrymen were led
By perseverance in this track of life
To competence and ease :—to him it offered

Attractions manifold—and this he chose.
—His Parents on the enterprise bestowed

Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
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Their manners, their enjoyments, and
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woods,

A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
The better portion of his time ; and there

Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
And liberty of nature ; there he kept
In solitude and solitary thought

His mind in a just equipoise of love.
Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
Of ordinary life ; unvexed, unwarped
By partial bondage. In his steady course,
No piteous revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief.

Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open ; and, by nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts
To sympathy with man, he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he
went,

And all that was endured ; for, in himself
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
He had no painful pressure from without
That made him turn aside from wretched-
ness

With coward fears. He could *afford* to
suffer

With those whom he saw suffer. Hence
it came

That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life.
For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
He had observed the progress and decay
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too ;
The history of many families ;

How they had prospered ; how they were
o'erthrown

By passion or mischance, or such misrule
Among the unthinking masters of the
earth

As makes the nations groan.

This active course
He followed till provision for his wants
Had been obtained ;—the Wanderer then
resolved

To pass the remnant of his days, untasked
With needless services, from hardship
free.

His calling laid aside, he lived at ease :
But still he loved to pace the public roads
And the wild paths ; and, by-the sum-
mer's warmth

Invited, often would he leave his home
And journey far, revisiting the scenes
That to his memory were most endeared.
—Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits,
undamped

By worldly-mindedness or anxious care ;
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and re-
freshed

By knowledge gathered up from day to
day ;

Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.

The Scottish Church, both on himself,
and those

With whom from childhood he grew up,
had held

The strong hand of her purity ; and still
Had watched him with an unrelenting eye.
This he remembered in his riper age
With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.
But by the native vigour of his mind,
By his habitual wanderings out of doors,
By loneliness, and goodness, and kind
works,

Whatever, in docile childhood or in youth,
He had imbibed of fear or darker thought
Was melted all away ; so true was this,
That sometimes his religion seemed to me
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods ;
Who to the model of his own pure heart
Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
And human reason dictated with awe.

—And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature. The rough
sports

And teasing ways of children vexed not
him ;

Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's
tale,

To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb ;
Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared
For sabbath duties ; yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without
remark.

Active and nervous was his gait ; his
limbs

And his whole figure breathed intelli-
gence.

Time had compressed the freshness of his
cheek

Into a narrower circle of deep red,
But had not tamed his eye ; that, under
brows

Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it
brought

From years of youth ; which, like a Being
made

Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to
come,

Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed ; and such his course
of life

Who now, with no appendage but a staff,
The prized memorial of relinquished toils,
Upon that cottage-bench reposed his
limbs,

Screened from the sun. Supine the Wan-
derer lay,

His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
The shadows of the beechy elms above
Dappling his face. He had not heard the
sound

Of my approaching steps, and in the
shade

Unnoticed did I stand some minutes'
space.

At length I hailed him, seeing that his
hat

Was moist with water-drops, as if the
brim

Had newly scooped a running stream. He
rose,

And ere our lively greeting into peace
Had settled, " 'Tis," said I, " a burning
day :

How they had prospered ; how they were
o'erthrown

By passion or mischance, or such misrule
Among the unthinking masters of the
earth

As makes the nations groan.

This active course
He followed till provision for his wants
Had been obtained ;—the Wanderer then
resolved

To pass the remnant of his days, untasked
With needless services, from hardship
free.

His calling laid aside, he lived at ease :
But still he loved to pace the public roads
And the wild paths ; and, by the sum-
mer's warmth

Invited, often would he leave his home
And journey far, revisiting the scenes
That to his memory were most endeared.
—Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits,
undamped

By worldly-mindedness or anxious care ;
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and re-
freshed

By knowledge gathered up from day to
day ;

Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.

The Scottish Church, both on himself,
and those

With whom from childhood he grew up,
had held

The strong hand of her purity ; and still
Had watched him with an unrelenting eye.

This he remembered in his riper age
With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.

But by the native vigour of his mind,
By his habitual wanderings out of doors,
By loneliness, and goodness, and kind
works,

Whatever, in docile childhood or in youth,
He had imbibed of fear or darker thought
Was melted all away ; so true was this,
That sometimes his religion seemed to me
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods ;
Who to the model of his own pure heart
Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
And human reason dictated with awe.

—And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature. The rough
sports

And teasing ways of children vexed not
him ;

Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's
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To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
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And his whole figure breathed intelli-
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Into a narrower circle of deep red,
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The prized memorial of relinquished toils,
Upon that cottage-bench reposed his
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Screened from the sun. Supine the Wan-
derer lay,

His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
The shadows of the breezy elms above
Dappling his face. He had not heard the
sound

Of my approaching steps, and in the
shade

Unnoticed did I stand some minutes'
space.

At length I hailed him, seeing that his
hat

Was moist with water-drops, as if the
brim

Had newly scooped a running stream. He
rose,

And ere our lively greeting into peace
Had settled, " 'Tis," said I, " a burning
day :

Or wander here and there among the fields.

One while he would speak lightly of his babes.

And with a cruel tongue : at other times He tossed them with a false unnatural joy :

And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks Of the poor innocent children. 'Every smile,'

Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,

'Made my heart bleed.'"

At this the Wanderer paused ; And, looking up to those enormous elms, He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.

At this still season of repose and peace, This hour when all things which are not at rest

Are cheerful ; while this multitude of flies With tuneful hum is filling all the air ; Why should a tear be on an old Man's cheek ?

Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,

And in the weakness of humanity, From natural wisdom turn our hearts away ;

To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears ;

And, feeding on disquiet thus disturb The calm of nature with our restless thoughts ?"

HE spake with somewhat of a solemn tone ;

But, when he ended, there was in his face Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,

That for a little time it stole away All recollection ; and that simple tale Passed from my mind like a forgotten sound.

A while on trivial things we held discourse,

To me soon tasteless. In my own despite, I thought of that poor Woman as of one Whom I had known and loved. He had rehearsed

Her homely tale with such familiar power, With such an active countenance, an eye So busy, that the things of which he spake

Seemed present ; and, attention now relaxed,

A heart-felt chilliness crept along my veins.

I rose ; and, having left the breezy shade, Stood drinking comfort from the warmer sun,

That had not cheered me long—ere, looking round

Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned, And begged of the old Man that, for my sake,

He would resume his story.

He replied,

"It were a wantonness, and would demand

Severe reproof, if we were men whose hearts

Could hold vain dalliance with the misery Even of the dead ; contented thence to draw

A momentary pleasure, never marked By reason, barren of all future good.

But we have known that there is often found

In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,

A power to virtue friendly ; were't not so,

I am a dreamer among men, indeed

An idle dreamer ! 'Tis a common tale,

An ordinary sorrow of man's life,

A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed In bodily form.—But without further bidding

I will proceed.

While thus it fared with them, To whom this cottage, till those hapless years,

Had been a blessed home, it was my chance

To travel in a country far remote ;

And when these lofty elms once more appeared

What pleasant expectations lured me on O'er the flat Common !—With quick step I reached

The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch ;

But, when I entered, Margaret looked at me

A little while ; then turned her head away Speechless,—and, sitting down upon a chair,

Not speaking much, pleased rather with
the joy
Of her own thoughts : by some especial
care
Her temper had been framed, as it to
make
A Being, who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.
Her added Partner lacked, not on his
side
The humble worth that satisfied her
heart :
Fragal, affectionate, sober, and withal
Keenly industrious. She with pride would
tell
That he was often seated at his loom,
In summer, ere the mower was abroad
Among the dewy grass,—in early spring,
Ere the last star had vanished.—They
who passed
At evening, from behind the garden fence
Might hear his busy spade, which he
would ply,
After his daily work, until the light
Had failed, and every leaf and flower
were lost
In the dark hedges. So their days were
spent
In peace and comfort ; and a pretty boy
Was their best hope, next to the God in
heaven.

“Not twenty years ago, but you I think
Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there
came
Two blighting seasons, when the fields
were left
With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven
to add
A worse affliction in the plague of war :
This happy Land was stricken to the
heart !
A Wanderer then among the cottages,
I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw.
The hardships of that season : many rich
Sank down, as in a dream, among the
poor :
And of the poor did many cease to be,
And their place knew them not. Mean-
while, abridged
Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, Margaret
Went struggling on through those cala-
mitous years

With cheerful hope, until the second
autumn,
When her life's Helpmate on a sick bed
lay,
Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
He lingered long ; and, when his strength
returned,
He found the little he had stored, to meet
The hour of accident or crippling age,
Was all consumed. A second infant now
Was added to the troubles of a time
Laden, for them and all of their degree,
With care and sorrow : shoals of artisans
From ill-requited labour turned adrift—
Sought daily bread from public charity,
They, and their wives and children—hap-
pier far
—Could they have lived as do the little
birds
That peck along the hedge-rows, or the
kite
That makes her dwelling on the moun-
tain rocks !

“A sad reverse it was for him who long
Had filled with plenty, and possessed in
peace,
This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,
And whistled many a snatch of merry
tunes
That had no mirth in them ; or with his
knife
Carved uncouth figures on the heads of
sticks—
Then, not less idly, sought, through every
nook
In house or garden, any casual work—
Of use or ornament ; and with a strange,
Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,
He mingled, where he might, the various
tasks
Of summer, autumn, winter, and of
spring.
But this endured not ; his good humour
soon
Became a weight in which no pleasure
was :
And poverty brought on a petted mood
And a sore temper : day by day he
drooped,
And he would leave his work—and to the
town
Would turn without an errand his slack
steps ;

Hung down in heavier tufts ; and that
 bright weed,
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take
 root
 Along the window's edge, profusely grew
 Blinding the lower panes. I turned
 aside,
 And stoiled into her garden. It ap-
 peared
 To lag behind the season, and had lost
 its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and
 thrift
 Had broken their trim border-lines, and
 straggled
 O'er paths they used to deck : carnations,
 once
 Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less
 For the peculiar pains they had required,
 Declined their languid heads, wanting
 support.
 The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths
 and bells,
 Had twined about her two small rows of
 peas,
 And dragged them to the earth.
 Ere this an hour
 Was wasted.—Back I turned my restless
 steps :
 A stranger passed ; and, guessing whom
 I sought,
 He said that she was used to ramble far.—
 The sun was sinking in the west ; and now
 I sate with sad impatience. From within
 Her solitary infant cried aloud ;
 Then, like a blast that dies away self-
 stilled,
 The voice was silent. From the bench I
 rose ;
 But neither could divert nor soothe my
 thoughts.
 The spot, though fair, was very desolate—
 The longer I remained, more desolate :
 And, looking round me, now I first
 observed
 The corner stones, on either side the
 porch,
 With dull red stains discoloured, and
 stuck o'er
 With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the
 sheep,
 That fed upon the Common, thither came
 Familiarly, and found a couching-place
 Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows
 fell

From these tall elms ; the cottage-clock
 struck eight ;—
 I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.
 Her face was pale and thin—her figure,
 too,
 Was changed. As she unlocked the door,
 she said,
 'It grieves me you have waited here so
 long,
 But, in good truth, I've wandered much
 of late ;
 And, sometimes—to my shame I speak—
 have need
 Of my best prayers to bring me back
 again.'
 While on the board she spread our evening
 meal,
 She told me—interrupting not the work
 Which gave employment to her listless
 hands—
 That she had parted with her elder child ;
 To a kind master on a distant farm
 Now happily apprenticed.—'I perceive
 You look at me, and you have cause ;
 to-day
 I have been travelling far ; and many
 days
 About the fields I wander, knowing this
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find ;
 And so I waste my time ; for I am
 changed ;
 And to myself,' said she, 'have done
 much wrong
 And to this helpless infant. I have slept
 Weeping, and weeping have I waked ; my
 tears
 Have flowed as if my body were not such
 As others are ; and I could never die.
 But I am now in mind and in my heart
 More easy ; and I hope,' said she, 'that
 God
 Will give me patience to endure the
 things -
 Which I behold at home.'
 It would have grieved
 Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel
 The story linger in my heart ; I fear
 'Tis long and tedious ; but my spirit
 clings
 To that poor Woman :—so familiarly
 Do I perceive her manner, and her look,
 And presence ; and so deeply do I feel
 Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my
 walks

Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
 Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch!
 at last
 She rose from off her seat, and then,—
 O Sir!
 I cannot tell how she pronounced my
 name:—
 With fervent love, and with a face of grief
 Unutterably helpless, and a look
 That seemed to cling upon me, she
 enquired
 If I had seen her husband. As she spake
 A strange surprise and fear came to my
 heart,
 Nor had I power to answer ere she told
 That he had disappeared—not two months
 gone.
 He left his house: two wretched days
 had past,
 And on the third, as wistfully she raised
 Her head from off her pillow, to look
 forth,
 Like one in trouble, for returning light,
 Within her chamber-casement she espied
 A folded paper, lying as if placed
 To meet her waking eyes. This trem-
 bly
 She opened—found no writing, but be-
 held
 Pieces of money carefully enclosed,
 Silver and gold. ‘I shuddered at the
 sight,’
 Said Margaret, ‘for I knew it was his
 hand
 That must have placed it there; and ere
 that day
 Was ended, that long anxious day, I
 learned,
 From one who by my husband had been
 sent
 With the sad news, that he had joined
 a troop
 Of soldiers, going to a distant land.
 —He left me thus—he could not gather
 heart
 To take a farewell of me; for he feared
 That I should follow with my babes, and
 sink
 Beneath the misery of that wandering
 life.’

“This tale did Margaret tell with many
 tears;
 And, when she ended, I had little power
 wo.

To give her comfort, and was glad to
 take
 Such words of hope from her own mouth
 as served
 To cheer us both. But long we had not
 talked
 Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
 And with a brighter eye she looked around
 As if she had been shedding tears of joy.
 We parted.—‘I was the time of early
 spring;
 I left her busy with her garden tools;
 And well remember, o’er that fence she
 looked,
 And, while I paced along the foot-way,
 path,
 Called out, and sent a blessing after me,
 With tender cheerfulness, and with a
 voice
 That seemed the very sound of happy
 thoughts.

“I roved o’er many a hill and many a
 dale,
 With my accustomed load; in heat and
 cold,
 Through many a wood and many an open
 ground,
 In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
 Drooping or blithe of heart, as might
 befall;
 My best companions now the driving
 winds,
 And now the ‘trotting brooks’ and whis-
 pering trees,
 And now the music of my own sad steps,
 With many a short-lived thought that
 passed between,
 And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,
 When, in the warmth of midsummer, the
 wheat
 Was yellow; and the soft and bladed
 grass,
 Springing afresh, had o’er the hay-field
 spread
 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,
 I found that she was absent. In the
 shade,
 Where now we sit, I waited her return.
 Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore
 Its customary look,—only, it seemed,
 The honeysuckle, crowding round the
 porch,

In bleak December, I retraced this way,
 She told me that her little babe was dead.
 And she was left alone. She now, released
 From her maternal cares, had taken up
 The employment common through these
 wilds, and gained,
 By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;
 And for this end had hired a neighbour's
 boy
 To give her needful help. That very time
 Most willingly she put her work aside,
 And walked with me along the miry road,
 Heedless how far; and, in such piteous
 sort
 That any heart had ached to hear her,
 begged
 That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask
 For him whom she had lost. We parted
 then—
 Our final parting; for from that time
 forth
 Did many seasons pass ere I returned
 Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years;
 From their first separation, nine long
 years,
 She lingered in unquiet widowhood;
 A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have
 been
 A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my
 Friend,
 That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate
 Alone, through had the vacant Sabbath
 day;
 And, if a dog passed by, she still would
 quit
 The shade, and look abroad. On this old
 bench
 For hours she sate; and evermore her eye
 Was busy in the distance, shaping things
 That made her heart beat quick. You
 see that path,
 Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its
 grey line;
 There, to and fro, she paced through
 many a day
 Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
 That girt her waist, spinning the long-
 drawn thread
 With backward steps. Yet ever as there
 passed
 A man whose garments showed the sol-
 dier's red,

Or crippled mendicant in soldier's garb,
 The little child who sate to turn the wheel
 Ceased from his task; and she with fal-
 tering voice
 Made many a fond enquiry; and when
 they,
 Whose presence gave no comfort, were
 gone by,
 Her heart was still more sad. And by
 yon gate,
 That bars the traveller's road, she often
 stood,
 And when a stranger horseman came, the
 latch
 Would lift, and in his face look wistfully:
 Most happy, if, from aught discovered
 there
 Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
 The same sad question. Meanwhile her
 poor Hut
 Sank to decay; for he was gone whose
 hand,
 At the first nipping of October frost,
 Closed up each chink, and with fresh
 bands of straw
 Chequered the green-grown thatch. And
 so she lived
 Through the long winter, reckless and
 alone;
 Until her house by frost, and thaw, and
 rain,
 Was sapped; and while she slept, the
 nightly damps
 Did chill her breast; and in the stormy
 day
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the
 wind,
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet
 still
 She loved this wretched spot, nor would
 for worlds
 Have parted hence; and still that length
 of road,
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope
 endeared,
 Fast rooted' at her heart; and here, my
 Friend,—
 In sickness she remained; and here she
 died;
 Last human tenant of these ruined walls."

The old Man ceased: he 'saw that I was
 moved;
 From that low bench, rising instinctively

A momentary trance comes over me :
 And to myself I seem to muse on One
 By sorrow laid asleep ; or borne away,
 A human being destined to awake
 To human life, or something very near
 To human life, when he shall come again
 For whom she suffered. Yes, it would
 have grieved

Your very soul to see 'er : evermore
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward
 were cast ;

And, when she at her table gave me food,
 She did not look at me. Her voice was
 low,

Her body was subdued. In every act
 Pertaining to her house affairs, appeared
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind
 Self-occupied ; to which all outward
 things

Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
 No heaving of the heart. While by the
 fire

We sat together, sighs came on my ear,
 I knew not how, and hardly whence they
 came.

" Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
 For her son's use, some tokens of regard,
 Which with a look of welcome she re-
 ceived ;

And I exhorted her to place her trust
 In God's good love, and seek his help by
 prayer.

I took my staff, and, when I kissed her
 babe,
 The tears stood in her eyes. I left her
 then

With the best hope and comfort I could
 give :

She thanked me for my wish ;—but for my
 hope

It seemed she did not thank me.

I returned,
 And took my rounds along this road again
 When on its sunny bank the primrose
 flower

Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the
 Spring.

I found her sad and drooping : she had
 learned

No tidings of her husband ; if he lived,
 She knew not that he lived ; if he were
 dead,

She knew not he was dead. She seemed
 the same

In person and appearance ; but her house
 Bespoke a sleepy hand of negligence :

The floor was neither dry nor neat, the
 hearth

Was comfortless, and her small lot of
 books,

Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore
 Had been piled up against the corner
 panes

In seemly order, now, with straggling
 leaves

Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,
 As they had chanced to fall. Her infant
 Babe

Had from its mother caught the trick of
 grief,

And sighed among its playthings. I
 withdrew,

And once again entering the garden saw,
 More plainly still, that poverty and grief
 Were now come nearer to her : weeds
 defaced

The hardened soil, and knots of withered
 grass :

No ridges there appeared of clear black
 mould,

No winter greenness ; of her herbs and
 flowers,

It seemed the better part were gnawed
 away

Or trampled into earth ; a chain of straw,
 Which had been twined about the slender
 stem

Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root ;

The bark was nibbled round by truant
 sheep.

—Margaret stood near, her infant in her
 arms,

And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
 She said, ' I fear it will be dead and gone
 Ere Robert come again.' When to the
 House

We had returned together, she enquired
 If I had any hope :—but for her Lile

And for her little orphan boy, she said
 She had no wish to live, that she must
 die

Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom
 Still in its place ; his Sunday garments
 hung

Upon the self-same nail ; his very staff
 Stood undisturbed behind the door.

BOOK SECOND.

THE SOLITARY.

ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated.—Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake.—Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit.—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat.—Sound of singing from below.—A funeral procession.—Descent into the Valley.—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley.—Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary.—Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district.—Solitary contrasts with this, that of the individual carried a few minutes before from the cottage.—The cottage entered.—Description of the Solitary's apartment.—Repast there.—View, from the window, of two mountain summits; and the Solitary's description of the companionship they afford him.—Account of the departed inmate of the cottage.—Description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind.—Leave the house.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! wandering on from hall to
hall,
Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts
Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;
Now meeting on his road an armed
knight,
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook;—beneath an abbey's
roof
One evening sumptuously lodged: the
next,
Humbly in a religious hospital;
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.
Him, sleeping or awake, the robber
spared;
He walked—protected from the sword of
war
By virtue of that sacred instrument
His harp, suspended at the traveller's
side;
His dear companion wheresoe'er he went
Opening from land to land an easy way
By melody, and by the charm of verse.
Yet not the noblest of that honoured Race
Drew happier, loftier, more impassioned,
thoughts
From his long journeyings and eventful
life,
Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
To gather, ranging through the tamer
ground
Of these our unimaginative days;
Both while he trod the earth in humblest
guise

Accoutred with his burthen and his staff;
And now, when free to move with lighter
pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite
school
Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural
lanes,
Looked on this guide with reverential
love?
Each with the other pleased, we now
pursued
Our journey, under favourable skies.
Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a
light
Unfailing: not a hamlet could we pass,
Rarely a house that did not yield to him
Remembrances; or from his tongue call
forth
Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard
Accompanied those strains of apt dis-
course,
Which nature's various objects might
inspire;
And in the silence of his face I read
His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,
And the mute fish that glances in the
stream,
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic, and the household
dog—
In his capacious mind, he loved them all:
Their rights acknowledging he felt for
all.
Oft was occasion given me to perceive

I turned aside in weakness, nor had
 power
 To thank him for the tale which he had
 told.
 I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall
 Reviewed that Woman's sufferings; and
 it seemed
 To comfort me while with a brother's
 love
 I blessed her in the impotence of grief.
 Then towards the cottage I returned; and
 traced
 Fondly, though with an interest more
 mild,
 That secret spirit of humanity
 Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tenden-
 cies
 Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds,
 and flowers,
 And silent overgrowings, still survived.
 The old Man, noting this, resumed, and
 said,
 "My Friend! enough to sorrow you have
 given,
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more:
 Not more would she have craved as due
 to One
 Who, in her worst distress, had oftentimes
 felt
 The unbounded might of prayer; and
 learned, with soul
 Fixed on the Cross, that consolation
 springs,
 From sources deeper far than deepest
 pain,
 For the meek Sufferer. Why then should
 we read
 The forms of things with an unworthy
 eye?
 She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is
 here.
 I well remember that those very plumes,

Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on
 that wall,
 By mist and silent rain-drops sivered
 o'er,
 As once I passed, into my heart conveyed
 So still an image of tranquillity,
 So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
 Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled
 my mind.
 That what we feel of sorrow and despair
 From ruin and from change, and all the
 grief
 That passing shows of Being leave be-
 hind,
 Appeared an idle dream, that could main-
 tain.
 Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened
 spirit
 Whose meditative sympathies repose
 Upon the breast of Faith. I turned
 away,
 And walked along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining
 shot
 A slant and mellow radiance, which began
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,
 We sate on that low bench: and now we
 felt,
 Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming
 on.
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,
 At distance heard, peopled the milder air.
 The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly
 mien
 Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff;
 Together casting then a farewell look
 Upon those silent walls, we left the shade;
 And, ere the stars were visible, had
 reached
 A village-inn,—our evening resting place.

Prompt answer : they proclaim the annual

Wake,
Which the bright season favours.—Tabor
and pipe

In purpose join to hasten or reprove
The laggard Rustic ; and repay with
boons

Of merriment a party-coloured knot,
Already formed upon the village-green.
—Beyond the limits of the shadow cast
By the broad hill, glistened upon our
sight

That gay assemblage. Round them and
above,

Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,
Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of
trees

Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver
steam

Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs
By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like
a mast

Of gold, the Maypole shines ; as if the
rays

Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,
With gladsome influence could re-animate
The faded garlands dangling from its
sides.

Said I, "The music and the sprightly
scene

Invite us ; shall we quit our road, and
join

These festive matins?"—He replied,
"Not loth

To linger I would here with you partake,
Not one hour merely, but till evening's
close,

The simple pastimes of the day and place.
By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,
The turf of yon large pasture will be
skimmed ;

There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall con-
tend :

But know we not that he, who intermits
The appointed tasks and duties of the day,
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day :
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly
changed ?

A length of journey yet remains un-
traced :

Let us proceed." Then, pointing with his
staff

Raised toward those craggy summits, his
intent

He thus iniparted :— "In a spot that lies

Among yon mountain fastnesses con-
cealed,

You will receive, before the hour of noon,
Good recompense, I hope, for this day's
toil,

From sight of One who lives secluded
there,

Lonesome and lost : of whom, and whose
past life,

(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be
More faithfully collected from himself)
This brief communication shall suffice.

"Though now sojourning there, he, like
myself,

Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
Where many a sheltered and well-tended
plant

Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,
Blossoms of piety and innocence.

Such grateful promises his youth dis-
played :

And, having shown in study forward
zeal,

He to the Ministry was duly called ;
And straight, incited by a curious mind
Filled with vague hopes, he undertook
the charge

Of Chaplain to a military troop
Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as they
marched

In plaided vest,—his fellow-countrymen.
This office filling, yet by native power
And force of native inclination made
An intellectual ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity, he walked the world,
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety :
Lax, buoyant—less a pastor with his flock
Than a soldier among soldiers—lived and
roamed

Where Fortune led :—and Fortune, who
oft proves

The careless wanderer's friend, to him
made known

A blooming Lady—a conspicuous flower,
Admired for beauty, for her sweetness
praised ;

Whom he had sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

How the calm pleasures of the pasturing
 herd
 To happy contemplation soothed his
 walk;
 How the poor brute's condition, forced to
 run
 His course of suffering in the public road,
 And contrast! all too often smote his
 heart
 With unavailing pity. Rich in love
 And sweet humanity, he was, himself,
 To the degree that he desired, beloved.
 Smiles of good-will from faces that he
 knew
 Greeted us all day long; we took our
 seats
 By many a cottage-hearth, where he re-
 ceived
 The welcome of an Inmate from afar,
 And I at once forgot I was a Stranger.
 --Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts,
 Huts where his charity was blest; his
 voice
 Heard as the voice of an experienced
 friend.
 And, sometimes—where the poor man
 held dispute
 With his own mind, unable to subdue
 Impatience through inaptness to perceive
 General distress in his particular lot;
 Or cherishing resentment, or in vain
 Struggling against it; with a soul per-
 plexed,
 And finding in herself no steady power
 To draw the line of comfort that divides
 Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
 From the injustice of our brother men—
 To him appeal was made as to a judge;
 Who, with an understanding heart, allayed
 The perturbation; listened to the plea;
 Resolved the dubious point; and sentence
 gave
 So grounded, so applied, that it was
 heard
 With softened spirit, even when it con-
 demned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we
 roved,
 Now as his choice directed, now as mine;
 Or both, with equal readiness of will,
 Our course submitting to the changeful
 breeze
 Of accident. But when the rising sun

Had three times called us to renew our
 walk,
 My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,
 As if the thought were but a moment old,
 Claimed absolute dominion for the day.
 We started—and he led me toward the
 hills,
 Up through an ample vale, with higher
 hills
 Before us, mountains stern and desolate;
 But, in the majesty of distance, now
 Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
 Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,
 And beautified with morning's purple
 beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress
 Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their
 time,
 May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs
 Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise
 From earth the dust of morning, slow to
 rise;
 And they, if blest with health and hearts
 at ease,
 Shall lack not their enjoyment:—but how
 faint
 Compared with ours! who, pacing side
 by side,
 Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
 That we beheld; and lend the listening
 sense
 To every grateful sound of earth and air;
 Pausing at will—our spirits braced, our
 thoughts
 Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,
 And pure as dew bathing their crimson
 leaves.

Mount slowly, sun! that we may journey
 long,
 By this dark hill protected from thy
 beams!
 Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent
 wish;
 But quickly from among our morning
 thoughts
 'Twas chased away: for, toward the
 western side
 Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,
 We saw a throng of people;—wherefore
 met?
 Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose
 On the thrilled car, and flags uprising, yield

"His sacred function was at length
renounced ;
And every day and every place enjoyed
The unshackled layman's natural liberty ;
Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise.

I do not wish to wrong him ; though the
course

Of private life licentiously displayed
Unhallowed actions—planted like a crown
Upon the insolent aspiring brow
Of spurious notions—worn as open signs
Of prejudice subdued—still he retained
Mid much abasement, what he had
received

From nature, an intense and glowing
mind.

Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew
weak.

And mortal sickness on her face appeared,
He coloured objects to his own desire
As with a lover's passion. Yet his moods
Of pain were keen as those of better
men.

Nay keener, as his fortitude was less :

And he continued, when worse days were
come.

To deal about his sparkling eloquence,
Struggling against the strange reverse
with zeal

That showed like happiness. But, in
despite

Of all this outside bravery, within,
He neither felt encouragement nor hope :
For moral dignity, and strength of mind,
Were wanting ; and simplicity of life ;
And reverence for himself ; and, last and
best,

Confiding thoughts, through love and fear
of Him

Before whose sight the troubles of this
world

Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

"The glory of the times fading away—
The splendour, which had given a festal
air

To self-importance, hallowed it, and
veiled

From his own sight—this gone, he forfeited

All joy in human nature ; was consumed,
And vexed, and chafed, by levity and
scorn,

And fruitless indignation ; galled by
pride ;

Made desperate by contempt of men who
throve

Before his sight in power or fame, and
won,

Without desert, what he desired ; weak
men.

Too weak even for his envy or his hate !

Tormented thus, after a wandering course

Of discontent, and inwardly oppress

With malady—in part, I fear, provoked

By weariness of life—he fixed his home,

Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,

Among these rugged hills ; where now he
dwells,

And wastes the sad remainder of his hours,

Steeped in a self-indulging spleen, that
wants not

Its own voluptuousness ;—on this re-
solved,

With this content, that he will live and
die

Forgotten,—at safe distance from 'a
world

Not moving to his mind."

These serious words

Closed the preparatory notices

That served my Fellow-traveller to be-
guile

The way, while we advanced up that
wide vale.

Diverging now (as if his quest had been

Some secret of the mountains, cavern,
fall)

Of water, or some lofty eminence,

Renowned for splendid prospect far and
wide)

We scaled, without a track to ease our
steps,

A steep ascent ; and reached a dreary
plain,

With a tumultuous waste of huge hill
tops

Before us ; savage region ! which I paced

Dispirited : when, all at once, behold !

Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,

A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high

Among the mountains ; even as if the
spot

Had been from eldest time by wish of
theirs

So placed, to be shut out from all the
world !

"For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts
 of mind,
 Not sparingly endowed with worldly
 wealth.
 His office he relinquished; and retired
 From the world's notice to a rural home.
 Youth's season yet with him was scarcely
 past,
 And she was in youth's prime. How free
 their love,
 How full their joy! Till, pitiable doom!
 In the short course of one undreaded year,
 Death blasted all. Death suddenly o'er-
 threw
 Two lovely Children—all that they
 possessed!
 The Mother followed:—miserably bare
 The one Survivor stood; he wept, he
 prayed
 For his dismissal, day and night, com-
 pelled
 To hold communion with the grave, and
 face
 With pain the regions of eternity.
 An uncomplaining apathy displaced
 This anguish; and, indifferent to delight,
 To aim and purpose, he consumed his
 days,
 To private interest dead, and public care.
 So lived he; so he might have died.
 But now,
 To the wide world's astonishment, ap-
 peared
 A glorious opening, the unlooked-for
 dawn,
 That promised everlasting joy to France!
 Her voice of social transport reached even
 him!
 He broke from his contracted bounds,
 repaired
 To the great City, an emporium then
 Of golden expectations, and receiving
 Freights every day from a new world of
 hope.
 Thither his popular talents he trans-
 ferred:
 And, from the pulpit, zealously maintained
 The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
 As one, and moving to one glorious end.
 Intoxicating service! I might say
 A happy service; for he was sincere
 As vanity and fondness for applause,
 And new and shapeless wishes, would
 allow.
 wo.

"That righteous cause (such power
 hath freedom) bound,
 For one hostility, in friendly league,
 Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;
 Was served by rival advocates that came
 From regions opposite as heaven and
 hell.
 One courage seemed to animate them
 all:
 And, from the dazzling conquests daily
 gained
 By their united efforts, there arose
 A proud and most presumptuous con-
 fidence
 In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
 And her discernment; not alone in rights,
 And in the origin and bounds of power
 Social and temporal; but in laws divine,
 Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.
 An overweening trust was raised; and
 fear
 Cast out, alike of person and of thing.
 Plague from this union spread, whose
 subtle bane
 The strongest did not easily escape;
 And He, what wonder! took a mortal
 taint.
 How shall I trace the change, how bear
 to tell
 That he broke faith with them whom he
 had laid
 In earth's dark chambers, with a Chris-
 tian's hope!
 An infidel contempt of holy writ
 Stole by degrees upon his mind; and
 hence
 Life, like that Roman Janus, double-
 faced;
 Vilest hypocrisy—the laughing, gay
 Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but
 pride.
 Smooth words he had to wheedle simple
 souls;
 But, for disciples of the inner school.
 Old freedom was old servitude, and they
 The wisest whose opinions stooped the
 least
 To known restraints; and who most
 boldly drew
 Hopeful prognostications from a creed.
 That, in the light of false philosophy,
 Spread like a halo round a misty moon,
 Widening its circle as the storms ad-
 vance.

Perhaps is shedding orphan's tears; you
also
Must have sustained a loss."—"The hand
of Death."
He answered, "has been here; but could
not well
Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen
Upon myself."—The other left these
words
Unnoticed, thus continuing:—
"From yon crag
Down whose steep sides we dropped into
the vale,
We heard the hymn they sang—a solemn
sound
Heard anywhere; but in a place like this
'Tis more than human! Many precious
rites
And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I
hope,
Will last for ever. Oft on my way have I
Stood still, though but a casual passenger,
So much I felt the awfulness of life.
In that one moment when the corse is
lifted
In silence, with a hush of decency;
Then from the threshold moves with song
of peace,
And confidential yearnings, towards its
home,
Its final home on earth. What traveller—
who—
(How far so'er a stranger) does not own
The bond of brotherhood, when he sees
them go,
A mute procession on the houseless road;
Or passing by some single tenement
Or clustered dwellings, where again they
raise
The monitory voice? But most of all
It touches, it confirms, and elevates,
Then, when the body, soon to be con-
signed
Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,
Is raised from the church-aisle, and for-
ward borne
Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
The nearest in affection or in blood:
Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt
Beside the coffin, resting on its lid
In silent grief their unuplifted heads,
And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's
mournful plaint,

And that most awful scripture which
declares
We shall not sleep, but we shall all be
changed!
—Have I not seen—ye likewise may have
seen—
Son, husband, brothers—brothers side by
side,
And son and father also side by side,
Rise from that posture:—and in concert
more
On the green turf following the vested
Priest,
Four dear supporters of one senseless
weight,
From which they do not shrink, and
under which
They faint not, but advance towards the
open grave
Step after step—together, with their firm
Unhidden faces: he that suffers most,
He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,
The most serene, with most undaunted
eye!—
Oh! blest are they who live and die like
these,
Loved with such love, and with such
sorrow mourned!"
"That poor Man taken hence to-day?"
replied
The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile
Which did not please me, "must be
deemed, I fear,
Of the unblest: for he will surely sink
Into his mother earth without such pomp
Of grief, depart without occasion given
By him for such array of fortitude.
Full seventy winters hath he lived, and
mark!
This simple Child will mourn his one
short hour.
And I shall miss him; scanty tribute!
yet,
This wanting, he would leave the sight of
men.
If love were his sole claim upon their
care,
Like a ripe date which in the desert falls
Without a hand to gather it." At this
I interposed, though loth to speak, and
said,
"Can it be thus among so small a band

An eye of scorn :—"The lover," said he,
"doomed

To love when hope hath failed him—
whom no depth

Of privacy is deep enough to hide,
Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,
And that is joy to him. When change of
times

Hath summoned kings to scaffolds, do
but give

The faithful servant, who must hide his
head

Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,
A kerchief sprinkled with his master's
blood,

And he too hath his comforter. How
poor,

Beyond all poverty how destitute,
Must that Man have been left, who,

hither driven,
Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him

No dearer relic, and no better stay,
Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,

Impure conceits discharging from a heart
Hardened by impious pride!—I did not

fear
To tax you with this journey ;"—mildly

said
My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped

Into the presence of the cheerful light—
"For I have knowledge that you do not

shrink
From moving spectacles ;—but let us on."

So speaking, on he went, and at the word
I followed, till he made a sudden stand :

For full in view, approaching through a
gate

That opened from the enclosure of green
fields

Into the rough uncultivated ground,
Behold the Man whom he had fancied

dead !
I knew from his deportment, mien, and

dress,
That it could be no other ; a pale face,

A meagre person, tall, and in a garb
Not rustic—dull and faded like himself !

He saw us not, though distant but few
steps ;

For he was busy, dealing, from a store
Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings

Of red ripe currants ; gift by which he
strove,

With intermixture of endearing words,
To soothe a Child, who walked beside
him, weeping

As if disconsolate.—"They to the grave
Are bearing him, my Little-one," he said,

"To the dark pit ; but he will feel no
pain ;

His body is at rest, his soul in heaven."

More might have followed—but my
honoured Friend

Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank
And cordial greeting.—Vivid was the

light
That flashed and sparkled from the other's
eyes ;

He was all fire : no shadow on his brow
Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.

Hands joined he with his Visitant,—a
grasp,

An eager grasp ; and many moments'
space—

When the first glow of pleasure was no
more,

And, of the sad appearance which at
once

Had vanished, much was come and com-
ing back—

An amicable smile retained the life
Which it had unexpectedly received,

Upon his hollow cheek. "How kind,"
he said,

"Nor could your coming have been better
timed ;

For this, you see, is in our narrow world
A day of sorrow. I have here a charge"—

And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly
The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping

child—
"A little mourner, whom it is my task

To comfort ;—but how came ye?—if yon
track

(Which doth at once befriend us and
betray)

Conducted hither your most welcome feet,
Ye could not miss the funeral train—

they yet
Have scarcely disappeared."—"This

blooming Child,"
Said the old Man, "is of an age to weep

At any grave or solemn spectacle,
Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,

He knows not wherefore ;—but the boy
to-day.

And cakes of butter curiously embossed.
Butter that had imbibed from meadow-
flowers

A golden hue, delicate as their own
Flourily reflected in a lingering stream.

Nor lacked, for more delight on that
warm day,

Our table, small parade of garden fruits,
And whortle-berries from the mountain
side.

The Child, who long ere this had stilled
his sobs,

Was now a help to his late comforter,
And moved, a willing Page, as he was
bid,

Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,
While at our pastoral banquet thus we
sate

Fronting the window of that little cell,
I could not, ever and anon, forbear

To glance an upward look on two huge
Peaks,

That from some other vale peered into
this.

“Those lusty twins,” exclaimed our host,
“if here

It were your lot to dwell, would soon
become

Your prized companions.—Many are the
notes

Which, in his tuneful course, the wind
draws forth

From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and
dashing shores;

And well those lofty brethren bear their
part

In the wild concert—chiefly when the
storm

Rides high; then all the upper air they
fill

With roaring sound, that ceases not to
now.

Like smoke, along the level of the blast,
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song

Of stream and headlong flood that seldom
fails;

And, in the grim and breathless hour of
noon,

Methinks that I have heard them echo
back:

The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's
laws

Left them ungifted with a power to yield

Music of finer tone; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice;—
the clouds,

The mist, the shadows, light of golden
suns,

Motions of moonlight, all come thither—
touch,

And have an answer—thither come, and
shape

A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits:—there the sun himself,

At the calm close of summer's longest day,
Rests his substantial orb;—between those
heights

And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's
blue vault,

Sparkle the stars, as of their station
proud.

Thoughts are not busier in the mind of
man

Than the mute agents stirring there:—
alone

Here do I sit and watch.—”

A fall of voice.
Regretted like the nightingale's last note,
Had scarcely closed this high-wrought
strain of rapture

Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer
said:

“Now for the tale with which you threat-
ened us!”

“In truth the threat escaped me un-
awares:

Should the tale tire you, let this challenge
stand

For my excuse. Dissevered from man-
kind,

As to your eyes and thoughts we must
have seemed

When ye looked down upon us from the
crag.

Islanders 'mid a stormy mountain sea.
We are not so;—perpetually we touch

Upon the vulgar ordinances of the world;
And he, whom this our cottage hath to-
day

Relinquished, lived dependant for his
bread

Upon the laws of public charity.
The Housewife, tempted by such slender

gains

As might from that occasion be distilled.

And ye must needs be here? in such a
 place
 ' would not willingly, methinks, lose
 sight
 Of a departing cloud."—"Twas not for
 love"—
 Answered the sick Man with a careless
 voice—
 "That I came hither; neither have I
 found
 Among associates who have power of
 speech,
 Nor in such other converse as is here,
 Temptation so prevailing as to change
 That mood, or undermine my first re-
 solve."
 Then, speaking in like careless sort, he
 said
 To my benign Companion,—“Pity 'tis
 That fortune did not guide you to this
 house
 A few days earlier; then would you have
 seen
 What stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,
 That seems by Nature hollowed out to be
 The seat and bosom of pure innocence,
 Are made of; an ungracious matter this!
 Which, for truth's sake, yet in remem-
 brance too
 Of past discussions with this zealous
 friend
 And advocate of humble life, I now
 Will force upon his notice; undeterred
 By the example of his own pure course,
 And that respect and deference which a
 soul
 May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched
 In what she most doth value, love of God
 And his frail creature Man;—but ye shall
 hear.
 I talk—and ye are standing in the sun
 Without refreshment!”
 Quickly had he spoken,
 And, with light steps still quicker than
 his words,
 Led toward the Cottage. Homely was
 the spot;
 And, to my feeling, ere we reached the
 door,
 Had almost a forbidding nakedness;
 Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,
 Than it appeared when from the beetling
 rock
 We had looked down upon it. All within,

As left by the departed company,
 Was silent; save the solitary clock
 That on mine ear ticked with a mournful
 sound.—
 Following our Guide, we clomb the
 cottage-stairs
 And reached a small apartment dark and
 low,
 Which was no sooner entered than our
 Host
 Said gaily, “This is my domain, my cell,
 My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—
 I love it better than a snail his house.
 But now ye shall be feasted with our
 best.”
 So, with more ardour than an unripe girl
 Left one day mistress of her mother's
 stores,
 He went about his hospitable task.
 My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no
 less,
 And pleased I looked upon my grey-
 haired Friend,
 As if to thank him; he returned that look,
 Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What
 a wreck
 Had we about us! scattered was the floor,
 And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and
 shelf,
 With books, maps, fossils, withered plants
 and flowers,
 And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic
 tools
 Lay intermixed with scraps of paper,
 some
 Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-
 rod
 And shattered telescope, together linked
 By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;
 And instruments of music, some half-
 made,
 Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the
 walls.
 But speedily the promise was fulfilled:
 A feast before us, and a courteous Host
 Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.
 A napkin, white as foam of that rough
 brook
 By which it had been bleached, o'erspread
 the board;
 And was itself half-covered with a store
 Of dainties,—oaten bread, curd, cheese,
 and cream;

And wholly without roof (the bleached
remains

Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,
The peasants of these lonely valleys used
To meet for worship on that central
height)—

We there espied the object of our search,
Lying full three parts buried among tufts
Of heath-plant, under and above him
strewn,

To baffle, as he might, the watery storm :
And there we found him breathing peace-
ably,

Snug as a child that hides itself in sport
Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
We spake—he made reply, but would not
stir

At our entreaty ; less from want of power
Than apprehension and bewildering
thoughts

“So was he lifted gently from the
ground,

And with their freight homeward the
shepherds moved

Through the dull mist, I following—when
a step,

A single step, that freed me from the
skirts

Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen

By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !
The appearance, instantaneously dis-
closed,

Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless
depth,

Far sinking into splendour—without end !
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of
gold,

With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless
fronts

Bore stars—illumination of all gems !
By earthly nature had the effect been
wrought

Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, where-
unto

The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.

Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight !

Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and
emerald turf,

Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire
sky,

Confused, commingled, mutually in-
flamed,

Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array

Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without
name,

In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.

Right in the midst, where interspace
appeared

Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblances were
seen

To implements of ordinary use,

But vast in size, in substance glorified ;

Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest
power

For admiration and mysterious awe.

This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
Lay low beneath my feet ; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.

That which I saw was the revealed
abode

Of Spirits in beatitude : my heart
Swelled in my breast.—‘I have been
dead,’ I cried,

‘And now I live ! Oh ! wherefore *do I*
live?’

And with that pang I prayed to be no
more !—

—But I forget our Charge, as utterly
I then forgot him :—there I stood and
gazed :

The apparition faded not away,
And I descended,

Having reached the house,
I found its rescued inmate safely lodged,
And in serene possession of himself,
Beside a fire whose genial warmth seemed
met

By a faint shining from the heart, a
gleam

Of comfort, spread over his pallid face.
Great show of joy the housewife made,
and truly

Opened, as she before had done for me,
 Her doors to admit this homeless Pen-
 sioner ;
 The portion gave of coarse but whole-
 some fare
 Which appetite required—a blind dull
 nook,
 Such as she had, the *kennel* of his rest !
 This, in itself not ill, would yet have
 been
 Ill borne in earlier life ; but his was now
 The still contentedness of seventy years.
 Calm did he sit under the wide-spread
 tree
 Of his old age ; and yet less calm and
 meek,
 Winningly meek or venerably calm,
 Than slow and torpid ; paying in this
 wise
 A penalty, if penalty it were,
 For spendthrift feats, excesses of his
 prime.
 I loved the old Man, for I pitied him !
 A task it was, I own, to hold discourse
 With one so slow in gathering up his
 thoughts,
 But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes ;
 Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,
 And helpful to his utmost power : and
 there
 Our housewife knew full well what she
 possessed !
 He was her vassal of all labour, tilled
 Her garden, from the pasture fetched her
 kine ;
 And, one among the orderly array
 Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun
 Maintained his place ; or heedfully pur-
 sued
 His course, on errands bound, to other
 vales,
 Leading sometimes an inexperienced child
 Too young for any profitable task.
 So moved he like a shadow that per-
 formed
 Substantial service. Mark me now, and
 learn
 For what reward !—The moon her monthly
 round
 Hath not completed since our dame, the
 queen
 Of this one cottage and this lone *isle*,
 Into my little sanctuary rushed—
 Voice to a rueful treble humanised,

And features in deplorable dismay.
 I treat the matter lightly, but, alas !
 It is most serious : persevering rain
 Had fallen in torrents ; all the mountain-
 tops
 Were hidden, and black vapours coursed
 their sides ;
 This had I seen, and saw ; but, till she
 spake,
 Was wholly ignorant that my ancient
 Friend—
 Who at her bidding early and alone,
 Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland
 turf
 For winter fuel—to his noontide meal
 Returned not, and now, haply, on the
 heights
 Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.
 ‘Inhuman !’—said I, ‘was an old Man’s
 life
 Not worth the trouble of a thought?—
 alas !
 This notice comes too late.’ With joy I
 saw
 Her husband enter—from a distant vale.
 We saluted forth together ; found the
 tools
 Which the neglected veteran had dropped,
 But through all quarters looked for him
 in vain.
 We shouted—but no answer ! Darkness
 fell
 Without remission of the blast or shower,
 And fears for our own safety drove us
 home.
 “I, who weep little, did, I will confess,
 The moment I was seated here alone,
 Honour my little cell with some few
 tears
 Which anger and resentment could not
 dry.
 All night the storm endured : and, soon
 as help
 Had been collected from the neighbour-
 ing vale,
 With morning we renewed our quest :
 the wind
 Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
 Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist ;
 And long and hopelessly we sought in
 vain :
 Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass
 A heap of ruin—almost without walls

And a few steps may bring us to the spot
Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and
green herbs,

The mountain infant to the sun comes
forth.

Like human life from darkness.—A quick
turn

Through a strait passage of encumbered
ground.

Proved that such hope was vain:—for
now we stood

Shut out from prospect of the open vale,
And saw the water, that composed this
rill.

Descending, disembodied, and diffused
O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,
Lofly, and steep, and naked as a tower.
All further progress here was barred;—

And who,
Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,
Here would not linger, willingly de-
tained?

Whether to such wild objects he were led
When copious rains have magnified the
stream

Into a loud and white-robed waterfall.
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
The hidden nook discovered to our view
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that
rests

Fearless of winds and waves. Three
several stones

Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
To monumental pillars: and, from these
Some little space disjoined, a pair were
seen.

That with united shoulders bore aloft
A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth:
Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared
A tall and shining holly, that had found
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
As if inserted by some human hand
In mockery, to wither in the sun,
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,
The first that entered. But no breeze did
now

Find entrance;—high or low appeared no
trace

Of motion, save the water that descended,
Diffused adown that barrier of steep rock,

And softly creeping, like a breath of air,
Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly
seen.

To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

“Behold a cabinet for sages built,
Which kings might envy!”—Praise to
this effect

Broke from the happy old Man's reverend
lip;

Who to the Solitary turned, and said,
“In sooth, with love's familiar privilege,
You have decied the wealth which is
your own.

Among these rocks and stones, methinks,
I see

More than the heedless impress that
belongs

To lonely nature's casual work: they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away.

Boldest of plants that ever faced the
wind.

How gracefully that slender shrub, looks
forth

From its fantastic birthplace! And I
own.

Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,
That in these shows a chronicle survives
Of purposes akin to those of Man.

But wrought with mightier arm than now
prevails.

—Voiceless the stream descends into the
gulf

With timid lapse;—and lo! while in this
strait

I stand—the chasm of sky above my head
Is heaven's profoundest azure; no domain
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy.

Or to pass through; but rather an abyss
In which the everlasting stars abide:

And whose soft gloom, and boundless
depth, might tempt

The curious eye to look for them by day.
—Hail Contemplation! from the stately
towers,

Reared by the industrious hand of human
art

To lift thee high above the misty air
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast:

From academic groves, that have for
thee

Been planted, hither come and find a
lodge

Was glad to find her conscience at ease;
 And not less glad, for sake of her good name,
 That the poor Solitary had escaped with life.
 But, though he seemed at first to have received
 No harm, and uncomplaining as before,
 Went through his usual tasks, a silent change
 Soon showed itself: he lingered three short weeks;
 And from the cottage hath been borne to-day.

"So ends my dolorous tale, and glad I am
 That it is ended." At these words he
 turned—
 And, with blithe air of open fellowship,
 Brought from the cupboard wine and
 stouter cheer,
 Like one who would be merry. Seeing
 this,
 My grey-haired Friend said courteously—
 "Nay, nay,
 You have regaled us as a hermit ought;
 Now let us forth into the sun!"—Our Host
 Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we
 went.

BOOK THIRD.

DESPONDENCY.

ARGUMENT.

Images in the Valley.—Another Recess in it entered and described.—Wanderer's sensations.—Solitary's excited by the same objects.—Contrast between these.—Despondency of the Solitary, gently reproved.—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length.—His domestic felicity.—Afflictions.—Dejection.—Roused by the French Revolution.—Disappointment and disgust.—Voyage to America.—Disappointment and disgust pursue him.—His return.—His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

A HUMMING BEE—a little tinkling rill—
 A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing,
 In clamorous agitation, round the crest
 Of a tall rock, their airy citadel—
 By each and all of these the pensive ear
 Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,
 When through the cottage-threshold we
 had passed,
 And, deep within that lonesome valley,
 stood
 Once more beneath the concave of a blue
 And cloudless sky.—Anon exclaimed our
 Host,
 Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt
 The shade of discontent which on his
 brow
 Had gathered,—“Ye have left my cell,—
 but see
 How Nature hems you in with friendly
 arms!
 And by her help ye are my prisoners
 still.
 But which way shall I lead you?—how
 contrive,

In spot so parsimoniously endowed,
 That the brief hours, which yet remain,
 may reap
 Some recompense of knowledge or de-
 light?”
 So saying, round he looked, as if per-
 plexed;
 And, to remove those doubts, my grey-
 haired Friend
 Said—“Shall we take this pathway for
 our guide?—
 Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,
 Its line had first been fashioned by the
 flock
 Seeking a place of refuge at the root
 Of yon black Yew-tice, whose protruded
 boughs
 Darken the silver bosom of the crag,
 From which she draws her meagre sus-
 tenance.
 There in commodious shelter may we rest.
 Or let us trace this streamlet to its
 source;
 Feebly it tinkles with an earthy sound,

With her first growths, detaching by the
stoke

A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous
name.

And hurries on; or from the fragments
picks

his specimen, if but haply-intervained
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal
cube

Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself
enriched,
Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than
before!

Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill
Range; if it please them, speed from
clime to clime;

The mind is full—and free from pain
their pastime."

"Then," said I, interposing. "One is
near,

Who cannot but possess in your esteem
Place worthier still of envy. May I
name,

Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-
boy?

Dame Nature's pupil of the lowest form,
Youngest apprentice in the school of
art!

Him, as we entered from the open glen,
You might have noticed, busily engaged,
Heart, soul, and hands,—in mending the
defects

Left in the fabric of a leaky dam
Raised for enabling this penurious stream
To turn a slender mill (that new-made
plaything)

For his delight—the happiest he of all!"

"Far happiest," answered the despond-
ing Man,

"If, such as now he is, he might remain!
Ah! what avails imagination high

Or question deep? what profits all that
earth,

Or heaven's blue vault,—is suffered to put
forth

Of impulse or allurements, for the Soul
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar
Far as she finds a yielding element
In past or future; far as she can go

Through time or space—if neither in the
one,

Nor in the other region, nor in aught
That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of
things,

Hath placed beyond these penetrable
bounds,

Words of assurance can be heard; if
nowhere

A habitation, for consummate good,
Or for progressive virtue, by the search
Can be attained,—a better sanctuary—
From doubt and sorrow, than the sense-
less grave?"

"Is this," the grey-haired Wanderer
mildly said,

"The voice, which we so lately overheard,
To that same child, addressing tenderly
The consolations of a hopeful mind?

His body is at rest, his soul in heaven;
These were your words; and, verily,
methinks

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."

The Other, not displeased,
Promptly replied—"My notion is the
same.

And I, without reluctance, could decline
All act of inquisition whence we rise,
And what, when breath hath ceased, we
may become.

Here are we, in 'a bright and breathing
world.

Our origin, what matters it? In lack
Of worthier explanation, say at once
With the American (a thought which
suits

The place where now we stand) that
certain men

Leapt out together from a rocky cave;
And these were the first parents of man-
kind:

Or, if a different image be recalled
By the warm sunshine, and the jocund
voice

Of insects chirping out their careless lives
On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled
turf,

Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit
As sound—blithe race! whose mantles
were bedecked

With golden grasshoppers, in sign that
they

To which thou may'st resort for holier
 peace,—
 From whose calm centre thou, through
 height or depth,
 May'st penetrate, wherever truth shall
 lead;
 Measuring through all degrees, until the
 scale
 Of time and conscious nature disappear,
 Lost in unsearchable eternity!"

A pause ensued: and with minutest care
 We scanned the various features of the
 scene:

And soon the Tenant of that lonely vale
 With courteous voice thus spake—

"I should have grieved
 Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,
 If from my poor retirement ye had gone
 Leaving this nook unvisited: but, in sooth,
 Your unexpected presence had so roused
 My spirits, that they were bent on enter-
 prise;

And, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,
 Or, shall I say?—disdained, the game that
 lurks

At my own door. The shapes before our
 eyes

And their arrangement, doubtless must be
 deemed

The sport of Nature, aided by blind
 Chance

Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.
 And hence, this upright shaft of unhewn
 stone,

From Fancy, willing to set off her stores
 By sounding titles, hath acquired the
 name

Of Pompey's pillar; that I gravely style
 My Theban obelisk; and, there, behold
 A Druid cromlech!—thus I entertain
 The antiquarian humour, and am pleased
 To skim along the surfaces of things,
 Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours.
 But if the spirit be oppressed by sense
 Of instability, revolt, decay,
 And change, and emptiness, these freaks
 of Nature

And her blind helper Chance, do *then*
 suffice

To quicken, and to aggravate—to feed
 Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,
 Not less than that huge Pile (from some
 abyss

Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
 Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks
 Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind,
 round and round

Eddying within its vast circumference,
 On Sarum's naked plain—than pyramid
 Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved—
 Or Syria's maible ruins towering high
 Above the sandy desert, in the light
 Of sun or moon.—Forgive me, if I say
 That an appearance which hath raised
 your minds

To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause
 Different effect producing) is for me
 Fraught rather with depression than
 delight,

Though shame it were, could I not look
 around,
 By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.
 Yet happier in my judgment, even than
 you

With your bright transports fairly may be
 deemed,

The wandering Herbalist,—who clear
 alike

From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing
 thoughts,

Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,
 Upon these uncouth Forms a slight
 regard

Of transitory interest, and peeps round
 For some rare floweret of the hills, or
 plant

Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for
 wins,

Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won:
 Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed
 hound

By soul-engrossing instinct driven along
 Through wood or open field, the harmless
 Man

Departs, intent upon his onward quest!—
 Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,
 Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft
 By scars which his activity has left
 Beside our roads and pathways, though,
 thank Heaven!

This covert nook reports not of his hand)
 He who with pocket-hammer smites the
 edge

Of luckless rock or prominent stone,
 disguised

In weather-stains or crusted o'er by
 Nature

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more
 loth
 To be diverted from our present theme,
 I said, "My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with
 yours.
 Would push this censure farther ;—for, if
 smiles

Of scornful pity be the just reward
 Of Poesy thus courteously employed
 In framing models to improve the scheme
 Of Man's existence, and recast the world,
 Why should not grave Philosophy be
 styled,

Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,
 A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull?
 Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts
 Establish sounder titles of esteem
 For her, who (all too timid and reserved
 For onset, for resistance too inert,
 Too weak for suffering, and for hope too
 tame)

Placed, among flowery gardens curtained
 round
 With world-excluding groves, the brother-
 hood

Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they
 The ends of being would secure, and win
 The crown of wisdom—to yield up their
 souls

To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring
 Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,
 I cried, "more worthy of regard, the
 Power,

Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed
 The Stoic's heart against the vain ap-
 proach
 Of admiration, and all sense of joy?"

His countenance gave notice that my
 zeal
 Accorded little with his present mind ;
 I ceased, and he resumed.—"Ah ! gentle
 Sir,

Slight, if you will, the *means* ; but spare
 to slight
 The *end* of those, who did, by system,
 rank,

As the prime object of a wise man's aim,
 Security from shock of accident,
 Release from fear ; and cherished peace-
 ful days

For their own sakes, as mortal life's chief
 good,
 And only reasonable felicity.

What motive drew, what impulse, I would
 ask,
 Through a long course of later ages, drove,
 The hermit to his cell in forest wide ;
 Or what detained him, till his closing eyes
 Took their last farewell of the sun and
 stars,

Fast anchored in the desert ?—Not alone
 Dread of the persecuting sword, remorse,
 Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged
 And unavengable, defeated pride,
 Prosperity subverted, maddening want,
 Friendship betrayed, affection unreturned,
 Love with despair, or grief in agony ;—
 Not always from intolerable pangs
 He fled ; but, compassed round by plea-
 sure, sighed

For independent happiness ; craving
 peace,

The central feeling of all happiness,
 Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
 A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,
 But for its absolute self ; a life of peace,
 Stability without regret or fear ;
 That hath been, is, and shall be ever-
 more !—

Such the reward he sought ; and wore
 out life,
 There, where on few external things his
 heart
 Was set, and those his own ; or, if not
 his,
 Subsisting under nature's steadfast law.

"What other yearning was the master
 tie
 Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock
 Aerial, or in green secluded vale,
 One after one, collected from afar.
 An undissolving fellowship ?—What but
 this,

The universal instinct of repose,
 The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
 Inward and outward ; humble, yet sub-
 lime :

The life where hope and memory are as
 one ;

Where earth is quiet and her face un-
 changed
 Save by the simplest toil of human hands
 Or season's difference ; the immortal Soul
 Consistent in self-rule ; and heaven re-
 vealed

To meditation in that quietness !—

Had sprung like those bright creatures,
from the soul

Whereon their endless generations dwell.
But stop! these theoretic fancies jar
On serious minds: then, as the Hindoos
draw

Their holy Ganges from a skycy fount,
Even so deduce the stream of human life
From seats of power divine; and hope,
or trust,

That our 'existence winds her stately
course

Beneath the sun, like Ganges, to make part
Of a living ocean; or, to sink engulfed,
Like Niger, in impenetrable sands:
And utter darkness: thought which may
be faced,

Though comfortless!—

Not of myself I speak;
Such acquiescence neither doth imply,
In me, a meekly-bending spirit soothed
By natural piety; nor a lofty mind,
By philosophic discipline prepared
For calm subjection to acknowledged law;
Pleased to have been, contented not to be.
Such palms I boast not;—no! to me, who
find,

Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,
Little to praise, and nothing to regret,
(Save some remembrances of dream-like
joys

That scarcely seem to have belonged to
me)

If I must take my choice between the
pair

That rule alternately the weary hours,
Night is than day more acceptable; sleep
Doth, in my estimate of good, appear
A better state than waking; death than
sleep:

Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
Though under covert of the wormy
ground!

“Yet be it said, in justice to myself,
That in more genial times, when I was
free

To explore the destiny of human kind
(Not as an intellectual game pursued
With curious subtilty, from wish to cheat
Irk some sensations; but by love of truth
Urged on, or haply by intense delight
In feeding thought, wherever thought
could feed)

I did not rank with those (too dull or
nice,

For to my judgment such they then
appeared,

Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive
An object whereunto their souls are tied
In discontented wedlock; nor did e'er,
From me, those dark impervious shades,
that hang

Upon the region whither we are bound,
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams
Of present sunshine.—Deities that float
On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse
O'er what from eldest time we have been
told

Of your bright forms and glorious facul-
ties,

And with the imagination rest content,
Not wishing more; repining not to tread
The little sinuous path of earthly care,
By flowers embellished, and by springs
refreshed.

—‘Blow winds of autumn!—let your
chilling breath

Take the live herbage from the mead
and strip

The shady forest of its green attire,—
And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse
The gentle brooks!—Your desolating
sway,

Sheds,’ I exclaimed, ‘no sadness upon me,
And no disorder in your rage I find.

What dignity, what beauty, in this change
From mild to angry, and from sad to
gay,

Alternate and revolving! How benign,
How rich in animation and delight.
How bountiful these elements—compared
With aught, as more desirable and fair,
Devised by fancy for the golden age;
Or the perpetual warbling that prevails
In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,
Through the long year in constant quiet
bound.

Night hushed as night, and day serene as
day!’

—But why this tedious record?—Age, we
know.

Is garrulous; and solitude is apt
To anticipate the privilege of Age.
From far ye come: and surely with a
hope
Of better entertainment:—let us hence!”

"You never saw: your eyes did never
 look
 On the bright form of Her whom once I
 loved :—
 Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
 A sound unknown to you ; else, honoured
 Friend !
 Your heart had borne a pitiable share
 Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
 And suffer now, not seldom, from the
 thought
 That I remember, and can weep no more.—
 Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit
 Of self esteem ; and by the cutting blasts
 Of self-reproach familiarly assailed ;
 Yet would I not be of such wintry bare-
 ness
 But that some leaf of your regard should
 hang
 Upon my naked branches :—lively
 thoughts
 Give birth, full often, to unguarded words ;
 I grieve that, in your presence, from my
 tongue
 Too much of frailty hath already dropped ;
 But that too much demands still more.
 You know,
 Revered Compatriot—and to you, kind
 Sir,
 (Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come
 Following the guidance of these welcome
 feet
 To our secluded vale) it may be told—
 That my demerits did not sue in vain
 To One on whose mild radiance many
 gazed
 With hope, and all with pleasure. This
 fair Bride—
 In the devotedness of youthful love,
 Preferring me to parents, and the choir
 Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
 And all known places and familiar sights
 (Resigned with sadness gently weighing
 down
 Her trembling expectations, but no more
 Than did to her due honour, and to me
 Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime
 In what I had to build upon)—this Bride,
 Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
 To a low cottage in a sunny bay,
 Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
 And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,
 On Devon's leafy shores ;—a sheltered
 hold,

In a soft clime encouraging the soil
 To a luxuriant bounty !—As our steps
 Approach the embowered abode—our
 chosen seat—
 See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,
 The unendangered myrtle, decked with
 flowers,
 Before the threshold stands to welcome us !
 While, in the flowering myrtle's neigh-
 bourhood,
 Not overlooked but courting no regard,
 Those native plants, the holly and the
 yew,
 Gave modest intimation to the mind
 How willingly their aid they would unite
 With the green myrtle, to endear the
 hours
 Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.
 —Wild were the walks upon those lonely
 Downs,
 Track leading into track ; how marked,
 how worn
 Into bright verdure, between fern and
 gorse,
 Winding away its never-ending line
 On their smooth surface, evidence was
 none :
 But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,
 A range of unappropriated earth,
 Where youth's ambitious feet might move
 at large ;
 Whence, unmolested wanderers, we beheld
 The shining giver of the day diffuse
 His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land
 Gay as our spirits, free as our desires :
 As our enjoyments, boundless.—From
 those heights
 We, dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan
 combs ;
 Where arbours of impenetrable shade,
 And mossy seats, detained us side by side.
 With hearts at ease, and knowledge in
 our hearts
 'That all the grove and all the day was
 ours.'
 "O happy time ! still happier was
 hand ;
 For Nature called my Partner to resign
 Her share in the pure freedom of that
 life,
 Enjoyed by us in common.—To my hope,
 To my heart's wish, my tender Mate be-
 came

Such was their scheme: and though the
wished-for end
By multitudes was missed, perhaps attained
By none, they for the attempt, and pains
employed,
Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed
From the unqualified disdain, that once
Would have been cast upon them by my
voice
Delivering her decisions from the seat
Of forward youth—that scruples not to
solve
Doubts, and determine questions, by the
rules
Of inexperienced judgment, ever prone
To overweening faith; and is inflamed,
By courage, to demand from real life
The test of act and suffering, to provoke
Hostility—how dreadful when it comes,
Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt!

“A child of earth, I rested, in that
stage
Of my past course to which these thoughts
adveit,
Upon earth's native energies; forgetting
That mine was a condition which required
Nor energy, nor fortitude—a calm
Without vicissitude; which, if the like
Had been presented to my view else-
where,
I might have even been tempted to de-
spise.
But no—for the serene was also bright;
Enlivened happiness with joy o'erflowing,
With joy, and—oh! that memory should
survive
To speak the word—with rapture! Na-
ture's boon,
Life's genuine inspiration, happiness
Above what rules can teach, or fancy
feign;
Abused, as all possessions *are* abused
That are not prized according to their
worth.
And yet, what worth? what good is given
to men,
More solid than the gilded clouds of
heaven?
What joy more lasting than a vernal
flower?—
None! 'tis the general plaint of human
kind

In solitude: and mutually addressed
From each to all, for wisdom's sake:—

This truth

The priest announces from his holy seat:
And, crowned with garlands in the sum-
mer grove,

The poet fits it to his pensive lyre.
Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,
Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom
Of this same life, compelling us to grieve
That the prosperities of love and joy
Should be permitted, oftentimes to endure
So long, and be at once cast down for
ever.

Oh! tremble, ye, to whom hath been as-
signed

A course of days composing happy
months,

And they as happy years; the present
still

So like the past, and both so firm a pledge
Of a congenial future, that the wheels
Of pleasure move without the aid of hope:
For Mutability is Nature's bane;
And slighted Hope *will* be avenged; and,
when

Ye need her favours, ye shall find her not;
But in her stead—fear—doubt—and
agony!”

This was the bitter language of the
heart:

But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone
of voice,

Though discomposed and vehement, were
such

As skill and graceful nature might suggest
To a proficient of the tragic scene
Standing before the multitude, beset
With dark events. Desirous to divert
Or stem the current of the speaker's
thoughts,

We signified a wish to leave that place
Of stillness and close privacy, a nook
That seemed for self-examination made;
Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,
Hidden from all men's view. To our
attempt

He yielded not; but, pointing to a slope
Of mossy turf defended from the sun,
And on that couch inviting us to rest,
Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned
A serious-eye, and his speech thus re-
newed.

I lived and breathed; most grateful—if
to enjoy

Without repining or desire for more,
For different lot, or change to higher
sphere.

(Only except some impulses of pride
With no determined object, though upheld
By theories with suitable support)—
Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy
Be proof of gratitude for what we have;
Else, I allow, most thankless.—But, at
once,

From some dark seat of fatal power was
urged

A claim that shattered all.—Our blooming
girl,

Caught in the gripe of death, with such
brief time

To struggle in as scarcely would allow
Her cheek to change its colour, was
conveyed

From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions
Whose height, or depth, admits not the
approach

Of living man, though longing to pursue.
—With even as brief a warning—and how
soon,

With what short interval of time between,
I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,
Our happy life's only remaining stay—
The brother followed; and was seen no
more!

“Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless
winds

Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained; as if in her,
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,
Had been erewhile unsettled and dis-
turbed,

This second visitation had no power
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;
And to establish thankfulness of heart
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,
Mine was unable to attain. Immense
The space that severed us! But, as the
sight

Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs
Incalculably distant; so, I felt
That consolation may descend from far
(And that is intercourse, and union, too),
While, overcome with speechless grati-
tude,

And, with a holier love inspired, I looked
On her—at once superior to my woes
And partner of my loss.—O heavy change!
Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept
Insensibly;—the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure glory,
As from the pinnacle of worldly state
Wretched ambition drops astounded, fell
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,
And keen heart-anguish—of itself a-
shamed.

Yet obstinately cherishing itself:
And, so consumed, she melted from my
arms;

And left me, on this earth, disconsolate!

“What followed cannot be reviewed in
thought;

Much less, retraced in words. If she
of life

Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
And all the tender motions of the soul,
Had been supplanted, could I hope to
stand—

Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?
I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought;
conjured

Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer; to the grave I
spake

Imploringly;—looked up, and asked the
Heavens

If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,
If fixed or wandering star could tidings
yield

Of the departed spirit—what abode
It occupies—what consciousness retains
Of former loves and interests. Then my
soul

Turned inward,—to examine of what stuff
Time's fetters are composed; and life was
put

To inquisition long and profitless!
By pain of heart—now checked—and now
impelled—

The intellectual power, through words
and things,

Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
And from those transports, and these to-
abstruse,

Some trace am I enabled to retain
Of time, else lost;—existing unto me
Only by records in myself not found.

The thankful captive of maternal bonds ;
And those wild paths were left to me
alone.

There could I meditate on follies past :
And, like a weary voyager escaped
From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace
A course of vain delights and thoughtless
guilt,

And self-indulgence—without shame pur-
sued.

There, undisturbed, could think of and
could thank

Her whose submissive spirit was to me
Rule and restraint—my guardian—shall
I say

That earthly Providence, whose guiding
love

Within a port of rest had lodged me safe ;
Safe from temptation, and from danger
far?

Strains followed of acknowledgment ad-
dressed

To an Authority enthroned above
The reach of sight ; from whom, as from
their source,

Proceed all visible ministers of good
That walk the earth—Father of heaven
and earth,

Father, and king, and judge, adored and
feared !

These acts of mind, and memory, and
heart,

And spirit—interrupted and relieved
By observations transient as the glance
Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward
form

Cleaving with power inherent and intense,
As the mute insect fixed upon the plant
On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from
whose cup

It draws its nourishment imperceptibly—
Endeared my wanderings ; and the
mother's kiss

And infant's smile awaited my return.

"In privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,
Companions daily, often all day long ;
Not placed by fortune within easy reach
Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
Beyond the allowance of our own fireside,
The twain within our happy cottage born,
Inmates, and heirs of our united love ;
Graced mutually by difference of sex,
And with no wider interval of time

Between their several births than served
for one

To establish something of a leader's sway ;
Yet left them joined by sympathy in age ;
Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.
On these two pillars rested as in air
Our solitude.

It soothes me to perceive,
Your courtesy withholds not from my
words

Attentive audience. But, oh ! gentle
Friends,

As times of quiet and unbroken peace,
Though, for a nation, times of blessed-
ness,

Give back faint echoes from the historian's
page ;

So, in the imperfect sounds of this dis-
course,

Depressed I hear, how faithless is the
voice

Which those most blissful days rever-
berate.

What special record can, or need, be given
To rules and habits, whereby much was
done,

But all within the sphere of little things ;
Of humble, though, to us, important
cares,

And precious interests? Smoothly did
our life

Advance, swerving not from the path
prescribed ;

Her annual, her diurnal, round abke
Maintained with faithful care. And you
divine

The worst effects that our condition saw
If you imagine changes slowly wrought,
And in their process unperceivable ;
Not wished for ; sometimes noticed with
a sigh,

(Whatever of good or lovely they might
bring)

Sighs of regret, for the familiar good
And loveliness endeared which they re-
moved.

"Seven years of occupation undisturbed
Established seemingly a right to hold
That happiness ; and use and habit gave
To what an alien spirit had acquired
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,
With thoughts and wishes bounded to
this world,

At aught, however fair, that bore the mien
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.
Why then conceal, that, when the simply
good

In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought
Other support, not scrupulous whence it
came;

And, by what compromise it stood, not
nice;

Enough if notions seemed to be high-
pitched,

And qualities determined.—Among men
So charactered did I maintain a strife
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every
hour;

But, in the process, I began to feel
That, if the emancipation of the world
Were missed, I should at least secure my
own,

And be in part compensated. For rights,
Widely—inveterately usurped upon,
I spake with vehemence; and promptly
seized

All that Abstraction furnished for my
needs

Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,
And propagate, by liberty of life,
Those new persuasions. Not that I re-
joiced,

Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant
course,

For its own sake; but farthest from the
walk

Which I had trod in happiness and
peace,

Was most inviting to a troubled mind;
That, in a struggling and distempered
world,

Saw a seductive image of herself.
Yet, mark the contradictions of which
Man

Is still the sport! Here Nature was my
guide,

The Nature of the dissolute; but thee,
O fostering Nature! I rejected—smiled
At others' tears in pity; and in scorn
At those, which thy soft influence some-
times drew

From my unguarded heart.—The tran-
quil shores

Of Britain circumscribed me; else, per-
haps

I might have been entangled among
deeds,

Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor—
Despise, as senseless: for my spirit
relished

Strangely the exasperation of that Land,
Which turned an angry beak against the
down

Of her own breast; confounded into hope
Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings.

“But all was quieted by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims.
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions and high attributes
Of civil action, yielded to a power
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.
—In Britain, ruled a panic dread of
change;

The weak were praised, rewarded, and
advanced;

And, from the impulse of a just disdain.
Once more did I retire into myself.
There feeling no contentment, I resolved
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign
shore,

Remote from Europe; from her blasted
hopes;
Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

“Fresh blew the wind, when o'er the
Atlantic Main

The ship went gliding with her thought-
less crew;

And who among them but an Exile, freed
From discontent, indifferent, pleased to
sit

Among the busily-employed, not more
With obligation charged, with service
taxed,

Than the loose pendant—to the idle wind
Upon the tall mast streaming. But, ye
Powers

Of soul and sense mysteriously allied,
O, never let the Wretched, if a choice
Be left him, trust the freight of his
distress

To a long voyage on the silent deep!
For, like a plague, will memory break out:

And, in the blank and solitude of things,
Upon his spirit, with a fever's strength,

Will conscience prey.—Feebly must they
have felt

Who, in old time, attired with snakes and
whips

The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful regards*

"From that abstraction I was roused,—
 and how?
 Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash
 Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave
 Of these wild hills. For, lo! the dread
 Bastille,
 With all the chambers in its horrid
 towers,
 Fell to the ground:—by violence over-
 thrown
 Of indignation; and with shouts that
 drowned
 The crash it made in falling! From the
 wreck
 A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
 The appointed seat of equitable law
 And mild paternal sway. The potent
 shock
 I felt: the transformation I perceived,
 As marvellously seized as in that moment
 When, from the blind mist issuing, I
 beheld
 Glory—beyond all glory ever seen,
 Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
 Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic
 harps
 In every grove were ringing, 'War shall
 cease;
 Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
 Bring garlands, bring forth choicest
 flowers, to deck
 The tree of Liberty.'—My heart re-
 bounded;
 My melancholy voice the chorus joined;
 —'Be joyful all ye nations; in all lands,
 Ye that are capable of joy be glad!
 Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to your-
 selves
 In others ye shall promptly find;—and
 all,
 Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
 Shall with one heart honour their common
 kind.'

"Thus was I reconverted to the world;
 Society became my glittering bride,
 And airy hopes my children.—From the
 depths
 Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
 My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
 Of institutions, and the forms of things;
 As they exist, in mutable array,
 Upon life's surface. What, though in my
 veins

There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I
 breathed
 The air of France, not less than Gallic
 zeal
 Kindled and burnt among the sapless
 twigs
 Of my exhausted heart. If busy men
 In sober conclave met, to weave a web
 Of amity, whose living threads should
 stretch
 Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
 There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
 And acclamation, crowds in open air
 Expressed the tumult of their minds, my
 voice
 There mingled, heard or not. The powers
 of song
 I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,
 Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive
 lay
 Of thanks and expectation, in accord
 With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule
 Returned,—a progeny of golden years
 Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.
 —With promises the Hebrew Scriptures
 teem:
 I felt their invitation; and resumed
 A long-suspended office in the House
 Of public worship, where, the glowing
 phrase
 Of ancient inspiration serving me,
 I promised also,—with undaunted trust
 Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;
 The admiration winning of the crowd;
 The help desiring of the pure devout.

"Scorn and contempt forbid me to
 proceed!
 But History, time's slavish scribe, will tell
 How rapidly the zealots of the cause
 Disbanded—or in hostile ranks appeared;
 Some, tired of honest service; these, out-
 done,
 Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims
 Of fiercer zealots—so confusion reigned.
 And the more faithful were compelled to
 exclaim,
 As Brutus did to Virtue, 'Liberty,
 I worshipped thee, and find thee but a
 Shade!'

"Such recantation had for me no charm.
 Nor would I bend to it; who should have
 grieved

Hath overpowered his forefathers, and soon
 Will sweep the remnant of his line away ;
 But contemplations, worthier, nobler far
 Than her destructive energies, attend
 His independence, when along the side
 Of Mississippi, or that northern stream
 That spreads into successive seas, he
 walks ;
 Pleased to perceive his own unshackled
 life,
 And his innate capacities of soul,
 There imaged : or when, having gained
 the top
 Of some commanding eminence, which yet
 Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
 Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,
 With mind that sheds a light on what he
 sees ;
 Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,
 Pouring above his head its radiance down
 Upon a living and rejoicing world !

"So, westward, tow'rd the unviolated
 woods
 I bent my way ; and, roaming far and
 wide,
 Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-
 bird ;
 And, while the melancholy Muccawiss
 (The sportive bird's companion in the
 grove)
 Repeated o'er and o'er his plaintive cry,
 I sympathised at leisure with the sound ;
 But that pure archetype of human great-
 ness,
 I found him not. There, in his stead,
 appeared
 A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure ;
 Remorseless, and submissive to no law
 But superstitious fear, and abject sloth.

"Enough is told ! Here am I—ye have
 heard
 What evidence I seek, and vainly seek ;
 What from my fellow-beings I require,

And either they have not to give, or I
 Lack virtue to receive ; what I myself,
 To oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost
 Nor can regain. How languidly I look
 Upon this visible fabric of the world,
 May be divined—perhaps it hath been
 said :—
 But spare your pity, if there be in me
 Aught that deserves respect : for I exist,
 Within myself, not comfortless.—The
 tenour
 Which my life holds, he readily may con-
 ceive
 Whoever hath stood to watch a mountain
 brook
 In some still passage of its course, and
 seen,
 Within the depths of its capacious breast
 Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure
 sky ;
 And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam
 And conglobated bubbles undissolved,
 Numerous as stars ; that, by their onward
 lapse,
 Betray to sight the motion of the stream
 Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard
 A softened roar, or murmur ; and the
 sound
 Though soothing, and the little floating
 isles
 Though beautiful, are both by Nature
 charged
 With the same pensive office ; and make
 known
 Through what perplexing labyrinth
 abrupt
 Precipitations, and untoward straits,
 The earth-born wanderer hath passed ;
 and quickly,
 That respite o'er, like traverses and toils
 Must be again encounter.—Such a stream
 Is human Life ; and so the Spirit fares
 In the best quiet to her course allowed ;
 And such is mine,—save only for a hope
 That my particular current soon will reach
 The unfathomable gulf, where all is
 still !"

Were turned on me—the face of her I
 loved ;
 The Wife and Mother pitifully fixing
 Tender reproaches, insupportable !
 Where now that boasted liberty? No
 welcome
 From unknown objects I received ; and
 those,
 Known and familiar, which the vaulted
 sky
 Did, in the placid clearness of the night,
 Disclose, had accusations to prefer
 Against my peace. Within the cabin
 stood
 That volume—as a compass for the soul—
 Revered among the nations. I implored
 Its guidance ; but the infallible support
 Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why
 refused .
 To One by storms annoyed and adverse
 winds ;
 Perplexed with currents ; of his weakness
 sick ;
 Of vain endeavours tired ; and by his own,
 And by his nature's, ignorance, dismayed !

“ Long wished-for sight, the Western
 World appeared ;
 And, when the ship was moored, I leaped
 ashore
 Indignantly—resolved to be a man,
 Who, having o'er the past no power,
 would live
 No longer in subjection to the past,
 With abject mind—from a tyrannic lord
 Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured :
 So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared
 Some boundary, which his followers may
 not cross
 In prosecution of their deadly chase,
 Respiring I looked round.—How bright
 the sun,
 The breeze how soft ! Can any thing
 produced
 In the old World compare, thought I, for
 power
 And majesty with this gigantic stream,
 Sprung from the desert? And behold
 a city
 Fresh, youthful, and aspiring ! What are
 these
 To me, or I to them? As much, at least
 As he desires that they should be, whom
 winds

And waves have wafted to this distant
 shore,
 In the condition of a damaged seed,
 Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take
 root.
 Here may I roam at large ;—my business
 is,
 Roaming at large, to observe, and not to
 feel
 And, therefore, not to act—convinced
 that all
 Which bears the name of action, how-
 soe'er
 Beginning, ends in servitude—still pain-
 ful,
 And mostly profitless. And, sooth to
 say,
 On nearer view, a motley spectacle
 Appeared, of high pretensions—unre-
 proved
 But by the obstreperous voice of higher
 still ;
 Big passions strutting on a petty stage ;
 Which a detached spectator may regard
 Not unamused.—But ridicule demands
 Quick change of objects ; and, to laugh
 alone,
 At a composing distance from the haunts
 Of strife and folly, though it be a treat
 As choice as musing Leisure can bestow ;
 Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
 To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
 Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,
 Of all unsocial courses, is least fit
 For the gross spirit of mankind,—the
 one
 That soonest fails to please, and quickest
 turns
 Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,
 Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge
 Of her own passions ; and to regions haste,
 Whose shades have never felt the en-
 croaching axe,
 Or soil endured a transfer in the mart
 Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,
 Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak
 In combination, (wherefore else driven
 back
 So far, and of his old inheritance
 So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,
 More dignified, and stronger in himself ;
 Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.
 True, the intelligence of social art

Cannot forget thee here ; where thou hast
 built,
 For thy own glory, in the wilderness !
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,
 In such a temple as we now behold
 Reared for thy presence ; therefore am I
 bound
 To worship, here, and everywhere—as one
 Not doomed to ignorance, though forced
 to tread,
 From childhood up, the ways of poverty ;
 From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
 And from debasement rescued.—By thy
 grace
 The particle divine remained unquenched ;
 And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
 Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless
 flowers,
 From paradise transplanted : wintry age
 Impends ; the frost will gather round my
 heart ;
 If the flowers wither, I am worse than
 dead !
 —Come, labour, when the worn-out frame
 requires
 Perpetual sabbath ; come, disease and
 want ;
 And sad exclusion through decay of
 sense ;
 But leave me unabated trust in thee—
 And let thy favour, to the end of life,
 Inspire me with ability to seek
 Repose and hope among eternal things—
 Father of heaven and earth ! and I am
 rich,
 And will possess my portion in content !

“And what are things eternal?—powers
 depart,”
 The grey-haired Wanderer steadfastly
 replied,
 Answering the question which himself
 had asked,
 “Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat :
 But, by the storms of circumstance un-
 shaken,
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
 Duty exists ;—immutably survive,
 For our support, the measures and the
 forms,
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies ;
 Whose kingdom is, where time and space
 are not

Of other converse which mind, soul, and
 heart,
 Do, with united urgency, require,
 What more that may not perish?—Thou,
 dread source,
 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
 That in the scale of being fill their place ;
 Above our human region, or below,
 Set and sustained ;—thou, who didst wrap
 the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion un-
 disturbed ;
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual
 care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense
 And reason's steadfast rule—thou, thou
 alone
 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,
 Which thou includest, as the sea her
 waves :
 For adoration thou endur'st ; endure
 For consciousness the motions of thy
 will :
 For apprehension those transcendent
 truths
 Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
 (Submission constituting strength and
 power)
 Even to thy Being's infinite majesty !
 This universe shall pass away—a work
 Glorious ! because the shadow of thy
 might,
 A step, or link, for intercourse with thee
 Ah ! if the time must come, in which my
 feet
 No more shall stray where meditation
 leads,
 By flowing stream, through wood, &
 craggy wild,
 Loved haunts like these ; the un-
 prisoned Mind
 May yet have scope to range among thine
 own,
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
 Still, it may be allowed me to remember
 What visionary powers of eye and soul
 In youth were mine ; when, stationed on
 the top
 Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld

BOOK FOURTH.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

ARGUMENT.

State of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative.—A belief in a superintending Providence the only adequate support under affliction.—Wanderer's ejaculation.—Acknowledges the difficulty of a lively faith.—Hence immoderate sorrow.—Exhortations.—How received.—Wanderer applies his discourse to that other cause of dejection in the Solitary's mind.—Disappointment from the French Revolution.—States grounds of hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and fortitude with respect to the course of great revolutions.—Knowledge the source of tranquillity.—Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge of the inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and ways recommended; exhortation to bodily exertion and communion with Nature.—Morbid Solitude pitiable.—Superstition better than apathy.—Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy of society.—The various moles of Religion prevented it.—Illustrated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian modes of belief.—Solitary interposes.—Wanderer points out the influence of religious and imaginative feeling in the humble ranks of society, illustrated from present and past times.—These principles tend to recall exploded superstitions and Popery.—Wanderer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the dignities of the Imagination with the presumptuous littleness of certain modern Philosophers.—Recommends other lights and guides.—Asserts the power of the Soul to regenerate herself; Solitary asks how.—Reply.—Personal appeal.—Exhortation to activity of body renewed.—How to commune with Nature.—Wanderer concludes with a legitimate union of the imagination, affections, understanding, and reason.—Effect of his discourse.—Evening; Return to the Cottage.

HERE closed the Tenant of that lonely
vale

His mournful narrative—commenced in
pain,

In pain commenced, and ended without
peace:

Yet tempered, not unfrequently, with
strains

Of native feeling, grateful to our minds;
And yielding surely some relief to his,

While we sat listening with compassion
due.

A pause of silence followed; then, with
voice

That did not falter though the heart was
moved,

The Wanderer said:—

“One adequate support

For the calamities of mortal life

Exists—one only; an assured belief

That the procession of our fate, howe'er

Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being

Of infinite benevolence and power;

Whose everlasting purposes embrace

All accidents, converting them to good.

—The darts of anguish *fix* not where the
seat

Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified

By acquiescence in the Will supreme

For time and for eternity; by faith,

Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless
love

Of his perfections; with habitual dread

Of aught unworthily conceived, endured

Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,

To the dishonour of his holy name.

Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the
world!

Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of
heart;

Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto thee and
thine!”

Then, as we issued from that covert
nook,

He thus continued, lifting up his eyes

To heaven:—“How beautiful this dome
of sky;

And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed

At thy command, how awful! Shall the
Soul,

Human and rational, report of thee

Even less than these!—Be mute who will,
who can,

Yet I will praise thee with impassioned
voice:

My lips, that may forget thee in the
crowd,

Are glorified ; or, if they sleep, shall
wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in end-
less love.
Hope, below this, consists not with be-
lief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts :
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest
power,
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

“ Here then we rest ; not fearing for
our creed
The worst that human reasoning can
achieve,
To unsettle or perplex it : yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-re-
proach,
That, though immovably convinced, we
want
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
As soldiers live by courage ; as, by
strength
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.
Alas ! the endowment of immortal power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculties of sense
In all ; in most with superadded foes,
Idle temptations ; open vanities,
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing
world ;
And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress and care. What then remains !—
To seek
Those helps for his occasions ever near
Who lacks not will to use them ; vows
renewed
On the first motion of a holy thought ;
Vigils of contemplation ; praise ; and
prayer—
A stream, which, from the fountain of
the heart
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue,
strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience—conscience revered and
obeyed.

As God's most intimate presence in the
soul,
And his most perfect image in the world.
—Endeavour thus to live ; these rules
regard ;
These helps solicit ; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empy-
real air,
Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,
Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased
away ;
With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire ;
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave.”

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage
Poured forth his aspirations, and an-
nounced
His judgments, near that lonely house re-
paced
A plot of green-sward, seemingly pre-
served
By nature's care from wreck of scattered
stones,
And from encroachment of encircling
heath :
Small space ! but, for reiterated steps,
Smooth and commodious ; as a state's
deck
Which to and fro the mariner is used
To tread for pastime, talking with his
mates,
Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,
While the ship glides before a steady
breeze.
Stillness prevailed around us : and the
voice
That spake was capable to lift the soul
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But
methought,
That he, whose fixed despondency had
given
Impulse and motive to that strong de-
course,
Was less upraised in spirit than a boatman,
Shrinking from admonition, like a man
Who feels that to exhort is to reproach
Yet not to be diverted from his aim.
The Sage continued :—
“ For that other loss
The loss of confidence in social man.

The sun rise up, from distant climes
returned
Darkness to chase, and sleep ; and bring
the day
His bounteous gift ! or saw him toward
the deep
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended ; then, my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude ;
The measure of my soul was filled with
bliss,
And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with
light,
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

“Those fervent raptures are for ever
flown ;
And, since their date, my soul hath under-
gone
Change manifold, for better or for worse :
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
Heavenward ; and chide the part of me
that flags,
Through sinful choice ; or dread necessity
On human nature from above imposed.
’Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise ; but, to converse with
heaven—
This is not easy :—to relinquish all
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,
And stand in freedom loosened from this
world,
I deem not arduous ; but must needs
confess
That ’tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul’s desires ;
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to
gain.
—Man is of dust : ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain them-
selves aloft,
Want due consistence ; like a pillar of
smoke,
That with majestic energy from earth
Rises ; but, having reached the thinner
air,
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen.
From this infirmity of mortal kind
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not ;
at least,
If grief be something hallowed and or-
dained,
If, in proportion, it be just and meet,

Yet, through this weakness of the general
heart,
It is enabled to maintain its hold
In that excess which conscience dis-
approves.
For who could sink and settle to that
point
Of selfishness ; so senseless who could be
As long and perseveringly to mourn
For any object of his love, removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix
A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,
Which reason promises, and holy writ
Ensures to all believers?—Yet mistrust
Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch ; despondency far less ;
And, least of all, is absolute despair.
—And, if there be whose tender frames
have drooped
Even to the dust ; apparently, through
weight
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
An agonizing sorrow to transmute ;
Deem not that proof is here of hope with-
held
When wanted most ; a confidence im-
paired
So pitifully, that, having ceased to see
With bodily eyes, they are borne down
by love
Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh ! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees
Too clearly ; feels too vividly ; and longs
To realize the vision, with intense
And over-constant yearning ;—there—
there lies
The excess, by which the balance is
destroyed.
Too, too contracted are these walls of
flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual
oids,
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy ; and all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its
course
Along the line of limitless desires.
I, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled
peace,
I cannot doubt that they whom you
deplore

here; and everywhere—as one
 to ignorance, though forced
 food up, the ways of poverty;
 ecting ignorance preserved,
 lebasement rescued.—By thy
 divine remained unquenched;
 he wild weeds of a rugged soil,
 caused to flourish deathless
 dise transplanted wintry age
 the frost will gather round my
 wers wither, I am worse than
 about, when the worn-out frame
 res
 sabbath; come, disease and
 exclusion through decay of
 me unabated trust in thee—
 thy favour, to the end of life,
 ne with ability to seek
 and hope among eternal things—
 of heaven and earth! and I am
 I possess my portion in content!
 I what are things eternal?—powers
 part,
 rey-haired Wanderer steadfastly
 plied,
 ring the question which himself
 d asked,
 essions vanish, and opinions change,
 assions hold a fluctuating seat:
 y the storms of circumstance un-
 taken.
 bject neither to eclipse nor wane;
 exists;—immutably survive,
 ur support, the measures and the
 orms,
 h an abstract intelligence supplies;
 se kingdom is, where time and space
 are not.

Above our human region, on the
 Set and sustained;—thou, who didst wrap
 the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion un-
 disturbed;
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual
 care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense
 And reason's steadfast rule—thou, thou
 alone
 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirit,
 Which thou includest, as the sea her
 waves.
 For adoration thou endur'st; endure
 For consciousness the motions of thy
 will;
 For apprehension those transcendent
 truths
 Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
 (Submission constituting strength and
 power)
 Even to thy Being's infinite majesty I
 This universe shall pass away—a work
 Glorious! because the shadow of thy
 might.
 A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
 Ah! if the time must come, in which my
 feet
 No more shall stray where meditation
 leads,
 By flowing stream, through wood, or
 craggy wild,
 Loved haunts like these; the unim-
 prisoned Mind
 May yet have scope to range among her
 own,
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
 Still, it may be allowed me to remember
 What visionary powers of eye and soul
 In youth were mine; when, stationed on
 the top
 Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld

By the unexpected transports of our age
 Carried so high, that every thought, which
 looked
 Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind,
 To many seemed superfluous—as, no
 cause
 Could e'er for such exalted confidence
 Exist ; so, none is now for fixed despair :
 The two extremes are equally disowned
 By reason : if, with sharp recoil, from one
 You have been driven far as its opposite,
 Between them seek the point whereon to
 build
 Sound expectations. So doth he advise
 Who shared at first the illusion ; but was
 soon
 Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks
 Which Nature gently gave, in woods and
 fields ;
 Nor unproved by Providence, thus
 speaking
 To the inattentive children of the world :
 ' Vain-glorious ' Generation ! what new
 powers
 On you have been conferred ? what gifts,
 withheld
 From your progenitors, have ye received,
 Fit recompense of new desert ? what claim
 Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees
 For you should undergo a sudden change ;
 And the weak functions of one busy day,
 Reclaiming and extirpating, perform
 What all the slowly-moving years of time,
 With their united force, have left undone ?
 By nature's gradual processes be taught ;
 By story be confounded ! Ye aspire
 Rashly, to fall once more ; and that false
 fruit,
 Which, to your overweening spirits, yields
 Hope of a flight celestial, will produce
 Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her
 sons
 Shall not the less, though late, be justifi-
 fied'

" Such timely warning," said the Wan-
 derer, " gave
 That visionary voice ; and, at this day,
 When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
 The groaning nations ; when the iniquitous
 rule,
 By will or by established ordinance,
 Their own dire agents, and constrain the
 good

To acts which they abhor ; though I
 bewail
 This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
 Prevents me not from owning, that the
 law,
 By which mankind now suffers, is most
 just.
 For by superior energies ; more strict
 Affiance in each other ; faith more firm
 In their unhallowed principles ; the bad
 Have fairly earned a victory o'er the
 weak,
 The vacillating, inconsistent good.
 Therefore, not unconsolated, I wait—in
 hope
 To see the moment, when the righteous
 cause
 Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
 As they who have opposed her ; in which
 Virtue
 Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds
 That are not lofty as her rights ; aspiring
 By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.
 That spirit only can redeem mankind ;
 And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
 Then shall *our* triumph be complete as
 theirs.
 Yet, should this confidence prove vain,
 the wise
 Have still the keeping of their proper
 peace ;
 Are guardians of their own tranquillity.
 They act, or they recede, observe, and
 feel ;
 ' Knowing the heart of man is set to be
 The centre of this world, about the which
 Those revolutions of disturbances
 Still roll ; where all the aspects of misery
 Predominate ; whose strong effects are
 such
 As he must bear, being powerless to
 redress ;
*And that unless above himself he can
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !*

" Happy is he who lives to understand,
 Not human nature only, but explores
 All natures,—to the end that he may find
 The law that governs each ; and where
 begins
 The union, the partition where, that
 makes
 Kind and degree, among all visible Beings ;
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,

Are glorified ; or, if they sleep, shall
 wake
 From sleep, and dwell with God in end-
 less love.
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 And stand in freedom loosened from this
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 Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
 For any passion of the soul that leads
 To ecstasy; and all the crooked paths
 Of time and change disdaining, takes its
 course
 Along the line of limitless desires.
 I, speaking now from such disorder free,
 Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled
 peace,
 I cannot doubt that they whom you
 deplore

Which they inherit,—cannot step beyond,—

And cannot fall beneath ; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of
things ;

Up from the creeping plant to sovereign
Man.

Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love :
For knowledge is delight ; and such delight

Breeds love : yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love, than to adore ;
If that be not indeed the highest love !”

“ Yet,” said I, tempted here to inter-
pose,

“ The dignity of life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart ; and
he

Is still a happier man, who, for those
heights

Of speculation not unfit, descends ;
And such benign affections cultivates
Among the inferior kinds ; not merely
those

That he may call his own, and which
depend,

As individual objects of regard,
Upon his care, from whom he also looks
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond ;
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
And solitude, that they do favour most,
Most frequently call forth, and best sus-
tain,

These pure sensations ; that can pene-
trate

The obstreperous city ; on the barren seas
Are not unfelt ; and much might recom-
mend,

How much they might inspirit and en-
dear,

The loneliness of this sublime retreat !”

“ Yes,” said the Sage, resuming the dis-
course

Again directed to his downcast Friend,
“ If with the froward will and grovelling
soul

Of man, offended, liberty is here,
And invitation every hour renewed,
To mark *their* placid state, who never
heard

Of a command which they have power to
break,

Or rule which they are tempted to trans-
gress :

These with a soothed or elevated heart,
May we behold ; their knowledge register ;
Observe their ways ; and, free from envy,
find

Complacence there :—but wherefore this
to you ?

I guess that, welcome to your lonely
hearth,

The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's cold
Into a ‘ feathery bunch,’ feeds at your
hand :

A box, perchance, is from your casement
hung

For the small wren to build in ;—not in
vain,

The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep abiding place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly ; and
soars,

Small creature as she is, from earth's
bright flowers,

Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness : the Soul ascends
Drawn towards her native firmament of
heaven,

When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,
Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
This shaded valley leaves ; and leaves the
dark

Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing
A proud communication with the sun
Low sunk beneath the horizon !—List !—
I heard,

From yon huge breast of rock, a voice
sent forth

As if the visible mountain made the cry.
Again :—“ The effect upon the soul was
such

As he expressed : from out the mountain's
heart

The solemn voice appeared to issue,
startling

The blank air—for the region all around
Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent
Save for that single cry, the unanswer'd
bleat

By the unexpected transports of our age
 Carried so high, that every thought, which
 looked
 Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind,
 To many seemed superfluous—as, no
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 Could e'er for such exalted confidence
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 The law that governs each ; and where
 begins
 The union, the partition where, that
 makes
 Kind and degree, among all visible Beings ;
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,

Look down upon your taper, through a
 watch
 Of midnight hours, unseasonably twink-
 ling
 In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
 Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.
 Take courage, and withdraw yourself
 from ways
 That run not parallel to nature's course.
 Rise with the lark! your matins shall
 obtain
 Grace, be their composition what it may,
 If but with hers performed; climb once
 again,
 Climb every day, those ramparts; meet
 the breeze
 Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee
 That from your garden thither soars, to
 feed
 On new-blown heath; let yon command-
 ing rock
 Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the
 stone
 In thunder down the mountains; with all
 your might
 Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red
 deer
 Fly to those harbours, driven by hound
 and horn
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the
 pursuit:
 So, wearied to your hut shall you return,
 And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
 A kindling eye:—accordant feelings
 rushed
 Into my bosom, whence these words
 broke forth:
 "Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous
 health,
 To have a body (this our vital frame
 With shrinking sensibility endued.
 And all the nice regards of flesh and
 blood)
 And to the elements surrender it
 As if it were a spirit!—How divine,
 The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens
 And mountainous retirements, only trod
 By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
 To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
 That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
 Be as a presence or a motion—one

Among the many there; and while the
 mists
 Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
 And phantoms from the crags and solid
 earth
 As fast as a musician scatters sounds
 Out of an instrument; and while the
 streams
 (As at a first creation and in haste
 To exercise their untried faculties)
 Descending from the region of the clouds.
 And starting from the hollows of the
 earth
 More multitudinous every moment, rend
 Their way before them—what a joy to
 roam
 An equal among mightiest energies;
 And haply sometimes with articulate
 voice,
 Amid the deafening tumult, scarce'y
 heard
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
 'Rage on, ye elements! let moon and stars
 Their aspects lend, and mingle in their
 turn
 With this commotion (ruinous though it
 be)
 From day to night, from night to day,
 prolonged!'"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from
 my lips
 The strain of transport, "whoso'er in
 youth
 Has, through ambition of his soul, given
 way
 To such desires, and grasped at such
 delight,
 Shall feel congenial stirrings late and
 long,
 In spite of all the weakness that life
 brings,
 Its cares and sorrows: he, though taught
 to own
 The tranquillizing power of time, shall
 wake,
 Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness—
 Loving the sports which once he gloried
 in.

"Compatriot, Friend, remote are Gar-
 ry's hills,
 The streams far distant of your native
 glen;

Of a poor lamb—left somewhere to itself,
 The plaintive spirit of the solitude !
 He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,
 Through consciousness that silence in
 such place
 Was best, the most affecting eloquence.
 But soon his thoughts returned upon
 themselves,
 And, in soft tone of speech, thus he re-
 sumed.

"Ah ! if the heart, too confidently
 raised,
 Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled
 Too easily, despise or overlook
 The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
 Her sad dependence upon time, and all
 The trepidations of mortality,
 What place so destitute and void—but
 there
 The little flower her vanity shall check ;
 The trailing worm reprove her thought-
 less pride ?

"These craggy regions, these chaotic
 wilds,
 Does that benignity pervade, that warms
 The mole contented with her darksome
 walk
 In the cold ground ; and to the emmet
 gives
 Her foresight, and intelligence that makes
 The tiny creatures strong by social league ;
 Supports the generations, multiplies
 Their tribes, till we behold a spacious plain
 Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills—
 Their labour, covered, as a lake with
 waves ;
 Thousands of cities, in the desert place
 Built up of life, and food, and means of
 life !
 Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,
 Creatures that in communities exist
 Less, as might seem, for general guardian-
 ship
 Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
 Than by participation of delight
 And a strict love of fellowship, combined.
 What other spirit can it be that prompts
 The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
 Their spots together in the solar beam,
 Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy ?
 More obviously the self-same influence
 rules

The feathered kinds ; the fieldfare's pen-
 sive flock,
 The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from
 afar,
 Hovering above these inland solitudes,
 By the rough wind unscattered, at whose
 call
 Up through the trenches of the long-
 drawn vales
 Their voyage was begun : nor is its power
 Unfelt among the sedentary fowl
 That seek yon pool, and there prolong
 their stay
 In silent congress ; or together roused
 Take flight ; while with their clang the
 air resounds.
 And, over all, in that ethereal vault,
 Is the mute company of changeful clouds ;
 Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,
 The rainbow smiling on the faded storm ;
 The mild assemblage of the starry hea-
 vens ;
 And the great sun, earth's universal lord !

"How bountiful is Nature ! he shall find
 Who seeks not ; and to him, who hath not
 asked,
 Large measures shall be dealt. Three
 sabbath-days
 Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent
 Of mere humanity, you clomb those
 heights ;
 And what a marvellous and heavenly
 show
 Was suddenly revealed !—the swains
 moved on,
 And heeded not : you lingered, you per-
 ceived
 And felt, deeply as living man could feel.
 There is a luxury in self-dispraise ;
 And inward self-disparagement affords
 To meditative spleen a grateful feast.
 Trust me, pronouncing on your own
 desert,
 You judge unthankfully : distempered
 nerves
 Infect the thoughts ; the languor of the
 frame
 Depresses the soul's vigour. Quit your
 couch—
 Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell ;
 Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed
 from heaven
 Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye

Yet is their form and image here expressed
 With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps
 Wherever fancy leads ; by day, by night,
 Are various engines working, not the same
 As those with which your soul in youth
 was moved,
 But by the great Artificer endowed
 With no inferior power. You dwell alone ;
 You walk, you live, you speculate alone ;
 Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign prince,
 For you a stately gallery maintain
 Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,
 Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed
 With no inquisitive eye ; and books are yours,
 Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
 Preserved from age to age ; more precious far
 Than that accumulated store of gold
 And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
 The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
 These hoards of truth you can unlock at will ;
 And music waits upon your skilful touch,
 Sounds which the wandering shepherd
 from these heights
 Hears, and forgets his purpose ;—furnished thus,
 How can you droop, if willing to be up-
 raised ?

“A piteous lot it were to flee from Man—
 Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose hours
 Are by domestic pleasure uncaressed
 And unenlivened ; who exists whole years
 Apart from benefits received or done
 Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd ;
 Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
 Of the world's interests—such a one hath need
 Of a quick fancy and an active heart,
 WO.

That, for the day's consumption, books
 may yield
 Food not unwholesome ; earth and air
 correct
 His morbid humour, with delight supplied
 Or solace, varying as the seasons change.
 —Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her
 haunts of ease
 And easy contemplation ; gay parterres.
 And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
 And shady groves in studied contrast—
 each,
 For recreation, leading into each :
 These may he range ; if willing to partake
 Their soft indulgences, and in due time
 May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
 And course of service Truth requires
 from those
 Who tend her altars, wait upon her
 throne,
 And guard her fortresses. Who thinks,
 and feels,
 And recognises ever and anon
 The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
 Why need such man go desperately
 astray,
 And nurse ‘the dreadful appetite of
 death ?’
 If tired with systems, each in its degree
 Substantial, and all crumbling in their
 turn,
 Let him build systems of his own, and
 smile
 At the fond work, demolished with a
 touch ;
 If unreligious, let him be at once,
 Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled
 A pupil in the many-chambered school,
 Where superstition weaves her airy
 dreams.

“Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's
 verge ;
 And daily lose what I desire to keep :
 Yet rather would I instantly decline
 To the traditional sympathies
 Of a most rustic ignorance, and take
 A fearful apprehension from the owl
 Or death-watch : and as readily rejoice,
 If two auspicious magpies crossed my
 way ;—
 To this would rather bend than see and
 hear

With grove and field and garden interspersed ;
 Their town, and foodful region for support
 Against the pressure of beleaguering war.

“Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,

Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
 Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
 Looked on the polar star, as on a guide
 And guardian of their course, that never closed

His steadfast eye. The planetary Five
 With a submissive reverence they beheld ;
 Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks,

Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move

Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,

Decrees and resolutions of the Gods ;

And, by their aspects, signifying works

Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.

—The imaginative faculty was lord

Of observations natural ; and, thus
 Led on, those shepherds made report of stars

In set rotation passing to and fro,

Between the orbs of our apparent sphere

And its invisible counterpart, adorned

With answering constellations, under earth,

Removed from all approach of living sight

But present to the dead ; who, so they deemed,

Like those celestial messengers beheld

All accidents, and judges were of all.

“The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
 Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding shores,—

Under a cope of sky more variable,
 Could find commodious place for every God,

Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
 From the surrounding countries at the choice

Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
 As nicest observation furnished hints
 For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed

On fluent operations a fixed shape ;

Metal or stone, idolatrously served

And yet—triumphant o'er this pompous show

Of art, this palpable array of sense,
 On every side encountered ; in despite
 Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets

By wandering Rhapsodists ; and in contempt

Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
 Amid the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT hung,

Beautiful region ! o'er thy towns and farms,

Statues and temples, and memorial tombs ;

And emanations were perceived ; and acts
 Of immortality, in Nature's course,

Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt

As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed

And armed warrior ; and in every grove

A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,

When piety more awful had relaxed.

—‘Take, running river, take these locks
 of mine’—

Thus would the Votary say—‘this severed hair,

My vow fulfilling, do I here present,

Thankful for my beloved child's return.

Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,

Thy murmurs heard ; and drunk the crystal lymph

With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,

And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields !’

And, doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed

Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
 Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired ;

That hath been, is, and where it was and is

There shall endure,—existence unexposed
 To the blind walk of mortal accident ;

From diminution safe and weakening age ;

While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays ;

And countless generations of mankind
 Depart ; and leave no vestige where they trod.

“We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love ;

And, even as these are well and widely fixed,

In dignity of being we ascend.

The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain
 Uprooted ; would re-consecrate our wells
 To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint
 Anne ;
 And from long banishment recall Saint
 Giles,
 To watch again with tutelary love
 O'er stately Edinburgh throned on
 crags ?
 A blessed restoration, to behold
 The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
 Once more parading through her crowded
 streets
 Now simply guarded by the sober powers
 Of science, and philosophy, and sense !"

This answer followed.—"You have
 turned my thoughts

Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
 Against idolatry with warlike mind,
 And shrunk from vain observances, to
 lurk

In woods, and dwell under impending
 rocks

Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and
 food ;

Why ?—For this very reason that they felt,
 And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they
 moved,

A spiritual presence, oft-times miscon-
 ceived,

But still a high dependence, a divine
 Bounty and government, that filled their
 hearts

With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love ;
 And from their fervent lips drew hymns
 of praise,

That through the desert rang. Though
 favoured less,

Far less, than these,—yet such, in their
 degree,

Were those bewildered Pagans of old
 time.

Beyond their own poor natures and
 above

They looked ; were humbly thankful for
 the good

Which the warm sun solicited, and earth
 bestowed ; were glad some,—and their
 moral sense

They fortified with reverence for the
 Gods ;

And they had hopes that overstepped the
 Grave.

"Now, shall our great Discoverers," he
 exclaimed,

Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain
 From sense and reason less than these
 obtained,

Though far misled ? Shall men for whom
 our age

Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
 To explore the world without and world
 within,

Be joyless as the blind ? Ambitious
 spirits—

Whom earth, at this late season, hath
 produced

To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
 The planets in the hollow of their hand ;

And they who rather dive than soar,
 whose pains

Have solved the elements, or analysed
 The thinking principle—shall they in fact
 Prove a degraded Race ? and what avails
 Renown, if their presumption make them
 such ?

Oh ! there is laughter at their work in
 heaven !

Enquire of ancient Wisdom ; go, demand
 Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant

That we should pry far off yet be un-
 raised ;

That we should pore, and dwindle as we
 pore,

Viewing all objects unremittingly
 In disconnection dead and spiritless ;

And still dividing, and dividing still,
 Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied

With the perverse attempt, while little-
 ness

May yet become more little ; waging thus
 An impious warfare with the very life

Of our own souls !

And if indeed there be
 An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
 Our dark foundations rest, could he de-
 sign

That this magnificent effect of power,
 The earth we tread, the sky that we
 behold

By day, and all the pomp which night
 reveals ;

That these—and that superior mystery
 Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,

And the dread soul within it—should
 exist

Only to be examined, pondered, searched,

Who would forbid them, if their presence
serve,
On thinly-peopled mountains and wild
heaths,
Filling a space, else vacant, to exalt
The forms of Nature, and enlarge her
powers?

"Once more to distant ages of the world
Let us revert, and place before our
thoughts
The face which rural solitude might wear
To the unenlightened swains of pagan
Greece.
—In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman,
stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's
day,
With music lulled his indolent repose :
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced
to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the
sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his
fancy fetched,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless Youth, who touched a golden
lute,
And filled the illumined groves with
rapture.
The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with
grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who be-
stowed
That timely light, to share his joyous
sport :
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her
Nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the dark-
some grove,
Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
Swept in the storm of chase ; as moon and
stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The
traveller slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and
thanked
The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their
train,

Might, with small help from fancy, be
transformed
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed,
their wings,
Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom
they wooed
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs
grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by
hoary age.
From depth of shaggy covert peeping
forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain-side ;
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring
horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending
beard,—
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild
brood
Of gamesome Deities ; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring
God !"

The strain was aptly chosen ; and I
could mark
Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow
Of our Companion ; gradually diffused ;
While, listening, he had paced the noise-
less turf,
Like one whose untired ear a murmuring
stream
Detains ; but tempted now to interpose,
He with a smile exclaimed :—
"Tis well you speak
At a safe distance from our native land,
And from the mansions where our youth
was taught.
The true descendants of those godly men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of
zeal,
Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
That harboured them,—the souls retaining
yet
The churlish features of that after-race
Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting
rocks,
In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
Or what their scruples construed to be
such—
How, think you, would they tolerate this
scheme
Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh

Stuffed with the thorny substance of the
past
For fixed annoyance ; and full oft beset
With floating dreams, black and dis-
consolate,
The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

“ Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would
hide
And darken, so can deal that they become
Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to
exalt

Her native brightness. As the ample
moon,

In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees ; and, kindling on all
sides

Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene. Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit ; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus
feeds

A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from
guilt :

And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.”

The Solitary by these words was
touched

With manifest emotion, and exclaimed ;
“ But how begin ? and whence ?—‘ The
Mind is free—

Resolve ; the haughty Moralist would say,
‘ This single act is all that we demand.’

Alas ! such wisdom bids a creature fly
Whose very sorrow is, that time hath
shorn

His natural wings !—To friendship let
him turn

For succour ; but perhaps he sits alone
On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat
That holds but him, and can contain no
more !

Religion tells of amity sublime

Which no condition can preclude ; of One
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all
wants,

All weakness fathoms, can supply all
needs :

But is that bounty absolute ?—His gifts,
Are they not, still, in some degree, re-
wards

For acts of service ? Can his love extend
To hearts that own not him ? Will showers
of grace,

When in the sky no promise may be seen,
Fall to refresh a parched and withered
land ?

Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
At the Redeemer's feet ?”

In rueful tone,
With some impatience in his mien, he
spake :

Back to my mind rushed all that had
been urged

To calm the Sufferer when his story
closed ;

I looked for counsel as unbending now ;
But a discriminating sympathy
Stooped to this apt reply :—

“ As men from men
Do, in the constitution of their souls,
Differ, by mystery not to be explained ;
And as we fall by various ways, and sink
One deeper than another, self-condemned
Through manifold degrees of guilt and
shame ;

So manifold and various are the ways
Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
Of all infirmity, and tending all
To the same point, attainable by all—
Peace in ourselves, and union with our
God.

For you, assuredly, a hopeful road
Lies open : we have heard from you a
voice

At every moment softened in its course
By tenderness of heart ; have seen your
eye,

Even like an altar lit by fire from heaven.
Kindle before us.—Your discourse this
day,

That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to
flow

In creeping sadness, through oblivious
shades

Of death and night, has caught at every
turn

The colours of the sun. Access for you
Is yet preserved to principles of truth.
Which the imaginative Will upholds

Probed, vexed, and criticised?—Accuse
me not

Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
If, having walked with Nature threescore
years,

And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY
Revolts, offended at the ways of men
Swayed by such motives, to such ends
employed ;

Philosophers, who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet
prize

This soul, and the transcendant universe,
No more than as a mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence ;
That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss
Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly !

“No higher place can be assigned to
him

And his compeers—the laughing Sage of
France.—

Crowned was he, if my memory do not
err,

With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,
In sign of conquest by his wit achieved
And benefits his wisdom had conferred ;
His stooping body tottered with wreaths
of flowers

Opprest, far less becoming ornaments ;
Than Spring oft twines about a moulder-
ing tree ;

Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man ;
And a most frivolous people. Him I mean
Who panned, to ridicule confiding faith,
This sorry Legend ; which by chance we
found

Piled in a nook, through malice, as might
seem,

Among more innocent rubbish.”—Speak-
ing thus,

With a brief notice when, and how, and
where,

We had espied the book, he drew it forth ;
And courteously, as if the act removed,
At once, all traces from the good Man’s
heart

Of unbenign aversion or contempt,
Restored it to its owner. “Gentle
Friend,”

Herewith he grasped the Solitary’s hand,
“You have known lights and guides
better than these.”

Ah ! let not aught amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself,
And tempt opinion to support the wrongs
Of passion ; whatsoe’er be felt or feared,
From higher judgment-seats make no ap-
peal

To lower : can you question that the soul
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
By each new upstart notion ? In the
ports

Of levity no refuge can be found,
No shelter, for a spirit in distress.
He, who by wilful disesteem of life
And proud insensibility to hope,
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
That her mild nature can be terrible ;
That, neither she nor Silence, lack the
power

To avenge their own insulted majesty.

“O blest seclusion ! when the mind
admits

The law of duty ; and can therefore move
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
Linked in entire complacence with her
choice ;

When youth’s presumptuousness is mel-
lowed down,
And manhood’s vain anxiety dismissed ;
When wisdom shows her seasonable
fruit,

Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure
hung

In sober plenty ; when the spirit stoops
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
Of unproved enjoyment ; and is pleased
To muse, and be saluted by the air
Of meek repentance, wafting wallflower
scents

From out the crumbling ruins of fallen
pride

And chambers of transgression, now for-
lorn.

O, calm contented days, and peaceful
nights !

Who, when such good can be obtained,
would strive

To reconcile his manhood to a couch
Soft, as may seem, but, under that dis-
guise,

While, free as air, o'er printless sands we
 march,
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic
 woods ;
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness ;
 Where living things, and things in-
 animate,
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye
 and ear,
 And speak, to social reason's inner
 sense,
 With inarticulate language.

For, the Man—

Who, in this spirit, communes with the
 Forms

Of nature, who with understanding heart
 Both knows and loves such objects as
 excite

No morbid passions, no disquietude,
 No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must
 feel

The joy of that pure principle of love
 So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot
 choose

But seek for objects of a kindred love
 In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
 Accordingly he by degrees perceives
 His feelings of aversion softened down ;
 A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
 His sanity of reason not impaired,
 Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing
 clear,

From a clear fountain flowing, he looks
 round

And seeks for good : and finds the good
 he seeks :

Until abhorrence and contempt are
 things

He only knows by name ; and, if he
 hear,

From other mouths, the language which
 they speak

He is compassionate ; and has no thought,
 No feeling, which can overcome his love.

“ And further ; by contemplating these
 Forms

In the relations which they bear to
 man,

He shall discern, how, through the various
 means

Which silently they yield, are multiplied

The spiritual presences of absent things.
 Trust me, that for the instructed, time
 will come

When they shall meet no object but may
 teach

Some acceptable lesson to their minds
 Of human suffering, or of human joy.

So shall they learn, while all things speak
 of man,

Their duties from all forms ; and general
 laws,

And local accidents, shall tend alike
 To rouse, to urge ; and, with the will,

confer

The ability to spread the blessings wide
 Of true philanthropy. The light of love

Not failing, perseverance, from their
 steps

Departing not, for them shall be con-
 firmed

The glorious habit by which sense is
 made

Subservient still to moral purposes,
 Auxiliar to divine. That change shall

clothe

The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
 The burthen of existence. Science then

Shall be a precious visitant ; and then,
 And only then, be worthy of her name :

For then her heart shall kindle ; her dull
 eye,

Dull and inanimate, no more shall
 hang

Chained to its object in brute slavery ;
 But taught with patient interest to watch

The processes of things, and serve the
 cause

Of order and distinctness, not for this
 Shall it forget that its most noble use,

Its most illustrious province, must be
 found

In furnishing clear guidance, a support
 Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive*

power.

—So build we up the Being that we are ;
 Thus deeply drinking in the soul of

things.
 We shall be wise perforce ; and, while

inspired
 By choice, and conscious that the Will is

free,
 Shall move unswerving, even as if im-
 pelled

By strict necessity, along the path

In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
By the inferior Faculty that moulds,
With her minute and speculative pains,
Opinion, ever changing!

I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped
shell;

To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance
soon

Brightened with joy: for from within
were heard

Murmurings, whereby the monitor ex-
pressed

Mysterious union with its native sea.

Even such a shell the universe itself

Is to the ear of Faith; and there are
times,

I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;

Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart

Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it
not;

Pions beyond the intention of your
thought;

Devout above the meaning of your will.

—Yes, you have felt, and may not cease
to feel.

The estate of man would be indeed for-
lorn

If false conclusions of the reasoning
power

Made the eye blind, and closed the pas-
sages

Through which the ear converses with
the heart.

Has not the soul, the being of your life.

Received a shock of awful consciousness,
In some calm season, when these lofty
rocks

At night's approach bring down the un-
clouded sky,

To rest upon their circumambient walls;

A temple framing of dimensions vast,
And yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems,—choral song, or
burst

Sublime of instrumental harmony,
To glorify the Eternal! What if these

Did never break the stillness that prevails

Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,
And the soft woodlark here did never
chant

Her vespers,—Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering
air

Sends inspiration from the shadowy
heights.

And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;
The little rills, and waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams; and often, at the
hour

When issue forth the first pale stars, is
heard,

Within the circuit of this fabric huge,

One voice—the solitary raven, flying

Athwart the concave of the dark blue
dome,

Unseen, perchance above all power of
sight—

An iron knell! with echoes from afar

Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with
which

The wanderer accompanies her flight

Through the calm region, fades upon the
ear,

Diminishing by distance till it seemed

To expire; yet from the abyss is caught
again,

And yet again recovered!

But descending
From these imaginative heights, that
yield

Far-stretching views into eternity;

Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler
power

Your cherished sullenness is forced to
bend

Even here, where her amenities are
sown

With sparing hand. Then trust yourself
abroad

To range her blooming bowers, and
spacious fields,

Where on the labours of the happy
throng

She smiles, including in her wide em-
brace

City, and town, and tower,—and sea with
ships

Sprinkled;—be our Companion while we
track

Her rivers populous with gliding life;

BOOK FIFTH.

THE PASTOR.

-- ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley.—Reflections.—A large and populous Vale described.—The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him.—Church and Monuments.—The Solitary musing, and where.—Roused.—In the Churchyard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind.—Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to.—Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life.—Apology for the Rite.—Inconsistency of the best men.—Acknowledgment that practice falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind.—General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth.—Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive.—Pastor approaches.—Appeal made to him.—His answer.—Wanderer in sympathy with him.—Suggestion that the least ambitious enquirers may be most free from error.—The Pastor is desired to give some portraits of the living or dead from his own observation of life among these Mountains—and for what purpose.—Pastor consents.—Mountain cottage.—Excellent qualities of its Inhabitants.—Solitary expresses his pleasure; but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this kind.—Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of persons interred in the Churchyard.—Graves of unbaptized Infants.—Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence.—Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived.—Profession of belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

"FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one
rude House,
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,
And guardian rocks!—Farewell, attractive
seat!
To the still influx of the morning light
Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but
veiled
From human observation, as if yet
Primeval forests wrapped thee round with
dark
Impenetrable shade; once more fare-
well,
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,
By Nature destined from the birth of
things
For quietness profound!"

Upon the side
Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale
Which foot of holdest stranger would at-
tempt,
Lingering behind my comrades, thus I
breathed
A parting tribute to a spot that seemed
Like the fixed centre of a troubled
world.
Again I halted with reverted eyes:
The chain that would not slacken, was at
length
Snapt, and, pursuing leisurely my way,
How vain, thought I, is it by change of
place

To seek that comfort which the mind
denies;
Yet trial and temptation oft are shun-
ned
Wisely; and by such tenure do we hold
Frail life's possessions, that even they
whose fate
Yields no peculiar reason of complaint
Might, by the promise that is here, be
won
To steal from active duties, and embrace
Obscurity, and undisturbed repose.
—Knowledge, methinks, in these disor-
dered times,
Should be allowed a privilege to have
Her anchorites, like piety of old;
Men, who, from faction sacred, and un-
stained
By war, might, if so minded, turn aside
Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few
Living to God and nature, and content
With that communion. Consecrated be
The spots where such abide! But happier
still
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope
attends
That meditation and research may guide
His privacy to principles and powers
Discovered or invented; or set forth,
Through his acquaintance with the ways
of truth,
In lucid order: so that, when his course

Of order and of good. Whate'er we
 see,
 Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine ;
 Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,
 Earthly desires ; and raise, to loftier
 heights
 Of divine love, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent
 harangue,
 Poured forth with fervour in continuous
 stream,
 Such as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,
 An Indian Chief discharges from his
 breast
 Into the hearing of assembled tribes,
 In open circle seated round, and hushed
 As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf
 Stirs in the mighty woods.—So did he
 speak ;
 The words he uttered shall not pass
 away
 Dispersed, like music that the wind
 takes up
 By snatches, and lets fall, to be for-
 gotten ;
 No—they sank into me, the bounteous gift
 Of one whom time and nature had made
 wise.
 Gracing his doctrine with authority
 Which hostile spirits silently allow ;
 Of one accustomed to desires that feed
 On fruitage gathered from the tree of
 life ;
 To hopes on knowledge and experience
 built ;
 Of one in whom persuasion and belief
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become
 A passionate intuition ; whence the
 Soul,
 Though bound to earth by ties of pity
 and love,
 From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were
 reached,
 Had yet to travel far, but unto us,
 To us who stood low in that hollow
 dell,
 He had become invisible—a pomp
 Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread
 Over the mountain-sides, in contrast
 bold
 With ample shadows, seemingly, no less
 Than those resplendent lights, his rich
 bequest ;
 A dispensation of his evening power.
 —Adown the path that from the glen
 had led
 The funeral train, the Shepherd and his
 Mate
 Were seen descending :—forth to greet
 them ran
 Our little Page : the rustic pair ap-
 proach ;
 And in the Matron's countenance may be
 read
 Plain indication that the words, which
 told
 How that neglected Pensioner was sent
 Before his time into a quiet grave,
 Had done to her humanity no wrong :
 But we are kindly welcomed—promptly
 served
 With ostentatious zeal.—Along the floor
 Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell
 A grateful couch was spread for our
 repose ;
 Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we
 lay,
 Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled
 by sound
 Of far-off torrents charming the still
 night,
 And, to tired limbs and over-busy
 thoughts,
 Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

Hither, in prime of manhood, he with-
drew
From academic bowers. He loved the
spot—
Who does not love his native soil?—he
prized
The ancient rural character, composed
Of simple manners, feelings unsuppress'd
And undisguised, and strong and serious
thought ;
A character reflected in himself,
With such embellishment as well becometh
His rank and sacred function. This deep
vale
Winds far in reaches hidden from our
sight,
And one a turreted manorial hall
Adorns, in which the good Man's an-
cestors
Have dwelt through ages—Patrons of
this Cure.
To them, and to his own judicious pains,
The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole do-
main,
Owes that presiding aspect which might
well
Attract your notice ; statelier than could
else
Have been bestowed, through course of
common chance,
On an unwealthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our
way ;
Nor reached the village-churchyard till
the sun
Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had
risen
Above the summits of the highest hills,
And round our path darted oppressive
beams.

As chanced, the portals of the sacred
Pile
Stood open ; and we entered. On my
frame,
At such transition from the fervid air,
A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to
strike
The heart, in concert with that temperate
awe
And natural reverence which the place
inspired.
Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,

But large and massy ; for duration built ;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs, in some thick
wood,
All withered by the depth of shade above.
Admonitory texts inscribed the walls,
Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed ;
Each also crowned with winged heads—
a pair
Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor
Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
Was occupied by oaken benches ranged
In seemly rows ; the chancel only showed
Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly
state
By immemorial privilege allowed ;
Though with the Encincture's special
sanctity
But ill according. An heraldic shield,
Varying its tincture with the changeful
light,
Imbued the altar-window ; fixed aloft
A faded hatchment hung, and one by
time
Yet undiscoloured. A capacious pew
Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery
lined ;
And marble monuments were here dis-
played
Thronging the walls ; and on the floor
beneath
Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems
graven
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with
small
And shining effigies of brass inlaid.
The tribute by these various records
claimed,
Duly we paid, each after each, and read
The ordinary chronicle of birth,
Office, alliance, and promotion—all
Ending in dust ; of upright magistrates,
Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-
church,
And uncorrupted senators, alike
To king and people true. A brazen plate,
Not easily deciphered, told of one
Whose course of earthly honour was be-
gun
In quality of page among the train
Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the
seas

Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did over-
look

His unobtrusive merit ; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere
Accompanied these musings ; fervent
thanks

For my own peaceful lot and happy
choice ;

A choice that from the passions of the
world

Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat ;
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
Secluded, but not buried ; and with song
Cheering my days, and with industrious
thought ;

With the ever-welcome company of books ;
With virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining
aid,

And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,
Following the rugged road, by sledge or
wheel

Worn in the moorland, till I overtook
My two Associates, in the morning sun-
shine

Halting together on a rocky knoll,
Whence the bare road descended rapidly
To the green meadows of another vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his
hand

In sign of farewell. "Nay," the old Man
said,

"The fragrant air its coolness still retains ;
The herds and flocks are yet abroad to
crop

The dewy grass ; you cannot leave us
now,

We must not part at this inviting hour."
He yielded, though reluctant ; for his
mind

Instinctively disposed him to retire
To his own covert ; as a billow, heaved
Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.

—So we descend ; and winding round
a rock

Attain a point that showed the valley—
stretched

In length before us ; and, not distant far,

Upon a rising ground a grey church-
tower,
Whose battlements were screened by
tufted trees.

And towards a crystal Mere, that lay
beyond

Among steep hills and woods embosomed,
flowed

A copious stream with boldly-winding
course ;

Here traceable, there hidden—there again
To sight restored, and glittering in the
sun.

On the stream's bank, and everywhere,
appeared

Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots ;
Some scattered o'er the level, others
perched

On the hill-sides, a cheerful quiet scene,
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As 'mid some happy valley of the
Alps,"

Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic power,
Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,
Destroyed their unoffending common-
wealth,

A popular equality reigns here,
Save for yon stately House beneath whose
roof

A rural lord might dwell."—"No feudal
pomp,

Or power," replied the Wanderer, "to
that House

Belongs, but there in his allotted Home
Abides, from year to year, a genuine

Priest,
The shepherd of his flock ; or, as a king
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,

The father of his people. Such is he ;
And rich and poor, and young and old,

rejoice
Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouch-
safed

To me some portion of a kind regard ;
And something also of his inner mind

Hath he imparted—but I speak of him
As he is known to all.

The calm delights
Of unambitious piety he chose,

And 'learning's solid dignity ; though
born

Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful
friends.

We should recoil, stricken with sorrow
and shame,
To see disclosed, by such dread proof,
how ill
That which is done accords with what
is known

To reason, and by conscience is enjoined;
How idly, how perversely, life's whole
course,
To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
At her aspiring outset.

Mark the babe
Not long accustomed to this breathing
world;
One that hath barely learned to shape
a smile,
Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp
With tiny finger—to let fall a tear;
And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dis-
solves,
To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might
seem,
The outward functions of intelligent
man;
A grave proficient in amusive feats
Of puppetry, that from the lap declare
His expectations, and announce his
claims

To that inheritance which millions rue
That they were ever born to! In due
time

A day of solemn ceremonial comes;
When they, who for this Minor hold in
trust

Rights that transcend the loftiest herit-
age

Of mere humanity, present their Charge,
For this occasion daintily adorned,
At the baptismal font. And when the
pure

And consecrating element hath cleansed
The original stain, the child is there
received

Into the second ark, Christ's church,
with trust

That he, from wrath redeemed, therein
shall float

Over the billows of this troublesome
world

To the fair land of everlasting life.

Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
Are all renounced; high as the thought
of man

Can carry virtue, virtue is professed;
A dedication made, a promise given
For due provision to control and guide,
And unremitting progress to ensure
In holiness and truth."

"You cannot blame,"

Here interposing fervently I said,
"Rites which attest that Man by nature
lies

Bedded for good and evil in a gulf
Fearfully low; nor will your judgment
scorn

Those services, whereby attempt is made
To lift the creature toward that eminence
On which, now fallen, erewhile in ma-
jesty

He stood; or if not so, whose top serene
At least he feels 'tis given him to descry;
Not without aspirations, evermore
Returning, and injunctions from within
Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust
That what the Soul perceives, if glory
lost,

May be, through pains and persevering
hope,

Recovered; or, if hitherto unknown,
Lies within reach, and one day shall be
gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly an-
swered—"no;

The outward ritual and established forms
With which communities of men invest
These inward feelings, and the aspiring
vows

To which the lips give public utterance'
Are both a natural process; and by me
Shall pass uncensured; though the issue
prove,

Bringing from age to age its own re-
proach,

Incongruous, impotent, and blank.—But,
oh!

If to be weak is to be wretched—miser-
able,

As the lost Angel by a human voice
Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my
mind,

Far better not to move at all than move
By impulse sent from such illusive
power,—

That finds and cannot fasten down; that
grasps
And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps;

His royal state to show, and prove his strength

In tournament, upon the fields of France.
Another tablet registered the death,
And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight

Tried in the sea-fights of the second Charles.

Near this brave Knight his Father lay entombed ;

And, to the silent language giving voice.
I read,—how in his manhood's earlier day

He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine war
And rightful government subverted, found
One only solace—that he had espoused
A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved

For her benign perfections ; and yet more

Endeared to him, for this, that, in her state

Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's regard,

She with a numerous issue filled his house,

Who throve, like plants, uninjured by the storm

That laid their country waste. No need to speak

Of less particular notices assigned
To Youth or Maiden gone before their time,

And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old ;
Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed

In modest panegyric.

“These dim lines,
What would they tell?” said I,—but

from the task

Of puzzling out that faded narrative,
With whisper soft my venerable Friend,

Called me ; and, looking down the dark-
some aisle,

I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale
Standing apart ; with curvèd arm reclined

On the baptismal font ; his pallid face
Upruned, as if his mind were rapt, or

lost

In some abstraction ;—gracefully he stood,
The semblance bearing of a sculptured

form

That leans upon a monumental urn
In peace, from morn to night ; from year
to year.

Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse ;

Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,
Continuation haply of the notes

That had beguiled the work from which
he came,

With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder hung ;

To be deposited, for future need,
In their appointed place. The pale Re-

cluse

Withdrew ; and straight we followed,—
to a spot

Where sun and shade were intermixed ;
for there

A broad oak, stretching forth its leafy arms
From an adjoining pasture, overhung

Small space of that green churchyard
with a light

And pleasant awning. On the moss-
grown wall

My ancient Friend and I together took
Our seats ; and thus the Solitary spake,

Standing before us :—

“Did you note the mien
Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,

Death's hireling, who scoops out his
neighbour's grave,

Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,
All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,

Or plant a tree? And did you hear his
voice?

I was abruptly summoned by the sound
From some affecting images and thoughts,

Which then were silent ; but crave utter-
ance now.

“Much,” he continued, with dejected
look,

“Much, yesterday, was said in glowing
phrase

Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes
For future states of being ; and the wings

Of speculation, joyfully outspread,
Hovered above our destiny on earth :

But stoop, and place the prospect of the
soul

In sober contrast with reality,
And man's substantial life. If this mute

earth

Of what it holds could speak, and every
grave

Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,

That tempts, emboldens—for a time
sustains,
And then betrays ; accuses and inflicts
Remorseless punishment ; and so re-
treads
The inevitable circle : better far
Than this, to graze the herb in thought-
less peace,
By foresight, or remembrance, undis-
turbed !

“Philosophy ! and thou more vaunted
name
Religion ! with thy statelier retinue,
Faith, Hope, and Charity—from the
visible world
Choose for your emblems whatsoe’er ye
find
Of safest guidance or of firmest trust—
The torch, the star, the anchor ; nor
except
The cross itself, at whose unconscious
feet
The generations of mankind have knelt
Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears,
And through that conflict seeking rest—
of you,
High-titled Powers, am I constrained to
ask,
Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky
In faint reflection of infinitude
Stretched overhead, and at my pensive
feet
A subterraneous magazines of bones,
In whose dark vaults my own shall soon
be laid,
Where are your triumphs ? your dominion
where ?
And in what age admitted and con-
firmed ?
—Not for a happy land do I enquire,
Island or grove, that hides a blessed few
Who, with obedience willing and sincere,
To your serene authorities conform ;
But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,
Have ye withdrawn from passion’s crook-
ed ways,
Inspired, and thoroughly fortified ?—If
the heart
Could be inspected to its inmost folds
By sight undazzled with the glare of
praise,
Who shall be named—in the resplendent
line

Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man
Whom the best might of faith, wherever
fixed,
For one day’s little compass, has pre-
served
From painful and discreditable shocks
Of contradiction, from some vague desire
Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse
To some unsanctioned fear ?”

“If this be so,
And Man,” said I, “be in his noblest
shape
Thus pitifully infirm ; then, he who made,
And who shall judge the creature, will
forgive.
—Yet, in its general tenor, your com-
plaint
Is all too true ; and surely not misplaced :
For, from this pregnant spot of ground,
such thoughts
Rise to the notice of a serious mind
By natural exhalation. With the dead
In their repose, the living in their mirth,
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the
round
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,
By which, on Christian lands, from age to
age
Profession mocks performance. Earth is
sick,
And Heaven is weary, of the hollow
words
Which States and Kingdoms utter when
they talk
Of truth and justice. Turn to private
life
And social neighbourhood ; look we to
ourselves ;
A light of duty shines on every day
For all ; and yet how few are warmed or
cheered !
How few who mingle with their fellow-
men
And still remain self-governed, and apart,
Like this our honoured Friend ; and
thence acquire
Right to expect his vigorous decline,
That promises to the end a blest old
age !”

“Yet,” with a smile of triumph thus
exclaimed
The Solitary, “in the life of man,
If to the poetry of common speech

Grave, and in truth too often sad.—“Is
 Man
 A child of hope? Do generations press
 On generations, without progress made?
 Halts the individual, ere his hairs be grey,
 Perforce? Are we a creature in whom
 good
 Preponderates, or evil? Doth the will
 Acknowledge reason's law? A living
 power
 Is virtue, or no better than a name,
 Fleeting as health or beauty, and un-
 sound?
 So that the only substance which remains,
 (For thus the tenour of complaint hath
 run)
 Among so many shadows, are the pains
 And penalties of miserable life,
 Doomed to decay, and then expire in
 dust!
 —Our cogitations this way have been
 drawn,
 These are the points,” the Wanderer said,
 “on which
 Our inquest turns.—Accord, good Sir!
 the light
 Of your experience to dispel this gloom:
 By your persuasive wisdom shall the
 heart
 That frets, or languishes, be stilled and
 cheered.”

“Our nature,” said the Priest, in mild
 reply,
 “Angels may weigh and fathom: they
 perceive,
 With undistempred and unclouded spirit
 The object as it is; but, for ourselves,
 That speculative height *we* may not reach.
 The good and evil are our own; and we
 Are that which we would contemplate
 from far.
 Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—
 Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep—
 As virtue's self; like virtue is beset
 With snares; tried, tempted, subject to
 decay.
 Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
 Blind were we without these: through
 these alone
 Are capable to notice or discern
 Or to record; we judge, but cannot be
 Indifferent judges. 'Spite of proudest
 boast,

Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man
 An effort only, and a noble aim;
 A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,
 Still to be courted—never to be won.
 —Look forth, or each man dive into
 himself;
 What sees he but a creature too per-
 turbed;
 That is transported to excess; that
 yearns,
 Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too
 much;
 Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;
 Batters on spleen, or moulders in de-
 spair?
 Thus comprehension fails, and truth is
 missed;
 Thus darkness and delusion round our
 path
 Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury
 lurks
 Within the very faculty of sight.

“Yet for the general purposes of faith
 In Providence, for solace and support,
 We may not doubt that who can best
 subject
 The will to reason's law, can strictliest
 live
 And act in that obedience, he shall gain
 The clearest apprehension of those truths,
 Which unassisted reason's utmost power
 Is too infirm to reach. But, waiving this,
 And our regards confining within bounds
 Of less exalted consciousness, through
 which
 The very multitude are free to range,
 We safely may affirm that human life
 Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
 Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
 Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view;
 Even as the same is looked at, or ap-
 proached.
 Thus, when in changeful April fields are
 white
 With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen
 north
 Your walk conduct you hither, ere the
 sun
 Hath gained his noontide height, this
 churchyard, filled
 With mounds transversely lying side by
 side
 From east to west, before you will appear

Body and mind in one captivity ;
And let the light mechanic tool be hailed
With honour ; which, encasing by the
power

Of long companionship, the artist's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of
nerves,

From a too busy commerce with the
heart !

—Inglorious implements of craft and toil,
Both ye that shape and build, and ye
that force,

By slow solicitation, earth to yield
Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth
With wise reluctance ; you would I
extol,

Not for gross good alone which ye pro-
duce,

But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife
Of proofs and reasons ye preclude—in
those

Who to your dull society are born,
And with their humble birthright rest
content.

—Would I had ne'er renounced it !”

A slight flush
Of moral anger previously had tinged
The old Man's cheek ; but, at this closing
turn

Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he,
“That which we feel we utter ; as we
think

So have we argued ; reaping for our pains
No visible recompense. For our relief
You,” to the Pastor turning thus he
spoke,

“Have kindly interposed. May I entreat
Your further help ? The mine of real
life

Dig for us ; and present us, in the shape
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by
pains

Fruitless as those of aery alchemists,
Seek from the torturing crucible. There
lies

Around us a domain where you have long
Watched both the outward course and
inner heart :

Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts ;
For our disputes, plain pictures. Say
what man

He is who cultivates yon hanging field ;
What qualities of mind she bears, who
comes,

For morn and evening service, with her
pail,

To that green pasture ; place before our
sight

The family who dwell within yon house
Fenced round with glittering laurel ; or
in that

Below, from which the curling smoke
ascends,

Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,
And have the dead around us, take from
them

Your instances ; for they are both best
known,

And by frail man most equitably judged.
Epitomise the life ; pronounce, you can,
Authentic epitaphs on some of these

Who, from their lowly mansions hither
brought,

Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our
feet :

So, by your records, may our doubts be
solved ;

And so, not searching higher, we may
learn

*To prize the breath we share with human
kind ;*

And look upon the dust of man with awe.”

The Priest replied—“An office you
impose

For which peculiar requisites are mine ;
Yet much, I feel, is wanting—else the
task

Would be most grateful. True indeed it is
That they whom death has hidden from
our sight

Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with
these

The future cannot contradict the past :
Mortality's last exercise and proof

Is undergone ; the transit made that
shows

The very Soul, revealed as she departs.
Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,
Ere we descend into these silent vaults,
One picture from the living.

You behold,
High on the breast of yon dark mountain,
dark

With stony barrenness, a shining speck
Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a
shower

Brush it away, or cloud pass over it ;

And if the blustering wind that drives the clouds
 Care not for me, he lingers round my door,
 And makes me pastime when our tempers
 suit ;—
 But, above all, my thoughts are my
 support,
 My comfort :—would that they were
 oftener fixed
 On what, for guidance in the way that
 leads
 To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer
 taught ?
 The Matron ended—nor could I forbear
 To exclaim—'O happy ! yielding to the
 law
 Of these privations, richer in the main !—
 While thankless thousands are oppress
 and clogged
 By ease and leisure ; by the very wealth
 And pride of opportunity made poor ;
 While tens of thousands falter in their path,
 And sink, *through utter want of cheering*
light ;
 For you the hours of labour do not flag ;
 For you each evening hath its shining star,
 And every sabbath-day its golden sun."

"Yes !" said the Solitary with a smile
 That seemed to break from an expanding
 heart,
 "The untutored bird may found, and so
 construct,
 And with such soft materials line, her nest
 Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,
 That the thorns wound her not ; they
 only guard.
 Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts
 Of happy instinct which the woodland bird
 Shares with her species, nature's grace
 sometimes
 Upon the individual doth confer,
 Among her higher creatures born and
 trained
 To use of reason. And, I own that, tired
 Of the ostentatious world—a swelling
 stage
 With empty actions and vain passions
 stuffed,
 And from the private struggles of man-
 kind
 Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,
 Far less than once I trusted and be-
 lieved—

I love to hear of those, who, not contend-
 ing
 Nor summoned to contend for virtue's
 prize,
 Miss not the humbler good at which they
 aim,
 Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
 The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
 Into their contraries the petty plagues
 And hindrances with which they stand
 beset.
 In early youth, among my native hills,
 I knew a Scottish Pensant who possessed
 A few small crofts of stone-encumbered
 ground ;
 Masses of every shape and size, that lay
 Scattered about under the mouldering
 walls
 Of a rough precipice ; and some, apart,
 In quarters unobnoxious to such chance.
 As if the moon had showered them down
 in spite.
 But he repined not. Though the plough
 was scared
 By these obstructions, 'round the shady
 stones
 A fertilising moisture,' said the Swain,
 'Gathers, and is preserved ; and feeding
 dews
 And damps,' through all the droughty
 summer day
 From out their substance issuing, main-
 tain
 Herbage that never fails : no grass springs
 up
 So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine ?
 But thinly sown these natures ; rare, at
 least,
 The mutual aptitude of seed and soil
 That yields such kindly product. He,
 whose bed
 Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor
 Pensioner
 Brought yesterday from our sequestered
 dell
 Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,
 If living now, could otherwise report
 Of rustic loneliness : that grey-haired
 Orphan—
 So call him, for humanity to him
 No parent was—feelingly could have told.
 In life, in death, what solitude can breed
 Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice ;
 Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.

And saw the light—now fixed—and
shifting now—

Not like a dancing meteor, but in line
Of never-varying motion, to and fro.
It is no night-fire of the naked hills,
Thought I—some friendly covert must be
near.

With this persuasion thitherward my
steps

I turn, and reach at last the guiding light ;
Joy to myself ! but to the heart of her
Who there was standing on the open hill,
(The same kind Matron whom your
tongue hath praised)

Alarm and disappointment ! The alarm
Ceased, when she learned through what
mishap I came,
And by what help had gained those distant
fields.

Drawn from her cottage, on that airy
height,

Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,
Or paced the ground—to guide her Husband
home,

By that unwearied signal, kenne'd afar ;
An anxious duty ! which the lofty site,
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
Imposes, whensoever untoward chance
Detains him after his accustomed hour
Till night lies black upon the ground.

'But come,
Come,' said the Matron, 'to our poor
abode ;

Those dark rocks hide it !' Entering, I
beheld

A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth
Sate down ; and to her office, with leave
asked,

The Dame returned.

Or ere that glowing pile
Of mountain turf required the builder's
hand

Its wasted splendour to repair, the door
Opened, and she re-entered with glad
looks,

Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,
Frank conversation, made the evening's
treat :

Need a bewildered traveller wish for
more ?

But more was given ; I studied as we sate
By the bright fire, the good Man's form,
and face

Not less than beautiful ; an open brow

Of undisturbed humanity ; a cheek
Suffused with something of a feminine hue ;
Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard ;
But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,
Expression slowly varying, that evinced
A tardy apprehension. From a fount
Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,
But honoured once, those features and
that mien

May have descended, though I see them
here.

In such a man, so gentle and subdued, :
Withal so graceful in his gentleness,
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.
This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld
By sundry recollections of such fall
From high to low, ascent from low to high,
As books record, and even the careless
mind

Cannot but notice among men and things)
Went with me to the place of my repose.

"Roused by the crowing cock at dawn
of day,

I yet had risen too late to interchange
A morning salutation with my Host,
Gone forth already to the far-off seat
Of his day's work. 'Three dark mid-
winter months

Pass,' said the Matron, 'and I never see,
Save when the sabbath brings its kind
release,

My helpmate's face by light of day. He
quits

His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we
gain the bread

For which we pray ; and for the wants
provide

Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.
Companions have I many ; many friends,
Dependants, comforters—my wheel, my
fire,

All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,
The cackling hen, the tender chicken
brood,

And the wild birds that gather round my
porch.

This honest sheep-dog's countenance I
read ;

With him can talk ; nor blush to waste a
word

On creatures less intelligent and shrewd.

And more secure, by very weight of all
That, for support, rests on them; the
decayed
And burthensome; and lastly, that poor
few

Whose light of reason is with age extinct;
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
The earliest summoned and the longest
spared—

Are here deposited, with tribute paid
Various, but unto each some tribute paid;
As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,
Society were touched with kind concern,
And gentle 'Nature grieved, that one
should die;'

Or, if the change demanded no regret,
Observed the liberating stroke—and
blessed.

"And whence that tribute? wherefore
these regards?

Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man
(Though claiming high distinction upon
earth

As the sole spring and fountain-head of
tears,

His own peculiar utterance for distress
Or gladness)—No." the philosophic Priest
Continued, "'tis not in the vital seat
Of feeling to produce them, without aid
From the pure soul, the soul sublime and
pure;

With her two faculties of eye and ear,
The one by which a creature, whom his sins
Have rendered prone, can upward look to
heaven;

The other that empowers him to perceive

The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
Whispering those truths in stillness, which
the WORD,

To the four quarters of the winds, pro-
claims.

Not without such assistance could the
use

Of these benign observances prevail:
Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus
maintained;

And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the
shocks,

The fluctuation and decay of things,
Embodied and established these high
truths

In solemn institutions:—men convinced
That life is love and immortality,
The being one, and one the element.
There lies the channel, and original bed,
From the beginning, hollowed out and
scooped

For Man's affections—else betrayed and
lost,

And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!
This is the genuine course, the aim, and
end

Of prescient reason; all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and per-
verse.

The faith partaking of those holy times,
Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, in tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless
joy."

—But your compliance, Sir ! with our
request
My words too long have hindered.”
Undeterred,
Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,
In no ungracious opposition given
To the confiding spirit of his own
Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor
said,
Around him looking ; “Where shall I
begin ?
Who shall be first selected from my flock
Gathered together in their peaceful fold ?”
He paused—and having lifted up his
eyes
To the pure heaven, he cast them down
again
Upon the earth beneath his feet ; and
spake :—

“To a mysteriously-united pair
This place is consecrate ; to Death and
Life,
And to the best affections that proceed
From their conjunction ; consecrate to
faith
In him who bled for man upon the cross ;
Hallowed to revelation ; and no less
To reason’s mandates ; and the hopes
divine
Of pure imagination ;—above all,
To charity, and love, that have provided,
Within these precincts, a capacious bed
And receptacle, open to the good
And evil, to the just and the unjust ;
In which they find an equal resting-place:
Even as the multitude of kindred brooks
And streams, whose murmur fills this
hollow vale,
Whether their course be turbulent or
smooth,
Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost
Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,
And end their journey in the same repose !

“And blest are they who sleep ; and
we that know,
While in a spot like this we breathe and
walk,
That all beneath us by the wings are
covered
Of motherly humanity, outspread
And gathering all within their tender
shade,
wo.

Though loth and slow to come ! A battle-
field,
In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
With this compared, makes a strange
spectacle !
A dismal prospect yields the wild shore
strewn
With wrecks, and trod by feet of young
and old
Wandering about in miserable search
Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea
Restores not to their prayer ! Ah ! who
would think
That all the scattered subjects which
compose
Earth’s melancholy vision through the
space
Of all her climes—these wretched, these
depraved,
To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
From the delights of charity cut off,
To pity dead, the oppressor and the oppressed ;
Tyrants who utter the destroying word,
And slaves who will consent to be de-
stroyed—
Were of one species with the sheltered few,
Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,
Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot,
This file of infants ; some that never
breathed
The vital air ; others, which, though allowed
That privilege, did yet expire too soon,
Or with too brief a warning, to admit
Administration of the holy rite
That lovingly consigns the babe to the
arms
Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.
These that in trembling hope are laid apart ;
And the besprinkled nursling, unrequired
Till he begins to smile upon the breast
That feeds him ; and the tottering little-
one
Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek ;
The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy ;
the bold youth
Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid
Smitten while all the promises of life
Are opening round her ; those of middle
age,
Cast down while confident in strength
they stand,
Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might
seem.

And by ambitious longings undisturbed ;
 Men, whose delight is where their duty
 leads
 Or fixes them ; whose least distinguished
 day
 Shines with some portion of that heavenly
 lustre
 Which makes the sabbath lovely in the
 sight
 Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.
 —And, as on earth it is the doom of truth
 To be perpetually attacked by foes
 Open or covert, be that priesthood still,
 For her defence, replenished with a band
 Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts
 Thoroughly disciplined ; nor (if in course
 Of the revolving world's disturbances
 Cause should recur, which righteous
 Heaven avert !
 To meet such trial) from their spiritual
 sires
 Degenerate ; who, constrained to wield
 the sword
 Of disputation, shrunk not, though as-
 sailed
 With hostile din, and combating in sight
 Of angry umpires, partial and unjust ;
 And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in
 fire,
 So to declare the conscience satisfied :
 Nor for their bodies would accept release ;
 But, blessing God and praising him, be-
 queathed
 With their last breath, from out the
 smouldering flame,
 The faith which they by diligence had
 earned,
 Or, through illuminating grace, received.
 For their dear countrymen, and all man-
 kind.
 O high exampel, constancy divine !

Even such a Man (inheriting the zeal
 And from the sanctity of elder times
 Not deviating,—a priest, the like of
 whom,
 If multiplied, and in their stations set,
 Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land
 Spread true religion and her genuine
 fruits)
 Before me stood that day ; on holy
 ground
 Fraught with the relics of mortality,
 Exalting tender themes, by just degrees

To lofty raised ; and to the highest, last ;
 The head and mighty paramount of
 truths,—
 Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,
 For mortal creatures, conquered and se-
 cured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith
 Announced, as a preparatory act
 Of reverence done to the spirit of the
 place,
 The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground ;
 Not, as before, like one oppressed with awe,
 But with a mild and social cheerfulness ;
 Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

"At morn or eve, in your retired
 domain,
 Perchance you not unfrequently have
 marked
 A Visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers ;
 Too delicate employ, as would appear,
 For one, who, though of drooping mien,
 had yet
 From Nature's kindness received a frame
 Robust as ever rural labour bred."

The Solitary answered : "Such a Form
 Full well I recollect. We often crossed
 Each other's path ; but, as the Intruder
 seemed
 Fondly to prize the silence which he
 kept,
 And I as willingly did cherish mine,
 We met, and passed, like shadows. I
 have heard,
 From my good Host, that being crazed in
 brain
 By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks,
 Dived into caves, and pierced the matted
 woods,
 In hope to find some virtuous herb of
 power
 To cure his malady !"

The Vicar smiled,—
 "Alas ! before to-morrow's sun goes down
 His habitation will be here : for him
 That open grave is destined."

"Died he then
 Of pain and grief ?" the Solitary asked,
 "Do not believe it ; never could that be !"

"He loved," the Vicar answered,
 "deeply loved,

BOOK SIXTH.

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

ARGUMENT.

Poet's Address to the State and Church of England.—The Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church.—He begins his Narratives with an instance of unrequited Love.—Anguish of mind subdued, and how.—The lonely Miner.—An instance of perseverance.—Which leads by contrast to an example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness.—Solitary, applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an instance of some Stranger, whose dispositions may have led him to end his days here.—Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonising influence of Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life.—The rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed, and where.—Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality.—Answer of the Pastor.—What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives.—Conversation upon this.—Instance of an unamiable character, a Female, and why given.—Contrasted with this, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and betrayed love.—Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender.—With this instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female Children.

HAIL to the crown by Freedom shaped—
to gird
An English Sovereign's brow ! and to the
throne
Whereon he sits ! Whose deep foundations
lie
In veneration and the people's love ;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is
law.
—Hail to the State of England ! And
conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her
Church !
Founded in truth ; by blood of Martyrdom
Cemented ; by the hands of Wisdom
reared
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent and unproved. The voice, that
greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for
both ;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure long as the sea sur-
rounds
This favoured Land, or sunshine warms
her soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious
plains !
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-
towers,
And spires whose "silent finger points to
heaven ;"

Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city
breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may
ne'er
That true succession fail of English
hearts,
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
—Thus never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces, un-
opposed ;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions ; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn ;
And, if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow,
Upon the thronged abodes of busy men
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind
Exclusively with transitory things)
An air and mien of dignified pursuit ;
Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds.

The Poet, fostering for his native land
Such hope, entreats that servants may
abound
Of those pure altars worthy ; ministers
Detached from pleasure, to the love of
gain
Superior, insusceptible of pride,

The Wanderer, "I infer that he was
healed
By perseverance in the course prescribed."

"You do not err: the powers, that had
been lost
By slow degrees, were gradually regained;
The fluttering nerves composed; the beating
heart
In rest established; and the jarring
thoughts
To harmony restored.—But yon dark
mould
Will cover him, in the fulness of his
strength,
Hastily smitten by a fever's force;
Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused
Time to look back with tenderness on her
Whom he had loved in passion; and to send
Some farewell words—with one, but one,
request;
That, from his dying hand, she would
accept
Of his possessions that which most he
prized;
A book, upon whose leaves some chosen
plants,
By his own hand disposed with nicest care,
In undecaying beauty were preserved;
Mute register, to him, of time and place,
And various fluctuations in the breast;
To her, a monument of faithful love
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

"Close to his destined habitation, lies
One who achieved a humbler victory,
Though marvellous in its kind. A place
there is
High in these mountains, that allured a
band
Of keen adventurers to unite their pains
In search of precious ore: they tried, were
foiled—
And all desisted, all, save him alone.
He, taking counsel of his own clear
thoughts,
And trusting only to his own weak
hands,
Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,
Unseconded, uncoun tenanced; then, as
time
Passed on, while still his lonely efforts
found

No recompense, derided; and at length,
By many pitied, as insane of mind;
By others dreaded as the luckless thrall
Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope
By various mockery of sight and sound;
Hope after hope, encouraged and de-
stroyed.
—But when the lord of seasons had
matured
The fruits of earth through space of twice
ten years,
The mountain's entrails offered to his
view
And trembling grasp the long-deferred
reward.
Not with more transport did Columbus
greet
A world, his rich discovery! But our
Swain,
A very hero till his point was gained,
Proved all unable to support the weight
Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he
looked
With an unsettled liberty of thought,
Wishes and endless schemes; by daylight
walked
Giddy and restless; ever and anon
Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate
cups;
And truly might be said to die of joy!
He vanished; but conspicuous to this
day
The path remains that linked his cottage-
door
To the mine's mouth; a long and slanting
track,
Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,
Worn by his daily visits to and from
The darksome centre of a constant hope.
This vestige, neither force of beating
rain,
Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw
Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away:
And it is named, in memory of the event,
The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."
"Thou from whom
Man has his strength," exclaimed the
Wanderer, "oh!
Do thou direct it! To the virtuous grant
The penetrative eye which can perceive
In this blind world the guiding vein of
hope;
That, like this Labourer, such may dig
their way,

Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared
At length to tell his love, but sued in
vain;

Rejected, yea repelled; and, if with scorn
Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but
A high-prized plume which female Beauty
wears

In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
To cheat the world, or from herself to
hide

Humiliation, when no longer free,
That he could brook, and glory in;—but
when

The tidings came that she whom he had
wooed

Was wedded to another, and his heart
Was forced to rend away its only hope;
Then, Pity could have scarcely found on
earth

An object worthier of regard than he,
In the transition of that bitter hour!
Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer
say

That in the act of preference he had
been

Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was
gone!

Had vanished from his prospects and
desires;

Not by translation to the heavenly choir
Who have put off their mortal spoils—
ah no!

She lives another's wishes to complete,—
'Joy be their lot, and happiness,' he cried,
'His lot and hers, as misery must be
mine!'

"Such was that strong concussion; but
the Man,
Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some
huge oak

By a fierce tempest shaken, soon re-
sumed

The steadfast quiet natural to a mind
Of composition gentle and sedate,
And, in its movements, circumspect and
slow.

To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,
O'er which enchained by science he had
loved

To bend, he stoutly re-addressed him-
self,

Resolved to quell his pain, and search for
truth

With keener appetite (if that might be)
And closer industry. Of what ensued
Within the heart no outward sign ap-
peared

Till a betraying sickliness was seen
To tinge his cheek; and through his
frame it crept

With slow mutation unconcealable;
Such universal change as autumn makes
In the fair body of a leafy grove
Discoloured, then divested.

'Tis affirmed
By poets skilled in nature's secret ways
That Love will not submit to be controlled
By mastery:—and the good Man lacked
not friends

Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,
A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.
'Go to the hills,' said one, 'remit a while
This baneful diligence:—at early morn
Count the fresh air, explore the heaths
and woods;

And, leaving it to others to foretell,
By calculations sage, the ebb and flow
Of tides, and when the moon will be
eclipsed,

Do you, for your own benefit, construct
A calendar of flowers, plucked as they
blossom

Where health abides, and cheerfulness,
and peace.'

The attempt was made;—'tis needless to
report

How hopelessly; but innocence is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind
A thing most sacred in the eye of
Heaven;

That opens, for such sufferers, relief
Within the soul, fountains of grace
divine;

And doth commend their weakness and
disease

To Nature's care, assisted in her office
By all the elements that round her wait
To generate, to preserve, and to re-
store;

And by her beautiful array of forms
Shedding sweet influence from above; or
pure

Delight exhaling from the ground they
tread."

"Impute it not to impatience, if,"
exclaimed

wreck of gaiety ! But soon revived strength, in power refitted, he renewed suit to Fortune ; and she smiled again on a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose, rice sank as willingly. For lie—whose nerves
 are used to thrill with pleasure, while his voice
 fitly accompanied the tuneful harp, the nice finger of fair ladies touched glittering halls—was able to derive no less enjoyment from an abject choice. No happier for the moment—who more blithe
 than this fallen Spirit ? in those dreary holds
 his talents lending to exalt the freaks of merry-making beggars,—now, provoked
 to laughter multiplied in louder peals by his malicious wit ; then, all enchained With mute astonishment, themselves to see
 in their own arts outdone, their fame eclipsed.
 As by the very presence of the Fiend Who dictates and inspires illusive feats, For knavish purposes ! The city, too, (With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers
 Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect As there to linger, there to eat his bread, Hired minstrel of voluptuous blandishment ;
 Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,
 Listen who would, be wrought upon who might,
 Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay. —Such the too frequent tenour of his boast
 In ears that relished the report ;—but all Was from his Parents happily concealed ; Who saw enough for blame and pitying love.
 They also were permitted to receive His last, repentant breath ; and closed his eyes,
 No more to open on that irksome world Where he had long existed in the state Of a young fowl beneath one mother hatched,
 Though from another sprung, different in kind :

Where he had lived, and could not cease to live,
 Distracted in propensity ; content With neither element of good or ill ; And yet in both rejoicing ; man unblest ; Of contradictions infinite the slave,
 Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him
 One with himself, and one with them that sleep."

" 'Tis strange," observed the Solitary.
 "strange
 It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful, That in a land where charity provides For all that can no longer feed themselves. A man like this should choose to bring his shame
 To the parental door ; and with his sighs Infect the air which he had freely breathed In happy infancy. He could not pine Through lack of converse ; no—he must have found
 Abundant exercise for thought and speech, In his dividual being, self-reviewed, Self-catechised, self-punished. — Some there are
 Who, drawing near their final home, and much
 And daily longing that the same were reached,
 Would rather shun than seek the fellowship
 Of kindred mould.—Such haply here are laid ?"

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Genius of our hills—
 Who seems, by these stupendous barriers cast
 Round his domain, desirous not alone To keep his own, but also to exclude All other progeny—doth sometimes lure, Even by his studied depth of privacy, The unhappy alien hoping to obtain Concealment, or seduced by wish to find, In place from outward molestation free, Helps to internal ease. Of many such Could I discourse ; but as their stay was brief,
 So their departure only left behind Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other trace
 Survives, for worthy mention. of a pair

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified ;
Grant to the wise *his* firmness of re-
solve ! ”

“That prayer were not superfluous,”
said the Priest,

“Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,
That Westminster, for Britain's glory,
holds

Within the bosom of her awful pile,
Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh,
Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is
due to all,

Wherever laid, who living fell below
Their virtue's humbler mark ; a sigh of
pain

If to the opposite extreme they sank.
How would you pity her who yonder rests ;
Him, farther off ; the pair, who here are
laid ;

But, above all, that mixture of earth's
mould

Whom sight of this green hillock to my
mind

Recalls !

He lived not till his locks were
nipped

By seasonable frost of age ; nor died
Before his temples, prematurely forced
To mix the manly brown with silver grey,
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath
usurped

The natural crown that sage Experience
wears.

Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,
And prompt to exhibit all that he pos-
sessed

Or could perform ; a zealous actor, hired
Into the troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn
Into the lists of giddy enterprise—

Such was he ; yet, as if within his frame
Two several souls alternately had lodged,
Two sets of manners could the Youth
put on ;

And, laughed with antics as the Indian
bird

That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth
and still

As the mute swan that floats adown the
stream,

Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,

Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,
That flutters on the bough, lighter than
he ;

And not a flower, that droops in the
green shade,

More winningly reserved ! — If ye enquire
How such consummate elegance was bred
Amid these wilds, this answer may suf-
fice ;

'Twas Nature's will ; who sometimes un-
dertakes,

For the reproof of human vanity,
Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.

Hence, for this Favourite—lavishly en-
dowed

With personal gifts, and bright instinctive
wit,

While both, embellishing each other,
stood

Yet farther recommended by the charm
Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,
And skill in letters—every fancy shaped
Fair expectations ; nor, when to the
world's

Capacious field forth went the Adven-
turer, there

Were he and his attainments overlooked,
Or scantily rewarded ; but all hopes,
Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,
Like blighted buds ; or clouds that mi-
micked land

Before the sailor's eye ; or diamond drops
That sparkling decked the morning grass ;
or aught

That *was* attractive, and hath ceased to
be !

“ Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the
rites

Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,
Who, by humiliation undeterred,
Sought for his weariness a place of rest
Within his Father's gates.—Whence came
he?—clothed

In tattered garb, from hovels where abides
Necessity, the stationary host
Of vagrant poverty ; from rifted barns
Where no one dwells but the wide-staring
owl

And the owl's prey ; from these bare
haunts, to which

He had descended from the proud saloon,
He came, the ghost of beauty and of
health,

And if, at times, they fretted with the
yoke,
Those very bickerings made them love it
more.

"A favourite boundary to their length-
ened walks
This Churchyard was. And, whether they
had come

Treading their path in sympathy and
linked

In social converse, or by some short space
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,
One spirit seldom failed to extend its
sway

Over both minds, when they awhile had
marked

The visible quiet of this holy ground,
And breathed its soothing air ;—the spirit
of hope

And saintly magnanimity ; that—spurn-
ing

The field of selfish difference and dispute,
And every care which transitory things,
Earth and the kingdoms of the earth,
create—

Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,
Perclude forgiveness, from the praise de-
barred,

Which else the Christian virtue might
have claimed.

"There live who yet remember here to
have seen

Their courtly figures, seated on the stump
Of an old yew, their favourite resting-
place.

But as the remnant of the long-lived tree—
Was disappearing by a swift decay,
They, with joint care, determined to erect,
Upon its site, a dial, that might stand
For public use preserved, and thus sur-
vive

As their own private monument : for this
Was the particular spot, in which they
wished

(And Heaven was pleased to accomplish
the desire)

That, undivided, their remains should lie.
So, where the mouldered tree had stood,
was raised

Yon structure, framing, with the ascent
of steps

That to the decorated pillar lead,

A work of art more sumptuous than
might seem

To suit this place ; yet built in no proud
scorn

Of rustic homeliness ; they only aimed
To ensure for it respectful guardianship.
Around the margin of the plate, whereon
The shadow falls to note the stealthy
hours,

Winds an inscriptive legend."—At these
words

Thither we turned ; and gathered, as we
read,

The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers
couched :

*"Time flies ; it is his melancholy task
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
And reproduce the troubles he destroys.
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Discerning Mortal ! do thou serve the will
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,
Which the world wants, shall be for thee
confirmed !"*

"Smooth verse, inspired by no un-
lettered Muse,"

Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the strain
of thought

Accords with nature's language ;—the soft
voice

Of yon white torrent falling down the
rocks

Speaks, less distinctly, to the same ef-
fect.

If, then, their blended influence be not
lost

Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,
Even upon mine, the more are we re-
quired

To feel for those among our fellow-men,
Who, offering no obeisance to the world,
Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a
sense

Of constant infelicity, cut off
From peace like exiles on some barren
rock,

Their life's appointed prison ; not more
free

Than sentinels, between two armies, set,
With nothing better, in the chill night
air,

Than their own thoughts to comfort them.
Say why

That ancient story of Prometheus chained

Who, from the pressure of their several fates,
 Meeting as strangers, in a petty town
 Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach
 Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends
 True to their choice; and gave their bones in trust
 To this loved cemetery, here to lodge
 With unescutcheoned privacy interred
 Far from the family vault.—A Chieftain one
 By right of birth; within whose spotless breast
 The fire of ancient Caledonia burned:
 He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed
 The Stuart, landing to resume, by force
 Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,
 Aroused his clan; and, fighting at their head,
 With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent
 Culloden's fatal overthrow. Escaped
 From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores
 He fled; and when the lenient hand of time
 Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,
 For his obscured condition, an obscure
 Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

“The other, born in Britain's southern tract,
 Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
 His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
 There, where *they* placed them who in conscience prized
 The new succession, as a line of kings
 Whose oath had virtue to protect the land
 Against the dire assaults of papacy
 And arbitrary rule. But launch thy bark
 On the distempered flood of public life,
 And cause for most rare triumph will be thine
 If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,
 The stream, that bears thee forward,
 prove not, soon
 Or late, a perilous master. He—who oft,
 Beneath the battlements and stately trees
 wo.

That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,
 Had moralised on this, and other truths
 Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied—
 Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh
 Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitterness,
 When he had crushed a plentiful estate
 By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat
 In Britain's senate. Fruitless was the attempt:
 And while the uproar of that desperate strife
 Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,
 The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed name,
 (For the mere sound and echo of his own
 Haunted him with sensations of disgust
 That he was glad to lose) slunk from the world
 To the deep shade of those untravelled Wilds;
 In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed
 An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they met,
 Two doughty champions; flaming Jacobite
 And sullen Hanoverian! You might think
 That losses and vexations, less severe
 Than those which they had severally sustained,
 Would have inclined each to abate his zeal
 For his ungrateful cause; no,—I have heard
 My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm
 Of that small town encountering thus,
 they filled,
 Daily, its bowling-green with harmless strife;
 Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the church;
 And vexed the market-place. But in the breasts
 Of these opponents gradually was wrought,
 With little change of general sentiment,
 Such leaning towards each other, that
 their days
 By choice were spent in constant fellowship;

The lingering gleam of their departed
lives

To oral record, and the silent heart ;
Depositories faithful and more kind
Than fondest epitaph : for, if those fail,
What boots the sculptured tomb ? And
who can blame,

Who rather would not envy, men that feel
This mutual confidence ; if, from such
source,

The practice flow,—if thence, or from a
deep

And general humility in death ?
Nor should I much condemn it, if it
spring

From disregard of time's destructive
power,

As only capable to prey on things
Of earth, and human nature's mortal part.

"Yet—in less simple districts, where
we see

Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone
In courting notice ; and the ground all
paved

With commendations of departed worth ;
Reading, where'er we turn, of innocent
lives,

Of each domestic charity fulfilled,
And sufferings meekly borne—I, for my
part,

Though with the silence pleased that here
prevails,
Among those fair recitals also range,
Soothed by the natural spirit which they
breathe.

And, in the centre of a world whose soil
Is rank with all unkindness, compassed
round

With such memorials, I have sometimes
felt,

It was no momentary happiness
To have *one* Enclosure where the voice
that speaks

In envy or detraction is not heard ;
Which malice may not enter ; where the
traces

Of evil inclinations are unknown ;
Where love and pity tenderly unite
With resignation ; and no jarring tone
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb
Of amity and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned,"
The Pastor said, "I willingly confine

My narratives to subjects that excite
Feelings with these accordant ; love, es-
teem,

And admiration ; lifting up a veil,
A sunbeam introducing among hearts
Retired and covert ; so that ye shall have
Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of nature's unambitious underwood,
And flowers that prosper in the shade.

And when

I speak of such among my flock as
swerved

Or fell, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse, or error, something
more

Than brotherly forgiveness may attend ;
To such will we restrict our notice, else
Better my tongue were mute.

And yet there are,
I feel, good reasons why we should not
leave

Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.
For, strength to persevere and to support,
And energy to conquer and repel—

These elements of virtue, that declare
The native grandeur of the human soul—
Are oftentimes not unprofitably shown
In the perverseness of a selfish course :
Truth every day exemplified, no less
In the grey cottage by the murmuring
stream

Than in fantastic conqueror's roving
camp,
Or 'mid the factious senate unappalled
Whoe'er may sink, or rise—to sink again,
As merciless proscription ebbs and flows.

"There," said the Vicar, pointing as he
spake,

"A woman rests in peace ; surpassed by
few

In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.
Tall was her stature ; her complexion
dark

And saturnine ; her head not raised to
hold

Converse with heaven, nor yet deprest
towards earth,

But in projection carried, as she walked
For ever musing. Sunken were her eyes ;
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual
thought

Was her broad forehead ; like the brow
of one

To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus ;
 The vulture, the inexhaustible repast
 Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant
 the woes
 By Tantalus entailed upon his race,
 And the dark sorrows of the line of
 Thebes?
 Fictions in form, but in their substance
 truths,
 Tremendous truths ! familiar to the men
 Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours.
 Exchange the shepherd's frock of native
 grey
 For robes with regal purple tinged ; con-
 vert
 The crook into a sceptre ; give the pomp
 Of circumstance ; and here the tragic
 Muse
 Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.
 Amid the groves, under the shadowy
 hills,
 The generations are prepared ; the pangs,
 The internal pangs, are ready ; the dread
 strife
 Of poor humanity's afflicted will
 Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest in answer,
 "these be terms
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,
 We, whose established and unailing
 trust
 Is in trusting Providence, admit
 That, through all stations, human life
 abounds
 With mysteries ;—for, if Faith were left
 untried,
 How could the might, that lurks within
 her, then
 Be shown? her glorious excellence—that
 ranks
 Among the first of Powers and Virtues—
 proved?
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude
 That sympathy which you for others ask ;
 And I could tell, not travelling for my
 theme
 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous
 crimes
 And strange disasters ; but I pass them
 by,
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed
 in peace.
 —Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat

Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight
 By the deformities of brutish vice :
 For, in such portraits, though a vulgar
 face
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life
 And unassuming manners might at once
 Be recognised by all—"Ah! do not
 think,"
 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly ex-
 claimed,
 "Wish could be ours that you, for such
 poor gain,
 (Gain shall I call it?—gain of what?—for
 whom?)
 Should breathe a word tending to violate
 Your own pure spirit. Not a step we
 look for
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve
 Which common human-heartedness in-
 spires,
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far
 From us to infringe the laws of charity.
 Let judgment here in mercy be pro-
 nounced ;
 This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and
 this
 Wisdom enjoins ; but if the thing we seek
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in
 mind
 How, from his lofty throne, the sun can
 fling
 Colours as bright on exhalations bred
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,
 As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,
 Or the pellucid lake."
 "Small risk," said I,
 "Of such illusion do we here incur ;
 Temptation here is none to exceed the
 truth ;
 No evidence appears that they who rest
 Within this ground, were covetous of
 praise,
 Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.
 Green is the Churchyard, beautiful and
 green,
 Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,
 A heaving surface, almost wholly free
 From interruption of sepulchral stones,
 And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
 And everlasting flowers. These Dalesmen
 trust

This was the death-doomed Woman heard
 to say
 In bitterness, 'and must she rule and
 reign,
 Sole Mistress of this house, when I am
 gone?
 Tend what I tended, calling it her own !'
 Enough ;—I fear, too much.—One vernal
 evening,
 While she was yet in prime of health and
 strength,
 I well remember, while I passed her door
 Alone, with loitering step, and upward
 eye
 Turned towards the planet Jupiter that
 hung
 Above the centre of the Vale, a voice
 Roused me, her voice ; it said, 'That
 glorious star
 In its untroubled element will shine
 As now it shines, when we are laid in
 earth
 And safe from all our sorrows.' With a
 sigh
 She spake, yet I believe, not unsustained
 By faith in glory that shall far transcend
 Aught by these perishable heavens dis-
 closed
 To sight or mind. Nor less than care
 divine
 Is divine mercy. She, who had rebelled,
 Was into meekness softened and sub-
 dued :
 Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,
 With resignation sink into the grave ;
 And her uncharitable acts, I trust,
 And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven.
 Tho', in this Vale, remembered with deep
 awe.

THE Vicar paused : and toward a seat
 advanced.
 A long stone-seat, fixed in the Church-
 yard wall ;
 Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part
 Offering a sunny resting-place to them
 Who seek the House of worship, while
 the bells
 Yet ring with all their voices, or before
 The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.
 Beneath the shade we all sat down ; and
 there
 He, first, uninvited, he resumed.

"As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
 Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of
 March,
 Screened by its parent, so that little
 mound
 Lies guarded by its neighbour ; the small
 heap
 Speaks for itself ; an Infant there doth
 rest ;
 The sheltering hillock is the Mother's
 grave.
 If mild discourse, and manners that con-
 ferred
 A natural dignity on humblest rank ;
 If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
 That for a face not beautiful did more
 Than beauty for the fairest face can do ;
 And if religious tenderness of heart,
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
 Shed when the clouds had gathered and
 distained
 The spotless ether of a maiden life ;
 If these may make a hallowed spot of
 earth
 More holy in the sight of God or Man :
 Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall
 brood
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

"Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless
 man.
 Could field or grove, could any spot of
 earth,
 Show to his eye an image of the pangs
 Which it hath witnessed ; render back
 an echo
 Of the sad steps by which it hath been
 trod !
 There, by her innocent Baby's precious
 grave,
 And on the very turf that roofs her own.
 The Mother oft was seen to stand, or
 kneel
 In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.
 Now she is not : the swelling turf reports
 Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's
 tears
 Is silent ; nor is any vestige left
 Of the path worn by mournful tread of her
 Who, at her heart's light bidding, once
 had moved
 In virgin fearlessness, with step that
 seemed
 Caught from the pressure of elastic turf

Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare
 Of overpowering light.—While yet a child,
 She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,
 Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished
 With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking
 To be admired, than coveted and loved.
 Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign queen,
 Over her comrades; else their simple sports,
 Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,
 Had crossed her only to be shunned with scorn.
 —Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those
 Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,
 That they have lived for harsher servitude,
 Whether in soul, in body, or estate!
 Such doom was hers; yet nothing could subdue
 Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface
 Those brighter images by books imprest
 Upon her memory, faithfully as stars
 That occupy their places, and, though oft
 Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,
 Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

“Two passions, both degenerate, for they both
 Began in honour, gradually obtained
 Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;
 An unremitting, avaricious thrift;
 And a strange thralldom of maternal love,
 That held her spirit, in its own despite,
 Bound—by vexation, and regret, and scorn,
 Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,
 And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame concealed—
 To a poor dissolute Son, her only child.
 —Her wedded days had opened with mishap,
 Whence dire dependence. What could she perform
 To shake the burthen off? Ah! there was felt,

Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.
 She mused, resolved, adhered to her resolve;
 The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart
 Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's blessing
 Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust
 In ceaseless pains—and strictest parsimony
 Which sternly hoarded all that could be spared,
 From each day's need, out of each day's least gain.

“Thus all was re-established, and a pile
 Constructed, that sufficed for every end,
 Save the contentment of the builder's mind;
 A mind by nature indisposed to aught
 So placid, so inactive, as content;
 A mind intolerant of lasting peace,
 And cheishing the pang her heart deplored.
 Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared
 To the agitation of a brook that runs
 Down a rocky mountain, buried now and lost
 In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained;
 But never to be charmed to gentleness:
 Its best attainment fits of such repose
 As timid eyes might shrink from fathom-
 ing.

“A sudden illness seized her in the strength
 Of life's autumnal season.—Shall I tell
 How on her bed of death the Matron lay,
 To Providence submissive, so she thought;
 But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon, almost
 To anger, by the malady that griped
 Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing power,
 As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb?
 She prayed, she moaned;—her husband's sister watched
 Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;
 And yet the very sound of that kind foot
 Was anguish to her ears! ‘And must she rule,’

"Such was the tender passage, not by
me
Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
Which I perused, even as the words had
been
Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand
To the blank margin of a Valentine,
Bedropped with tears. 'Twill please you
to be told
That, studiously withdrawing from the eye
Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
In lonely reading found a meek resource :
How thankful for the warmth of summer
days,
When she could slip into the cottage-
barn,
And find a secret oratory there ;
Or, in the garden, under friendly veil
Of their long twilight, pore upon her
book
By the last lingering help of the open
sky
Until dark night dismissed her to her
bed !
Thus did a waking fancy sometimes lose
The unconquerable pang of despised love.

"A kindlier passion opened on her soul
When that poor Child was born. Upon
its face
She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought
of,—joy
Far livelier than bewildered traveller
feels,
Amid a perilous waste that all night long
Hath harassed him toiling through fearful
storm,
When he beholds the first pale speck
scene
Of day-spring, in the gloomy east, re-
vealed,
And greets it with thanksgiving. 'Till
this hour,'
Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen
spake,
'There was a stony region in my heart ;
But He, at whose command the parched
rock
Was smitten, and poured forth a quench-
ing stream,
Hath softened that obduracy, and made
Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,

To save the perishing ; and, henceforth, I
breathe
The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake,
My Infant ! and for that good Mother
dear,
Who bore me ; and hath prayed for me
in vain ;—
Yet not in vain ; it shall not be in vain.'
She spake, nor was the assurance unful-
filled ;
And if heart-rending thoughts would oft
return ;
They stayed not long.—The blameless
Infant grew ;
The Child whom Ellen and her Mother
loved
They soon were proud of ; tended it and
nursed ;
A soothing comforter, although forlorn ;
Like a poor singing-bird from distant
lands ;
Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes
by
With vacant mind, not seldom may ob-
serve
Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house.
Whose window, somewhat sadly, it
adorns.

"Through four months' space the Infant
drew its food
From the maternal breast ; then scruples
rose ;
Thoughts, which the rich are free from,
came and crossed
The fond affection. She no more could
bear
By her offence to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent willing to forget
Their slender means : so, to that parent's
care
Trusting her child, she left their common
home,
And undertook with dutiful content
A Foster-mother's office.

'Tis, perchance,
Unknown to you that in these simple
vales
The natural feeling of equality
Is by domestic service unimpaired ;
Yet, though such service be, with us,
removed
From sense of degradation, not the less
The ungentle mind can easily find means

Upon the mountains gemmed with morn-
ing dew,
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and
airs.

—Serious and thoughtful was her mind ;
and yet,

By reconciliation exquisite and rare,
The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-
girl

Were such as might have quickened and
inspired

A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the
shade

What time the hunter's earliest horn is
heard

Startling the golden hills.

A wide-spread elm
Stands in our valley, named *THE JOYFUL*
TREE ;

From dateless usage which our peasants
hold

Of giving welcome to the first of May
By dances round its trunk.—And if the
sky

Permit, like honours, dance and song, are
paid

To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty
stars

Or the clear moon. The queen of these
gay sports,

If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,
Was hapless Ellen.—No one touched the
ground

So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks

•Less gracefully were braided ;—but this
praise

Methinks, would better suit another place.

“She loved, and fondly deemed her-
self beloved.

—The road is dim, the current unper-
ceived,

The weakness painful and most pitiful,
By which a virtuous woman, in pure
youth,

May be delivered to distress and shame.

Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen
danced,

Among her equals, round *THE JOYFUL*
TREE,

She bore a secret burthen ; and full soon
Was left to tremble for a breaking vow,—

Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,

Alone, within her widowed Mother's
house.

It was the season of unfolding leaves,
Of days advancing toward their utmost
length,

And small birds singing happily to mates
Happy as they. With spirit-saddening
power

Winds pipe through fading woods ; but
those blithe notes

Strike the deserted to the heart ; I speak
Of what I know, and what we feel within.

—Beside the cottage in which Ellen
dwelt

Stands a tall ash-tree ; to whose topmost
twig

A thrush resorts, and annually chants,
At morn and evening from that naked
perch,

While all the undergrove is thick with
leaves,

A time-beguiling ditty, for delight
Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.

—‘Ah why,’ said Ellen, sighing to her-
self,

‘Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn
pledge,

And nature that is kind in woman's
breast,

And reason that in man is wise and
good,

And fear of him who is a righteous judge ;

Why do not these prevail for human life,
To keep two hearts together, that began.

Their spring-time with one love, and that
have need

Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
To grant, or be received ; while that poor
bird—

O come and hear him ! Thou who hast to
me

Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly
creature,

One of God's simple children that yet
know not

The universal Parent, how he sings
As if he wished the firmament of heaven

Should listen, and give back to him the
voice

Of his triumphant constancy and love ;
The proclamation that he makes, how
far

His darkness doth transcend our fickle
light !’

Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,
 Her mind she strictly tutored to find
 peace
 And pleasure in endurance. Much she
 thought,
 And much she read; and brooded feel-
 ingly
 Upon her own unworthiness. To me,
 As to a spiritual comforter and friend,
 Her heart she opened; and no pains were
 spared
 To mitigate, as gently as I could,
 The sting of self-reproach, with healing
 words.
 Meek Saint! through patience glorified
 on earth!
 In whom, as by her lonely hearth she
 sat,
 The ghastly face of cold decay put on
 A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!
 May I not mention—that, within those
 walls,
 In due observance of her pious wish,
 The congregation joined with me in
 prayer
 For her soul's good? Nor was that office
 vain.
 —Much did she suffer: but, if any friend,
 Beholding her condition, at the sight
 Give way to words of pity or complaint,
 She stilled them with a prompt reproof,
 and said.
 'He who afflicts me knows what I can
 bear;
 And, when I fail, and can endure no
 more,
 Will mercifully take me to himself.'
 So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit
 passed
 Into that pure and unknown world of love
 Where injury cannot come:—and here is
 laid
 The mortal Body by her Infant's side."

The Vicar ceased; and downcast looks
 made known
 That each had listened with his inmost
 heart.
 For me, the emotion scarcely was less
 strong
 Or less benign than that which I had felt
 When seated near my venerable Friend,
 Under those shady elms, from him I
 heard

The story that retraced the slow decline
 Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely hearth
 With the neglected house to which she
 clung.

—I noted that the Solitary's cheek
 Confessed the power of nature.—Pleased
 though sad,

More pleased than sad, the grey-haired
 Wanderer sat;

Thanks to his pure imaginative soul
 Capacious and serene; his blameless life,
 His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth,
 and love

Of human kind! He was it who first
 broke

The pensive silence, saying:—

"Blest are they

Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
 Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have
 erred.

This tale gives proof that Heaven most
 gently deals

With such, in their affliction.—Ellen's
 fate,

Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart.
 Call to my mind dark hints which I have
 heard

Of one who died within this vale, by doom
 Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.

Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the
 bones

Of Wilfred Armathwaite?"

The Vicar answered.

"In that green nook, close by the Church-
 yard wall,

Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself
 In memory and for warning, and in sign
 Of sweetness where dire anguish had been
 known,

Of reconciliation after deep offence—

There doth he rest. No theme his fate
 supplies

For the smooth glozings of the indulgent
 world;

Nor need the windings of his devious
 course

Be here retraced;—enough that, by mishap
 And venial error, robbed of competence,
 And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind.
 He craved a substitute in troubled joy;
 Against his conscience rose in arms, and,
 braving

Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-
 vow.

To impose severe restraints and laws
 unjust,
 Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to
 feel :
 For (blinded by an over-anxious dread
 Of such excitement and divided thought
 As with her office would but ill accord)
 The pair, whose infant she was bound to
 nurse,
 Forbad her all communion with her own :
 Week after week, the mandate they en-
 forced.
 —So near! yet not allowed upon that
 sight
 To fix her eyes—alas! 'twas hard to bear!
 But wore affliction must be borne—far
 worse ;
 For 'tis Heaven's will—that, after a disease
 Begun and ended within three days' space,
 Her child should die ; as Ellen now ex-
 claimed,
 Her own—deserted child!—Once, only
 once,
 She saw it in that mortal malady ;
 And, on the burial-day, could scarcely gain
 Permission to attend its obsequies.
 She reached the house, last of the funeral
 train ;
 And some one, as she entered, having
 chanced
 To urge unthinkingly their prompt de-
 parture,
 'Nay,' said she, with commanding look,
 a spirit
 Of anger never seen in her before,
 'Nay, ye must wait my time!' and down
 she sat,
 And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat
 Weeping and looking, looking on and
 weeping,
 Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,
 Until at length her soul was satisfied.

"You see the Infant's Grave ; and to
 this spot,
 The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,
 On whatsoever errand, urged her steps :
 Hither she came ; here stood, and some-
 times knelt
 In the broad day, a rueful Magdalene !
 So call her ; for not only she bewailed
 A mother's loss, but mourned in bitter-
 ness
 Her own transgression ; penitent sincere

As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye!
 —At length the parents of the foster-
 child,
 Noting that in despite of their commands
 She still renewed and could not but renew
 Those visitations, ceased to send her
 forth ;
 Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, con-
 fined.
 I failed not to remind them that they
 erred ;
 For holy Nature might not thus be
 crossed,
 Thus wronged in woman's breast : in vain
 I pleaded—
 But the green stalk of Ellen's life was
 snapped,
 And the flower drooped ; as every eye
 could see,
 It hung its head in mortal languishment.
 Aided by this appearance, I at length
 Prevailed ; and, from those bonds released,
 she went
 Home to her mother's house.

The Youth was fled ;
 The rash betrayer could not face the
 shame
 Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had
 caused ;
 And little would his presence, or proof
 given
 Of a relenting soul, have now availed ;
 For, like a shadow, he was passed away
 From Ellen's thoughts ; had perished to
 her mind
 For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,
 Save only those which to their common
 shame,
 And to his moral being appertained :
 Hope from that quarter would, I know,
 have brought
 A heavenly comfort ; there she recognised
 An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need ;
 There, and, as seemed, there only.

She had built,
 Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest
 In blindness all too near the river's edge ;
 That work a summer flood with hasty
 swell
 Had swept away ; and now her Spirit
 longed
 For its last flight to heaven's security.
 —The bodily frame wasted from day to
 day ;

That which he had been weak enough to do
Was misery in remembrance ; he was
stung.

Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the
smiles

Of wife and children stung to agony.

Wretched at home, he gained no peace
abroad ;

Ranged through the mountains, slept
upon the earth,

Asked comfort of the open air, and found

No quiet in the darkness of the night,

No pleasure in the beauty of the day.

His flock he slighted : his paternal fields

Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished

To fly—but whither ! And this gracious
Church,

That wears a look so full of peace and
hope

And love, benignant mother of the vale,

How fair amid her brood of cottages !

She was to him a sickness and reproach.

Much to the last remained unknown : but
this

Is sure, that through remorse and grief
he died ;

Though pitied among men, absolved by
God,

He could not find forgiveness in himself ;

Nor could endure the weight of his own
shame.

“ Here rests a Mother. But from her
I turn

And from her grave.—Behold—upon that
ridge,

That, stretching boldly from the moun-
tain side,

Carries into the centre of the vale

Its rocks and woods—the Cottage where
she dwelt ;

And where yet dwells her faithful Partner,
left

(Full eight years past) the solitary prop

Of many helpless Children. I begin

With words that might be prelude to
a tale

Of sorrow and dejection ; but I feel

No sadness, when I think of what mine
eyes

See daily in that happy family.

—Bright garland form they for the pen-
sive brow

Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,

Those six fair Daughters, budding yet—
not one,

Not one of 'all the band, a full-blown
flower.

Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once

That Father was, and filled with anxious
fear,

Now, by experience taught, he stands
assured,

That God, who takes away, yet takes not
half

Of what he seems to take ; or gives it
back,

Not to our prayer, but far beyond our
prayer ;

He gives it—the boon produce of a soil
Which our endeavours have refused to till,

And hope hath never watered. The Abode,
Whose grateful owner can attest these

truths,

Even were the object nearer to our sight,

Would seem in no distinction to surpass

The rudest habitations. Ye might think

That it had sprung self-raised from earth,
or grown

Out of the living rock, to be adorned

By nature only ; but, if thither led,

Ye would discover, then, a studious work

Of many fancies, prompting many hands.

“ Brought from the woods the honey-
suckle twines

Around the porch, and seems, in that
trim place,

A plant no longer wild ; the cultured rose

There blossoms, strong in health, and will
be soon

Roof-high ; the wild pink crowns the
garden-wall,

And with the flowers are intermingled
stones

Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of
the hills.

These ornaments, that fade not with the
year,

A hardy Girl continues to provide ;

Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky
heights,

Her Father's prompt attendant, does for
him

All that a boy could do, but with delight
More keen and prouder daring ; yet hath

she,

Within the garden, like the rest, a bed

Even from Northumbrian hills ; yet theirs
had been

A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered
By music, plunk, and laughter-stirring
jest ;

And freak put on, and arch word dropped
—to swell

The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
That gathered round the slowly-moving
train.

—‘Whence do they come? and with what
errand charged?

Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe
Who pitch their tents under the green-
wood tree?

Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact
Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the
Wood,

And, by that whiskered tabby’s aid, set
forth

The lucky venture of sage Whittington
When the next village hears the show
announced

By blast of trumpet?’ Plenteous was the
growth

Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen
On many a staring countenance portrayed
Of boor or burgher, as they marched
along.

And more than once their steadiness or
face

Was put to proof, and exercise supplied
To their inventive humour, by stern looks,
And questions in authoritative tone,
From some staid guardian of the public
peace,

Checking the sober steed on which he
rode,

In his suspicious wisdom ; oftener still,
By notice indirect, or blunt demand
From traveller halting in his own despite,
A simple curiosity to ease :

Of which adventures, that beguiled and
cheered

Their grave migration, the good pair
would tell,

With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

“A Priest he was by function ; but his
course

From his youth up, and high as man-
hood’s noon,

(The hour of life to which he then was
brought)

Had been irregular, I might say, wild ;
By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care
Too little checked. An active, ardent
mind ;

A fancy pregnant with resource and
scheme

To cheat the sadness of a rainy day ;
Hands apt for all ingenious arts and
games ;

A generous spirit, and a body strong
To cope with stoutest champions of the
bowl ;

Had earned for him sure welcome, and
the rights

Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall
Of country ’squire ; or at the statelier
board

Of duke or earl, from scents of courtly
pomp

Withdrawn,—to while away the summer
hours

In condescension among rural guests.

“With these high comrades he had
revelled long,

Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk
By hopes of coming patronage beguiled
Till the heart sickened. So, each loftier
aim

Abandoning and all his showy friends,
For a life’s stay (slender it was, but sure)
He turned to this secluded chapelry ;
That had been offered to his doubtful
choice

By an unthought-of patron. Bleak and
bare

They found the cottage, their allotted
home ;

Naked without, and rude within ; a spot
With which the Cure not long had been
endowed :

And far remote the chapel stood,—re-
mote,

And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable,
Save through a gap high in the hills, an
opening

Shadeless and shelterless, by driving
showers

Frequented, and beset with howling
winds.

Yet cause was none, whate’er regret might
hang

On his own mind, to quarrel with the
choice

Amid the quiet of the green recess,
 And there did inexhaustibly dispense
 An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,
 Tender or blithe ; now, as the varying
 mood
 Of his own spirit urged,—now, as a
 voice
 From youth or maiden, or some honoured
 chief
 Of his compatriot villagers (that hung
 Around him, drinking in the impassioned
 notes
 Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required
 For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains
 of power
 Were they, to seize and occupy the
 sense ;
 But to a higher mark than song can reach
 Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the
 stream
 Which overflowed the soul was passed
 away,
 A consciousness remained that it had left,
 Deposited upon the silent shore
 Of memory, images and precious thoughts,
 That shall not die, and cannot be de-
 stroyed.

"These grassy heaps lie amicably
 close,"
 Said I, "like surges heaving in the wind
 Along the surface of a mountain pool :
 Whence comes it, then, that yonder we
 behold
 Five graves, and only five, that rise to-
 gether
 Unsociably sequestered, and encroaching
 On the smooth playground of the village-
 school ?"

The Vicar answered,—“No disdainful
 pride
 In them who rest beneath, nor any course
 Of strange or tragic accident, hath
 helped
 To place those hillocks in that lonely
 guise.
 —Once more look forth, and follow with
 your sight
 The length of road that from yon moun-
 tain's base
 Through bare enclosures stretches, 'till
 its line
 Is lost within a little tuft of trees ;

Then, reappearing in a moment, quits
 The cultured fields ; and up the heathy
 waste,
 Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,
 Led towards an easy outlet of the vale.
 That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,
 By which the road is hidden, also hides
 A cottage from our view ; though I dis-
 cern
 (Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering
 trees
 The smokeless chimney-top.—
 All unembowered
 And naked stood that lowly Parsonage
 (For such in truth it is, and appertains
 To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)
 When hither came its last Inhabitant.
 Rough and forbidding were the choicest
 roads
 By which our northern wilds could then
 be crossed ;
 And into most of these secluded vales
 Was no access for wain, heavy or light.
 So, at his dwelling-place the Priest ar-
 rived
 With store of household goods, in pan-
 niers slung
 On sturdy horses graced with jingling
 bells,
 And on the back of more ignoble beast ;
 That, with like burthen of effects most
 prized
 Or easiest carried, closed the motley
 train.
 Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight
 years ;
 But still, methinks, I see them as they
 passed
 In order, drawing toward their wished-
 for home.
 —Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass
 Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised
 freight,
 Each in his basket nodding drowsily ;
 Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed
 with flowers,
 Which told it was the pleasant month of
 June ;
 And, close behind, the comely Matron
 rode,
 A woman of soft speech and gracious
 smile,
 And with a lady's mien.—From far they
 came,

And still his harsher passions kept their hold—

Anger and indignation. Still he loved
The sound of titled names, and talked in
glee

Of long-past banquetings with high-born
friends:

Then, from those lulling fits of vain de-
light

Uproused by recollected injury, tailed
At their false ways disdainfully,—and oft
In bitterness, and with a threatening eye
Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow.
—Those transports, with staid looks of
pure good-will.

And with soft smile, his consort would
reprove.

She, far behind him in the race of years,
Yet keeping her first mildness, was ad-
vanced

Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,
To that still region whither all are bound.
Him might we liken to the setting sun
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,
Struggling and bold, and shining from
the west

With an inconstant and unmel-
lowed
light;

She was a soft attendant cloud, that
hung

As if with wish to veil the restless orb;
From which it did itself imbibe a ray
Of pleasing lustre.—But no more of this;
I better love to sprinkle on the sod
That now divides the pair, or rather say,
That still unites them, praises, like hea-
ven's dew,

Without reserve descending upon both.

“Our very first in eminence of years
The old Man stood, the patriarch of the
Vale!

And, to his unmolested mansion, death
Had never come, through space of forty
years;

Sparing both old and young in that
abode.

Suddenly then they disappeared: not
twice

Had summer scorched the fields; not
twice had fallen,

On those high peaks, the first autumnal
snow,

Before the greedy visiting was closed,

And the long-privileged house left empty
—sweet

As by a plague. Yet no rapacious phoebe
Had been among them; all was gentle
death,

One after one, with intervals of peace.

A happy consummation! an accord

Sweet, perfect, to be wished for! save
that here

Was something which to mortal sense
might sound

Like harshness,—that the old grey-headed
Sire,

The oldest, he was taken last, survived
When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,
His Daughter, and that late and high-
prized gift,

His little smiling Grandchild, were no
more.

“All gone, all vanished! he deprived
and bare,

How will he face the remnant of his life?
What will become of him?” we said, and
mused

In sad conjectures—“Shall we meet him
now

Haunting with rod and line the craggy
brooks?

Or shall we overhear him, as we pass,

Striving to entertain the lonely hours
With music? (for he had not ceased to
touch

The harp or viol which himself had
framed,

For their sweet purposes, with perfect
skill.)

“What titles will he keep? will he remain
Musician, gardener, builder, mechanist,
A planter, and a rearer from the seed?
A man of hope and forward-looking mind
Even to the last!”—Such was he, un-
subdued.

But Heaven was gracious; yet a little
while,

And this Survivor, with his cheerful
throng

Of open projects, and his inward hoard
Of unspoken griefs, too many and too
keen,

Was overcome by unexpected sleep,
In one blest moment. Like a shadow
thrown

Softly and lightly from a passing cloud.

Or the necessity that fixed him here ;
 Apart from old temptations, and constrained

To punctual labour in his sacred charge.
 See him a constant preacher to the poor !
 And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,
 Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will,

The sick in body, or distress in mind ;
 And, by a salutary change, compelled
 To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day

With no engagement, in his thoughts,
 more proud

On splendid than his garden could afford,
 His fields, on mountains by the heath-
 cock ranged,

Or the wild brooks ; from which he now
 returned

Contented to partake the quiet meal
 Of his own board, where sat his gentle
 Mate

And three fair Children, plentifully fed
 Though simply, from their little house-
 hold farm ;

Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl
 By nature yielded to his practised hand ;—
 To help the small but certain comings-in
 Of that sparse benefice. Yet not the less
 Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs
 A charitable door.

So days and years
 Passed on ;—the inside of that rugged
 house

Was trimmed and brightened by the
 Matron's care,

And gradually enriched with things of
 price.

Which might be lacked for use or orna-
 ment.

What, though no soft and costly sofa
 there

Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,
 And no vain mirror glittered upon the
 walls,

Yet were the windows of the low abode
 By shutters weather-fenced, which at
 once

Repelled the storm and deadened its loud
 roar.

Their snow-white curtains hung in decent
 folds ;

Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain-
 plants,

That creep along the ground with sinuous
 trail,

Were nicely braided ; and composed a
 work

Like Indian mats, that with appropriate
 grace

Lay at the threshold and the inner doors ;
 And a fair carpet, woven of homespun
 wool

But tintured daintily with florid hues,
 For seenliness and warmth, on festal
 days,

Covered the smooth blue slabs of moun-
 tain-stone

With which the parlour-floor, in simplest
 guise

Of pastoral homesteads, had been long
 inlaid.

"Those pleasing works *the Housewife's*
 skill produced :

Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand
 Was busier with his task—to rid, to plant,
 To rear for food, for shelter, and delight ;
 A thriving covert ! And when wishes,
 formed

In youth, and sanctioned by the riper
 mind,

Restored me to my native valley, here
 To end my days ; well pleased was I to
 see

The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-
 side,

Screen'd from assault of every bitter blast ;
 While the dark shadows of the summer
 leaves

Danced in the breeze, chequering its
 mossy roof.

Time, which had thus afforded willing
 help

To beautify with nature's fairest growths .
 This rustic tenement, had gently shed,
 Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace ;
 The comeliness of unenfeebled age.

"But how could I say, gently ? for he
 still

Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
 A stirring foot, a head which beat at
 nights

Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.
 Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures
 lost ;

Generous and charitable, prompt to serve ;

Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight
 close
 In utter night ; and of his course remain
 No cognizable vestiges, no more
 Than of this breath, which shapes itself
 in words
 To speak of him, and instantly dissolves."

The Pastor pressed by thoughts which
 round his theme
 Still linger'd, after a brief pause, resumed ;
 "Noise is there not enough in doleful
 war,
 But that the heaven-born poet must stand
 forth.

And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
 To multiply and aggravate the din ?
 Pangs are there not enough in hopeless
 love—

And, in requited passion, all too much
 Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—
 But that the minstrel of the rural shade
 Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
 The perturbation in the suffering breast,
 And propagate its kind, far as he may ?
 —Ah who (and with such rapture as befits
 The hallowed theme) will rise and cele-
 brate

The good man's purposes and deeds ;
 retrace

His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,
 His triumphs hail, and glorify his end ;
 That virtue, like the fumes and vapoury
 clouds

Through fancy's heat redounding in the
 brain,

And like the soft infections of the heart,
 By charm of measured words may spread
 o'er field,

Hamlet, and town ; and piety survive
 Upon the lips of men in hall or bower ;
 Not for reproof, but high and warm
 delight,

And grave encouragement, by song in-
 spired ?

—Vain thought ! but wherefore murmur
 or repine ?

The memory of the just survives in
 heaven :

And, without sorrow, will the ground
 receive

That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best
 Of what lies here confines us to degrees
 In excellence less difficult to reach.

And milder worth : nor need we travel far
 From those to whom our last regards
 were paid,
 For such example.

Almost at the root
 Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose
 bare

And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
 Oft stretches toward me, like a long
 straight path

Traced faintly in the greensward ; there,
 beneath

A plain blue stone, a gentle Dalesman
 lies,

From whom, in early childhood, was
 withdrawn

The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
 From year to year in loneliness of soul ;
 And this deep mountain-valley was to him
 Soundless, with all its streams. The bird
 of dawn

Did never rouse this Cottager from sleep
 With startling summons ; not for his
 delight

The vernal cuckoo shouted ; not for him
 Murmured the labouring bee. When
 stormy winds

Were working the broad bosom of the
 lake

Into a thousand thousand sparkling
 waves,

Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on
 cloud

Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags.

The agitated scene before his eye

Was silent as a picture : evermore

Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he
 moved.

Yet, by the solace of his own pure
 thoughts

Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
 Of rural labours ; the steep mountain-side
 Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog :
 The plough he guided, and the scythe he
 swayed ;

And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
 Among the jocund reapers. For himself,
 All watchful and industrious as he was.
 He wrought not : neither field nor flock
 he owned :

No wish for wealth had place within his
 mind ;

For husband's love, nor father's hope or
 care.

Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay

For noontide solace on the summer grass,
The warm lap of his mother earth : and so,
Their lenient term of separation past,
That family (whose graves you there behold)

By yet a higher privilege once more
Were gathered to each other."

Calm of mind
And silence waited on these closing words ;

Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear

Lest in those passages of life were some
That might have touched the sick heart
of his Friend

Too nearly, or intent to reinforce
His own firm spirit in degree deprest
By tender sorrow for our mortal state)
Thus silence broke :—"Behold a thought-
less Man

From vice and premature decay pre-
served

By useful habits, to a fitter soil
Transplanted ere too late.—The hermit,
lodged

Amid the untrodden desert, tells his
heads,

With each repeating its allotted prayer,
And thus divides and thus relieves the
time ;

Smooth task, with *his* compared, whose
mind could string,

Not scantily, bright minutes on the
thread

Of keen domestic anguish ; and beguile
A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed ;
Till gentlest death released him.

Far from us
Be the desire—too curiously to ask
How much of this is but the blind
result

Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,
And what to higher powers is justly
due,

But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring
vale

A Priest abides before whose life such
doubts

Fall to the ground ; whose gifts of nature
lie

Retired from notice, lost in attributes
Of reason, honourably effaced by debts

Which her poor treasure-house is content
to owe,

And conquests over her dominion gained,
To which her frowardness must needs
submit.

In this one Man is shown a temperance—
proof

Against all trials ; industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day ;
Stern self-denial round him spread, with
shade

That might be deemed forbidding, did
not there

• All generous feelings flourish and rejoice ;
Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,
And resolution competent to take
Out of the bosom of simplicity

All that her holy customs recommend,
And the best ages of the world prescribe.
—Preaching, administering, in every work
Of his sublime vocation, in the walks
Of worldly intercourse between man and
man,

And in his humble dwelling, he appears
A labourer, with moral virtue girt,
With spiritual graces, like a glory,
crowned."

"Doubt can be none," the Pastor said,
"for whom

This portraiture is sketched. The great,
the good,

The well-beloved, the fortunate, the
wise,—

These titles emperors and chiefs have
borne,

Honour assumed or given : and him, the
WONDERFUL,

Our simple shepherds, speaking from the
heart,

Deservedly have styled.—From his abode
In a dependent chapelry that lies
Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
And, having once espoused, would never
quit ;

Into its graveyard will ere long be borne
That lowly, great, good Man. A simple
stone

May cover him ; and by its help, per-
chance,

A century shall hear his name pro-
nounced,

With images attendant on the sound ;

Its birthplace; none whose figure did
 not live
 Upon his touch. The bowels of the
 earth
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious
 mind;
 The ocean paid him tribute from the
 stores
 Lodged in her bosom; and, by science
 led,
 His genius mounted to the plains of
 heaven.
 —Methinks I see him—how his eyeballs
 rolled,
 Beneath his ample brow, in darkness
 paired,—
 But each instinct with spirit; and the
 frame
 Of the whole countenance alive with
 thought,
 Fancy, and understanding; while the
 voice
 Discoursed of natural or moral truth
 With eloquence, and such authentic
 power,
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge
 stood
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

"A noble—and, to unreflecting minds,
 A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer
 said,
 "Beings like these present! But proof
 abounds
 Upon the earth that faculties, which seem
 Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to
 be.
 And to the mind among her powers of
 sense
 This transfer is permitted,—not alone
 That the bereft their recompense may
 win;
 But for remoter purposes of love
 And charity; nor last nor least for
 this,
 That to the imagination may be given
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,
 Darkness is banished from the realms of
 death,
 By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.
 Unto the men who see not as we see
 Futurity was thought, in ancient times,
 To be laid open, and they prophesied.

And know we not that from the blir
 have flowed
 The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre;
 And wisdom married to immortal verse?"

Among the humbler Worthies, at our
 feet
 Lying insensible to human praise,
 Love, or regret—*whose* lineaments would
 next
 Have been portrayed, I guess not; but it
 chanced
 That, near the quiet churchyard where we
 sate,
 A team of horses, with a ponderous freight
 Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,
 Whose sharp descent confounded their
 array,
 Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we must
 and mourn
 The waste of death; and lo! the giant oak
 Stretched on his bier—that massy timber
 wain;
 Nor fail to note the Man who guides the
 team."

He was a peasant of the lowest class:
 Grey locks profusely round his temples
 hung
 In clustering curls, like ivy, which the
 bite
 Of winter cannot thin; the fresh air
 lodged
 Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;
 And he returned our greeting with a
 smile.
 When he had passed, the Solitary spake:
 "A Man he seems of cheerful yesterday;
 And confident to-morrows; with a face
 Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
 Of Nature's impress,—gaiety and health,
 Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and
 shrewd.
 His gestures note,—and hark! his tones
 of voice
 Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Pastor answered, "You have read
 him well.
 Year after year is added to his store
 With *silent* increase; summers, winters—
 past,

"Though born a younger brother, need
 was none
 That from the floor of his paternal home
 He should depart, to plant himself anew.
 And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
 His patents laid in earth, no loss ensued
 Of rights to him ; but he remained well
 pleased,
 By the pure bond of independent love,
 An inmate of a second family ;
 The fellow-labourer and friend of him
 To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
 —Nor deem that his mild presence was
 a weight
 That pressed upon his brother's house ;
 for books
 Were ready comrades whom he could not
 tire ;
 Of whose society the blameless Man
 Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
 Even to old age, with unabated charm
 Beguiled his leisure hours ; refreshed his
 thoughts ;
 Beyond its natural elevation raised
 His introverted spirit ; and bestowed
 Upon his life an outward dignity
 Which all acknowledged. The dark
 winter night,
 The stormy day, each had its own re-
 source ;
 Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
 Science severe, or word of holy Wit
 Announcing immortality and joy
 To the assembled spirits of just men
 Made perfect, and from injury secure.
 —Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the
 field,
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
 No languor, peevishness, nor vain com-
 plaint :
 And they, who were about him, did not fail
 In reverence, or in courtesy ; they prized
 His gentle manners : and his peaceful
 smiles,
 The gleams of his slow-varying counte-
 nance,
 Were met with answering sympathy and
 love.

"At length, when sixty years and five
 were told,
 A slow disease insensibly consumed
 The powers of nature : and a few short
 steps

Of friends and kindred bore him from
 his home
 (Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
 To the profounder stillness of the grave.
 —Nor was his funeral denied the grace
 Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful
 grief ;
 Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
 And now that monumental stone pre-
 serves
 His name, and unambitiously relates
 How long, and by what kindly outward
 aids,
 And in what pure contentedness of mind,
 The sad privation was by him endured.
 —And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing
 sound
 Was wasted on the good Man's living ear,
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity ;
 And, at the touch of every wandering
 breeze,
 Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful
 grave.

"Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful
 of things !
 Guide of our way, mysterious comforter !
 Whose sacred influence, spread through
 earth and heaven,
 We all too thanklessly participate,
 Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him
 Whose place of rest is near yon ivied
 porch.
 Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he com-
 plained ;
 Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
 A safer, easier, more determined, course.
 What terror doth it strike into the mind
 To think of one, blind and alone, ad-
 vancing
 Straight toward some precipice's airy
 brink !
 But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed
 his steps,
 Protected, say, enlightened, by his ear ;
 And on the very edge of vacancy
 Not more endangered than a man whose
 eye
 Beholds the gulf beneath.—No floweret
 blooms
 Throughout the lofty range of these rough
 hills,
 Nor in the woods, that could from him
 conceal



Of other progeny, a Daughter then
 Was given, the crowning bounty of the
 whole ;
 And so acknowledged with a tremulous
 joy
 Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm
 With which by nature every mother's soul
 Is stricken in the moment when her throes
 Are ended, and her ears have heard the
 cry
 Which tells her that a living child is
 born ;
 And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,
 That the dread storm is weathered by
 them both.

"The Father—him at this unlooked-
 for gift
 A bolder transport seizes. From the side
 Of his bright hearth, and from his open
 door,
 Day after day the gladness is diffused
 To all that come, almost to all that pass ;
 Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer
 Spread on the never-empty board, and
 drink
 Health and good wishes to his new-born
 girl,
 From cups replenished by his joyous
 hand.
 —Those seven fair brothers variously were
 moved
 Each by the thoughts best suited to his
 years :
 But most of all and with most thankful
 mind
 The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched ;
 A happiness that ebb'd not, but remained
 To fill the total measure of his soul !
 —From the low tenement, his own abode,
 Whither, as to a little private cell,
 He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and
 noise,
 To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,
 Once every day he dutiously repaired
 To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe :
 For in that female infant's name he heard
 The silent name of his departed wife ;
 Heart-stirring music ! hourly heard that
 name ;
 Full blest he was, 'Another Margaret
 Green ;'
 Oft did he say, 'was come to Gold-rill
 side.'

"Oh ! pang unthought of, as the pre-
 cious boon
 Itself had been unlooked-for ; oh ! dire
 stroke
 Of desolating anguish for them all !
 —Just as the Child could totter on the
 floor,
 And, by some friendly finger's help up-
 stayed
 Ranged round the garden walk, while she
 perchance
 Was catching at some novelty of spring,
 Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its
 cell
 Drawn by the sunshine—at that hopeful
 season
 The winds of March, smiting insidiously,
 Raised in the tender passage of the throat
 Viewless obstruction ; whence, all unfore-
 warned,
 The household lost their pride and soul's
 delight.
 —But time hath power to soften all re-
 grets,
 And prayer and thought can bring to
 worst distress
 Due resignation. Therefore, though some
 tears
 Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye
 Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,
 Yet this departed Little-one, too long
 The innocent troubler of their quiet, sleeps
 In what may now be called a peaceful
 bed.

"On a bright day—so calm and bright,
 it seemed
 To us, with our sad spirits, heavenly-
 fair—
 These mountains echoed to an unknown
 sound ;
 A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse
 Let down into the hollow of that grave.
 Whose shelving sides are red with naked
 mould.
 Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth !
 Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these
 sods,
 That they may knit together, and there-
 with
 Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness !
 Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.
 Dear Youth, by young and old alike be-
 loved,

Past or to come ; yea, boldly might I say,
 Ten summers and ten winters of a space
 That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,
 Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix
 The obligation of an anxious mind,
 A pride in having, or a fear to lose ;
 Possessed like outskirts of some large
 domain,

By any one more thought of than by him
 Who holds the land in fee, its careless
 lord !

Yet is the creature rational, endowed
 With foresight ; hears, too, every sabbath
 day,

The Christian promise with attentive ear ;
 Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven
 Reject the incense offered up by him,
 Though of the kind which beasts and
 birds present

In grove or pasture ; cheerfulness of soul,
 From trepidation and repining free.
 How many scrupulous worshippers fall
 down

Upon their knees, and daily homage pay
 Less worthy, less religious even, than his !

"This qualified respect, the old Man's
 due,
 Is paid without reluctance ; but in truth,"
 (Said the good Vicar with a fond half-
 smile)

"I feel at times a motion of despite
 Towards one, whose bold contrivances and
 skill,

As you have seen, bear such conspicuous
 part

In works of havoc ; taking from these
 vales,

One after one, their proudest ornaments.
 Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
 Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours
 nursed,

In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks ;
 Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,
 A veil of glory for the ascending moon ;
 And oak whose roots by noontide dew
 were damped,

And on whose forehead inaccessible
 The raven lodged in safety.—Many a
 ship

Launched into Morecambe-bay, to *him*
 hath owed

Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast
 that bears

The loftiest of her pendants ; He, from
 park

Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree
 That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thou-
 sand spindles ;

And the vast engine labouring in the mine
 Content with meaner prowess, must have
 lacked

The trunk and body of its marvellous
 strength,

If his undaunted enterprise had failed
 Among the mountain coves.

Yon household fir,
 A guardian planted to fence off the blast,

But towering high the roof above, as if
 Its humble destination were forgot—

That sycamore, which annually holds
 Within its shade, as in a stately tent

On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
 A grave assemblage, seated while they
 shear

The fleece-encumbered flock—the JOYFUL
 ELM,

Around whose trunk the maidens dance
 in May—

And the LORD'S OAK—would plead their
 several rights

In vain, if he were master of their fate ;
 His sentence to the axe would doom
 them all.

But, green in age and lusty as he is,
 And promising to keep his hold on earth
 Less, as might seem, in rivalry with
 men

Than with the forest's more enduring
 growth,

His own appointed hour will come at
 last ;

And, like the haughty Spoilers of the
 world,

This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must
 fall.

"Now from the living pass we once
 again :

From Age," the Priest continued, "turn
 your thoughts ;

From Age, that often unlamented drops,
 And mark that daisied hillock, three
 spans long !

—Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the
 board

Of Gold-rill side ; and, when the hope
 had ceased

To me as precious as my own!—Green
 herbs
 May creep (I wish that they would softly
 creep)
 Over thy last abode, and we may pass
 Reminded less imperiously of thee;—
 The ridge itself may sink into the breast
 Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more;
 Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our
 hearts,
 Thy image disappear!

The Mountain-ash

No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
 Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
 Decked with autumnal berries, that out-
 shine
 Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may
 have marked,
 By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
 How she her station doth adorn: the
 pool
 Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy
 rocks
 Are brightened round her. In his native
 vale
 Such and so glorious did this Youth
 appear;
 A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
 By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
 Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
 By all the graces with which nature's hand
 Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
 Tell in their idle songs of wandering
 gods,
 Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;
 Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the
 shade,
 Discovered in their own despite to sense
 Of mortals (if such fables without blame
 May find chance-mention on this sacred
 ground)—
 So, through a simple rustic garb's dis-
 guise,
 And through the impediment of rural
 cares
 In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
 And so, not wholly hidden from men's
 sight,
 In him the spirit of a hero walked
 Our unpretending valley.—How the quoit
 Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If
 touched by him,
 The inglorious football mounted to the
 pitch

Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow
 curve,
 Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!
 The indefatigable fox had learned
 To dread his perseverance in the chase.
 With admiration would he lift his eyes
 To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
 Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:
 Else had the strongest fastnesses proved
 weak
 To guard the royal brood. The sailing
 glead,
 The wheeling swallow, and the darting
 snipe;
 *The sportive sea-gull dancing with the
 waves,
 And cautious water-fowl, from distant
 climes,
 Fixed at their seat, the centre of the
 Mele,
 Were subject to young Oswald's steady
 aim,
 And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast

Of Fiance a boastful Tyrant hurled his
 threats;
 Our Country marked the preparation vast
 Of hostile forces; and she called—with
 voice
 That filled her plains, that reached her
 utmost shores,
 And in remotest vales was heard—to
 arms!
 —Then, for the first time, here you might
 have seen
 The shepherd's grey to martial scarlet
 changed,
 That flashed uncouthly through the woods
 and fields.
 Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,
 And graced with shining weapons, weekly
 marched,
 From this lone valley, to a central spot
 Where, in assemblage with the flower and
 choice
 Of the surrounding district, they might
 learn
 The rudiments of war; ten—hardy,
 strong,
 And valiant; but young Oswald, like a
 chief
 And yet a modest comrade, led them forth
 From their shy solitude, to face the
 world,

Europe, through all her habitable bounds,
Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who yet
Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore,
By horror of their impious rites, pre-
served ;
Are still permitted to extend their pride,
Like cedars on the top of Lebanon
Darkening the sun.

But less impatient thoughts,
And love 'all hoping and expecting all,'
This hallowed grave demands, where rests
in peace
A humble champion of the better cause ;
A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he
asked
No higher name ; in whom our country
showed,
As in a favourite son, most beautiful.
In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,
Spread with the spreading of her wealthy
arts,
England, the ancient and the free, ap-
peared
In him to stand before my swimming
eyes,
Unconquerably virtuous and secure.
—No more of this, lest I offend his dust :
Short was his life, and a brief tale re-
mains.

"One day—a summer's day of annual
pomp
And solemn chase—from morn to sultry
noon
His steps had followed, fleetest of the
fleet,
The red-deer driven along its native
heights
With cry of hound and horn ; and, from
that toil
Returned with sinews weakened and re-
laxed,
This generous Youth, too negligent of self,
Plunged—'mid a gay and busy throng
convened
To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock—
Into the chilling flood. Convulsions dire
Seized him, that self-same night ; and
through the space
Of twelve ensuing days his frame was
wrenched,
Till nature rested from her work in death.
To him, thus snatched away, his com-
rades paid
wO.

A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless
blue—

A golden lustre slept upon the hills ;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering
there,

From some commanding eminence had
looked

Down on this spot, well pleased would
he have seen

A glittering spectacle ; but every face
Was pallid : seldom hath that eye been
moist

With tears, that wept not then ; nor were
the few,

Who from their dwellings came not forth
to join

In this sad service, less disturbed than
we.

They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder, which an-
nounced,

Through the still air, the closing of the
Grave ;

And distant mountains echoed with a
sound

Of lamentation, never heard before !"

The Pastor ceased.—My venerable
Friend

Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye ;
And, when that eulogy was ended, stood
Enrapt, as if his inward sense perceived
The prolongation of some still response,
Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide
land,

The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,
Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,
Its rights and virtues—by that Deity
Descending, and supporting his pure
heart

With patriotic confidence and joy.
And, at the last of those memorial words,
The pining Solitary turned aside ;
Whether through manly instinct to con-
ceal

Tender emotions spreading from the
heart

To his worn cheek ; or with uneasy shame
For those cold humours of habitual spleen
That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man
Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes
urged

To self-abuse a not ineloquent tongue.

To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks
 For the pathetic records which his voice
 Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt
 truth,

Tending to patience when affliction
 strikes;
 To hope and love; to confident repose
 In God; and reverence for the dust of
 Man."

BOOK EIGHTH.

THE PARSONAGE.

ARGUMENT.

Pastor's apology and apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long, with the Pastor's invitation to his house.—Solitary disinclined to comply—rallies the Wanderer—and playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant—which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit.—Favourable effects.—The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes.—Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth.—Physical science unable to support itself.—Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society.—Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton mill.—Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed.—Conversation broken off by a renewed invitation from the Pastor.—Path leading to his House.—Its appearance described.—His daughter.—His Wife.—His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion.—Their happy appearance.—The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

THE pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale
 To those acknowledgments subscribed his
 own,
 With a sedate compliance, which the
 Priest
 Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and
 said :—
 "If ye, by whom invited I began
 These narratives of calm and humble life,
 Be satisfied, 'tis well,—the end is gained;
 And in return for sympathy bestowed
 And patient listening, thanks accept from
 me.
 —Life, death, eternity! momentous
 themes
 Are they—and might demand a scraph's
 tongue.
 Were they not equal to their own support :
 And therefore no incompetence of mine
 Could do them wrong. The universal
 forms
 Of human nature, in a spot like this,
 Present themselves at once to all men's
 view :
 Ye wished for act and circumstance, that
 make
 The individual known and understood ;
 And such as my best judgment could
 select

From what the place afforded, have been
 given :
 Though apprehensions crossed me that
 my zeal
 To his might well be likened, who unlocks
 A cabinet stored with gems and pictures—
 draws
 His treasures forth, soliciting regard
 To this, and this, as worthier than the
 last,
 Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased
 More than the exhibitor himself, becomes
 Weary and faint, and longs to be released.
 —But let us hence! my dwelling is in
 sight,
 And there—"

At this the Solitary shrunk
 With backward will; but, wanting not
 address
 That inward motion to disguise, he said
 To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake :
 —"The peaceable remains of this good
 Knight
 Would be disturbed, I fear, with violent
 scorn.
 If consciousness could reach him where
 he lies
 That one, albeit of these degenerate
 times,

The stars of human glory are cast down ;
Perish the roses and the flowers of
kings,

Princes, and emperors, and the crowns
and palms—

Of all the mighty, withered and consumed !

Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man himself

Departs ; and soon is spent the line of
those

Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and
ranks,

Fraternities and orders—heaping high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a
smile

Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of Desolation, aimed : to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow :

Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire ; and nature's pleasant robe of
green,

Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory. The
vast Frame

Of social nature changes evermore
Her organs and her members, with decay
Restless, and restless generation, powers
And functions dying and produced at
need,—

And by this law the mighty whole subsists :

With an ascent and progress in the
main ;

Yet, oh ! how disproportioned to the
hopes

And expectations of self-flattering minds !

“The courteous Knight, whose bones
are here interred,

Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
For strife and ferment in the minds of
men ;

Whence alteration in the forms of things,
Various and vast. A memorable age !

Which did to him assign a pensive lot—
To linger 'mid the last of those bright
clouds

That, on the steady breeze of honour,
sailed

In long procession calm and beautiful.
He who had seen his own bright order
fade,

And its devotion gradually decline,
(While war, relinquishing the lance and
shield,

Her temper changed, and bowed to other
laws)

Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,
That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,
In town and city and sequestered glen,
Altar, and cross, and church of solemn
roof,

And old religious house—pile after pile ;
And shook their tenants out into the
fields,

Like wild beasts without home ! Their
hour was come ;

But why no softening thought of grati-
tude,

No just remembrance, scruple, or wise
doubt ?

Benevolence is mild ; nor borrows help,
Save at worst need, from bold impetuous
force,

Fittest allied to anger and revenge.
But Human-kind rejoices in the might

Of mutability ; and airy hopes,
Dancing around her, hinder and disturb
Those meditations of the soul that feed
The retrospective virtues. Festive songs
Break from the maddened nations at the
sight

Of sudden overthrow ; and cold neglect
Is the sure consequence of slow decay.

“Even,” said the Wanderer, “as that
courteous Knight,

Bound by his vow to labour for redress
Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact
By sword and lance the law of gentle-
ness,

(If I may venture of myself to speak,
Trusting that not incongruously I blend
Low things with lofty) I too shall be
doomed

To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem
Of the poor calling which my youth
embraced

With no unworthy prospect. But enough ;
—Thoughts crowd upon me—and 'twere
seemlier now

(Prized avenues ere others had been
 shaped
 Or easier links connecting place with
 place)
 Have vanished—swallowed up by stately
 roads
 Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
 Of Britain's farthest glens. The Earth
 has lent
 Her waters, Air her breezes; and the
 sail
 Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse.
 Glistening along the low and woody dale;
 Or, in its progress, on the lofty side
 Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned
 from far.

"Meanwhile, at social Industry's com-
 mand,
 How quick, how vast an increase! From
 the germ
 Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
 Here a huge town, continuous and com-
 pact,
 Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and
 there,
 Where not a habitation stood before,
 Abodes of men irregularly massed
 Like trees in forests,—spread through
 spacious tracts,
 O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
 Hangs permanent, and plentiful as
 wreaths
 Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
 And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his
 steps.
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,
 Or disappearing: triumph that proclaims
 How much the mild Directress of the
 plough
 Owes to alliance with these new-born
 arts!
 —Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence
 the shores
 Of Britain are resorted to by ships
 Freight from every climate of the world
 With the world's choicest produce.
 Hence that sum
 Of keels that rest within her crowded
 ports.
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
 That animating spectacle of sails
 That, through her inland regions, to and
 fro

Pass with the respirations of the tide,
 Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
 Hence a dread arm of floating power, a
 voice
 Of thunder daunting those who would
 approach
 With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
 Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

"And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock
 Faithfully watched, and, by that loving
 care
 And Heaven's good providence, preserved
 from taint!
 With you I grieve, when on the darker
 side
 Of this great change I look; and there
 behold
 Such outrage done to nature as compels
 The indignant power to justify herself:
 Yea, to avenge her violated rights,
 For England's bane.—When soothing
 darkness spreads
 O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus
 expressed
 His recollections, "and the punctual
 stars,
 While all things else are gathering to their
 homes.
 Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
 Glitter—but undisturbed, undisturbed;
 As if their silent company were charged
 With peaceful admonitions for the heart
 Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful
 lord;
 Then, in full many a region, once like
 this
 The assured domain of calm simplicity.
 And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
 Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes
 Breaks from a many-windowed fabric
 huge:
 And at the appointed hour a bell is
 heard,
 Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll
 That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern
 behest—
 A local summons to unceasing toil!
 Disgorged are now the ministers of day;
 And, as they issue from the illumined
 pile.
 A fresh band meets them, at the crowded
 door—

Deploring changes past, or dreading
change
Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in
thought,
The fine vocation of the sword and lance
With the gross aims and body-bending
toil
Of a poor brotherhood who walk the
earth
Pitied, and, where they are not known,
despised.

"Yet, by the good Knight's leave, the
two estates
Are graced with some resemblance.
Errant those,
Exiles and wanderers—and the like are
these ;
Who, with their burthen, traverse hill and
dale,
Carrying relief for nature's simple wants.
—What though no higher recompense be
sought
Than honest maintenance, by irksome
toil
Full oft procured, yet may they claim
respect,
Among the intelligent, for what this
course
Enables them to be and to perform.
Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,
While solitude permits the mind to feel ;
Instructs, and prompts her to supply
defects
By the division of her inward self
For grateful converse : and to these poor
men
Nature (I but repeat your favourite
boast)
Is bountiful—go wheresoe'er they may ;
Kind nature's various wealth is all their
own.
Versed in the characters of men ; and
bound,
By ties of daily interest, to maintain
Conciliatory manners and smooth speech ;
Such have been, and still are in their
degree,
Examples efficacious to refine
Rude intercourse ; apt agents to expel,
By importation of unlooked-for arts,
Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice ;
Raising, through just gradation, savage
life

To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.
—Within their moving magazines is
lodged
Power that comes forth to quicken and
exalt
Affections seated in the mother's breast,
And in the lover's fancy ; and to feed
The sober sympathies of long-tried
friends.
—By these Itinerants, as experienced
men,
Counsel is given ; contention they appease
With gentle language ; in remotest wilds,
Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings
bring ;
Could the proud quest of chivalry do
more?"

"Happy," rejoined the Wanderer,
"they who gain
A pangyric from your generous tongue !
But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained
Aught of romantic interest, it is gone.
Their purer service in this realm at least,
Is past for ever.—An inventive Age
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic,
yet
To most strange issues. I have lived to
mark
A new and unforeseen creation rise
From out the labours of a peaceful Land
Wielding her potent enginery to frame
And to produce, with appetite as keen
As that of war, which rests not night or
day,
Industrious to destroy ! With fruitless
pains
Might one like me *now* visit many a tract
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod
again,
A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,
Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he
came—
Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill ;
Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter
proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers
Of some stern castle, mouldering on the
brow
Of a green hill or bank of rugged
stream.
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-
track wild,
And formidable length of plashy lane,

Which I behold with trembling, when I think
 What lamentable change, a year—a month—
 May bring; that brook converting as it runs
 Into an instrument of deadly bane
 For those, who, yet untempted to forsake
 The simple occupations of their sies,
 Drink the pure water of its innocent stream
 With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss
 (Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)
 How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!
 Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,
 The habitations empty! or perchance
 The Mother left alone,—no helping hand
 To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
 No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
 Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
 Of household occupation; no nice arts
 Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,
 Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;
 Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;
 Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!

"The Father, if perchance he still retain
 His old employments, goes to field or wood,
 No longer led or followed by the Sons;
 Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his* sight;
 Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;
 Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
 Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.
 Economists will tell you that the State
 Thrives by the forfeiture—unfeeling thought,
 And false as monstrous! Can the mother thrive
 By the destruction of her innocent sons
 In whom a premature necessity
 Blocks out the forms of nature, pre-consumes

The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up
 The infant Being in itself, and makes
 Its very spring a season of decay!
 The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
 Whether a pining discontent survive,
 And thirst for change; or habit hath subdued
 The soul deprest, dejected—even to love
 Of her close tasks, and long captivity.

"Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
 A native Briton to those inward chains,
 Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep;
 Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!
 He is a slave to whom release comes not,
 And cannot come. The boy, where'er he turns,
 Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up
 Among the clouds, and roars through the ancient woods;
 Or when the sun is shining in the east,
 Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the school
 Of his attainments? no; but with the air
 Fanning his temples under heaven's blue arch.
 His raiment, whitened o'er with cotton-flakes
 Our locks of wool, announces whence he comes.
 Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,
 His respiration quick and audible;
 And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
 Could break from out those languid eyes, or a blush
 Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
 Is that the countenance, and such the port,
 Of no mean Being? One who should be clothed
 With dignity befitting his proud hope;
 Who, in his very childhood, should appear
 Sublime from present purity and joy!
 The limbs increase; but liberty of mind
 Is gone for ever; and this organic frame,
 So joyful in its motions, is become
 Dull, to the joy of her own notions dead;
 And even the touch, so exquisitely poured
 Through the whole body, with a languid will

And in the courts,—and where the rumbling stream,
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens, youths,
Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master-idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old
Our ancestors, within the still domain
Of vast cathedral or conventual church,
Their vigils kept; where tapers day and night

On the dim altar burned continually,
In token that the House was evermore
Watching to God. Religious men were they;

Nor would their reason, tutored to aspire
Above this transitory world, allow
That there should pass a moment of the year,
When in their land the Almighty's service ceased,

“Triumph who will in these profaner rites

Which we, a generation self-extolled,
As zealously perform! I cannot share
His proud complacency:—yet do I exult,
Casting reserve away, exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed; almost a soul
Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers

That, by the thinking mind, have been compelled

To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may come
When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might

Of this dominion over nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory rests;

All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,

Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;
And the Arts died by which they had been raised.

—Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the Philosophy whose sway depends
On mere material instruments;—how weak

Those arts, and high inventions, if unpropped

By virtue.—He, sighing with pensive grief,

Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness!”

When from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen,

I said, “And, did in truth those vaunted Arts

Possess such privilege, how could we escape

Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,
And would preserve as things above all price,

The old domestic morals of the land,
Her simple manners, and the stable worth
That dignified and cheered a low estate?
Oh! where is now the character of peace

Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer;
That made the very thought of country-life

A thought of refuge, for a mind detained
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?

Where now the beauty of the sabbath kept

With conscientious reverence, as a day
By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced
Holy and blest? and where the winning grace

Of all the lighter ornaments attached
To time and season, as the year rolled round?”

“Fled!” was the Wanderer's passionate response,

“Fled utterly! or only to be traced
In a few fortunate retreats like this;

Impart new gladness to the morning air!
 Forgive me if I venture to suspect
 That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,
 Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints;
 Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the
 knees
 Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear,
 Fellows to those that lustily upheld
 The wooden stools for everlasting use,
 Whereon our fathers sate. And mark
 his brow!
 Under whose shaggy canopy are set
 Two eyes—not dim, but of a healthy
 stare—
 Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and
 strange—
 Proclaiming boldly that they never drew
 A look or motion of intelligence
 From infant-conning of the Christ-cross-
 row,
 Or puzzling through a primer, line by
 line,
 Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last.
 —What kindly warmth from touch of
 fostering hand,
 What penetrating power of sun or breeze,
 Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his
 soul
 Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?
 This torpor is no pitiable work
 Of modern ingenuity; no town
 Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught
 Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,
 To which (and who can tell where or how
 soon?)
 He may be roused. This Boy the fields
 produce:
 His spade and hoe, mattock and glitter-
 ing scythe,
 The carter's whip that on his shoulder
 rests
 In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,
 The sceptre of his sway; his country's
 name,
 Her equal rights, her churches and her
 schools—
 What have they done for him? And, let
 me ask,
 For tens of thousands uninformed as he?
 In brief, what liberty of *mind* is here?"

 This ardent sally pleased the mild good
 Man,

To whom the appeal couched in its clos-
 ing words
 Was pointedly addressed; and to the
 thoughts
 That, in assent or opposition, rose
 Within his mind, he seemed prepared to
 give
 Prompt utterance; but the Vicar inter-
 posed
 With invitation urgently renewed.
 —We followed, taking as he led, a path
 Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall,
 Whose flexible boughs low bending with
 a weight
 Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and
 roots
 That gave them nourishment. When
 frosty winds
 Howl from the north, what kindly warmth,
 methought,
 Is here—how grateful this impervious
 screen!
 —Not shaped by simple wearing of the
 foot
 On rural business passing to and fro
 Was the commodious walk: a careful
 hand
 Had marked the line, and strewn its sur-
 face o'er
 With pure cerulean gravel, from the
 heights
 Fetched by a neighbouring brook.—Across
 the vale
 The stately fence accompanied our steps;
 And thus the pathway, by perennial
 green
 Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned
 to unite,
 As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,
 The Pastor's mansion with the house of
 prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjoined
 With feminine allurements soft and fair.
 The mansion's self displayed;—a reverend
 pile
 With bold projections and recesses deep;
 Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it
 stood
 Fronting the noontide sun. We paused
 to admire
 The pillared porch, elaborately embossed:
 The low wide windows with their mul-
 lions old:

Performs its functions ; rarely competent
To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
The gentle visitations of the sun,
Or lapse of liquid element—by hand,
Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—per-
ceived.

—Can hope look forward to a manhood
raised

On such foundations?"

"Hope is none for him!"

The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,
"And tens of thousands suffer wrong as
deep.

Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,
If there were not, before those arts ap-
peared,

These structures rose, commingling old
and young,

And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint ;
If there were not, *then*, in our far-famed
Isle,

Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed
Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large ;
Yet walked beneath the sun, in human
shape,

As abject, as degraded? At this day,
Who shall enumerate the crazy huts
And tottering hovels, whence do issue
forth

A ragged Offspring, with their upright
hair

Crowned like the image of fantastic *Fear* ;
Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that white
growth

An ill-adjusted turban, for defence
Or fierceness, wreathed around their sun-
burnt brows,

By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their
lips ;

Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet
On which they stand ; as if thereby they
drew

Some nourishment, as trees do by their
roots,

From earth, the common mother of us all.
Figure and mien, complexion and attire,
Are leagued to strike dismay ; but out-
stretched hand

And whining voice denote them suppli-
cants

For the least boon that pity can bestow.
Such on the breast of darksome heaths
are found ;
wo.

And with their parents occupy the skirts
Of furze-clad commons ; such are born
and reared

At the mine's mouth under impending
rocks ;

Or dwell in chambers of some natural
cave ;

Or where their ancestors erected huts,
For the convenience of unlawful gain,
In forest purlicus ; and the like are bred,
All England through, where nooks and
slips of ground

Purloined, in times less jealous than our
own,

*From the green margin of the public way,
A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom
And gaiety of cultivated fields.

Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)
Do I remember oftentimes to have seen

'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. In earnest
watch,

Till the swift vehicle approach, they
stand ;

Then, following closely with the cloud of
dust,

An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone
Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage.

—Up from the ground they snatch the
copper coin

And, on the freight of merry passengers
Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed ;
And spin—and pant—and overhead again,
Wild pursuivants ! until their breath is
lost,

Or bounty tires—and every face, that
smiled

Encouragement, hath ceased to look that
way.

—But, like the vagrants of the gipsy
tribe,

These, bred to little pleasure in them-
selves,

Are profitless to others.

Turn we then

To Britons born and bred within the pale
Of civil polity, and early trained

To earn, by wholesome labour in the field,
The bread they eat. A sample should I
give

Of what this stock hath long produced to
enrich

The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,
'Is this the whistling plough-boy whose
shrill notes

Seen, from the shady room in which we
 sate,
 In softened perspective; and more than
 once
 Praised the consummate harmony serene
 Of gravity and elegance, diffused
 Around the mansion and its whole do-
 main;
 Not, doubtless, without help of female
 taste
 And female care.—“A blessed lot is
 yours!”
 The words escaped his lip, with a tender
 sigh
 Breathed over them: but suddenly the
 door
 Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys
 Appeared, confusion checking their de-
 light.
 —Not brothers they in feature or attire,
 But fond companions, so I guessed, in
 field,
 And by the river's margin—whence they
 come,
 Keen anglers with unusual spoil elated.
 One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
 The boy of plainer garb, whose blush
 survives
 More deeply tinged. Twin might the
 other be
 To that fair girl who from the garden-
 mount
 Bounded:—triumphant entry this for
 him!
 Between his hands he holds a smooth
 blue stone,
 On whose capacious surface see outspread
 Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted
 trouts;
 Ranged side by side, and lessening by
 degrees
 Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
 Upon the board he lays the sky-blue
 stone
 With its rich freight; their number he
 proclaims;
 Tells from what pool the noblest had
 been dragged;
 And where the very monarch of the
 brook,
 After long struggle, had escaped at last—
 Stealing alternately at them and us
 (As doth his comrade too) a look of pride:
 And, verily, the silent creatures made

A splendid sight, together thus exposed;
 Dead—but not sullied or deformed by
 death,
 That seemed to pity what he could not
 spare.

But O, the animation in the mien
 Of those two boys! yea in the very words
 With which the young narrator was in-
 spired,
 When, as our questions led, he told at
 large
 Of that day's prowess! Him might I
 compare,
 His looks, tones, gestures, eager elo-
 quence,
 To a bold brook that splits for better speed,
 And at the self-same moment, works its way
 Through many channels, ever and anon
 Parted and re-united: his compeer
 To the still lake, whose stillness is to
 sight
 As beautiful—as grateful to the mind.
 —But to what object shall the lovely
 Girl
 Be likened? She whose countenance and
 air
 Unite the graceful qualities of both,
 Even as she shares the pride and joy of
 both.

My grey-haired Friend was moved; his
 vivid eye
 Glistened with tenderness; his mind, I
 knew,
 Was full; and had, I doubted not, re-
 turned,
 Upon this impulse, to the theme—ere-
 while
 Abruptly broken off. The ruddy boys
 Withdrew, on summons to their well-
 earned meal;
 And He—to whom all tongues resigned
 their rights
 With willingness, to whom the general ear
 Listened with readier patience than to
 strain
 Of music, lute or harp, a long delight
 That ceased not when his voice had
 ceased—as One
 Who from truth's central point serenely
 views
 The compass of his argument—began
 Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.

The cornice, richly fretted, of grey stone ;
And that smooth slope from which the
dwelling rose,
By beds and banks Arcadian of gay
flowers

And flowering shrubs, protected and
adorned :

Profusion bright ! and every flower as-
suming

A more than natural vividness of hue
From unaffected contrast with the gloom
Of sober cypress, and the darker foil
Of yew, in which survived some traces,
here

Not unbecoming, of grotesque device
And uncouth fancy. From behind the
roof

Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,
Blending their diverse foliage with the
green

Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
The huge round chimneys, harbour of
delight

For wren and redbreast,—where they sit
and sing

Their slender ditties when the trees are
bare.

Nor must I leave untouched (the picture
else

Were incomplete) a relique of old times
Happily spared, a little Gothic niche
Of nicest workmanship ; that once had
held

The sculptured image of some patron-
saint,

Or of the blessed Virgin, looking down
On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo ! where from the rocky garden-
mount
Crowned by its antique summer-house—
descends,

Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl ;
For she hath recognised her honoured
friend,

The Wanderer ever welcome ! A prompt
kiss

The gladsome child bestows at his re-
quest ;

And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,
Hangs on the old Man with a happy
look,

And with a pretty restless hand of love.
—We enter—by the Lady of the place

Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port :
A lofty stature undepressed by time,
Whose visitation had not wholly spared
The finer lineaments of form and face ;
To that complexion brought which pru-
dence trusts in

And wisdom loves.—But when a stately
ship

Sails in smooth weather by the placid
coast

On homeward voyage,—what if wind and
wave,

And hardship undergone in various
climes,

Have caused her to abate the virgin
pide,

And that full trim of inexperienced hope
With which she left her haven—not for
this,

Should the sun strike her, and the im-
partial breeze

Play on her steamers, fails she to as-
sume

Brightness and touching beauty of her
own,

That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair,
appeared

This goodly Matron, shining in the
beams

Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board
Was spread, and we partook a plain re-
past.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
The mid-day hours with desultory talk ;
From trivial themes to general argument
Passing, as accident or fancy led,
Or courtesy prescribed. While question
rose

And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
Resumed the manners of his happier
days ;

And in the various conversation bore
A willing, nay, at times, a forward part ;
Yet with the grace of one who in the
world

Had learned the art of pleasing, and had
now

Occasion given him to display his skill,
Upon the steadfast 'vantage-ground of
truth.

He gazed, with admiration unsuppressed,
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,

Yet have I thought that we might also
speak,

And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
As of a final EMINENCE; though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty; a place of power.
A throne, that may be likened unto his.
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
Down from a mountain-top,—say one of
those

High peaks, that bound the vale where
now we are.

Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye.
Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,
With all the shapes over their surface
spread:

But, while the gross and visible frame of
things

Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
Yea almost on the Mind herself, and
seems

All unsubstantialized.—how loud the voice
Of waters, with invigorated peal
From the full river in the vale below,
Ascending! For on that superior height
Who sits, is disencumbered from the press
Of near obstructions, and is privileged
To breathe in solitude, above the host
Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
That suits not them. The murmur of the
leaves

Many and idle, visits not his ear:

This he is freed from, and from thousand
notes

(Not less unceasing, not less vain than
these.)

By which the finer passages of sense
Are occupied; and the Soul, that would
incline

To listen, is prevented or deterred.

“And may it not be hoped, that, placed
by age

In like removal, tranquil though severe,
We are not so removed for utter loss;
But for some favour, suited to our need?
What more than that the severing should
confer

Fresh power to commune with the in-
visible world,

And hear the mighty stream of tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible

To the vast multitude; whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

“But, if to such sublime ascent the
hopes

Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close
And termination of his mortal course;
Then only can such hope inspire whose
minds

Have not been starved by absolute ne-
glect;

Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil:
To whom kind Nature, therefore, may
afford

Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may
ensure.

For me, consulting what I feel within
In times when most existence with herself
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
That, far as kindly Nature hath free
scope

And Reason's sway predominates; even
so far,

Country, society, and time itself,
That saps the individual's bodily frame,
And lays the generations low in dust,
Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace partake
Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth
And cherishing with ever-constant love,
That tires not, nor betrays. Our life is
turned

Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool

Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end:
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
Say, what can follow for a rational soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good.
And strength in evil? Hence an after-
call

For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
And oftimes Death, avenger of the past.
And the sole guardian in whose hands we
dare

Entrust the future.—Not for these sad
issues

Was Man created; but to obey the law
Of life, and hope, and action. And 'tis
known

That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unelbowed by such objects as oppress

BOOK NINTH.

DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND AN EVENING VISIT
TO THE LAKE.

ARGUMENT.

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe, its noblest seat the human soul.—How lively this principle is in Childhood.—Hence the delight in old Age of looking back upon Childhood.—The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted.—These not to be looked for generally but under a just government.—Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument.—The condition of multitudes deplored.—Former conversation recurred to, and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light.—Truth placed within reach of the humblest.—Equality.—Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to.—Earnest wish expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government.—Glorious effects of this foretold.—Walk to the Lake.—Grand spectacle from the side of a hill.—Address of Priest to the Supreme Being—in the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him.—The change ascribed to Christianity.—Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead.—Gratitude to the Almighty.—Return over the Lake.—Parting with the Solitary.—Under what circumstances.

"To every Form of Being is assigned,"
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,
"An *active* Principle :—howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures ; in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary
rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
Whate'er exists hath properties that
spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed ;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude ; from link to link
it circulates, the Soul of all the worlds.
This is the freedom of the universe ;
Unfolded still the more, more visible,
The more we know ; and yet is revered
least,
And least respected in the human Mind,
Its most apparent home. The food of
hope
is meditated action ; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also ; for we live by hope
and by desire ; we see by the glad light
and breathe the sweet air of futurity ;
and so we live, or else we have no life.
To-morrow—nay perchance this very
hour
For every moment hath its own to-morrow !)

Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are
almost sick
With present triumph, will be sure to
find
A field before them freshened with the
dew
Of other expectations ;—in which course
Their happy year spins round. The youth
obeys
A like glad impulse ; and so moves the
man
'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and
fears,—
Or so he ought to move. Ah ! why in age
Do we revert so fondly to the walks
Of childhood—but that there the Soul
discerns
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
Of her own native vigour ; thence can
hear
Reverberations ; and a choral song,
Commingling with the incense that ascends,
Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,
From her own lonely altar ?

Do not think
That good and wise ever will be allowed,
Though strength decay, to breathe in such
estate
As shall divide them wholly from the stir
Of hopeful nature. Rightly it is said
That Man descends into the VALE of
years ;

Where circumstance and nature had combined

To shelter innocence, and cherish love ;
Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,

Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind ;

Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

“ Alas ! what differs more than man from man !

And whence that difference ! Whence but from himself ?

For see the universal Race endowed
With the same upright form ! The sun is fixed,

And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed, within reach of every human eye ;
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears ;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,

Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil ; and as a power
Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.

Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all ;
Reason, and, with that reason, smiles and tears ;

Imagination, freedom in the will ;
Conscience to guide and check ; and death to be

Foretasted, immortality conceived

By all,—a blissful immortality,
To them whose holiness on earth shall make

The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.
Strange, then, nor less than monstrous,
might be deemed

The failure, if the Almighty, to this point

Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
The excellence of moral qualities
From common understanding ; leaving truth

And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark ;
Hard to be won, and only by a few :
Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects,

And frustrate all the rest ! Believe it not :

The primal duties shine aloft—like stars ;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,

Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers.

The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—

No mystery is here ! Here is no boon
For high—yet not for low ; for proudly
graced—

Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends

To heaven as lightly from the cottage-hearth

As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose soul

Ponders this true equality, may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope ;

Yet, in that meditation, will he find
Motive to sadder grief, as we have found ;
Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
And for the injustice grieving, that hath made

So wide a difference between man and man.

“ Then let us rather fix our gladdened thoughts

Upon the brighter scene. How blest that pair

Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now)

Blest in their several and their common lot !

A few short hours of each returning day
The thriving prisoners of their village-school :

And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes

Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy ;
To breathe and to be happy, run and shout

Idle,—but no delay, no harm, no loss :
For every genial power of heaven and earth,

Through all the seasons of the changeful year,

Obssequiously doth take upon herself
To labour for them ; bringing each in turn

The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge, health,

Our active powers, those powers themselves become

Strong to subvert our noxious qualities ;
They sweep distemper from the busy day,
And make the chalice of the big round year

Run over with gladness ; whence the Being moves

In beauty through the world ; and all who see

Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what force
Of language shall a feeling heart express
Her sorrow for that multitude in whom
We look for health from seeds that have
been sown

In sickness, and for increase in a power
That works but by extinction? On themselves

They cannot lean, nor turn to their own hearts

To know what they must do ; their wisdom is

To look into the eyes of others, thence
To be instructed what they must avoid :

Or rather, let us say, how least observed,
How with most quiet and most silent death,

With the least taint and injury to the air
The oppressor breathes, their human form
divine,

And their immortal soul, may waste
away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you—you
have spared

My voice the utterance of a keen regret,
A wide compassion which with you I
share.

When, heretofore, I placed before your
sight

A Little-one, subjected to the arts
Of modern ingenuity, and made

The senseless member of a vast machine,
Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel ;

Think not, that, pitying him, I could
forget

The rustic Boy, who walks the fields,
untaught ;

The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,
And miserable hunger. Much, too much,

Of this unhappy lot, in early youth

We both have witnessed, lot which I
myself

Shared, though in mild and merciful
degree :

Yet was the mind to hinderances exposed,
Through which I struggled, not without
distress

And sometimes injury, like a lamb en-
thralled

'Mid thorns and brambles ; or a bird that
breaks

Through a strong net, and mounts upon
the wind,

Though with her plumes impaired. If
they, whose souls

Should open while they range the richer
fields

Of merry England, are obstructed less
By indigence, their ignorance is not less,

Nor less to be deplored. For who can
doubt

That tens of thousands at this day exist
Such as the boy you painted, lineal heirs

Of those who once were vassals of her soil,
Following its fortunes like the beasts or
trees

Which it sustained. But no one takes
delight

In this oppression ; none are proud of it ;
It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore ;

A standing grievance, an indigenous vice
Of every country under heaven. My
thoughts

Were turned to evils that are new and
chosen,

A bondage lurking under shape of good,—
Aits, in themselves beneficent and kind,

But all too fondly followed and too far ;—
To victims, which the merciful can see

Nor think that they are victims—turned
to wrongs,

By women, who have children of their
own,

Beheld without compassion, yea, with
praise !

I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
With gladness, thinking that the more it
spreads

The healthier, the securer, we become ;
Delusion which a moment may destroy !

Lastly I mourned for those whom I had
seen

Corrupted and cast down, on favoured
ground,

And, if that ignorance were removed,
 which breeds
 Within the compass of their several shores
 Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
 Might still preserve the beautiful repose
 Of heavenly bodies shining in their
 spheres.

—The discipline of slavery is unknown
 Among us,—hence the more do we re-
 quire

The discipline of virtue ; order else
 Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
 Thus, duties rising out of good possess
 And prudent caution needful to avert
 Impending evil, equally require
 That the whole people should be taught
 and trained.

So shall licentiousness and black resolve
 Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
 Their place ; and genuine piety descend,
 Like an inheritance, from age to age.

“With such foundations laid, avaunt
 the fear

Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
 To the prevention of all healthful
 growth

Through mutual injury ! Rather in the law
 Of increase and the mandate from above
 Rejoice !—and ye have special cause for
 joy.

—For, as the element of air affords
 An easy passage to the industrious bees
 Fraught with their burthens ; and a way
 as smooth

For those ordained to take their sounding
 flight

From the thronged hive, and settle where
 they list

In fresh abodes—their labour to renew ;
 So the wide waters, open to the power,
 The will, the instincts, and appointed
 needs

Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
 Her swarms, and in succession send them
 forth ;

Bound to establish new communities
 On every shore whose aspect favours
 hope

Or bold adventure ; promising to skill
 And perseverance their deserved reward.

“Yes,” he continued, kindling as he
 spake,

“Change wide, and deep, and silently
 performed,
 This Land shall witness ; and as days roll
 on.

Earth’s universal frame shall feel the
 effect ;

Even till the smallest habitable rock,
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
 Of humanised society ; and bloom
 With civil arts, that shall breathe forth
 their fragrance,

A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
 From culture, unexclusively bestowed
 On Albion’s noble Race in freedom born,
 Expect these mighty issues : from the
 pains

And faithful care of unambitious schools
 Instructing simple childhood’s ready ear :
 Thence look for these magnificent results !
 —Vast the circumference of hope—and
 ye

Are at its centre, British Lawgivers ;
 Ah ! sleep not there in shame ! Shall Wis-
 dom’s voice

From out the bosom of these troubled
 times

Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
 And shall the venerable halls ye fill
 Refuse to echo the sublime decree ?

Trust not to partial care a general good ;
 Transfer not to futurity a work
 Of urgent need.—Your Country must
 complete

Her glorious destiny. Begin even now.
 Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian
 plague

Of darkness, stretched o’er guilty Europe,
 makes

The brightness more conspicuous that in-
 vests

The happy Island where ye think and
 act ;

Now, when destruction is a prime pur-
 suit,

Show to the wretched nations for what
 end

The powers of civil polity were given.”

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,
 The Sage broke off. No sooner had he
 ceased

Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,
 “Behold the shades of afternoon have
 fallen

Beauty, or strength! Such privilege is theirs,
 Granted alike in the outset of their course
 To both; and, if that partnership must cease,
 I grieve not," to the Pastor here he turned,
 "Much as I glory in that child of yours,
 Repine not for his cottage-comrade, whom
 Belike no higher destiny awaits
 Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled;
 The wish for liberty to live—content
 With what Heaven grants, and die—in peace of mind,
 Within the bosom of his native vale.
 At least, whatever fate the noon of life
 Reserves for either, sure it is that both
 Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
 Whether regarded as a jocund time,
 That in itself may terminate, or lead
 In course of nature to a sober eve.
 Both have been fairly dealt with; looking back:
 They will allow that justice has in them
 Been shown, alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul
 Some weighty matter; then, with fervent voice
 And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed—

"O for the coming of that glorious time
 When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth

And best protection, this imperial Realm,
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
 An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
 Them who are born to serve her and obey;

Binding herself by statute to secure
 For all the children whom her soil main-
 tains

The rudiments of letters, and inform
 The mind with moral and religious truth,
 Both understood and practised,—so that none,

However destitute, be left to droop
 By timely culture unsustained; or run
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced
 To drudge through a weary life without
 the help
 Of intellectual implements and tools;

A savage horde among the civilised,
 A servile band among the lordly free!
 This sacred right, the lisping babe pro-
 claims

To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
 For the protection of his innocence;
 And the rude boy—who, having overpast
 The sinless age, by conscience is en-
 rolled.

Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
 To impious use—by process indirect
 Declares his due, while he makes known
 his need.

—This sacred right is fruitlessly an-
 nounced,

This universal plea in vain addressed,
 To eyes and ears of parents who them-
 selves

Did, in the time of their necessity,
 Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a
 prayer

That from the humblest floor ascends to
 heaven,

It mounts to reach the State's parental
 ear;

Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
 And be not most unfeelingly devoid
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
 The unquestionable good—which, Eng-
 land, safe

From interference of external force,
 May grant at leisure; without risk in-
 curred

That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
 Others shall e'er be able to undo.

"Look! and behold, from Calpe's sun-
 burnt cliffs

To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
 Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds;
 Laws overturned; and territory split,
 Like fields of ice rent by the polar
 wind,

And forced to join in less obnoxious
 shapes

Which, ere they gain consistence, by a
 gust

Of the same breath are shattered and
 destroyed.

Meantime the sovereignty of these fair
 Isles

Remains entire and indivisible:

Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant, oars
Free from obstruction ; and the boat advanced

Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,

That, disentangled from the shady boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves

With correspondent wings the abyss of air.

—"Observe," the Vicar said, "yon rocky isle

With birch-trees fringed ; my hand shall guide the helm,

While thitherward we shape our course ; or while

We seek that other, on the western shore ;
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs.

Supporting gracefully a massy dome
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate
A Grecian temple rising from the Deep."

"Turn where we may," said I. "we cannot err

In this delicious region."—Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,

And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,

Surrounded us ; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us ; change of place.

From kindred features diversely combined,

Producing change of beauty ever new.

—Ah ! that such beauty, varying in the light

Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill ;
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love !
Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her
Poet speaks

Of trivial occupations well devised,
And unsought pleasures springing up by chance ;

As if some friendly Genius had ordained
That, as the day thus far had been enriched

By acquisition of sincere delight,
The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,
A gipsy-fire we kindled on the shore
Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed—
and there,

Merrily seated in a ring, partook
A choice repast—served by our young companions

With rival earnestness and kindred glee.
Launched from our hands the smooth
stone skimmed the lake ;

With shouts we raised the echoes ;—
still sounds

The lovely Girl supplied—a simple song,
Whose low tones reached not to the
distant rocks

To be repeated thence, but gently sank
Into our hearts ; and charmed the peaceful flood.

Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
From land and water ; lilies of each hue—
Golden and white, that float upon the
waves,

And court the wind ; and leaves of the
shy plant,

(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the
vale,

That loves the ground, and from the sun
withholds

Her pensive beauty ; from the breeze her
sweets.

Such product, and such pastime, did
the place

And season yield ; but, as we re-
embarked.

Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the
shore

Of that wild spot, the Solitary said
In a low voice, yet careless who might
hear.

"The fire, that burned so brightly to our
wish,

Where is it now?—Deserted on the
beach—

Dying, or dead ! Nor shall the fanning
breeze

Revive its ashes. What care we for this
Whose ends are gained ? Behold an
emblem here

Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys

Upon this flowery slope; and see—be-
 yond—
 The silvery lake is streaked with placid
 blue;
 As if preparing for the peace of evening.
 How temptingly the land-scape shines!
 The air
 Breathes invitation; easy is the walk
 To the lake's margin, where a boat lies
 moored
 Under a sheltering tree."—Upon this hint
 We rose together: all were pleased; but
 most
 The beautiful girl, whose cheek was
 flushed with joy.
 Light as a sunbeam glides along the
 hills
 She vanished—eager to impart the scheme
 To her loved brother and his shy com-
 peer.
 —Now was there bustle in the Vicar's
 house
 And earnest preparation.—Forth we went,
 And down the vale along the streamlet's
 edge
 Pursued our way, a broken company,
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.
 Thus having reached a bridge, that over-
 arched
 The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A twofold image; on a grassy bank
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal
 flood
 Another and the same! Most beautiful,
 On the green turf, with his imperial front
 Slaggy and bold, and wreathed horns
 superb.
 The breathing creature stood; as beauti-
 ful,
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy coun-
 terpart.
 Each had his glowing mountains, each
 his sky,
 And each seemed centre of his own fair
 world:
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 Yet, in partition, with their several
 spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

"Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
 Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
 And yet a breath can do it!"

These few words
 The Lady whispered, while we stood and
 gazed
 Gathered together, all in still delight,
 Not without awe. Thence passing on,
 she said
 In like low voice to my particular ear,
 "I love to hear that eloquent old Man
 Pour forth his meditations, and descant
 On human life from infancy to age.
 How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
 His mind gives back the various forms
 of things,
 Caught in their fairest, happiest, atti-
 tude!

While he is speaking, I have power to see
 Even as he sees; but when his voice hath
 ceased,
 Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as
 now,
 That combinations so serene and bright
 Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
 Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,
 Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,
 Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose
 peace
 The sufferance only of a breath of air!"

More had she said—but sportive shouts
 were heard
 Sent from the jocund hearts of those two
 Boys,
 Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
 Down the green field came tripping after
 us.
 With caution we embarked; and now the
 pair
 For prouder service were address; but
 each,
 Wishful to leave an opening for my
 choice,
 Dropped the light oar his eager hand had
 seized.
 Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
 Their place I took—and for a grateful
 office
 Pregnant with recollections of the time
 When, on thy bosom, spacious Winder-
 mere!

A Youth, I practised this delightful art;
 Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a
 crew
 Of joyous comrades. Soon as the reedy
 marge

Presume to offer; we, who—from the breast
 Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
 The faint reflections only of thy face—
 Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
 Such as they are who in thy presence
 stand
 Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
 Imperishable majesty streamed forth
 From thy empyreal throne, the elect of
 earth
 Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
 Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal
 stain.
 —Accomplish, then, their number; and
 conclude
 Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,
 The consummation that will come by
 stealth
 Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
 Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away
 The sting of human nature. Spread the
 law,
 As it is written in thy holy book,
 Throughout all lands: let every nation
 hear
 The high behest, and every heart obey;
 Both for the love of purity, and hope
 Which it affords, to such as do thy will
 And persevere in good, that they shall
 rise,
 To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.
 —Father of good! this prayer in bounty
 grant,
 In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons.
 Then, nor till then, shall persecution
 cease,
 And cruel wars expire. The way is
 marked,
 The guide appointed, and the ransom
 paid.
 Alas! the nations, who of yore received
 These tidings, and in Christian temples
 meet
 The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger
 still;
 Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
 Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
 Proffered to all, while yet on earth
 detained.

“So fare the many; and the thoughtful
 few,
 Who in the anguish of their souls bewail

This dire perverseness, cannot choose but
 ask,
 Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and strife,
 Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their
 seed;
 And the kind never perish? Is the hope
 Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
 A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,
 And ne'er to fail? Shall that blest day
 arrive
 When they, whose choice or lot it is to
 dwell
 In crowded cities, without fear shall live
 Studios of mutual benefit; and he,
 Whom Morn awakens, among dews and
 flowers
 Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
 Be happy in himself?—The law of faith
 Working through love, such conquest
 shall it gain,
 Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?
 Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!
 And with that help the wonder shall be
 seen
 Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy
 praise
 Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

“Once,” and with wild demeanour, as
 he spake,
 On us the venerable Pastor turned
 His beaming eye that had been raised to
 Heaven,
 “Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was a
 sound
 Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
 Unheard, the savage nations bowed the
 head
 To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds;
 Gods which themselves had fashioned, to
 promote
 Ill purposes, and flatter soul desires.
 Then, in the bosom of yon mountain-cave
 To those inventions of corrupted man
 Mysterious rites were solemnised; and
 there—
 Amid impending rocks and gloomy
 woods—
 Of those terrific Idols some received
 Such dismal service, that the loudest voice
 Of the swollen cataracts (which now are
 heard
 Soft murmuring) was too weak to over-
 come,

And, in this unpremeditated slight
Of that which is no longer needed, see
The common course of human gratitude !”

This plaintive note disturbed not the
repose
Of the still evening. Right across the lake
Our pinnacle moves ; then, coasting creek
and bay,
Glades we behold, and into thickets peep,
Where couch the spotted deer ; or raised
our eyes
To shaggy steeps on which the careless
goat
Browsed by the side of dashing water-
falls ;
And thus the bark, meandering with the
shore,
Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier
Of jutting rock invited us to land.

Alert to follow as the Pastor led,
We clomb a green hill's side ; and, as we
clomb,
The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave
Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,
O'er the flat meadows and indented coast
Of the smooth lake, in compass seen :—
far off,
And yet conspicuous, stood the old
Church-tower,
In majesty presiding over fields
And habitations seemingly preserved
From all intrusion of the restless world
By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,
And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon
we couched
Or sat reclined ; admiring quietly
The general aspect of the scene ; but each
Not seldom over anxious to make known
His own discoveries ; or to favourite
points
Directing notice, merely from a wish
To impart a joy, imperfect while un-
shared.
That rapturous moment never shall I
forget
When these particular interests were
effaced
From every mind !—Already had the
sun,
Sinking with less than ordinary state,

Attained his western bound ; but rays of
light—

Now suddenly diverging from the orb
Retired behind the mountain-tops or
veiled

By the dense air—shot upwards to the
crown

Of the blue firmament—aloft, and wide :
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Through their ethereal texture pierced—
ere we,

Who saw, of change were conscious—had
become

• Vivid as fire ; clouds separately poised,—
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the
sky ;

And giving back, and shedding each on
each,

With prodigal communion, the bright
hues

Which from the unapparent fount of
glory

They had imbibed, and ceased not to
receive.

That which the heavens displayed, the
liquid deep

Repeated ; but with unity sublime !

While from the grassy mountain's open
side

We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes
intent

On the refulgent spectacle, diffused
Through earth, sky, water, and all visible
space,

The Priest in holy transport thus ex-
claimed :

“ Eternal Spirit ! universal God !

Power inaccessible to human thought,
Save by degrees and steps which thou
hast deigned

To furnish ; for this effluence of thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed ; this local transitory type
Of thy paternal splendours, and the
pomph

Of those who fill thy courts in highest
heaven,

The radiant Cherubim ;—accept the
thanks

Which we, thy humble Creatures, here
convened,

With prompt yet careful hands. This
 done, we paced
 The dewy fields ; but ere the Vicar's door
 Was reached, the Solitary checked his
 steps ;
 Then, intermingling thanks, on each be-
 stowed
 A farewell salutation : and, the like
 Receiving, took the slender path that
 leads
 To the one cottage in the lonely dell :
 But turned not without welcome promise
 made
 That he would share the pleasures and
 pursuits
 Of yet another summer's day, not loth
 To wander with us through the fertile
 vales,
 And o'er the mountain-wastes. "An-
 other sun,"
 Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we
 part ;
 Another sun, and peradventure more ;

If time, with free consent, be yours to
 give,
 And season favours."
 To enfeebled Power,
 From this communion with uninjured
 Minds,
 What renovation had been brought ; and
 what
 Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,
 Dejected, and habitually disposed
 To seek, in degradation of the Kind,
 Excuse and solace for her own defects :
 How far those erring notions were re-
 formed ;
 And whether aught of tendency as good
 And pure, from further intercourse en-
 sued ;
 This—if delightful hopes, as heretofore,
 Inspire the serious song, and gentle
 Hearts
 Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the
 past—
 My future labours may not leave untold.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

The class of Beggars, to which the Old Man here
 described belongs, will probably soon be ex-
 tinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old
 and infirm persons, who confined themselves
 to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and
 had certain fixed days, on which, at different
 houses, they regularly received alms, some-
 times in money, but mostly in provisions.

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk :
 And he was seated, by the highway side,
 On a low structure of rude masonry
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that
 they
 Who lead their horses down the steep
 rough road
 May thence remount at ease. The aged
 Man
 Had placed his staff across the broad
 smooth stone
 That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag

All white with flour, the dole of village
 dames,
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one
 by one ;
 And scanned them with a fixed and
 serious look
 Of idle computation. In the sun,
 Upon the second step of that small pile,
 Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
 He sat, and ate his food in solitude :
 And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
 That, still attempting to prevent the
 waste,
 Was baffled still, the crumbs in little
 showers
 Fell on the ground ; and the small moun-
 tain birds,
 Not venturing yet to peck their destined
 meal,
 Approached within the length of half his
 staff.

Though aided by wild winds, the groans
and shrieks
Of human victims, offered up to appease
Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes
Had visionaty faculties to see
The thing that hath been as the thing
that is,

Aghast we might behold this crystal Mere
Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths volumi-
nous,

Flung from the body of devouring fires,
To Taranis erected on the heights -

By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed
Evoltingly, in view of open day

And full assemblage of a barbarous host ;
Or to Andates, female Power ! who gave
(For so they fancied) glorious victory.

—A few rude monuments of mountain-
stone

Survive ; all else is swept away.—How
bright

The appearances of things ! From such,
how changed

The existing worship ; and with those
compared,

The worshippers how innocent and blest !
So wide the difference, a willing mind

Might almost think, at this affecting
hour,

That paradise, the lost abode of man,
Was raised again : and to a happy few,
In its original beauty, here restored.

“ Whence but from thee, the true and
only God,

And from the faith derived through Him
who bled

Upon the cross, this marvellous advance
Of good from evil ; as if one extreme

Were left, the other gained.—O ye, who
“ come

To kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,
Called to such office by the peaceful sound

Of sabbath bells ; and ye, who sleep in
earth,

All cares forgotten, round its hallowed
walls !

For you, in presence of this little band
Gathered together on the green hill-side,

Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer
Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King ;

Whose love, whose counsel, whose com-
mands, have made

Your very poorest rich in peace of thought

And in good works ; and him, who is
endowed

With scantiest knowledge, master of all
truth

Which the salvation of his soul requires.
Conscious of that abundant favour show-
ered

On you, the children of my humble care,
And this dear land, our country, while on
earth

We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,
Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.

These barren rocks, your stern inherit-
ance ;

* These fertile fields, that recompense your
pains ;

The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-
top ;

Woods waving in the wind their lofty
heads,

Or hushed ; the roaring waters, and the
still—

They see the offering of my lifted hands,
They hear my lips present their sacrifice,

They know if I be silent, morn or even :
For, though in whispers speaking, the
full heart

Will find a vent ; and thought is praise
to him,

Audible praise, to thee, omniscient Mind,
From whom all gifts descend, all bless-
ings flow !”

This vesper-service closed, without de-
lay,

From that exalted station to the plain
Descending, we pursued our homeward
course,

In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,
Under a faded sky. No trace remained

Of those celestial splendours ; grey the
vault—

Pure, cloudless, ether ; and the star of
eve

Was wanting ; but inferior lights appeared
Faintly, too faint almost for sight ; and
some

Above the darkened hills stood boldly
forth

In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained
Her mooring place ; where, to the shelter-
ing tree,

Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her
prow,

Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of
years,

And that half-wisdom half-experience
gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps

resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.

Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his
rounds,

The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love ; and habit does the work
Of reason ; yet prepares that after-joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the
soul,

By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find herself insensibly disposed
To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds.
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle : even
such minds

In childhood, from this solitary Being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have re-
ceived

(A thing more precious far than all that
books

Or the solitudes of love can do !)
That first mild touch of sympathy and
thought,

In which they found their kindred with
a world

Where want and sorrow were. The easy
man

Who sits at his own door,—and, like the
pear

That overhangs his head from the green
wall,

Feeds in the sunshine ; the robust and
young,

The prosperous and unthinking, they who
live

Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
Of their own kindred ;—all behold in
him

A silent monitor. which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought
Of self-congratulation, to the heart
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,

His charters and exemptions ; and, per-
chance,

Though he to no one give the fortitude
And circumspection needful to preserve
His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he, at least,
And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them
felt.

Yet further.—Many, I believe, there
are

Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel .
No self-reproach ; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide
Are strict observers ; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they
dwell,

Their kindred. and the children of their
blood.

Praise be to such, and to their slumbers
peace !

—But of the poor man ask, the abject
poor ;

Go, and demand of him, if there be here
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul ?
No—man is dear to man ; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they
have been,

Themselves, the fathers and the dealers—
out

Of some small blessings ; have been kind
to such

As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.

—Such pleasure is to one kind Being
known,

My neighbour, when with punctual care
each week.

Duly as Friday comes, though pressed
herself

By her own wants, she from her store of
meal

Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door

Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in
heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his
head !

Him from my childhood have I known ;
 and then
 He was so old, he seems not older now ;
 He travels on, a solitary Man,
 So helpless in appearance, that for him
 The sauntering Horseman throws not
 with a slack
 And careless hand his alms upon the
 ground,
 But stops,—that he may safely lodge the
 coin
 Within the old Man's hat ; nor quits
 him so,
 But still, when he has given his horse the
 rein,
 Watches the aged Beggar with a look
 Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who
 tends
 The toll-gate, when in summer at her
 door
 She turns her wheel, if on the road she
 sees
 The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
 And lifts the latch for him that he may
 pass.
 The post-boy, when his rattling wheels
 o'ertake
 The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
 Shouts to him from behind ; and, if thus
 warned
 The old man does not change his course,
 the boy
 Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-
 side,
 And passes gently by, without a curse
 Upon his lips or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man ;
 His age has no companion. On the
 ground
 His eyes are turned, and, as he moves
 along,
They move along the ground ; and, ever-
 more,
 Instead of common and habitual sight
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and
 dale,
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to
 day,
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
 He plies his weary journey ; seeing still,
 And seldom knowing that he sees, some
 straw,

Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in
 one track,
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have
 left
 Impressed on the white road,—in the
 same line,
 At distance still the same. Poor Tra-
 veller !
 His staff trails with him ; scarcely do his
 feet
 Disturb the summer dust ; he is so still
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
 Ere he has passed the door, will turn
 away,
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
 The vacant and the busy, maids and
 youths,
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass
 him by :
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves
 behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—States-
 men ! ye
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
 Who have a broom still ready in your
 hands
 To rid the world of nuisances ; ye proud,
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye con-
 template
 Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem
 him not
 A burthen of the earth ! 'Tis Nature's law
 That none, the meanest of created things,
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse
 of good,
 A life and soul, to every mode of being
 Inseparably linked. Then be assured
 That least of all can aught—that ever
 owned
 The heaven-regarding eye and front sub-
 lime
 Which man is born to—sink, howe'er de-
 pressed,
 So low as to be scorned without a sin ;
 Without offence to God cast out of view ;
 Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower,
 Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
 Worn out and worthless. While from
 door to door,
 This old Man creeps, the villagers in him
 Behold a record which together binds

For Adam was simple in thought ; and
the poor,
Familiar with him, made an inn of his
door :
He gave them the best that he had ; or,
to say
What less may mislead you, they took it
away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on
his farm :
The Genius of plenty preserved him from
harm :
At length, what to most is a season of
sorrow,
His means are run out,—he must beg, or
must borrow.

To the neighbours he went,—all were free
with their money ;
For his hive had so long been replenished
with honey,
That they dreamt not of dearth ;—He
continued his rounds,
Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds
still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten
pelf,
And something, it might be, reserved for
himself :
Then (what is too true) without hinting a
word,
Turned his back on the country—and off
like a bird.

You lift up your eyes !—but I guess that
you frame
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the
shame ;
In him it was scarcely a business of art,
For this he did all in the *ease* of his
heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—
With his grey hairs he went from the
brook and the green ;
And there, with small wealth but his legs
and his hands,
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam
assume,—
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter,
and groom ;

But nature is gracious, necessity kind,
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk
in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green
and is stout ;
Twice as fast as before does his blood run
about ;
You would say that each hair of his beard
was alive,
And his fingers as busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely
goes
About work that he knows, in a track
that he knows ;
But often his mind is compelled to demur,
And you guess that the more then his
body must stir.

In the throng of the town like a stranger
is he,
Like one whose own country's far over
the sea ;
And Nature, while through the great city
he hies,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by
surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is
young,
More of soul in his face than of words on
his tongue ;
Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and
sighs,
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry
parching heats ?
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over
the streets ;
With a look of such earnestness often will
stand,
You might think he'd twelve reapers at
work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate
hours
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits
and her flowers,
Old Adam will smile at the pains that
have made
Poor winter look fine in such strange
masquerade.

And while in that vast solitude to which
 The tide of things has borne him, he
 appears
 To breathe and live but for himself alone,
 Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
 The good which the benignant law of
 Heaven
 Has hung around him : and, while life is
 his,
 Still let him prompt the unlettered vil-
 lagers
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
 --Then let him pass, a blessing on his
 head !
 And, long as he can wander, let him
 breathe
 The freshness of the valleys ; let his
 blood
 Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps
 the heath
 Beat his grey locks against his withered
 face.
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxious-
 ness
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.
 May never HOUST, misnamed of IN-
 DUSTRY,
 Make him a captive !—for that pent-up
 din.
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog the
 air,
 Be his the natural silence of old age !
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;
 And have around him, whether heard or
 not,
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
 Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have
 now
 Been doomed so long to settle upon
 earth
 That not without some effort they behold
 The countenance of the horizontal sun,
 Rising or setting, let the light at least
 Find a free entrance to their languid
 orbs,
 And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit
 down
 Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
 Of highway side, and with the little birds
 Share his chance-gathered meal ; and,
 finally,
 As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
 So in the eye of Nature let him die !

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

'Tis 'not for the unfeeling, the falsely
 refined,
 The squeamish in taste, and the narrow
 of mind,
 And the small critic wielding his delicate
 pen,
 That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old
 men.
 He dwells in the centre of London's wide
 Town ;
 'His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a
 crown ;
 And his bright eyes look brighter, set off
 by the streak
 Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on
 his cheek.
 'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—
 'mid the joy
 Of the fields, he collected that bloom,
 when a boy ;
 That countenance there fashioned, which,
 spite of a stain
 That his life hath received, to the last
 will remain.
 A Farmer he was ; and his house far and
 near
 Was the boast of the country for excellent
 cheer ;
 How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury
 Vale
 Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he
 dealt his mild ale !
 Yet Adam was far as the farthest from
 ruin.
 His fields seemed to know what their
 Master was doing ;
 And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow,
 and lea,
 All caught the infection—as generous as
 he.
 Yet Adam prized little the feast and the
 bowl,—
 The fields better suited the ease of his
 soul :
 He strayed through the fields like an
 indolent wight,
 The quaff of nature was Adam's delight.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes
on a chair;
Let them smoke, let them burn, not a
straw would he care!
For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream
and his sheaves,
Oh, what would they be to my tale of two
Thieves?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three
birthdays old,
His Grandsire that age more than thirty
times told;
There are ninety good seasons of fair and
foul weather
Between them, and both go a-pilfering
together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his
floor?
Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's
door?
Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will
slide!
And his Grandson's as busy at work by
his side.

Old Daniel begins; he stops short—and
his eye,
Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning
and sly:
'Tis a look which at this time is hardly
his own,
But tells a plain tale of the days that are
flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by
the wires
Of manifold pleasures and many desires:
And what if he cherished his purse?
'Twas no more
Than treading a path trod by thousands
before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands; but
Daniel is one
Who went something farther than others
have gone,
And now with old Daniel you see how it
fares:
You see to what end he has brought his
grey hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand: ere
the sun

Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is
begun:
And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,
This child but half knows it, and that not
at all.

They hunt through the streets with de-
liberate tread,
And each, in his turn, becomes leader or
led;
And, wherever they carry their plots and
their wiles,
Every face in the village is dimpled with
smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy
they roam;
For the grey-headed Sire has a daughter
at home,
Who will gladly repair all the damage
that's done;
And three, were it asked, would be ren-
dered for one.

Old Man! whom so oft I with pity have
eyed,
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy
side:
Long yet may'st thou live! for a teacher
we see
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

THE little hedgerow birds.
That peck along the road, regard him not.
He travels on, and in his face, his step.
His gait, is one expression: every limb.
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain. but
moves
With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet: he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure
given,
That patience now doth seem a thing of
which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold
With envy, what the Old Man hardly
feels.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of straw,
Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw ;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,
Thrusts his hands in a waggon, and smells at the hay ;
He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair.—
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there.
The breath of the cows you may see him inhale,
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam ! when low thou art laid,
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head ;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distress,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed
And recognised it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,
"It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;
It cannot help itself in its decay ;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot !
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

THE TWO THIEVES ;

OR,

THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

O NOW that the genius of Bewick were mine,
And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne,
Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,
For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical hand !
Book-learning and books should be banished the land :
And, for hunger and thirst and such troublesome calls,
Every ale-house should then have a feast on its walls.

How treacherous to her promise, is the
world ;
And trust in God—to whose eternal doom
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of
earth.

IV.

THERE never breathed a man who, when
his life
Was closing, might not of that life relate
Toils long and hard.—The warrior will
report
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in
the field,
And blast of trumpets. He who hath
been doomed
To bow his forehead in the court of
kings,
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
Envy and heart-inquietude, derived
From intricate cabals of treacherous
friends.
I, who on shipboard lived from earliest
youth,
Could represent the countenance horrible
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant
rage
Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years
Over the well-steered galley did I rule :—
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown ;
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and
oft.
Of every cloud which in the heavens
might stir
I knew the force ; and hence the rough
sea's pride
Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.
What noble pomp and frequent have
not I
On regal decks beheld ! yet in the end
I learned that one poor moment can
suffice
To equalize the lofty and the low.
We sail the sea of life—a *Calm* One
finds,
And One a *Tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.
If more of my condition ye would know,
Savona was my birthplace, and I sprang
Of noble parents : seventy years and
three
Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.

V.

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero
With an untoward fate was long involved
In odious litigation ; and full long,
Fate harder still ! had he to endure as-
saults
Of racking malady. And true it is
That not the less a frank courageous heart
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain ;
And he was strong to follow in the steps
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's
shade,
That might from him be hidden ; nor a
track -
Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he
Had traced its windings.—This Savona
knows,
Yet no sepulchral honours to her Son
She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled
Only by gold. And now a simple stone
Inscribed with this memorial here is
raised
By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.
Think not, O Passenger ! who read'st the
lines
That an exceeding love hath dazzled me ;
No—he was One whose memory ought to
spread
Where'er Permessus bears an honoured
name,
And live as long as its pure stream shall
flow.

VI.

DESTINED to war from very infancy
Was I. Roberto Dati, and I took
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross :
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun
Hazard or toil ; among the sands was seen
Of Lybia ; and not seldom, on the banks
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.
So lived I, and repined not at such fate :
This only grieves me, for it seems a
wrong,
That stripped of arms I to my end am
brought
On the soft down of my paternal home.
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause
To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt
In thy appointed way, and bear in mind
How fleeting and how frail is human life !

EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC PIECES.

EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

I.

WEEP not, beloved Friends! nor let the
air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from
life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life
And this alone—the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without
end,—

Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,
His tombstone thus should speak for him.
And surely

Small cause there is for that fond wish of
ours

Long to continue in this world; a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a
hope

To good, whereof itself is destitute.

II.

PERHAPS some needful service of the State
Drew TITUS from the depth of studious
bowers.

And doomed him to contend in faithless
courts,

Where gold determines between right and
wrong.

Yet did at length his loyalty of heart
And his pure native genius, lead him
back

To wait upon the bright and gracious
Muses,

Whom he had early loved. And not in
vain

Such course he held! Bologna's learned
schools

Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and
hung

With fondness on those sweet Nestorian
stains.

There pleasure crowned his days; and all
his thoughts

A roseate fragrance breathed.*—O human
life,

That never art secure from dolorous
change!

Behold a high injunction suddenly
To Aino's side hath brought him, and he
chained

A Tuscan audience: but full soon was
called

To the perpetual silence of the grave.
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
A Champion steadfast and invincible,
To quell the rage of literary War!

III.

O THOU who movest onward with a mind
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in
haste!

'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was
born

Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.

On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shep-
herd

Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous
flock.

Well did I watch, much laboured, nor
had power

To escape from many and strange indig-
nities;

Was smitten by the great ones of the
world,

But did not fall; for Virtue braves all
shocks,

Upon herself resting immovably.

Me did a kindlier fortune then invite
To serve the glorious Henry, King of

France,

And in his hands I saw a high reward
Stretched out for my acceptance,—but
Death came.

Now, Reader, learn from this my fate,
how false,

* *Un viver giocondo e i suoi pensieri
Erano tutti rose.*

The Translator had not skill to come nearer
to his original.

I.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came
From nearest kindred, Vernon her new
name ;

She came, though meek of soul, in seemly
pride

Of happiness and hope, a youthful
Bride.

O dread reverse ! if aught *be* so, which
proves

That God will chasten whom he dearly
loves.

Faith bore her up through pains in mercy
given,

And troubles that were each a step to
Heaven :

Two Babes were laid in earth before she
died ;

A third now slumbers at the Mother's
side ;

Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles
afford

A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader ! if to thy bosom cling the
pain

Of recent sorrow combated in vain ;

Or if thy cherished grief have failed to
thwart

Time still intent on his insidious part,

Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts
asleep,

Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot,
keep ;

Bear with Him—judge *Him* gently who
makes known

His bitter loss by this memorial Stone :

And pray that in his faithful breast the
grace

Of resignation find a hallowed place.

II.

SIX months to six years added he re-
mained

Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained :

O blessed Lord ! whose mercy then re-
moved

A Child whom every eye that looked on
loved ;

Support us, teach us calmly to resign

What we possessed, and now is wholly
thine !

III.

CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fernor,
whose remains are deposited in the church of
Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected
by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir
George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less
than the love of a brother for the deceased,
commends this memorial to the care of his
heirs and successors in the possession of this
place.

BY vain affections unenthralled,

Though resolute when duty called

To meet the world's broad eye,

Pure as the holiest cloistered nun

That ever feared the tempting sun

Did Fernor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,

One heart-relieving tear may claim ;

But if the pensive gloom

Of fond regret be still thy choice.

Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice

Of Jesus from her tomb !

" I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE
LIFE."

IV.

EPITAPH.

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE,
WESTMORELAND.

By playful smiles, (alas ! too oft

A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft

And gentle nature, and a free

Yet modest hand of charity,

Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared

To young and old ; and how revered

Had been that pious spirit, a tide

Of humble mourners testified,

When, after pains dispensed to prove

The measure of God's chastening love.

Here, brought from far, his corse found
rest,—

Fulfilment of his own request ;—

Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he

Planted with such fond hope the tree ;

Less for the love of stream and rock,

Dear as they were, than that his Flock.

When they no more their Pastor's voice

Could hear to guide them in their choice

Through good and evil, help might have,

Admonished, from his silent grave,

Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,

For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

VII.

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle
 blood,
 And all that generous nurture breeds to
 make
 Youth amiable ; O friend so true of soul
 To fair Aglaia ; by what envy moved,
 Lelius ! has death cut short thy brilliant
 day
 In its sweet opening ? and what dire
 mishap
 Has from Savona torn her best delight ?
 For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease
 to mourn ;
 And, should the out-pourings of her eyes
 suffice not
 For her heart's grief, she will entreat
 Sebeto
 Not to withhold his bounteous aid,
 Sebeto
 Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to
 death,
 In the chaste arms of thy belovèd Love !
 What profit riches ? what does youth
 avail ?
 Dust are our hopes ;—I, weeping bitterly,
 Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to
 pray
 That every gentle Spirit hither led
 May read them not without some bitter
 tears.

VIII.

NOT without heavy grief of heart did
 He
 On whom the duty fell (for at that time
 The father sojourned in a distant land)
 Deposit in the hollow of this tomb
 A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved !
 FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had
 borne,
 POZZOBONNELLI his illustrious house ;
 And, when beneath this stone the Corse
 was laid,
 The eyes of all Savona streamed with
 tears.
 Alas ! the twentieth April of his life
 Had scarcely flowered : and at this early
 time,
 By genuine virtue he inspired a hope

That greatly cheered his country : to his
 kin
 He promised comfort ; and the flattering
 thoughts
 His friends had in their fondness enter-
 tained,
 He suffered not to languish or decay.
 Now is there not good reason to break
 forth
 Into a passionate lament ?—O Soul !
 Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,
 Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air ;
 And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,
 An everlasting spring ! in memory
 Of that delightful fragrance which was
 once
 From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.

IX.

PAUSE, courteous Spirit !—Balbi suppli-
 cates
 That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for
 him
 Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst
 prefer
 A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.
 This to the dead by sacred right belongs ;
 All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit
 To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb
 Would ill suffice : for Plato's lore sublime,
 And all the wisdom of the Stagyrte,
 Enriched and beautified his studious
 mind :
 With Archimedes also he conversed
 As with a chosen friend ; nor did he leave
 Those laureat wreaths ungathered which
 the Nymphs
 Twine near their loved Permessus.—
 Finally,
 Himself above each lower thought up-
 lifting,
 His ears he closed to listen to the songs
 Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old ;
 And his Permessus found on Lebanon.
 A blessed Man ! who of protracted days
 Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar
 sleep ;
 But truly did *He* live his life. Urbino,
 Take pride in him !—O Passenger, fare-
 well !

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
 So like, so very like, was day to day !
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was
 there ;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no
 sleep ;
 No moud, which season takes away, or
 brings :
 I could have fancied that the mighty
 Deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle
 Things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's
 hand,
 To express what then I saw ; and add
 the gleam,
 The light that never was, on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;
 I would have planted thee, thou hoary
 Pile
 Amid a world how different from this !
 Beside a sea that could not cease to
 smile ;
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-
 house divine
 Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven ;—
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
 Such Picture would I at that time have
 made :
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,
 A steadfast peace that might not be be-
 trayed.

So once it would have been.—'tis so no
 more ;
 I have submitted to a new control :
 A power is gone, which nothing can re-
 store ;
 A deep distress hath humanised my
 Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been :
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind
 serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would
 have been the Friend,
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but com-
 mend ;
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work !—yet wise and
 well,
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
 That Hulk which labours in the deadly
 swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here
 sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it
 braves,
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old
 time,
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and tramp-
 ling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives
 alone,
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the
 Kind !
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be
 borne !
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me
 here.—
 Not without hope we suffer and we
 mourn.

VII.

TO THE DAISY.

SWEET Flower ! belike one day to have
 A place upon thy Poet's grave,
 I welcome thee once more :
 But He, who was on land, at sea,
 My Brother, too, in loving thee,
 Although he loved more silently,
 Sleeps by his native shore.

V.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF
THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF—.

I COME, ye little noisy Crew,
Not long your pastime to prevent ;
I heard the blessing which to you
Our common Friend and Father sent.
I kissed his cheek before he died ;
And when his breath was fled,
I raised, while kneeling by his side,
His hand :—it dropped like lead.
Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all
That can be done, will never fall
Like his till they are dead.
By night or day, blow foul or fair,
Ne'er will the best of all your train
Play with the locks of his white hair,
Or stand between his knees again.

Here did he sit confined for hours ;
But he could see the woods and plains,
Could hear the wind and mark the showers
Come streaming down the streaming
panes.

Now stretched beneath his grass-green
mound

He rests a prisoner of the ground.
He loved the breathing air,
He loved the sun, but if it rise
Or set, to him where now he lies,
Brings not a moment's care.
Alas ! what idle words ; but take
The Dirge which for our Master's sake
And yours, love prompted me to make.
The rhymes so homely in attire
With learned ears may ill agree,
But chanted by your Orphan Quire
Will make a touching melody.

DIRGE.

Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old grey stone ;
Thou Angler, by the silent flood ;
And mourn when thou art all alone,
Thou Woodman, in the distant wood !

Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy
Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum ;
And mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy !
Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb.

Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide
Who checked or turned thy headstrong
youth,

As he before had sanctified
The infancy with heavenly truth.

Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay,
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,
Give, when your thoughts are turned this
way,
A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain
With one accord our voices raise,
Let sorrow overcharged with pain
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

* And when our hearts shall feel a sting
From ill we meet or good we miss,
May touches of his memory bring
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME
YEARS AITER.

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat ;
But benefits, his gift, we trace—
Expressed in every eye we meet
Round this dear Vale, his native place.

To stately Hall and Cottage rude
Flowed from his life what still they hold,
Light pleasures, every day renewed ;
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,
Thy faults, where not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss ;
And what beyond this thought we crave
Comes in the promise from the Cross,
Shining upon thy happy grave.

VI.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PELLE
CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY
SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged
Pile !

Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of
thee ;

I saw thee every day ; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

III.

Here did we stop : and here looked round
While each into himself descends,
For that last thought of parting Friends
That is not to be found.
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,
Our home and his, his heart's delight,
His quiet heart's selected home.
But time before him melts away,
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come.

IV.

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,
In sorrow, but for higher trust,
How miserably deep !
All vanished in a single word.
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard.
Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it
came,
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone ;
He who had been our living John
Was nothing but a name.

V.

That was indeed a parting ! oh,
Glad am I, glad that it is past ;
For there were some on whom it cast
Unutterable woe.
But they as well as I have gains :—
From many a humble source, to pains
Like these, there comes a mild release ;
Even here I feel it, even this Plant
Is in its beauty mini-trant
To comfort and to peace.

VI.

He would have loved thy modest grace,
Meek Flower ! To Him I would have
said,

" It grows upon its native bed
Beside our Parting-place ;
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies
With multitude of purple eyes,
Spangling a cushion green like moss ;
But we will see it, joyful tide !
Some day, to see it in its pride,
The mountain will we cross."

VII.

—Brother and friend, if verse of mine
Have power to make thy virtues known,
Here let a monumental Stone
Stand—sacred as a Shrine ;
And to the few who pass this way,
Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—
Oh do not Thou too fondly brood,
Although deserving of all good,
On any earthly hope, however pure !

IX.

SONNET.

WHY should we weep or mourn, Angelic
boy,
For such thou wert ere from our sight
removed,
Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved
From day to day with never-ceasing joy,
And hopes as dear as could the heart
employ
In aught to earth pertaining ? Death has
proved
His might, nor less his mercy, as be-
hoved—
Death conscious that he only could destroy
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome :
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy
Spirit's home :
When such divine communion, which we
know,
Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be
Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.

X.

LINES

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Even-
ing, after a stormy day, the Author having
just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution
of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

LOUD is the Vale ! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are
gone,
A mighty unison of streams !
Of all her Voices. One !

LOUD is the Vale ;—this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the Sea ;

Ah ! hopeful, hopeful was the day
When to that Ship he bent his way,
To govern and to guide :
His wish was gained : a little time
Would bring him back in manhood's
prime
And free for life, these hills to climb,
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day
While that stout Ship at anchor lay
Beside the shores of Wight ;
The May had then made all things green ;
And, floating there, in pomp serene,
That Ship was goodly to be seen,
His pride and his delight !

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought
The tender peace of rural thought :
In more than happy mood
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers !
He then would steal at leisure hours,
And loved you glittering in your bowers,
A starry multitude.

But hark the word !—the ship is gone ;—
Returns from her long course :—anon
Sets sail :—in season due,
Once more on English earth they stand :
But, when a third time from the land
They parted, sorrow was at hand
For Him and for his crew.

Ill-fated Vessel !—ghastly shock !
—At length delivered from the rock,
The deep she hath regained :
And through the stormy night they steer ;
Labouring for life, in hope and fear,
To reach a safer shore—how near,
Yet not to be attained !

“ Silence ! ” the brave Commander cried :
To that calm word a shriek replied,
It was the last death-shriek.
—A few (my soul oft sees that sight)
Survive upon the tall mast's height ;
But one dear remnant of the night—
For Him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea
He lay in slumber quietly ;
Unforced by wind or wave
To quit the Ship for which he died,
(All claims of duty satisfied ;)

And there they found him at her side ;
And bore him to the grave.

Vain service ! yet not vainly done
For this, if other end were none,
That He, who had been cast
Upon a way of life unmeet
For such a gentle Soul and sweet,
Should find an undisturbed retreat
Near what he loved, at last—

That neighbourhood of grove and field
To Him a resting-place should yield,
A meek man and a brave !
The birds shall sing and ocean make
A mournful murmur for his sake ;
And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and
wake
Upon his senseless grave.

VIII.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN
WORDSWORTH,

Commander of the L. I. Company's ship, the
Earl of Abergavenny, in which he perished
by calamitous shipwreck, Feb. 6th, 1805.
Composed near the Mountain track, that
leads from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes,
where it descends towards Patterdale.

I.

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo !
That instant, startled by the shock,
The Buzzard mounted from the rock
Deliberate and slow :
Lord of the air, he took his flight ;
Oh ! could he on that woeful night
Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,
For one poor moment's space to Thee,
And all who struggled with the Sea,
When safety was so near.

II.

Thus in the weakness of my heart
I spoke (but let that pang be still)
When rising from the rock at will,
I saw the Bird depart.
And let me calmly bless the Power
That meets me in this unknown Flower,
Affecting type of him I mourn !
With calmness suffer and believe.

XIII.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE
DEATH OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.)

O FOR a dirge ! But why complain ?
Ask rather a triumphal strain
When FERMOR'S race is run ;
A garland of immortal boughs
To twine around the Christian's brows,
Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt ;
No tears of passionate regret
Shall stain this votive lay ;
Ill-worthy, Beaumont ! were the grief
That flings itself on wild relief
When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,
For ever covetous to feel,
And impotent to bear !
Such once was hers—to think and think
On severed love, and only sink
From anguish to despair !

But nature to its inmost part
Faith had refined ; and to her heart
A peaceful cradle given :
Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend
So graciously ?—that could descend,
Another's need to suit,
So promptly from her lofty throne ?—
In works of love, in these alone,
How restless, how minute !

Pale was her hue ; yet mortal cheek
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
When aught had suffered wrong,—
When aught that breathes had felt a
wound ;
Such look the Oppressor might confound,
However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things ;
Her quiet is secure ;
No thorns can pierce her tender feet.
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
As climbing jasmine, pure—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave.
Or lily heaving with the wave
That feeds it and defends ;
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
The mountain top, or breathed the mist
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death !
Thou strikest—absence perishest,
Indifference is no more ;
The future brightens on our sight ;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore.

XIV.

ELEGIAC MUSINGS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLLIERTON HALL,
THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR G. H.
BEAUMONT, BART.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church,
wherein is a mural monument bearing an in-
scription which, in deference to the earnest
request of the deceased, is confined to name,
date, and these words—"Enter not into judg-
ment with thy servant, O Lord !"

WITH copious eulogy in prose or rhyme
Graven on the tomb we struggle against
Time.

Alas, how feebly ! but our feelings rise
And still we struggle when a good man
dies.

Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and
forbade,

A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.
Yet *here* at least, though few have num-
bered days

That shunned so modestly the light of
praise,

His graceful manners, and the temperate
ray

Of that arch fancy which would round
him play.

Brightening a converse never known to
swerve

From courtesy and delicate reserve ;
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,

Which checked discussion ere it warmed
to strife ;

Those rare accomplishments, and varied
powers,

Might have their record among sylvan
bowers.

Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load !
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road ;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

XI.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

I.

"REST, rest, perturbed Earth !
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Man-
kind !"

A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than
the wind :

"From regions where no evil thing has
birth—

I come—thy stains to wash away,
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder
day.

The Heavens are thronged with martyrs
that have risen

From out thy noisome prison ;
The penal caverns groan

With tens of thousands rent from off the
tree

Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind
blown

Into the deserts of Eternity.

Unpitied havoc ! Victims unlamented !
But not on high, where madness is re-
sented.

And murder causes some sad tears to
flow

Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly
augmented.

II.

"False Parent of Mankind !

Obdurate, proud, and blind,

I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,
Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse !
Scattering this far-fetched moisture from
my wings,

Upon the act a blessing I implore,
Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
Are conscious ;—may the like return no
more !

May Discord—for a Seraph's care
Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—
May she, who once-disturbed the seats of
bliss

These mortal spheres above,
Be chained for ever to the black abyss !
And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and
love,
And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-
prove !"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
And the pure vision closed in darkness
infinite.

XII.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY
OF THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EX-
CURSION," UPON HEARING OF THE
DEATH OF THE LATE VICAR OF
KENDAL.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,
Did I deliver this unfinished Song ;
Yet for one happy issue ;—and I look
With self-congratulation on the Book
Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and
read ;—

Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed ;
He conned the new-born Lay with grate-
ful heart—

Foreboding not how soon he must de-
part ;

Unweeting that to him the joy was given
Which good men take with them from
earth to heaven.

The vivid flashes of his spoken words,
From the most gentle creature nursed in
fields
Had been deriv'd the name *Le bore*—
a name,

Wherever Christian altars have been
raised.

Hallowed to meekness and to innocence ;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of her-self by troubles
strange,

Many and strange, that hung about his
life :

Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified :
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, had the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unorgiving judgment from just
Heaven.

O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived !

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing
heart

Those simple lines flowed with an earnest
wish.

Though but a doubting hope, that they
might serve

Fitly to guard the precious dust of him
Whose virtues called them forth. That
aim is missed :

For much that truth most urgently re-
quired

Had from a faltering pen been asked in
vain :

Yet, haply, on the printed page received,
The imperfect record, there, may stand
unblamed

As long as verse of mine shall breathe the
air

Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my
Friend,

But more in show than truth ; and from
the fields,

And from the mountains, to thy rural
grave

Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing
flowers ;

And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still

Awe'd by the throne's peculiar sanctity
Which words he's free presumed not even
to touch)

Or that paternal love, who e' heaven-lit
lamp

From infancy, through manhood, to the
last

Of threescore years, and to thy latest
hour,

Burnt on with ever-strengthening light,
enshrined

Within thy bosom.

"Wonderful" hath been
The love established between man and
man,

"Passing the love of women ;" and be-
tween

Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock
joined

Through God, is raised a spirit and soul
of love

Without whose blissful influence Paradise
Had been no Paradise ; and earth were
now

A waste where creatures bearing human
form,

Direct of savage beasts, would roam in fear:
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide

on ;

And let him grieve who cannot choose
but grieve

That he hath been an Elm without his
Vine.

And her bright dower of clustering chari-
ties,

That, round his trunk and branches,
might have clung

Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee

Was given (say rather thou of later birth
Wert given to her) a Sister—'tis a word

Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind ;

In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender

cares,

All softening, humanising, hallowing
powers,

Whether withheld, or for her sake un-
sought—

More than sufficient recompense !

Her love
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell
it here?)

Oh, fled for ever ! vanished like a blast
 That shook the leaves in myriads as it
 passed ;—
 Gone from this world of earth, air, sea,
 and sky,
 From all its spirit-moving imagery,
 Intensely studied with a painter's eye,
 A poet's heart ; and, for congenial view,
 Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue
 To common recognitions while the line
 Flowed in a course of sympathy divine ;—
 Oh ! severed, too abruptly, from delights
 That all the seasons shared with equal
 rights ;—
 Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,
 From soul-felt music, and the treasured
 page
 Lit by that evening lamp which loved to
 shed
 Its mellow lustre round thy honoured
 head ;
 While Friends beheld thee give with eye,
 voice, mien,
 More than theatric force to Shakspeare's
 scene ;—
 If thou hast heard me—if thy spirit know
 Aught of these bowers and whence their
 pleasures flow ;
 If things in our remembrance held so
 dear,
 And thoughts and projects fondly che-
 rished here,
 To thy exalted nature only seem
 Time's vanities, light fragments or earth's
 dream—
 Rebuke us not !—the mandate is obeyed
 That said, " Let praise be mute where I
 am laid ;"
 The holier deprecation, given in trust
 To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust ;
 Yet have we found how slowly genuine
 grief
 From *silent* admiration wins relief.
 Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose
 That doth " within itself its sweetness
 close ;"
 A drooping daisy changed into a cup
 In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.
 Within these groves, where still are flit-
 ting by
 Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,
 Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,
 When towers and temples fall, to speak of
 Thee !
 W O.

If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom
 Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,
 Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth
 Will fringe the lettered stone ; and herbs
 spring forth,
 Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain
 unbound,
 Shall penetrate the heart without a wound ;
 While truth and love their purposes fulfil,
 Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
 That could not lie concealed where Thou
 wert known ;
 Thy virtues *He* must judge, and He alone,
 The God upon whose mercy they are
 thrown.

XV.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF
 CHARLES LAMB.

To a good Man of most dear memory
 This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart
 From the great city where he first drew
 breath,
 Was reared and taught ; and humbly
 earned his bread,
 To the strict labours of the merchant's
 desk
 By duty chained. Not seldom did those
 tasks
 Tease, and the thought of time so spent
 depress,
 His spirit, but the recompense was high ;
 Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful
 sire ;
 Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air ;
 And when the precious hours of leisure
 came,
 Knowledge and wisdom, gained from con-
 verse sweet
 With books, or while he ranged the
 crowded streets
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart :
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
 And poured out truth in works by thought-
 ful love
 Inspired—works potent over smiles and
 tears.
 And as round mountain-tops the lightning
 plays,
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
 Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before ; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors leave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-born Maid !
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet
dead.

XVII.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITHE
CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK.

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither
drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on
you

His eyes have closed ! And ye, lov'd
books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious
lore.

To works that ne'er shall forfeit their
renown.

Adding immortal labours of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with real
For the State's guidance, or the Church's
weal,

Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's
mind

By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human
breast

Could private feelings meet for holier rest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a
cloud

From Skiddaw's top : but he to heaven
was vowed

Through his industrious life, and Christian
faith

Calmed in his soul the fear of change and
death.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can
see no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are
bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from
the earth.

Was as the love of mothers : and when
years,

Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long-protected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved ; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting
world,

Did they together testify of time
And season's difference--a double tree
With two collateral stems spring from
one root ;

Such were they--such thro' life they *might*
have been

In union, in partit^{ion} only such ;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most
High ;

Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,
Still they were faithful ; like two vessels
launched

From the same beach one ocean to explore
With mutual help, and sailing--to their
league

True, as inexorable winds, or bars
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend !
To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
From miscellaneous converse, ye were
taught

That the remembrance of foregone distress,
And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother) may be both alike
Disarmed of power to unsettle present
good

So prized, and things inward and outward
held

In such an even balance, that the heart
Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,
And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration !
The hermit, exercised in prayer and
praise,

And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness ; but happier far
Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts
of others,

A thousand times more beautiful appeared,

Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken ; yet why grieve ? for Time but
holds

His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
To the blest world where parting is un-
known.

XVI.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON
THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

WHEN first, descending from the moor-
lands,

I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies ;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes :

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-sum-
mits,

Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe ! forth-
looking,

I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
 Thou happy Shepherd-boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
 warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The Youth, who daily farthest from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fictitiously of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,

upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After Iaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of

modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In these reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the mind of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say that, of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain

Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare ;

Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
Help from the staff he bore ; for men
and air

Were hardy, though his cheek seemed
worn with care

Both of the time to come, and time long
fled :

Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey
hair ;

A coat he wore of military red
But faded, and stuck o'er with many a
patch and shred.

While thus he journeyed, step by step led
on,

He saw and passed a stately inn, full
sure

That welcome in such house for him was
none.

No board inscribed the needy to allure
Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old
and poor

And desolate, "Here you will find a
friend."

The pendent grapes glittered above the
door :—

On he must pace, perchance till night
descend,

Where'er the dreary roads their bare white
lines extend.

The gathering clouds grew red with
stormy fire,

In streaks diverging wide and mounting
high :

That inn he long had passed ; the distant
spire,

Which oft as he looked back had fixed his
eye,

Was lost, though still he looked, in the
blank sky.

Perplexed and comfortless he gazed
around,

And scarce could any trace of man discern,
Save cornfields stretched and stretching
without bound ;

But where the cover deck it was nowhere
to be found.

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant
green,

No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear ;
Long files of corn-stacks here and there
were seen,

But not one dwelling-place his heart to
cheer.

Some labourer, thought he, may per-
chance be near ;

And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain :
No voice made answer, he could only
hear

Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain.
Or whistling thro' thin grass along the
unfurrowed plain.

Long had he fancied each successive slope
Concealed some cottage, whither he might
turn

And rest ; but now along heaven's dark-
ening cope

The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward
borne.

Thus warned he sought some shepherd's
spreading thorn

Or hovel from the storm to shield his
head.

But sought in vain : for now, all wild,
forlorn,

And vacant, a huge waste around him
spread :

The wet cold ground, he feared, must be
his only bed.

And see the Children sport upon the
shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.

X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous
song !
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was
once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the
hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the
flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through
death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills,
and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your
might ;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual
sway.
I love the Brooks which down their
channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly
as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet ;
The Clouds that gather round the setting
sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-
tality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms
are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we
live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and
fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can
give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

GUILT AND SORROW ;

OR,

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

ADVERTISEMENT,

PRINTED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842

NOT less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in the expression, was published so far back as the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here, but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the text would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail, rather as matter of literary biography than for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Port-mouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the Allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed

Marks nothing but the red sun's setting
round,
Or on the earth strange lines, in former
days

Left by gigantic arms—at length surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading
wide;

Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise
Their brow sublime: in shelter there to
bide

He turned, while rain poured down smok-
ing on every side.

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet
keep

Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and
hear

The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's
sweep,

Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year;
Even if thou saw'st the giant vicker rear
For sacrifice its throngs of living men,

Before thy face did ever wretch appear,
Who in his heart had groaned with dead-
like pain

Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter
now would gain?

Within that fabric of mysterious form
Winds met in conflict, each by turns
supreme:

And, from the perilous ground dislodged,
through storm

And rain he wildered on, no moon to
stream

From gulf of parting clouds one friendly
beam,

Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led;
Once did the lightning's faint disastrous
gleam

Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,
Sight which, tho' lost at once, a gleam of
pleasure shed.

No swinging sign-board creaked from
cottage eke

To stay his steps with faintness over-
come:

'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery
realm

Roaring with storms beneath night's star-
less gloom:

No glossy cover'd o'er fire of furze or
broom;

No labourer watched his red kiln glowing
bright,

Nor taper glimmer'd dim from each man's
room;

Along the waste no line of mournful light
From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed
athwart the night.

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon
arose;

The downs were visible—and now re-
vealed

A stature stands, which two bare slopes
enclose.

It was a spot where, ancient vows fulfilled,
Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build

A lonely Spital, the belated swain
From the night terrors of that waste to
shield:

But there no human being could remain,
And now the walls are named the "Dead

House" of the plain.

Though he had little cause to love the
abode

Of man, or covet sight of mortal face,
Yet when faint beams of light that ruin
showed,

How glad he was at length to find some
trace

Of human shelter in that dreary place,
Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,

Here shall much-needed sleep his frame
embrace.

In a dry nook where fern the floor be-
strows

He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes be-
gin to close;

When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed
to come

From one who mourned in sleep, he raised
his head,

And saw a woman in the naked room
Outstretched, and turning on a restless bed:

The moon a wan dead light around her
shed.

He waked her—spoke in tone that would
not fail,

He hoped, to calm her mind; but ill he
sped.

For of that ruin she had heard a tale
Which now with freezing thoughts did all

her powers assail;

And be it so—for to the chill night shower
And the sharp wind his head he oft hath
bared ;

A Sailor he, who many a wretched hour
Hath told ; for, landing after labour hard,
Full long endured in hope of just reward,
He to an armed fleet was forced away
By seamen, who perhaps themselves had
shared

Like fate ; was hurried off, a helpless
prey,
'Gainst all that in his heart, or theirs
perhaps, said nay.

For years the work of carnage did not
cease,
And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
Death's minister ; then came his glad re-
lease,
And hope returned, and pleasure fondly
made
Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's
aid
The happy husband flies, his arms to
throw
Round his wife's neck ; the prize of victory
laid
In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears
flow
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she
could know.

Vain hope ! for fraud took all that he had
earned.

The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
Even in the desert's heart ; but he, re-
turned,

Bears not to those he loves their needful
food.

His home approaching, but in such a
mood

That from his sight his children might
have run,

He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his
blood ;

And when the miserable work was done
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's
fate to shun.

From that day forth no place to him
could be

So lonely, but that thence might come a
pang

Brought from without to inward misery.

Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
A sound of chains along the desert rang ;
He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
A human body that in irons swang,
Uplifted by the tempest whirling by ;
And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.

It was a spectacle which none might view,
In spot so savage, but with shuddering
pain ;

Nor only did for him at once renew
All he had feared from man, but roused
a train

Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
The stones, as if to cover him from day,
Rolled at his back along the living plain ;
He fell, and without sense or motion lay ;
But, when the trance was gone, feebly
pursued his way.

As one whose brain habitual frenzy fires
Owes to the fit in which his soul hath
tossed

Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,
Even so the dire phantasma which had
crossed

His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening
stream.

Nor, if accosted now, in thought en-
grossed,

Moody, or only troubled, would he seem
To traveller who might talk of any casual
theme.

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek ;

He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might
wreak ;

Save that the bustard, of those regions
bleak

Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
A man there wandering, gave a mournful
shriek,

And half upon the ground, with strange
affright,

Forced hard against the wind a thick
unwieldy flight.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's
bound ;

The weary eye—which, wheresoe'er it
strays,

But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they;
He from his old hereditary nook
Must part; the summons came;—our final
leave we took.

“It was indeed a miserable hour
When, from the last hill-top, my sire sur-
veyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
That on his marriage day sweet music
made!
Till then he hoped his bones might there
be laid
Close by my mother in their native
bowers:
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and
prayed:—
I could not pray: through tears that fell
in showers
Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no
longer ours!

“There was a Youth whom I had loved
so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot
say:
’Mid the green mountains many a thought-
less song
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in
May:
When we began to tire of childish play.
We seemed still more and more to prize
each other:
We talked of marriage and our marriage
day;
And I in truth did love him like a brother,
For never could I hope to meet with such
another.

“Two years were passed since to a distant
town
He had repaired to ply a gainful trade:
What tears of bitter grief, till then un-
known,
What tender vows our last sad kiss de-
layed!
To him we turned;—we had no other aid:
Like one revved, upon his neck I wept;
And her whom he had loved in joy, he
said,
He well could love in grief: his faith he
kept:
And in a quiet home once more my father
slept.

“We lived in peace and comfort; and
were blest
With daily bread, by constant toil sup-
plied.
Three lovely babes had lain upon my
breast;
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I
sighed,
And knew not why. My happy father
died,
When threatened war reduced the chil-
dren’s meal:
Thrice happy! that for him the grave
could hide
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent
wheel,
And tears which flowed for ills which
patience might not heal.

“’Twas a hard change: an evil time was
come:
We had no hope, and no relief could gain:
But soon, with proud parade, the noisy
drum
Beat round to clear the streets of want
and pain.
My husband’s arms now only served to
strain
Me and his children hungering in his
view;
In such dismay my prayers and tears
were vain:
To join those miserable men he flew,
And now to the sea-coast, with numbers
more, we drew.

“There were we long neglected, and we
bore
Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor
weighed;
Green fields before us, and our native
shore.
We breathed a pestilential air, that
made
Ravage for which no knell was heard.
We prayed
For our departure; wished and wished—
nor knew.
’Mid that long sickness and those hopes
delayed,
That happier days we never more must
view.
The parting signal streamed—at last the
land withdrew.

Had heard of one who, forced from storms
to shroud,
Felt the loose walls of this decayed
Retreat
Rock to incessant neighings shrill and
loud,
While his horse pawed the floor with
furious heat ;
Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,
Struck, and still struck again, the trou-
bled horse :
The man half raised the stone with pain
and sweat,
Half raised, for well his arm might lose
its force
Disclosing the grim head of a late mur-
dered coise.

Such tale of this lone mansion she had
learned,
And when that shape, with eyes in sleep
half drowned,
By the moon's sullen lamp she first dis-
cerned,
Cold stony horror all her senses bound,
Her he addressed in words of cheering
sound ;
Recovering heart, like answer did she
make ;
And well it was that of the coise there
found
In converse that ensued she nothing
spake ;
She knew not what dire pangs in him
such tale could wake.

But soon his voice and words of kind
intent
Banished that dismal thought ; and now
the wind
In fainter howlings told its rage was
spent :
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various
kind,
Which by degrees a confidence of mind
And mutual interest failed not to create.
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,
In that forsaken building where they
sate
The Woman thus retraced her own un-
toward fate.

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt—a
man

Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred ;
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed ;
And in his hearing there my prayers I said :
And afterwards, by my good father
taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I
read ;
For books in every neighbouring house
I sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter plea-
sure brought.

"A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,
A garden stored with peas, and mint, and
thyme,
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday
morn
Plucked while the church bells rang their
earliest chime.
Can I forget our fleaks at shearing time !
My hen's rich nest through long grass
scarce espied ;
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy
prime ;
The swans that with white chests up-
reared in pride
Rushing and racing came to meet me at
the waterside !

"The staff I well remember which upbore
The bending body of my active sire ;
His seat beneath the honied sycamore
Where the bees hummed, and chair by
winter fire ;
When market-morning came, the neat
attire
With which, though bent on haste, myself
I decked ;
Our watchful house-dog, that would tease
and tire
The stranger till its barking-fit I checked ;
The red-breast, known for years, which
at my casement pecked.

"The suns of twenty summers danced
along,—
Too little marked how fast they rolled
away ;
But, through severe mischance and cruel
wrong,
My father's substance fell into decay :
We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day
When Fortune might put on a kinder look ;

Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-
stroke

To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick an-
guish tossed,

Hope died, and fear itself in agony was
lost :

"Some mighty gulf of separation passed,
I seemed transported to another world :
A thought resigned with pain, when from
the mast

The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly
curled

The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts
of home

And from all hope I was for ever hurled.
For me—farthest from earthly port to
room

Was best, could I but shun the spot where
man might come.

"And oft I thought (my fancy was so
strong)

That I, at last, a resting-place had found ;
'Here will I dwell,' said I, 'my whole life
long.

Roaming the illimitable waters round ;
Here will I live, of all but heaven dis-
owned.

And end my days upon the peaceful
flood.—

To break my dream the vessel reached its
bound ;

And homeless near a thousand homes I
stood.

And near a thousand tables pined and
wanted food.

"No help I sought ; in sorrow turned
adrift,

Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare
rock ;

Nor morsel to my mouth that day did
lift,

Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the
cock

From the cross-timber of an outhouse
hung :

Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock !
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely
stung.

Nor to the beggar's language could I fit
my tongue.

"So passed a second day ; and, when the
third

Was come, I tried in vain the crows
to out.

-- In deep despair, by frightful wishes
stirred,

Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort ;
There, pains which nature could no more
support,

With blindness linked, did on my vitals
fall ;

And, after many interruptions short
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could
'crawl :

Unsought for was the help that did my
life recall.

"Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory ;
I heard my neighbours in their beds com-
plain

Of many things which never troubled me—
Of feet still bustling round with busy
glee,

Of looks where common kindness had no
part,

Of service done with cold formality,
Fretting the fever round the languid
heart,

And groans which, as they said, might
make a dead man start.

"These things just served to stir the slum-
bering sense,

Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.

With strength did memory return ; and
thence

Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light, a-
mazed.

The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
Came where beneath the trees a faggot
blazed ;

The travellers saw me weep, my fate in-
quired,

And gave me food—and rest, more wel-
come, more desired.

"Rough potters seemed they, trading so-
berly

With panniered asses driven from door to
door ;

But life of happier sort set forth to me,
And other joys my fancy to allure—

"But the calm summer season now was past.

On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
Ran mountains high before the howling blast,

And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.

We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,

Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,

Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap;
That we the mercy of the waves should rue :

We reached the western world, a poor devoted crew.

"The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,

Disease and famine, agony and fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,

It would unman the firmest heart to hear.
All perished—all in one remorseless year,

Husband and children! one by one, by sword-

And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear

Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored."

Here paused she, of all present thought
Forsaken,

Nor voice, nor sound, that moment's pain expressed,

Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,

From her full eyes their watery load released.

He too was mute: and, ere her weeping ceased,

He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
And saw the dawn opening the silvery east

With rays of promise, north and southward sent;

And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament.

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary night

Of such rough storm, this happy change to view."

So forth she came, and eastward looked;
The sight

Over her brow like dawn of gladness threw;

Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue
Seemed to return, dried the last lingering tear,

And from her grateful heart a fresh one drew:

The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer

Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark warbled near.

They looked and saw a lengthening road,
and wain

That rang down a bare slope not far remote:

The barrows glistened bright with drops of rain,

Whistled the waggoner with merry note,
The cock far off sounded his claxon throat;

But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they viewed,

Only were told there stood a lonely cot
A long mile thence. While thither they pursued

Their way, the Woman thus her mournful tale renewed.

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
Is now, by beams of dawning light im-

prest,
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main;

The very ocean hath its hour of rest.
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.

How quiet 'round me ship and ocean were!

As quiet all within me. I was blest,
And looked, and fed upon the silent air

Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

"Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,
And groans that rage of racking famine

spoke;
The unburied dead that lay in festering

heaps,
The breathing pestilence that rose like

smoke,
The shriek that from the distant battle

broke,
The mine's dire earthquake, and the

pallid host

As if each blow were deadlier than the last.

Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay

The Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast ;

And stern looks on the man her grey-haired Comrade cast.

His voice with indignation rising high
Such further deed in manhood's name forbade ;

The peasant, wild in passion, made reply
With bitter insult and revilings sad ;

Asked him in scorn what business there he had ;

What kind of plunder he was hunting now :

The gallows would one day of him be glad :—

Though inward anguish damped the Sailor's brow,

Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched

With face to earth ; and, as the boy turned round

His battered head, a groan the Sailor fetched

As if he saw—there and upon that ground—

Strange repetition of the deadly wound
He had himself inflicted. Through his brain

At once the griding iron passage found :
Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed again,

Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain.

Within himself he said—What hearts have we !

'The blessing this a father gives his child !
Yet happy thou, poor boy ! compared with me.

Suffering not doing ill—fate far more mild.
The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled

The father and relenting thoughts awoke ;
He kissed his son—so all was reconciled.

Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke

Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them bespoke.

"Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law

Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece ;

Much need have ye that time more closely draw

The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
And that among so few there still be peace :

Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes

Your pains shall ever with your years increase ?"—

While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows.

A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

Forthwith the pair passed on ; and down they look

Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene
Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook,

That babbled on through groves and meadows green ;

A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between ;

The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays.

And melancholy lowings intervene
Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze.

Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's rays.

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road

Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale ;

Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.

Ere long they reached that cottage in the dale :

It was a rustic inn ;—the board was spread,

The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,

And lustily the master carved the bread.
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight
moor
In bairn uplighted; and companions boon,
Well met from far with revelry secure
Among the forest glades, while jocund
June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and
genial moon.

"But ill they suited me—those journeys
dark
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft
to hatch!
To chain the surly house-dog's faithful
bark,
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue
match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle
shrill,
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing
ill:
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts
were brooding still.

"What could I do, unaided and unblest?
My father! gone was every friend of
thine:
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help; and, after marriage such 'as
mine,
With little kindness would to me incline.
Nor was I then for toil or service fit;
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could con-
fine;
In open air forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping
sorrow knit

"The roads I paced, I loitered through
the fields;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,
Trusted my life to what chance bounty
yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The ground I for my bed have often used:
But what afflicts my peace with keenest
truth,
Is that I have my inner self abused,
Forgone the home delight of constant
truth,
And clear and open soul, so prized in
fearless youth.

"Through tears the rising sun I oft have
viewed,
Through tears have seen him towards
that would descend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
Three years a wanderer now my course I
bend—
Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
Have I."—She ceased, and weeping turned
away;
As if because her tale was at an end,
She wept; because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her
spirit lay.

True sympathy the Sailor's looks ex-
pressed,
His looks—for pondering he was mute the
while.
Of social Order's care for wretchedness,
Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,
Joy's second spring and Hope's long-
treasured smile,
'Twas not for *him* to speak—a man so
tied.
Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style
Proverbial words of comfort he applied,
And not in vain, while they went pacing
side by side.

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their
sight,
Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,
Rise various wreaths that into one unite
Which high and higher mounts with
silver gleam:
Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream
Thence bursting shrill did all remark
prevent;
They paused, and heard a hoarser voice
blaspheme,
And female cries Their course they
thither bent,
And met a man who foamed with anger
vehement.

A woman stood with quivering lips and
pale,
And, pointing to a little child that lay
Stretched on the ground, began a piteous
tale:
How in a simple freak of thoughtless play
He had provoked his father, who straight-
way,

"A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares,
 Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;
 Hope cheered my dreams, and to my
 daily prayers [bread;
 Our heavenly Father granted each day's
 Till one was found by stroke of violence
 dead. [lie;
 Whose body near our cottage chanced to
 A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;
 In vain to find a friendly face we try,
 Nor could we live together those poor
 boys and I;

"For evil tongues made oath how on that
 day
 My husband lurked about the neighbour-
 hood;
 Now he had fled, and whither none could
 say,
 And *he* had done the deed in the dark
 wood—
 Near his own home!—but he was mild
 and good;
 Never on earth was gentler creature seen;
 He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.
 My husband's loving kindness stood be-
 tween [however keen."
 Me and all worldly harms and wrongs

Alas! the thing she told with labouring
 breath [ness
 The Sailor knew too well. That wicked-
 His hand had wrought; and when, in the
 hour of death, [bless
 He saw his Wife's lips move his name to
 With her last words, unable to suppress
 His anguish, with his heart he ceased to
 strive; [tress,
 And, weeping loud in this extreme dis-
 He cried—"Do pity me! That thou
 shouldst live [forgive!"
 I neither ask nor wish—forgive me, but

To tell the change that Voice within her
 wrought
 Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
 A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
 And every mortal pang dissolved away.
 Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;
 Yet still, while over her the husband bent,
 A look was in her face which seemed to say,
 "Be blest: by sight of thee from heaven
 was sent [content."
 Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of

She slept in peace,—his pulses throbbed
 and stopped, [took
 Breathless he gazed upon her face,—then
 Her hand in his, and raised it, but both
 dropped,
 When on his own he cast a rueful look.
 His ears were never silent: sleep forsook
 His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as
 lead; [shook
 All night from time to time under him
 The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed:
 And oft he groaned aloud, "O God, that
 I were dead!"

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot;
 And, when he rose, he thanked her pious
 care [shelter brought,
 Through which his Wife, to that kind
 Died in his arms; and with those thanks
 a prayer [pair.
 He breathed for her, and for that merciful
 The corse interred, not one hour he
 remained
 Beneath their roof, but to the open air
 A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,
 He bore within a breast where dreadful
 quiet reigned.

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared
 For act and suffering, to the city straight
 He journeyed, and forthwith his crime
 declared: [I wait,
 "And from your doom," he added, "now
 Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."
 Not ineffectual was that piteous claim:
 "O welcome sentence which will end
 though late,"
 He said, "the pangs that to my conscience
 came [in thy name!"
 Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour! is

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case
 (Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
 They hung not:—no one on *his* form or
 face
 Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;
 No kindred sufferer, to his death-place
 brought
 By lawless curiosity or chance,
 When into storm the evening sky is
 wrought, [glance,
 Upon his swinging corse an eye can
 And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable
 trance.

Their breakfast done, the pair, though
loth, must part ;
Wanderers whose course no longer now
agrees.

She rose and bade farewell ! and, while
her heart

Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow
ease,

She left him there ; for, clustering round
his knees,

With his oak-staff the cottage children
played ;

And soon she reached a spot o'erhung
with trees

And banks of ragged earth ; beneath the
shade

Across the pebbly road a little runnel
strayed.

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood ;
Chequering the canvas roof the sunbeams
shone.

She saw the carman bend to scoop the
flood

As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,
A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone.
The carman wet her lips as well behoved ;
Bed under her lean body there was none,
Though even to die near one she most
had loved

She could not of herself those wasted
limbs have moved.

The Soldier's Widow learned with honest
pain

And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,
Why thus that worn-out wretch must
there sustain

The jolting road and morning air severe.
The wain pursued its way ; and following
near

In pure compassion she her steps retraced
Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"
She cried aloud ; and forth ran out in haste
The friends whom she had left but a few
minutes past.

While to the door with eager speed they
ran,

From her bare straw the Woman half
upraised

Her bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan :
No pity asking, on the group she gazed
With a dim eye, distracted and amazed ;

Then sank upon her straw with feeble
moan.

Fervently cried the housewife—"God be
praised,

I have a house that I can call my own ;
Nor shall she perish there, untended and
alone !"

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,
And busily, though yet with fear, untie
Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet
And chafe her temples, careful hands
apply.

Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh
She strove, and not in vain, her head to
rear ;

Then said—"I thank you all ; if I must
die,

The God in heaven my prayers for you
will hear ;

Till now I did not think my end had been
so near.

"Barred every comfort labour could pro-
cure,

Suffering what no endurance could
assuage,

I was compelled to seek my father's door,
Though loth to be a burthen on his age.
But sickness stopped me in an early
stage

Of my sad journey ; and within the wain
They placed me—there to end life's pil-
grimage,

Unless beneath your roof I may remain :
For I shall never see my father's door
again.

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been
burthensome ;

But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek
May my end be ! Soon will this voice be
dumb :

Should child of mine e'er wander hither,
speak

Of me, say that the worm is on my
cheek.—

Torn from our hut, that stood beside the
sea

Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome
creek,

My husband served in sad captivity
On shipboard, bound till peace or death
should set him free.

likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled "A Field Flower." This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him. I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets:—

Though it happe me to rehersiñ
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaided,
Sah that ye se I doe it in the honour
Of Love, and cke in service of the Flour.
1827.—W.

Page 124. THE SEVEN SISTERS.—The story of this poem is from the German of Frederica Brann.—W.

Page 128. THE WORK OF E. M. S., i.e., Edith May, daughter of Robert Southey.

Page 131. *There was a boy*, etc.—The poem forms part of Book V. of "The Prelude."

Page 136. *She was a phantom of delight*.—The Hon. Justice Coleridge, in his Memoirs of Wordsworth (Vol. II., p. 306), says: "'She was a phantom of delight,' he (Wordsworth) said, was written 'on his dear wife.'"

Page 151. LAODAMIA.—Wordsworth considerably altered the last stanza but one of this poem long after he had originally written it. In its first form it stood:—

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!
Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,
Was in a trance of passion thus removed;
Delivered from the galling yoke of time
And these frail elements—to gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Page 156. RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.—In the "Memoirs of Wordsworth" (Vol. I., pp. 172-3) is given the following interesting letter, in which the poet explains in prose the feelings which prompted him to write the poem:—"I describe myself as having been exalted to the highest pitch of delight by the joyousness and beauty of nature; and then as depressed, even in the midst of those beautiful objects, to the lowest dejection and despair. A young poet in the midst of the happiness of nature is described as overwhelmed by the thoughts of the miserable reverses which have befallen the happy lot of all men, viz., poets. I think of this till I am so deeply impressed with it, that I consider the manner in which I was rescued from my dejection and despair almost as an interposition of providence. A person reading the poem with feeling, like mine will have been awed and controlled, expecting

something spiritual or supernatural. What is brought forward? A lonely place, 'a pond by which an old man was, far from all house or home;' not stood, nor sat, but was—the figure presented in the most naked simplicity possible. This feeling of spirituality or supernaturalness is again referred to as being strong in my mind in this passage. How came he here? thought I, or what can he be doing? I then describe him, whether ill or well is not for me to judge with perfect confidence; but this I can confidently affirm, that though I believe that God has given me a strong imagination, I cannot conceive a figure more impressive than that of an old man like this, the survivor of a wife and ten children, travelling alone among the mountains and all lonely places, carrying with him his own fortitude, and the necessities which an unjust state of society has laid upon him."

Page 159. THE THORN.—This Poem ought to have been preceded by an introductory Poem, which I have been prevented from writing by never having felt myself in a mood when it was probable that I should write it well. The character which I have here introduced speaking is sufficiently common. The Reader will, perhaps, have a general notion of it, if he has ever known a man, a captain of a small trading vessel, for example, who being past the middle age of life, had retired upon an annuity or small independent income to some village or country town of which he was not a native, or in which he had not been accustomed to live. Such men, having little to do, become credulous and talkative from indolence; and from the same cause, and other predisposing causes by which it is probable that such men may have been affected, they are prone to superstition. On which account it appeared to me proper to select a character like this to exhibit some of the general laws by which superstition acts upon the mind. Superstitious men are almost always men of slow faculties and deep feelings; their minds are not loose, but adhesive; they have a reasonable share of imagination, by which word I mean the faculty which produces impressive effects out of simple elements; but they are utterly destitute of fancy, the power by which pleasure and surprise are excited by sudden varieties of situation and by accumulated imagery.

It was my wish in this Poem to show the manner in which some men cleave to the same ideas; and to follow the turns of passion, always different, yet not palpably different, by which their conversation is swayed. I had two

NOTES.

The poet's own notes are marked W.

Page I. AN EVENING WALK.—Published originally in 1793, this poem was considerably altered later, being reduced in length from 446 to 378 lines.

Page II. REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.—William Collins (1721-1759), one of the first of "nature poets," as we now, somewhat arbitrarily, use the phrase.

Page 11. DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.—This poem was originally published in 1793, but was so altered later that the 813 lines were reduced to 670.

Page 30. ADDRESS TO A CHILD.—"By my Sister," *i.e.*, Dorothy Wordsworth.

Page 40. TO H. C., i.e., Hartley Coleridge.

Page 57. THE SPARROW'S NEST, i.e., the hedge-sparrow, not the common sparrow.

Page 61. LOUISA.—Originally four stanzas; in some editions the second stanza was omitted.

Page 73. VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.—See the closing passages of Book IX. of "The Prelude."

Page 96. THE WAGGONER.—Several years after the event that forms the subject of the poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said: "They could not do without me; and as for the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no ideas." The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eyewitness.—W.

Page 96. The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling.—When the poem was first written, the note of the bird was thus described:

The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,
Twirling his watchman's rattle about—

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the outset by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.—W.

Page 103. Can any mortal clog come to her?—After this line followed in the MS. an incident

which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reading Reader will find no difficulty in exchanging:—

Can any mortal clog come to her?
It can:

But Benjamin, in his vexation,
Possesses inward consolation;
He knows his ground, and hopes to find
A spot with all things to his mind,
An upright mural block of stone,
Moist with pure water trickling down.
A slender spring; but kind to man
It is, a true Samaritan;
Close to the highway, pouring out
Its offering from a chink or spout;
Whence all, however athirst, or drooping
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

Cries Benjamin "Where is it, where?
Voice it hath none, but must be near."
—A star, declining towards the west,
Upon the watery surface threw
Its image tremulously impress'd,
That just marked out the object and withdrew
Right welcome service!

Rock of Names!
Light is the strain, but not unjust
To Thee and Thy memorial-trust
That once seemed only to express
Love that was love in idleness;
Tokens, as year hath followed year
How changed, alas, in character!
For they were graven on thy smooth breast
By hands of those my soul loved best;
Meek women, men as true and brave
As ever went to a hopeful grave:
Their hands and mine, when side by side
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,
We worked until the Initials took
Shapes that defied a scornful look.—
Long as for us a genial feeling
Survives, or one in need of healing,
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,
Thy monumental power, shall last
For me and mine! Oh thought of pain,
That would impair it or profane!
Take all in kindness then, as said
With a staid heart but playful head;
And fail not Thou, loved Rock! to keep
Thy charge when we are laid asleep.—W.

Page 111. TO THE DAISY.—This poem, and two others to the same flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and

her death."—W. Catherine, the poet's second daughter, died in her fourth year, in June, 1812.

Page 209. TO B. R. HAYDON, *i.e.*, Benjamin Robert Haydon (1785-1846), the celebrated historical painter.

Page 210. TO RAISLEY CALVERT.—Calvert left £900 to the poet in 1795.

Page 214. TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.—See note to page 195.

Page 214. *There is a pleasure, &c.*—The opening words of this sonnet are quoted from Cowper.

Page 215. *With how sad steps, &c.*—The two opening lines are quoted from the thirty-first sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," where, however, the last word of the first line is "sides."

Page 221. *The sweet-souled poet of "The Seasons," i.e.*, James Thomson (1700-1748), who lived near, and is buried at Richmond.

Page 221. A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE, *i.e.*, that of Souldern.

Page 222. TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P., *i.e.*, the Lady Eleanor Butler (1745-1829) and her friend Sarah Ponsonby (17—-1831), who lived in simple retirement for over half a century in a cottage at Plasnewydd in the Vale of Llangollen. De Quincey refers to them and their opinion of Wordsworth in "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater."

Page 222. *Girls to airy nothing, &c.*—Shakespeare, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V., Sc. 1.

Page 223. *Wild Redbreast.*—This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living, creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verse to the Redbreast. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hear-

ing of the invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.—W.

Page 223. *When Philoctetes.*—Philoctetes, the greatest archer of the Trojan War, while bound for Troy, was left wounded on the coast of Lemnos, until the tenth year of the war, when an oracle declared that the city could only be taken by the arrows of Hercules which Philoctetes possessed.

Page 224. THE INFANT M—— M——, *i.e.*, Mary Monkhouse.

Page 224. TO RUTHA Q——, *i.e.*, Rutha, the daughter of the poet's friend, Edward Quillinan, whose second wife was Wordsworth's daughter Dorothy.

Page 227. FILIAL PIETY.—A man was killed while building a turf stack between Onmskirk and Preston Caves in 1779; his son finished the stack, and while he lived kept it in constant repair in memory of his father.

Page 227. TO B. R. HAYDON.—See note to p. 209.

Page 229. TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.—A nephew of the Poet, who became head master of Harrow School and Bishop of Lincoln (1807-1885).

Page 232. TO THE SONS OF BURNS.—The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:—

"DUMFRIES, August, 1803.

"On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front whitewashed, dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window. Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard; and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. 'There,' said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr. — (I have forgotten the name); a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney; and scarcely ever lost a

objects to attain: first, to represent a picture which should not be unimpressive, yet consistent with the character that should describe it; secondly, while I adhered to the style in which such persons describe, to take care that words, which in their mind are impregnated with passion, should likewise convey passion to Readers, who are not accustomed to sympathise with men feeling in that manner or using such language. It seemed to me that this might be done by calling in the assistance of Lyric and rapid Metre. It was necessary that the Poem, to be natural, should in reality move slowly; yet I hoped that, by the aid of the metre, to those who should at all enter into the spirit of the Poem, it would appear to move quickly. The Reader will have the kindness to excuse this note, as I am sensible that an introductory Poem is necessary to give the Poem its full effect.

Upon this occasion I will request permission to add a few words closely connected with "The Thorn" and many other Poems in these volumes. There is a numerous class of readers who imagine that the same words cannot be repeated without tautology: this is a great error: virtual tautology is much oftener produced by using different words when the meaning is exactly the same. Words, a Poet's words more particularly, ought to be weighed in the balance of feeling, and not measured by the space which they occupy upon paper. For the Reader cannot be too often reminded that poetry is passion: it is the history or science of feelings. Now every man must know that an attempt is rarely made to communicate impassioned feelings without something of an accompanying consciousness of the inadequateness of our own powers, or the deficiencies of language. During such efforts there will be a craving in the mind, and as long as it is unsatisfied the speaker will cling to the same words, or words of the same character. There are also various other reasons why repetition and apparent tautology are frequently beauties of the highest kind. Among the chief of these reasons is the interest which the mind attaches to words, not only as symbols of the passion, but as things, active and efficient, which are of themselves part of the passion. And further, from a spirit of fondness, exultation, and gratitude, the mind luxuriates in the repetition of words which appear successfully to communicate its feelings. The truth of these remarks might be shown by innumerable passages from the Bible, and from the impassioned poetry of every nation. "Awake, awake, Deborah!"

etc. Judges, chap. v., verses 12th, 27th, and part of 28th. See also the whole of that tumultuous and wonderful Poem.—W.

Page 171. FRENCH REVOLUTION.—These lines are from Book XI. of "The Prelude."

Page 174. *Wings at my shoulders*, etc.—In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.—W.

Page 175. LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY.—I have not ventured to call this Poem an Ode; but it was written with a hope that in the transitions and the impassioned music of the versification, would be found the principal requisites of that species of composition.—W.

Page 178. PETER BELL.—Towards the close of Part I. originally appeared a stanza which Shelley ridiculed in his "Peter Bell the Third." This stanza ran:—

Is it a party in a parlour?
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cram'd—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damn'd.

Page 196. *That thou, if not with partial joy elate*.—"Something less than joy, but more than dull content."

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.—W.

Ann Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (died 1720), was the author of several poems.

Page 199. *Aerial rock*, etc., i.e., Holme-Scar.

Page 201. *Shall live the name of Walton*, i.e., Isaac Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler."

Page 201. *Bard of the Fleece*, etc., i.e., John Dyer (1700? 1758), author of poems entitled "The Fleece," and "Grongar Hill."

Page 203. To S. H., i.e., Sarah Hutchinson, the poet's sister-in-law.

Page 203. COMPOSED ON THE EVE, etc.—The marriage was that of the poet's brother-in-law, Thomas Hutchinson, with Mary Monkhouse.

Page 205. *Surprised by joy*, etc.—"Suggested by my daughter Catherine long after

occupied, and of the principles AVOWED IN HIS MANIFESTOS; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous; and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.—W.

Page 272. *Toussaint*, etc.—Toussaint L'Ouverture was the Governor of St. Domingo, and was the chief of the slaves enfranchised by the French Convention of 1794. When Napoleon sought to re-impose slavery Toussaint opposed him, was taken prisoner, sent to Paris, and died there in 1803.

Page 274. *Great men have been among us*.—The men referred to are Algernon Sidney (1622-1683), Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), James Harrington (1611-1677), and Sir Henry Vane the Younger (1612-1662).

Page 277. *Another year!—another deadly blow*, etc.—Prussia was overthrown at the battle of Jena, October 14, 1806.

Page 277. *Who are to judge*, etc.—“Danger which they fear, and honour which they understand not.” Words in Lord Brooke’s “Life of Sir P. Sidney.”—W.

Page 279. *A Roman master stands*, etc.—T. Quintus Flaminius proclaimed the liberty of Greece in B.C. 196.

Page 281. *See the first mighty hunter*, etc.—Compare Genesis, chap. 10. v. 9, and the opening of “Paradise Lost,” Book I.

Page 281. *Of mortal parents*, etc.—Andreas Hofer (1767-1810), a Tyrolean patriot, defeated at Wagram by the Bavarians in 1809.

Page 283. *The truth was felt by Palafox*, etc.—Jose de Palafox y Melgi (1780-1847), the hero of the siege of Saragossa (1808-9).

Page 284. *Ilail, Zaratustra!*—In this sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.—W.

Page 284. *Brave Schill*.—Friederich Schill, killed at Stralsund, May 31, 1809, was one of the leaders in the German rising against Napoleon.

Page 285. *Call not the royal Swede*, etc.—Gustavus IV., who abdicated in 1809. See note to sonnet, “The Voice of Song.”

Page 285. *Is there a power*, etc.—Professor Knight suggests that this may refer to Palafox. See note to page 283.

Page 286. *Ah! where is Palafox?*—See note to page 283.

Page 287. *We can endure that He*, etc., i.e., Napoleon.

Page 289. *In one who lived*, etc.—Viratus, a shepherd who became leader of the Lusitanians against the Romans in the second century B.C.

Page 289. *And Mina*, etc.—Don Espres y Mina, a leader of the Guerillas of Navarre.

Page 289. *With that great leader*, etc., i.e., the Roman general Sertorius, died B.C. 72.

Page 291. *The triumphs of this hour*.—The overthrow of Napoleon at Leipzig, October 16-19, 1813.

Page 291. *Dear reliques*, etc.—The body of the Duke d’Enghien, lawlessly shot by Napoleon in 1804, was disinterred after the Restoration in 1816.

Page 305. FISH-WOMEN.—If in this sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissards of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in: at all events, the resemblance was striking.—W.

Page 308. THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.—Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The spring appears in a capacious stone basin in front of a ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it; and, entering the garden, it joins, after a course

cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see. We looked at Burns's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet's epitaph:

Is there a man, etc.

"The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes—obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, etc. When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to enquire after Mrs. Burns, who had gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. B's youngest son was now at Christ's Ho-pital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right—his farm-house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater if the road had led us near the spot.

"I cannot take leave of this country which we passed through to-day without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half a mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection which this neighbourhood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say:—

Scruffel, from the sky
That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous
eye
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten
him.

"These lines came to my brother's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying:—

If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruffel wots well of that.

"We talked of Burns, and of the prospect

he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions; indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes."—W.

Page 239. SONNET. COMPOSED AT (NID-PATH) CASTLE.—As originally written this began:—

Now, as I live, I pity that great Lord
Whom mere despite, etc.

Page 244. *In such a vessel never more.*—The blind boy in the original version used a more homely vessel:—

But say, what was it? Thought of fear!
Well may ye tremble when ye hear!
—A Household Tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes,
This carried the blind Boy.

Page 260. To M. H., i.e., Mary Hutchinson, afterwards the poet's wife.

Page 270. *Jones! as from Calais, etc.*—This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude, which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption; and while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasant sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part III.—W. There are several widely differing versions of this sonnet.

Page 271. *Once did she hold, etc.*—The Republic of Venice was extinguished by the Treaty of Campo Formio in 1797, and that of Luneville in 1801.

Page 271. *The voice of song, etc.*—In this and a succeeding sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden

"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe," say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—Dr. Whitaker's *History of the Deanery of Craven*. Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.—W.

Page 401. *Their Sabbath music*—"God us ayde."—On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, "I. N." for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde."—W.

Page 420. THE RIVER DUDDON.—A poet whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome":—

The rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft;

and ends thus:—

The setting Sun displays
His visible great round, between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs.

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast:—

To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years—the one which stands the fourteenth was the first produced, and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them.—W.

The "poet" of Wordsworth's note was John Dyer (1699-1758), author of "Grongar Hill," "The Fleecce," and other works. "Mr. Crowe" was the Rev. William Crowe, author of "Lewesdon Hill."

Page 422. *There bloomed the strawberry*, etc.—These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympson. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead School. His poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of his poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:—

Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the azure vault illumens.
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread.
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned ices,
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
Sees at a glance, above him and below,
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.
Spurred in the centre of the world he seems;
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray,
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day.

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.—W.

Page 426. RETURN.—The Eagle requires a large domain for its support: but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steepes of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle. There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the Passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of Hardknot and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The ROMAN FORT here alluded to, called by the country people

of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The copiousness of the spring at Doneschingen must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.—W.

Page 315. Though searching damps, etc.—This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs; I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.—W.

Page 329. ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.—During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season; our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise history of the Church in England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, January 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets; but the Reader, it is to be
W.O.

hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.—W.

Page 329. A verse may catch, etc.—By George Herbert.

Page 338. That, like the Red-cross Knight.—In allusion to Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

Page 350. And the green lizard, etc.—These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Wherc Venus sits," etc., and the line, "Oncc ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.—W.

Page 363. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of advertising to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, February 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."—W.

Page 372. Yet will we not conceal, etc.—The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.—W.

Page 374. Or like the Alpine Mount, etc.—Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.—W.

Page 375. THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.—The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:—

lapsu refinitque fluitque, Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas."—W.

Page 543. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and, with about twenty attendants, landed at Workington, in Cumberland: and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alteration in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.—W.

Page 545. *And they are led by noble Hillary.*—THE TOWER OF REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.—W.

Page 546. BY A RETIRED MARINER.—This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.—W.

Page 550. IONA: UPON LANDING.—Wordsworth explains that the four last lines of this sonnet "are adopted from a well known sonnet of Russel, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do."

Page 554. TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.—This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.—W.

Page 560. TO —, UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, &c., to the wife of the poet's son John.

Page 595. THE SIMPSON PASS.—These lines form part of Book VI. of "The Prelude."

Page 601. THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.—Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But, going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmoisted.—W.

Page 613. *He said, When I am there, etc.*—These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited," by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy; and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.—W. See note to page 480.

Page 619. THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO.—Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the pine-tree as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.—W.

Page 639. THE BORDERERS.—This Dramatic Piece was composed in 1795-6. It lay nearly from that time till within the last two or three months unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits

Hardknot Castle, is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons. The **DRUIDICAL CIRCLE** is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it *Sunken Church*.—W.

Page 426. "*Mother of form and fear*."—Quoted from a poem by Samuel Daniel.

Page 426. *When this low pile a gospel teacher knew*, i.e., the Rev. Robert Walker, of whom the poet wrote at some length in prose; in the seventh book of "*The Excursion*" an abstract of his character is given beginning "*A Priest abides*."

Page 432. *We feel that we are greater than we know*.—"And feel that I am happier than I know."—MILTON.

Page 433. *Perilous is sweeping change*, etc.—"*All change is perilous, all chance unsound*."—SPENSER.

Page 435. **TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS**.—In 1850 Wordsworth noted that the reproach of this sonnet was no longer applicable.

Page 436. *Young England*, etc.—This was the name of a small political party of seceders from Sir Robert Peel when that statesman set himself against the Protectionist policy.

Page 480. **ON THE DEPARTURE**, etc.—Wordsworth arrived at Abbotsford on September 21, 1831, and Scott set out for Italy two days later; he died at Abbotsford on September 21 of the following year.

Page 487. **HART'S-HORN TREE**.—"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinsell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, both being spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just

by, and (the dog being named Hereules) this rhythm was made upon them:—

Hereules kill'd Hart a greese,
And Hart a greese killed Hereules.

The tree to this day bears the name of *Hart's-horn Tree*. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—*Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*.

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions, viz., Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont; Long Meg and her daughters, near Eden, etc., etc.—W.

Page 541. **TO THE RIVER GRETA**.—Many years ago, when I was at Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the North of England, "*to greet*," signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up that name till within three miles of its disappearance in the River Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his "*Colloquies*," "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind: 'ambiguous

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to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the Revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory, that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was composed.—W., 1842.

THE PRELUDE.

Page 755. *Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire*.—Beaupuy was General Michel Beaupuy.—See his biography, by G. Bussière and Emile Legouis.

Page 757. *O, happy time of youthful lovers*, etc.—From this line to the end of Book IX. is a summary of "Vaudracour and Julia".—Sec p. 73.

Page 764. *As Lear reproached the winds*.—See "King Lear," Act III., Sec. 2.

Page 787. *The name of Calvert*.—See note to p. 210.

THE EXCURSION.

Page 832. *Of Mississippi or that northern stream*, etc.—"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the *World*, by visiting *London*. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency, while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brooks's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first *Pizarro* that crossed him:—But when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long

and watered savannah; or contemplates, from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exaltation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great; his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, "These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them." He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unceasingly, and he acts magisterially; his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars."—From the notes upon "The Hurricane," a Poem, by William Gilbert.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose.—W.

Page 861. *Or rather, as we stand on holy earth*, etc.—Compare "The Brothers," p. 43.

Page 899. *Perish the roses and the flowers of Kings*.—The "Transit gloria mundi" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's, Furness, the translation of which is as follows:—"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death: I therefore," etc.—W.

Page 913. *Binding herself by statute*, etc.—The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facilities for carrying this into effect; and it is impossible to overrate the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.—W.
"Dr. Bell" was Andrew Bell (1753-1832), founder of the Madras system of education.

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